



The Coward Cat. This is my little Maltese cat. Some people say that "cats is nice," But those I like most specially Are they who catch the rats, and mice.

My cat is 'fraid, I really think; She sits all day around the house And sleeps so hard she doesn't wink. Yet she has never caught a mouse. Of course she bathes, 'cause cats is neat, And for a sponge she takes her paw; Then drinks her milk and eats her meat And digs the garden with her claw.



She never walks the fence at night To meet more cats—she seems to fear it. Sometimes I'd like to see her fight, And know my kitty had some spirit.

One time my little yellow Dick Flew from his cage around her head, She raised her back and ran as quick As lightning 'way beneath the bed.

I'm sure the rats and mice at night Run past her back and forth with glee, They know that she's a "coward cat" And I'm as 'shamed as I can be. —Irene Elliott Benson.

Doughnuts.

A story is told somewhere of an excellently brought up child. He was guarded with the utmost care from everything that could possibly harm him. His toys were carefully sterilized and so was his mouth several times a day. The nursery was built with rounded corners, where no germ-laden dust could lie, and with a solid floor and composition walls that could be washed with an antiseptic solution daily.

Especially was his food looked after with the greatest care. Nothing passed his lips that was not down in the diet books as most innocuous—no pork, no pie, no beans even, but only the blandest, the most nutritious, and the most digestible of foods.

He grew apace and seemed to thrive, but one fatal day he was allowed to go alone to see his grandmother. This old lady was of the former generation, which knew not germs, and which apprehended no tragedy from a good, healthy stomach-ache in an active boy, so she fed her visitor with pie and jam and two or three big firm doughnuts.

The surprise was too much for the little one's stomach, so abused with mistaken kindness, and it was only after many days of anxious watching that the doctor could say with assurance that the child would live. One need not inquire too closely into the truth of this story, but true or not, it points a moral, for it is with the stomach as it is with the system as a whole—it can thrive only by exercise. If the stomach is guarded against everything that demands of it a little hard work, it will never learn to take care of the food that will inevitably get into it some way and somehow at some time.

To the perfectly healthy stomach a well-cooked doughnut is not even a challenge, but to the over-coddled sensitive organ it may be as much a danger as would be a rock.

In this sense the very air is filled with doughnuts. It is not desirable to advocate any Spartan system of hardening, but in the physical as well as in the moral world it is due to the young to prepare and toughen them for the world they are in. Every part of the system calls for toil to strengthen it. As the mind needs problems, so does the stomach need doughnuts, or their equivalent. They need not be fed to babies, neither do people eat sums of infants or give them choys, but those who are wise will recognize the fact when it is best that all of these should be ventured.

Horseshoes.

Horseshoes are lucky hung up over door because they keep the devil out of the house. It happened in this way: St. Dunstan was a famous blacksmith, and the king of evil, who used travel around the world in person, fore he became so busy, stopped at a saint's forge one day and asked the blacksmith to put a shoe on his hoof. Dunstan knew the person he had to handle. He took the ropes that he used to tie the horses with and bound the devil so lightly that that gentleman could not move. Then the saint set to work. The devil roared and screamed as St. Dunstan put a red-hot iron shoe over the hoof and pounded it in with long nails. He pleaded with his captor to let him go, promising anything in return.

"If I let you go," said St. Dunstan, "will you promise never to enter a house that has a horseshoe over the door?" "On my honor as a gentleman I promise," said the devil solemnly, and then St. Dunstan let him go. And

from that day to this, so they say, the devil has never entered a house so protected. The devil is a man of his word, whatever else people may think of him.

Thoughts on a New Rug.

The rug that's lying in the hall, Was never meant for me at all, And yet it doesn't seem to be A grown-up rug at all, to me.

It's colored red, and yellow, too, With bits of brown and bits of blue. And things that are so bright and gay Are meant for children, I should say.

And then, besides, it has some queer Small animals, like little deer, A-walking round it in a string— And children like that sort of thing.

And yet it's by the parlor door— Instead of on the nursery floor— Perhaps the grown folks like to see Those funny things as well as we. —Chicago News.

Sour Milk.

There was trouble up in the sky the other day. Halley's comet came so close to the Milky Way that all the milk was soured, and the Heavenly Twins had to go without their breakfast.

Two Cats and a Dog.

Two cat-tails started in to fight, One pleasant summer day. A sun-dog jumped down from the sky And scared them both away.

A SMUGGLER'S HEROISM.

A Girl Who Held Her Fallen Brother on Alps Thirteen Hours.

The heroic effort of a girl smuggler to save the life of her elder brother after holding him thirteen hours on a rope over a precipice is reported from Bellinzona. Mile. Poretta, aged 18, and her brother, aged 23, left Swiss territory to cross the Baldisco Pass, carrying contraband goods into Italy. On the summit they were overtaken by a violent snowstorm—which raged throughout Southern Switzerland—and were soon in deep snow.

The Poretis roped themselves, the young man leading. They lost their way, and while attempting to find the path Poretta fell through the snow into a crevasse into which he nearly dragged his sister, who, however, planted her feet in the snow and withstood the shock.

Early the next morning several smugglers crossing the pass from Swiss territory into Italian found the young girl near the ordinary route taken by smugglers, and recognized her at once, as she belonged to a smuggler's family, and lived at Chiavenna. The smugglers at once drew up the brother, but found that he had died during the thirteen hours his sister had held him by the rope. He had received severe injuries in the head, and his body was frozen.

The smugglers carried down the brave girl, who was almost unconscious, as well as the dead body of her brother, and notified the Poretta family at Chiavenna. On reaching the valley the girl had recovered sufficiently from her terrible experience to explain that she and her brother had spoken for several hours after the accident, and at last he had said that he felt nothing and wanted to sleep. A warm night followed the snowstorm, or two dead bodies would have been found. Under the great strain the rope had cut through the girl's clothes, and her waist was bleeding when she was rescued.

WESLEY IN HIS GEORGIA WORK.

Great Methodist's Motto, "Be Diligent," Was His Rule of Action.

One of the Wesley rules, inherited from early Oxford days and handed down to his "helpers" in later days, was this: "Be diligent; never be triflingly employed." His own output of solid work in Georgia was extraordinary, according to "The Journal of John Wesley," by Nehemiah Curnock in Harper's Magazine. He mastered at least three languages and taught two. He built a house, fenced and planted a garden, felled trees and helped to make roads. He compiled and published the first hymn book ever used in the English church, and prepared a second, translating hymns, composing others and selecting from the best sources. He had a long, wide and difficult parish. In the library of the London Colonial Office I found a map, drawn probably by an early eighteenth century survey officer, which reproduces Wesley's American circuit, bounded by the Savannah river and extending south to the frontiers of Florida—a territory of pathless woods, swamps and savannahs; a seacoast studded with a perfect labyrinth of islands and indented by river estuaries and creeks. On foot or in pinnacled and scoutboats he worked his parish, traveling in all winds and weathers and feeding sparsely.

Wrapped in his cloak, he slept on the ground or on deck, drenched with rain and night dews, his clothes sometimes frozen to the earth, fording rivers, losing his way in swamps, reading prayers and preaching to planters and Indian traders and boatmen, singing and reading and praying as he went, observing all his rules, wasting no time, evangelizing every man, woman or child he met with, caring with infinite tenderness for the sick—the blind slave or Jesus Christ, the friend and pastor of lonely colonists.

As He Went on His Way.

"Lady," said Meandering Mike, "you are thinkin' right now dat if I'll give some wood or cut de grass you'll give me some lunch." "Correct! You can go right to work." "Oh, I ain't choppin' or cuttin'. I'm a mind reader an' was practicin' a little." —Washington Star.

When it comes to an argument a woman gives in only when she gives out.

THE MIRACLE.

She's but a little colleen gay. Scarce thicker than me thumb. But oh, the word she spoke the day! 'Tis blind I am, and dumb. Her small mouth had a pleadin' twist As though 'twas wishful to be kissed; I thought it gave the true word whist, And hope left in the heart of me.

But when I tried it—oh, the blow The little hand laid on me cheek! 'Twas but a feather's weight, I know, But sure, it left me faint and weak. And oh, the look that changed her eyes! 'Twas like the change of Erin's skies From shine to storm—the black surprise And sorrow burst the heart o' me.

She stood there lashin' me bold ways— So weak the gentle tongue of her. Compared with some I've got 'twas praise— Then somethin', sudden, seemed to stir

Within me breast. The truth it left Straight out, belike as if I had slept; Then—right into me arms she crept. Sure, Joy's near crazed the heart of me. —Harper's Weekly.

The Pledge of the Poor.

The little old father seemed very dear to Margaret, who was watching him as he wrote his records rapidly in his small, cramped hand. It was all or nearly all, that he wrote. Long ago he had given up hope of the book which was to have been his life work, and buried it deep beneath a country physician's responsibilities. Margaret had always resented this. What right had these people to his life, who scarcely accorded him a living?

"Father," she said, suddenly, "what are you writing?" He held the page with his forefinger, as he met her cold gray eyes with a pair startlingly like them. Then he smiled, and two wrinkles disappeared from his forehead, and two appeared about his mouth.

"Just visits, dear, to pay—and to be paid for," he answered. "There are many more of the first than of the last, aren't there?" "Why, surely."

He smiled as he said it, but Margaret did not smile. So it had always been, so it would always be—four to pay and one to be paid for. And they needed many things. No one knew that better than Margaret. Much responsibility devolved on her. The little half-invalid mother must not know, the children could not, the father did not. But Margaret had a complete understanding of the lease of life accorded boyish boots, of the wants, wishes and needs of growing girls.

She thought with hot impatience of her father's coat—how green it had looked in yesterday's blaze of sunlight! How green it would look in the sunlight of how many to-morrows! It was not right; it was not fair. She had a fierce impulse to hide him away from others and himself; to lighten his path with the success her love and ambition craved. He spent himself freely on those who gave not again. He threw his love, his learning, his very life into a battle which was not to the strong.

MARGARET'S CONCERN FOR SENATOR'S WELFARE WHEN HE WAS A LAD.

The son of a Methodist minister, Senator Dolliver entered early upon a political career; he had the old-fashioned way of using anecdotes to illustrate his points, which was then considered effective, though he may have changed his style with the times. He is one of the orators who frankly admit that they "like to talk," a taste he thinks he may have inherited from his father and grandfather—the latter a Massachusetts sea-faring man, whose cargo of cotton during the war of 1812 was confiscated by General Jackson; if he had his grandson's eloquence it is probable that he made some remarks that would have been worthy of preservation. When preaching on a large circuit in Virginia, and often riding 200 miles in a week, Mr. Dolliver's father met the lady who became his wife, and that is the reason that the Senator hails from West Virginia, and was educated at the state university there.

After his graduation at the age of 17 the young man decided to migrate to Illinois, says the National Magazine. He tells thus of this first western visit: "Standing in the railway station of Columbus, O., a policeman tapped me on the shoulder and with a warning glance said: "You have just been talking, my boy, with one of the most dangerous pickpockets in the United States." "One of the most dangerous pickpockets in the United States has just been talking to a country boy who has not a red cent to his name," was my reply.

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made no excuses, Margaret told her tale, hardly daring to meet her father's eyes.

He did not speak for a moment. When he did, it was very tenderly, "My little girl!"—Youth's Companion.

INFANT MORTALITY.

Greater Number of Births as Well as Deaths Among Poor.

An investigation just made by the New York milk committee with a view to getting definite information as to the effects of infant mortality on social and economic conditions has resulted in some interesting disclosures. Three sections of the city were selected for study, varying much in size, owing to different densities of population, but each containing about 7,500 persons. In the first, inhabited largely by the rich, only thirty-seven children were born in a year; in the second, where the circumstances of the people were what is called comfortable, the births numbered 160, while in the third, where poverty prevailed, 434 babies were born.

But during two summer weeks, one of them the hottest of the year, not one of the thirty-seven babies or of the 160 died, while among the 434 there were sixteen deaths. The figures are not large enough to warrant any final conclusions as to percentages, but doubtless they are fairly characteristic of the three classes. The immunity of the babies in the two more fortunate classes during this hot fortnight only happened to be complete, and that peculiarity would not be likely to be repeated.

That the one group did as well as the other is explained by the investigators as due to equally efficient care in both, in the one case, however, largely the care of highly trained nurses, and in the second to that of mothers with leisure and intelligence. Among the very poor each of the much more numerous babies had a decidedly smaller chance of life, but many more than enough of them survived to outnumber the other groups. Probably at the attainment of adult age the difference will not be nearly as large, for the excess of mortality will remain where it began.—New York Times.

DANGERS OF PATENT LEATHER.

Shiny Shoes Are a Menace to Life and Limb in the City.

It has become a matter of some doubt in the minds of many people whether patent leather shoes should be worn in the streets, the New York Evening Sun says. Is it safer or is it not? Should we endanger our lives in the distraction of traffic when, by wearing slightly less shiny shoes, we could give our attention to dodging automobiles and ducking street cars? No child should be allowed out alone in patent-leather shoes—that is decided without a moment's doubt; but even people of mature years are not quite responsible for their own safety when wearing patent-leather shoes.

They cannot be, no matter what their strength of character. If one's shoes will shine, so one must watch them, and if one walks with one's eyes riveted on one's flashing feet, one of necessity bumps into something, and it is nothing less than cold luck if the something is a lamp-post or a postman instead of a flying fire engine. And then one's progress is so slow. Absorbed, captivated, held spellbound by one's own boot tips, one is so very apt to arrive late at the place one was going to or forget completely one's destination and sinking on to a park bench wave one's feet slowly about, bewitched by their sparkling high lights.

Holland has most wisely and kindly opened up a wide thoroughfare for those persons who prefer roller skates to other modes of conveyance, and as nothing more than a humane precaution the city ought to set aside one street for those incorrigible venture-some people who will wear patent leather boots in public.

DOLLARLESS DOLLIVAR.

Policeman's Concern for Senator's Welfare When He Was a Lad.

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THERE WAS AN ALARMING DEFICIT.

I knowed there was a somethin' when it came, the bill marked 'Please remit.' My Dannie read it to me. Says I, 'He's in trouble, the little doctor.' Thin out I goes an' sells the cow. An' here's the money, Miss Margaret, thirty-five dollars. It leaves five owin', but Dannie'll soon raise that, an' I'll run up wid it. If 'twar thirty-five hundred I'd not begrudge it fur what he's done for me."

She undid the knots in an old bandanna handkerchief, and brought to light the pieces of shining gold. Her face, seamed and marked by care, her work-worn hands, appealed to Margaret. She spoke impulsively, putting the gold back in the old handkerchief. "Mrs. Halloran, I want you to take this money and buy your cow again. The need is not so pressing—a way has come since that bill was sent that makes it unnecessary for us to take it."

The relief was plain on the woman's face. She protested, but feebly, while her old hand hovered over the coin. It is not lightly that one relinquishes the means of livelihood. She patted Margaret's hand.

"Ye're yer father's own daughter, my dear. I couldn't speak a finer word about ye. He's a good man—the best I ever knowed; that merciful to the poor, ye wouldn't believe. He'd be doin' much better in a better neighborhood. But the blessin' of the poor—I think that goes for somethin'."

Margaret razed her air-castles of unclean foundations to the ground. In the morning, after she had made her mother comfortable and sent the children to school, she took the old horse and cart and started out on her round of visits. And just as the angel once spared the houses marked, so Margaret dealt mercifully with the ones which were not. She collected the disturbing little slips of paper, reading a lesson in many a poverty-stricken place. In some the money was ready. In some it was not, but no one had blamed the doctor.

Margaret was glad of that. To each she gave the same excuse—the bills had been sent by mistake. She did not feel the words an untruth. She sighed as she drove homeward. So far things had turned out well, but the hardest part was to come. It would be difficult to explain to her father, to feel his disappointment in her. Yet inconsistently, she longed for his return. She drove to the station to meet him. All the way home she pondered how to tell him, while she talked of trivial things. Just a question, "Any of my patients been up, Margaret?" And then it was out. Blundering, stumbly, sparing not herself,

TRIALS OF THE NEEDLE. A cartoon showing a woman sewing and a man looking on.

MAHAHA THESE CARTOONS. A cartoon showing a man and a woman in a domestic setting.

RESOLVED THAT WHEN A MAN'S LIVER AKE OUT OF ORDER HE IN RAY BING. A cartoon showing a man in a state of distress.

Just a Chance. A cartoon showing a man and a woman in a conversation.

Grandmotherly Pride. A cartoon showing an elderly woman looking at a younger woman.

Bad BLOOD. Advertisement for a medicine to cure blood-related ailments.

SWEDISH SANITARY. Advertisement for a sanitary product.

THIS AD. FOR F. Pacific Coast Biscuits. Advertisement for biscuits.

Elderly Depravity. Advertisement for a medicine to cure elderly ailments.

A Good Hair-Food. Advertisement for Ayer's Hair Vigor.

Ayer's Hair Vigor. Advertisement for Ayer's Hair Vigor.

Smith Want. Advertisement for a job or service.

REPAIRING. Advertisement for repair services.

B. E. W. Advertisement for a business or service.

Sher. Advertisement for a business or service.

SIXTH, AT I. Advertisement for a business or service.

Wellington Piano. Advertisement for a piano.

ANG. Advertisement for a business or service.

GET THE BEST. Advertisement for a product.

SA SWA THE. Advertisement for a business or service.

Will Secure You. Advertisement for a business or service.

TEE WITHOUT PI. Advertisement for a business or service.