The thing that andes a man great is the miniation of men who aren't. What right has a candidate for of-

fice to kim a sweet, innocent buly?

Seraebody has invented a machine that wraps up money. Most people prefer to do it by hand.

As soon as a man gets \$10,000 he begias to fear that somebody is trying to stir up class hatred.

The Kulser has invented a new emer comey brake. At the first good opportunity it will be applied to France.

It beats all how the size of women's hats is increasing and the contents of the men's pockethooks are decreas-Though in some instances the glory

of woman may be ner bair, it does not in most cases stack up to that of her "No woman who wears a 'rat' shall

become my wife," says an Ohio college prefessor. Rough on rats, for There are times when Turkey seems

to have more troubles than there are pigeonboles in the Sultan's roll-top century ago. While the world has not Byideatly the person who remarked that history repeats itself had inside

information. Earrings are in style Let it be said to the everlasting credit of the English suffragettes that they have not attempted to win by

making use of the hatpin as a weapon. Perhaps the only thing that can be said in favor of the present style of balloon racing is that when the aeronaut drops into the sea he gets a new

variety of thrill. A woman who is unmarried won first choice in the Rosebud land drawing. It should be unnecessary for her to go single much longer. Her drawing is

said to be very valuable.

Hdisen expects the flying machine to be so well developed within five years that it will be possible to fly across the Atlantic Ocean in eighteen hours. Edson has for a long time been one of our most enthusiastic expecters.

A helpless babe born in St. Louis ciety. bears the name of Marie Helen Ahrenhoersterhaeumer, which, however, lacks a great deal of tying the record of Chieago, the home of the renowned James 3. Pappatheodorokoummountourgeoto-

In a recent address to the people of Bervia Crowa Prince George said: "I the fatherland." The crown prince bacillus. uld take something for his liver and to get over his pessimism.

The dictionary is never allowed a ong rest. The new word is "dactyloscopy," and means the method employed at police headquarters of identifying inals by their finger prints. oubt some poor fellow, hearing this strange sound for the first time, will think it is the offense he is charged with.

The government is going to lay a asses road in Massachuestts. That roads the basis of which will be the esidue of sugar-cane manufacture, a -product for which there is at presne known use. But isn't there some langer that the small boys and girls in the United States. will carry off the road for all-day suckers or some other terrible things?

There is a national righteousness, a national desire for cleanliness in public life and standards of politics, that must depend to some extent on education of me sort. And the college which teaches patriotic duty, patriotic obligation, the responsibility of the individual to his training and his privileges need never fear that its sphere of usefulness will end in this country. The world has a right to expect of the collegetrained man a high ideal of life, speech and action; and the college which lives up to that expectation is doing work which all can praise.

The New York newspapers recently noted with genuine enthusiasm the reopening of a restaurant which was formerly a landmark in a remote and unfashionable quarter. The proprietor of the shop closed it and retired a year ago, having made a fortune; but idleness proved irksome, and the appeals of his old patrons finally drew him back to provide them with corned beef and enbhage. The reader, who has doubtless learned how unsavory a dish this combination sometimes makes, will hesitate to accept this statement literally. Yet it is true. It was the corned beef and cabbage served in the house that attracted the gourmets of the me tropolis and wen the cordint approval of epicures from abroad. Of its kind. they could find nothing better; and men who have tested the masterpleces of the chefs are the first to admit that simpler viands are, when at their best, quite good enough for anybody. As such authorities tell it, the story of the old corned-beef-and-enblage shop sounds like a chapter from "Self-Help." It be gins with a long list of handleaps-mean ocation, lack of capital, a clientele which seemed without influence to attract a better or a larger patronage. Yet the success of the place need cause no surprise, for the story of many another success begins in prochasty the same way. The happy end of the tale has been accounted for by Emerson. If a man does something superior, said the philosopher, he cannot so hide himself that the world will not beat a path to his door. There should be comfort for common felk in the thought that a | nearty laugh.

Dakota County Herald | very common thing corned beef and cabbage, even-may be made a superior

thing. Man is the only creature on the earth that gives evidence of progress a physical perfection and intellectual chievement, Pessimists occasionally. tell us that man is deteriorating morully, but enlightened communities fail to substantiate their utterances. If contrasted with the dark ages men has made marvelous progress in education, personal Hberty and consideration for the natural rights of man. The evolution of society from barbarism to modern civilization has not uplifted all the members of a community to a bigh sense of moral equity. There are periods of outbreaks of crime which startle a community, but the criminals are regarded with abborrence and purished for their offenses. Laws are enacted to hold in subjection the criminal classes, and contemplation of these laws proves the progress of man in defending the right. Learned judges preside over tribunals of justice to proteef every member of the community in his natural and inalienable right to ife, property, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That man is degenerating is contradicted by every circumstance of life. So far from deteriorating, hum is constantly growing stronger physically and in the moral attributes of society. Men are no longer burned at the stake for an opinion or bankshed from a community because they neglect to kneel to popular idols. Man is less bigoted, less clannish and more humane and charitable than a reached the elysian of universal henesty it has progressed so far that seneral honesty shines on the berizon. Man has progressed in estimating the value of human life. Man has advanced in physical perfection god longevity. The twentieth century is as far in advance of the medleval age as the dark age was superior to the cave dwellers. The epidemic of plagues that decimated populous cities no longer

afflict society, as science has discover-

ed the germs of perflence and formu-

lated a toxin to citre it. Only one bit-

ten by rabid animals now dies out of

seven hundred, where formerly 90 per

cent of the victims died. Man pro-

gresses in the knowledge of life and

the sanitary conditions to conserve it.

Far from retrograding, man is advanc-

ing and continually evolving higher

types of life. Never were gifts of char-

ity so great or the work of philanthro-

py so broad in the building of hospi-

tals, endowment of schools, construc-

tion of homes for orphans, incurables

and Indigent aged as characterize the

present age and emphasize the prog-

ress of man in those attributes that

make for the general welfare of so-

Ten is a germicide according to a Boshope that in a few days we shall be ton physician, who claims it is an especially rank enemy of the typhoid Missouri led in the production of

lead in the United States in 1907, pushing Idaho, the leader in 1906, back to second place.

Although the house fly lays eggs, the flesh fly, better known as the "blue bottle," produces living larvae, about fifty at a time.

A \$10,000 plant for the production of ozone by electrolysis, the largest in the world, has been completed at a Pittsburg hospital.

A Norwegian factory receives power for six turbines from water that falls s it will prepare a binder for macadam | 3,287 feet through a tunnel from a lake seven miles away.

Peru has officially adopted as its standard time that of the seventy-fifth meridian, the same as "eastern' time

The electrical equipment of the Cunard liner Mauretania includes over 250 miles of cables, and more than

6,000 16-candle-power lamps. Three parts by weight of boracle acid to one of powdered borax makes a good

compound for brazing steel. It should be applied as a paste with water.

Prof. Arthur O. Lovejoy, as the result of an inquiry into the origin and meaning of "fire cults," so common among ancient nations and among modern savage and barbarous tribes suggests that many races conceived the "sacred fire," not as a practical convenienge or an ancient custom or a means of frightening demons, but as a vehicle of life, or magical energy, the prosperity of the household or tribe depending in part on the perpetuity, vitality and purity of the fire. It was thought of as subject to a tendency to grow old and weak, like all natural forces-hence the custom of periodically renewing it. This conclusion is based partly upon the statements made by the

Iroquois Indians and the Maoris. Dr. Robert E. Coker, writing to Science from Lima, advocates the protection of the guano-producing birds -the "guange," a species of cormorant, and the "alcatraz," a species of pelican-In order that the Peruvian deposits of this valuable manure may be in part, renewed. The great ancient deposits, he says, are now almost non-existen?, Only the lower grades of guano are left. But the birds annually make fresh deposits on their nesting grounds, and if they were properly protected, he be lieves that the annual supply of fresh deposits would be largely increased. The birds, he says, should no longer be treated as wild animals. They should be regarded as valuable domestic animals. At present they are decreasing in number, but this decrease could be checked. They are also driven from their baunts during the season when they should be allowed to remain there. When driven away by the presence of man during the nesting season, they spend a large part of their time upor the water, or on small islets and cliffs, where the deposits are either lost en-

tirely or are rendered less available. A woman gets more enjoyment out of a good cry than a man dree out of s

MENELIK II AND HIS PEOPLE. Mighty Monarch of Abyssinia Who

Welcomes Civilization. Few mightier monarchs than Menelik II of Abyssinia ever swayed the destinice of a people. Throughout the vast territory of the Alessinian bighlands. his taffividual will is law to some millions of subjects, laws also to hordes of savage Mohammedan and pagan tribesmen without the confines of his kingdom. His court includes no councilors. Alone throughout the long years of his reign Menelik has dealt with all domestic and foreign affairs

But now this last splendid survival of the feudal absolutism exercised and



disappear beneath encroaching waves of civilization, which long spare nothing picturesque. Cables from far off Addis Abeba, Menelik's capital, bring news that he has formed a cabinet and published the appointment of ministers of war, finance, justice, foreign affairs, and commerce.

And this change has come not from the pressure of any party or faction within his kingdom, for such do not exist; but out of the fount of his own wisdom,-a wisdom so sound as to prove him a most worthy descendant of the sage Hebrew King Menelik claims as ancestor,-if indeed more proofs were necessary than the statesmanlike way in which he has dealt with jealous diplomats, and the martial skill with which, at Adua in '96, he defeated the flower of the Italian army and won from Italy an honorable truce.

Whether or not the claim of Menellk that he is lineally descended from a son supposed to have been born to the Queen of Sheba and King Solomon of old is true, and there is no real reason to doubt it, it is certain that in race type Abyssinians plainly resemble the sons of Israel, crossed and modified with Coptic. Hamite and Ethiopian blood, and to this day cling closely as the most orthodox Hebrew to some of the dearest Israelitish tenets, notably in their antipathy to pork and to other meat not bled before dead, to observance of the Sabbath and the rite of circumcision. And this notwithstanding that the Abyssinians have been Christians since the fourth century of this era, when, only eight years after the great Constantine decreed the a proselyting monk came among them with faith so strong, heart so pure, and | tertaining a visionary caller. eloquence so irresistible, that single of the Abyssinian race.

Old Fashioned Brenkfast. How dear to my heart is that scene of my childhood

Which fond recollection recalleth to view: The damask-clad board with its lavishly piled food,

Delectable fare my young appetite knew.

The thick, juicy beefsteak, the omelette The crisp, fried potatoes, seductively

brown, The rampart of toast with the marmalade nigh it --Ambrosial breakfast, where now thy

renown? The old-fashioned breakfast, our fore fathers' breakfast, The long-ago breakfast of vanished re-

Chose rich-tinted waffles, how toothsome and tender Their dimpled delights on those morn-

ings of vore How oft to their delicate charms I'd surrender.

How sweet the libation I'd over them

How calm the content that would softly enfold me. As each melting mouthful slipped lus-

clously down. And how I'd have serrowed had any one told me That opulent breakfast would lose its

renown. The old-fashioned breakfast, our forefathers' breakfast, The long-ago breakfast of vanished re-

How bleak is this modern repast of the morning. It differeth far from the feast of my

dream. That succulent fern the bare table adorn-

I yearn to devour with sugar and cream. I'm weary of hay, predigested and shred-

On health-giving sawdust I look with a frown. The pangs of dyspepsia are less to be dreaded

Oh, bring back the breakfast of ancient The old-fashioned breakfast, the dear, deadly breakfast,

The long-ago breakfast of vanished renown.

But is there no hope? Must I ever con-On flakes of dried science to nourish my brain?

While "vigor" and "force" feed my muscle and sinew. My poor, patient palate petitions in

Dear meal of my youth, with what rapture I'd hail thee, Could I but before thy abundance sit down!

With keenest enjoyment I'd haste to assail thee.

Thou memorial breakfast of blessed renown: The old-fushioned breakfast, our fore-

fathers' breakfast, The long-ago breakfast of vanished re-

-Richmond News-Leader.

"CHICE" STEPMOTHER.

He Liked Her Even After He Thought He Wouldn't. "Chie" had never been a bad boy, and there was no reason outside of the

story books why he should begin now, just because a sweet-natured woman had come to mother him and his two little sisters; but Chie could not see it in that way. He knew about stepmothers, how they told tales in whispers, and poisoned the bearts of kind fathers against their own children, so he decided to have his fling.

The first thing be did was to go down to Jim Harding's one evening after dinner and stay until 11 o'clock That was as far as he really planned. It was no fault of his that the cable broke and that he finally reached home at I o'clock of a cold winter morning, to discover that the latch key with which his father had entrusted him a few days before had disappeared from his pocket.

Here was trouble. The house was dark and silent, and Ohle knew that his father, called from his slumbers at that hour to admit a 12-year-old son. would need no stepmother's prompting. but would be quite expable of acting for himself. With this in mind, instead of ringing, he discreetly prowled round the house in search of a basement window that he could force. He found one at last, opening over the coal bin : but the door leading up-stairs was securely barred, and at 2 o'clock in the morning a dejected boy lay down on the cement floor, with feet propped against the furnace, and fell sadly asleep, to dream of the things an irate father, egged on by a stepmether, would do to him in the morning.

The next minute it was daylight, and a pleasant voice close to him was saying. "O James, look! On that cold floor all night! He must have forgotten and key. I saw it on his dressing table when I went in this morning. And we closed the house so early! He did is for me, James, I know he did. You spoke at dinner about my headache. and he wouldn't disturb me by ringing but I couldn't have slept a wink if I had dreamed he was down here. He's waking up, James."

"There, son, there!" said Chic's father, with unheard-of gentleness, as he helped the astonished boy to his feet. "Pretty hard bed, wasn't it? You might have rung, my boy, but I'm proud of you for being so thoughtful. Wash up now and come to breakfast."

With that he started up-stairs, but Chic, still blinking, stood and stared at his stepmother. Could it be was she really so innocent, or-

"To think Chic," she was saying, softly-and there was a look on her face that made him remember his own mother-"I was afraid you didn't like me!" "Pooh!" he answered, with a sudden big lump in his throat. "I guess I do!" -Youth's Companion.

Hardships of the Very Poor. Little Marion, having few real playmates, has supplied herself with several imaginary ones, with whom she has many surprising experiences. Her recognition of Christianity by the state | mother recently overheard her playing with her large family of dolls and en-

"Yes, Mrs. Smif," she said, bear handed he accomplished the conversion a deep sigh, "we are poor, terribly poor. We are so poor that I have to spank my babies to keep them warm." -Woman's Home Companion.

Soon Available. Scene-Matrimonial agency. Manager and gentleman applicant. Mat. Agent-You want a wife? Customer-Yes, sir.

Mat. Agent-Blonde or brunette? Customer-I am not particular. I nsist on but one thing—she must be a divorced woman.

Mat. Agent-Sorry, sir. I have none on hand, but if you can wait a few days I have one in preparation.-The Bohemian.

Rule of Three. 'Well," said a persevering governess, 'I will put it in another form. If it takes one servant nine hours to do the entire housework of a family how long will it take three servants to do it?"

Tommy-Oh, I know, teacher. I heard mamma speak of it only this morning. Governess-Well, how long will it

take them? Tommy-Three times as long.-London Tatler.

"Yes," said Miss Backbay, "Emerson appeals to us women of Boston. Although he has passed beyond, we always keep him in our hearts, you know.'

"You don't say," replied Miss Gotham. "I wonder how it feels to be kept in cold storage like that after death?"-Catholic Standard and Times.

Costs Something. "There's no use talking about it-a

chronic disease is an expensive thing to have." "That depends. Mine never cost me

anything." "What's your trouble!" "Kleptomanin."-Cleveland Leader

Tempting Fate. "What is your line of work? I can see plainly that you are due for a breakdown."

"I guess you're right, doc. I've just written my 400th motor novel."-St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

One Cure. "I believe I'll rock the boat," declared the man in the stern, "Don't do it," advised his companion

"It might discharge this unloaded pistol I have in my jeans."-Louisville Courier-Journal. There is nothing so unsatisfactory as to announce that you have a secret

which no inducement can prevail upon you to reveal, and then have no one to coax you to break your resolution. Perhaps a wife's tenderness with a worthless husband is governed by the same instinct which makes her proud

of anything she gets at a bargain coun-Somehow we don't enjoy visiting with

anyone who calls it a "chat." In a little country town, the extreme in fashion always looks fast.

PROVIDING HOT MEALS IN TIME OF WAR.



MOVABLE KITCHEN OF THE GERMAN ARMY.

The statement that an army marches on its stomach | is recognized by the German military authorities as containing much truth, and thus have come into being the portable field kitchens of the type illustrated. Meals the cooked in these kitchens while the kitchens them precounced it excellent.-London Illustrated News.

selves are being driven from place to place at full speed and each kitchen can provide thre hot meals a day for 200 men. The contrivance was tested during the regent maneuvers with much success, and was inspected by the Kaiser, who tasted some of the food cooked in it and

OCTOBER.

Beneath the tender autuma sky Silent the hills and woodways lie, Half folded in their robes of mist; And o'er the mass of turning green, Reyond the Lyaline, serene The clouds in tint of amethyst,

The crickets sing about our feet, And there's a gleam of winter wheat Far down the hill, in mellow beams; In fields, and dells, and sleepy woods A very heaven of stillness broods-Till life seems on a sea of dreams. -Woman's Home Companion.

The One and Only

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"Are you quite sure?" asked Adela. "Absolutely sure!" answered Dick. He leaned over the back of the chair in which he sat, and let his long thin hands frame her face, with the fingers locked beneath her chin.

"Absolutely sure!" he repeated. His tone convinced himself, but left Adela a little doubtful still. The careless, almost furtive, kiss with which he had brushed her lips a moment ago, was not the kiss of which she had dreamed and twenties up to and beyond her last. her thirtieth birthday. For he was, and always had been the only man for to where Kathleen sat with half-averther; though she, for him, had remained ed head; and, the barest civilities exjust one of the many women to whom, changed, he walked straight across to under various disguises, discreet, re strained, but always artistic, love could.

et pleasant intervals, be made. "And are you happy, dear?" she won-

dered. "Of course!" he fervently told her without pausing to analyze his emo tions.

And his hands caressed the brown smoothness of her hair.

Then, in the quiet half-light of the February evening, his thoughts ran away with him and gave the silent lie to his words. They carried him back to the dance at the concert hall three months ago, when he had quarreled, irrevocably quarreled, with Kathleen Steele. He had not seen her sincedear, finfly little person that she was. with big blue eyes which he used to think foolish before they learned to sparkle for him. She, conquered as all his captives were more by the intense sympathy which he exhaled than by any physical or facial charm, had promised to marry him as soon as he could save enough to furnish the little house and studio somewhere near Regent's Park. And now he was here in this big, proper, many-hand-maidened suburban villa, engaged to Adela-Adela Wint, to whom he had come for consolation in that trouble, just as he had come to her for consolation ever since

he put on his first dress-coat. And he realized that he wasn't happy at all-and half a hundred other things

besides. "Tell me," said Adela, "tell me you love me, Dick!" "You know I love you, dear!" he said.

knowing that he Hed. "Why do you ask?" be went on. "I wondered," she explained. "I just wondered whether it wasn't the need for sympathy that made you ask me to marry you! And that you thought you were in love with me because we were beautifully in tune together and

because I was able to console you!" She was right; as always, so wonderfully right. They had been, as she put it, so beautifully in tune together, and he had got carried away by his confounded temperament and the necessity for putting an artistic finish to the episode.

For the moment he paused in conflict with himself. Honor and honestly warred with indecision and weakness. Then honor and honesty lost the day. betrayed by the too-noticeable absence of chiu which spoiled his face, "There's no one quite like you.

Adela!" he truthfully assured her. "No one who understands as you understand!" "Ah!" she happily smiled. "But I,

who in the world should?" The picture of Kathleen flashed across his mind; Kathleen in a blue be gay; but then he loved their sadness frock which matched her eyes, Kathleen best. But, of course, though in a way with the blush rose cheeks and laughing lips that challenged and provoked never love her as he had loved-and his frequent kiss. Not even Kathleen understood as Adela did, but then-

that Adela could never be! But he put the picture out of sight, as she sat writing letters at the study dren.

"Have you, then, made an exhaust- door to him. ive study of your servant?" he ques-"Is anything the matter?" she asked tioned, searching her heart with feigned humility.

"Always! Always!" she answered. The sincerity, the look, the self-abandon that underlay every word which she spoke killed the last germ of compunction in him. To-day was to-day to-day with its great moments, such as he loved. They should live the present hour, at any rate. To-morrow he would write what he could not bring himself to speak.

So for the next half-hour he made ove to her out of the ripe fullness of his own experience. And his philesophy was as the Spaniard's. To-morrow, to-morrow, always to-morrowwhich means the completest plucking of to-day.

Then he met Kathleen Steele at dinner party.

Kathleen was there, not fortuitously, but by design. For she had found out how much she cared for him, and, incapable of biding her emotions, had worn her heart quite openly upon her sleeve. So people were trying to bring them together again, and the dinner party was a ballon d'essai.

As he went into the drawing room she was the first person who caught his eye. His heart hammered at his ribs and a swift desire to take her. -had dreamed through times of tens then and there, in his arms came upon him. He shook hands with his hostess in a dream, looking over her shoulder where she sat. She was talking to



IS ANYTHING THE MATTER?"

another man-but that alan't matter to

"Kathleen!" he said. She put out her hand. He took it impness, which he never remembered having noticed before.

"How d'ye do, Dick!" she began with Il-acted coldness. "It's ages since I've seen you!" Somehow her voice jarred upon him.

There was a curious quality in itout what that quality was he couldn't quite detect. He took an oblong piece of cardboard of hay.- Emporia Gazette.

from his pocket and showed it to her. "I'm to take you in to dinner!" he old her.

"Really?" she asked with brows de ightfully arched. "Really?" Her surprise was so obviously spurious that it gave him the key to the whole situation. And a certain dull resentment against his hostess-and even against Kathleen herself—came

into his heart. So it was all a put-up job, was it, he thought. A reconcilation over the soup and declaration of eternal affection after dessert. He would see himself somewhere first. If they came together again they should come together in his own way and not at the time and place dictated by well-meaning friends! Then they went down to dinner. And, though she was as beautiful as ever, she failed, in some intangible, clusive,

indefinable way, wholly to please his critical eye. But how she failed he was utterly at a loss to discover. Then, hating Kathleen's voice, he tried to lose himself in the contemplayou see, have made a life-long study tion of her beauty, to watch the pleasof you! And if I didn't understand, ant lights in her blue eyes, eyes which were, it seemed, always gay. They were too gay, he thought. Adela's eyes could he was very fond of Adela, he could

Still at 10 o'clock next day he went well, Kathleen was just everything to see Adela. She saw him come up the short drive

could still love Kathleen.

turned its face, as it were, to the wall. window, and she, herself, opened the

little anxiously. How soft her voice sounded-and how different from Kathleen's!

"Quite a lot!" he answered. But be smiled. She turned towards the study with a gesture. As he followed her the quiet neatness of her dress and hair gave him a sense of perfect taste. Everything about her was, he felt, just right,

impossible to better. Inside the study she shut the deer. "Now," she said, conrageously but with fear cold at her heart, "tell me all about it!" For answer he walked up to her and

passionately upon the lips. "You never kissed me like that before!" she marveled, as he held her away from him to look into her eyes. "Perhaps not, dear!" he admitted.

took her in his arms, and kissed her

But now!" And he caught her in his arms again. "What is it that you have to ask?"

she presently ventured. Then, since the crowning wisdom was some to him he answered gravely: "I want you to marry me imme-

diately!" And for once, perhaps for the first

ime in his life, he knew his own filled.

Half Breed Is Dying Off. "There will be Indians in the Canalian northwest when there are no baifbreeds." These were the words of a veteran trader just from the far north, Henry A. Cabler-a stalwart Natty Bumpo in cordurovs. this observant Leather Stockings says. is the blight which is fast wiping the

half-breed out of existence. "Nine out of ten half-breeds die of consumption," he continued. "So swift are the ravages of this disease among these people that the fire in the cemetery is always kept burning to thaw out the ground that the graves may be

"The Indian does not seem to suffer like his half-brother. After watching these people for a number of years, it seems to me that they are born with the disease in them. Then his careless. slovenly life helps it along. In the spring the half-breed wades out into the sloughs and ponds and eateles a cold, and, unlike the Indian, is weable to throw it off. The half-breed merally is also weaker than the Indian. He has all the vices of both the red man and the white man, and but few of

their virtues."-St. Paul Dispateb.

Gathering Roses. I've gathered roses and the Mke in many glad and golden Junes, but now, as down the world I hike my weary hands are filled with prunes. I've gathwith a new surprise at its comparative ered roses o'er and o'er, and some were white and some were red, but when I took them to the store the greeer wanted eggs instead. I gathered roses long ago, in other days, in other scenes, and people said, "You ought to go and dig the weeds out of your beans." A million roses bloomed and died; a million more will die to-day. That man is wise who lets them slide and gathers up the bales

> Secoping Up the Wrecknee. The owner of the racing automobile was a novice at the sport. Naturally, he felt rather mystified when the expert driver handed him the following bill on the morning after the race: Gasoline, \$60; repairs to car, \$70; cut-

ting expenses, \$1,000. "What the dence," said the amateur owner, "is the meaning of this item, 'Cutting expenses?' "

"Oh, that," observed the chauffeur carelessly "represents the surgeon's fee for renovating my mechanic."-Judge Setting It Right.

"In your paper this morning, skr. you

called me a 'bum actor.' I want an

explanation." "I shall be happy to explain, young nan. That word 'actor' was inserted by the proofreader, who thought I had omltted it accidentally. I shall take care that it doesn't happen again."-

Chicago Tribune. Otherwise Impossible. Calvert Jr.-Tolsoy must use white-

Balty Moore-How so? Calvert, Jr.-He is said to have been writing on the Russian government," and dark ink wouldn't show on a black surface.-Baltimore American.

is so good he is never allowed to become old. A divorce seems to have the effect of

A turkey is never tough because he

making a father very fond of his chil-