

THE TWO HIGHWAYMEN.

I long have had a quarrel set with Time. Because he robbed me. Every day of life...

The fair world is the witness of a crime Repeated every hour. For life and breath...

Humble Beginnings

Not long ago a grizzled millionaire miner from the far West dropped into town. He occupied a superb suite in one of Washington's most luxurious hotels...

"Well," said the grizzled miner to the young man from his home state, when the latter was making his call at the fine hotel suite...

"Well," said the wealthy old miner. "I sure do take it powerful hard that you and Aggie don't invite me up to your place and give me something to eat—I sure do."

The young man started to make some reply, but the old man wasn't through. "I'm getting mighty tired of hotel and restaurant grub," he went on.

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BORROWING and LENDING



Quoth Poor Richard: "He who goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing," but really, isn't it usually the lender who does the sorrowing?

Some people seem to have the borrowing habit. They're always "just out of" something, and instead of doing without, or supplying their own need, they ask a loan.

There is a saying, "The way to lose a friend is to lend him money." This is certainly true if the friend doesn't or cannot repay, because he has a sense of guilt or discomfort over an undischarged obligation, and the lender has a sense of injury over being kept out of what belongs to him.

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be," is a good working rule. But if occasion comes when a temporary accommodation seems necessary, make it a point to repay promptly. And the smaller or more trivial the sum or the article borrowed, the more carefully should we charge memory with it.

He exclaimed, reprovingly, when the young man offered him a cigar. "Mighty tidy place you've got here," he said, after a pause, waving his pipe around.

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TOMAS ESTRADA PALMA.

Checked Career of Free Cuba's First President. Tomas Estrada Palma, first president of Free Cuba, died in Santiago province of pneumonia complicated with other diseases.

Tomas Estrada Palma was born July 9, 1835, on the largest of his father's estates, at Bayamo, eastern Cuba. His father, who was one of the wealthiest and most respected land owners in Cuba, died while Estrada was yet a boy.

He became a leader in the party of revolution, freed his slaves and took the field with the army of liberation. He was elected a member of the Cuban Assembly, by which body he was, in 1878, chosen president of the struggling republic.

When the last Cuban war for independence got under way, Palma plunged into the struggle. His task was performed with such signal success that, when at last the struggle had been ended and the victory won, through American intervention, it was natural that his grateful countrymen should select Tomas Estrada Palma to be their first president in fact, as he had already been their president 39 years before in name.

President Palma found high office no bed of roses. His political opponents accused him of undue ambition and of usurpation of power. The sparks of hostility and partisan rancor were fanned into a blaze. That was a serious crisis in the life of free Cuba—the first rigorous test of her capacity for autonomy and self-government.

The veteran patriot retired to his old estate on the Cauto river, far from the turmoil of politics and intrigue. There he ended his days in the seclusion of a private life, erecting the crude buildings of a new home on the old domain and engaging in the breeding of cattle, even as his father had done before him in the golden days before Cuba had become the spoil of the sword and torch.

"I was in an uptown tea room where the scenery is all out of proportion to the amount served you," said a New York clubman. "I was dallying with some ice cream when my spoon struck a common, every-day pin in the bottom of the frozen stuff. I gave a little wave, and a waiter slipped to my side. 'See, a pin in this ice cream,' I said. 'Why, I might have swallowed that.' He took the glass and disappeared. When he returned he reminded me of an undertaker, he was that solemn. 'That pin has lost a man his job, sir,' he said. 'Well, I replied, 'I am sorry for that, but it might have cost me my life, when you come to think of it. 'Yes, sir,' said the waiter meekly. Then he said, 'You see, sir, most of the folks that eat here just sip their ice cream and don't chew it.'—New York Times.

"Gave No Warning. On entering the stable suddenly the head of the horse found the hostler and his own young son deeply engaged with the broken tail of a kite. 'How is it, William,' he began severely. 'That I never find you at work when I come out here?' 'I know,' volunteered his son; 'it's on account of those rubber heels you're wearing now.'"

"Does anybody believe in pipe dreams?" "Well, I guess folks who have oil stock do."—Baltimore American. At some time in the life of every man he tries poetry and the chicken business.

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EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

HERE is some good advice given by a beautiful woman to a girl admirer who asked her for her recipe for remaining "such an evergreen."

"Never work on till you are seemingly at your last gasp, whether at your business or your pleasure, but rest as you go along. If you forego rest until your work is done, the chances are that you will then be too tired to take it. Get all the beauty-sleep you can. Remember that late hours are fatal to good looks and health, and don't commit the folly of working far into the night, and then wondering why your work is not well done and you feel so good for nothing the next day.

"Shield your nerves, and don't let them become too sensitive. Make yourself take life calmly. If you lose a train, don't pace a platform wildly, but inquire when the next train comes in and sit down calmly to wait for it. That's just what most women don't do; they sit down, perhaps, but they tap the floor with their feet, clinch and unclinch their hands, and are apparently in a fever heat of excitement over the arrival of every train that comes in, even though they have been assured that theirs is not due for another half hour. The half hour of waiting means to them a frightful wear and tear of nerves, and they are practically weeks older for it. Try to cultivate calmness; but if you cannot do that all at once, you can keep your face still."—London Family.

ICKED up by the police, George Ferris died in the Desplaines street station from exposure and starvation. In a hole in a haystack on the canal bank a father, mother and two children were discovered, half-clothed in dirty rags, absolutely without food, and the father unconscious and delirious.

While all this was happening the lawyers in Judge Eberhardt's court were reading an interesting letter from Lord Curzon of Kedleston, whose wife was the daughter of Levi Luzzatto. The English nobleman and his two children receive \$68,000 a year, besides the income from a trust fund of \$1,700,000.

When the letter estate was settled up Curzon was paid more than his share through a bookkeeping error. A little later he was informed that the overpayment of \$10,700 would be deducted from his allowance. A letter from the nobleman to Hugh Crabbe was read in court. In it Curzon said:

"I was very much horrified to receive your intimation that I was to be deprived of \$10,700 on the ground of an alleged mistake in the November audit."

This noble English dependent upon American charity was "horrified." Note the word well. What would happen if all the American millions deposited to the credit of foreign noblemen should suddenly be withdrawn? Lord Curzon spends \$133,000 a year. Lady Suffolk and Mrs. Colin Campbell, his sisters-in-law, spend \$125,000 a

articles will be ready to be taken from the cooker, although no harm is done by leaving them in a longer period.

There has been invented recently an economical and easily utilized appliance for use in connection with small ranges or gas stoves, and especially useful for single burner gas stoves, for saving the heat of the burner for cooking purposes and at the same time heating irons. With this arrangement the housekeeper is enabled to continue the use of the burner for simultaneously heating the irons and cooking. It comprises an inverted pan-shaped body adapted to be set in the stove top or over the gas burner. On one side is an opening for the insertion and withdrawal of the iron and a perforated top that forms a rest and heating base for the cooking utensil. Covering the opening is a hinged door, to prevent the heat from escaping. The irons, being encased, are heated quickly, since the heat is concentrated and maintained within the holder. To withdraw the irons conveniently, a bow-shaped wire handle is employed.

Every gunner knows that the "decoy" is an invaluable adjunct to his kit when gunning for wild ducks, etc. His only complaint is that the transportation of a half dozen or so entails considerable labor, the decoys being bulky and cumbersome. A Chicago man overcomes this objection in the folding decoy shown in the illustration, quite a number of which can be carried handily in a satchel. The float, the imitation duck and the necessary keel are made in three sections, the last two being hinged to the float. It will be seen that they can be readily folded together so as to lie practically flat. In this way they can be neatly packed in a small space and easily carried.

"So you think that a man in public life ought to devote some time to physical culture?" "Assuredly. Otherwise he can't hope to survive the handshaking."—Washington Star.

When a man is badly in need of a shave, and his beard is of a sandy color, he looks worse than if his beard is of any other color.

"Have you been caught?" "They are human remains sure enough, but they never grow on an ancient Egyptian. They belonged to some dark-skinned Arab who was buried for a few years in the dry sand of the desert as an investment. It is a common trick; the condition of the ground and the absolutely dry climate, which exclude decomposition and cause a natural mummification, make the deception possible."

The origin of "graft" is probably in the discovery that something easy brings in a large reward. The only problem, then, is to find the easy thing. Tastes differ. A writer in Lippincott's Magazine gives an example of a "graft" which most persons would not care to cultivate. An expert golfer had the misfortune to play a particularly vigorous stroke at the moment that a seedy wayfarer skulked across the edge of the course. The ball struck the trespasser and rendered him insensible for a brief time. When he recovered a five-dollar bill was pressed into his hand by the grateful golfer. "Thanky, sir," said the injured man, after a kindling glance at the money. "An' when will you be playin' again, sir?"

year each. That means \$383,000 a year of money taken from Chicago to keep up the "dignity" of English aristocrats. All this is from one Chicago family. Yet men starve in Chicago streets, while women and children seek shelter in haystacks.—Chicago Journal.

TWO GOLDEN DAYS. HERE are two days in the week upon which and about which I never worry. Two golden days, kept sacredly free from fear and apprehension.

One of these days is yesterday. Yesterday, with all its cares and frets, with all its pains and sorrows, has passed forever beyond the power of my control, beyond the reach of my recall. I cannot undo an act that I wrought; I cannot recall a word that I said; I cannot calm a storm that raged on yesterday. All that it holds of my life, of regret, of sorrow, or wrong, is in the hands of the mighty love that can bring out of the rock and sweet waters out of the bitterest desert—the love that can make the wrong things right, and turn mourning into laughter. Save for the beautiful memories, sweet and tender, that linger like a perfume of dried roses in the heart of the day that is gone, I have nothing to do with yesterday. It was mine; now it belongs to God.

And the other day I do not worry over is to-morrow. To-morrow, with all its possible cares, its burdens, its sorrows, its perils, its poor performances, and its bitter mistakes, is as far beyond my reach of mastery as its dead sister, yesterday.—The Banner of Gold.

FOR the Suez canal, there also the traffic has gone on increasing, until last year's report shows that the receipts amounted to over \$24,000,000, of which it is said more than three-fifths were a clear profit. Even if the Panama canal yield no profit in cash, it will be of immense value in other ways to this country, but as it will be, like the Suez waterway, a highway of travel for the accommodation of the entire world, there need be no doubt that it will ultimately be a source of great revenue for the government.—Boston Courier.

THE statistical year book for the German empire, just issued, shows its present population to be 63,017,000. The increase within the empire has for several years averaged a little less than a million. But millions more have migrated to Austria, to South America and to the United States. They have relieved the nation of the necessity of breaking its political bounds, and they have made a good impression of the German character abroad. Modern emigration prevents more wars than diplomacy.—New York Times.

Grewsome Objects that Turn Out to Be Fake Pure and Simple. While riding among the old Egyptian tombs, writes a traveler in the Detroit News-Tribune, the tourist is usually approached by the relic sharks. You repel them. Then comes a fellow who acts mysteriously, looks about suspiciously and talks to your cicerone in an undertone. Your curiosity is aroused and you ask the guide for information. It turns out that the man lives in one of the forsaken tombs near by and that several days ago he had found a hitherto undiscovered grave with a mummy in it, from which he had disjointed several members and taken some trinkets found in the bandages. The objects could be seen at his lodging if the traveler would care to step that way.

They are grewsome objects that are displayed—a skull, two hands and two feet. There are also some stone beads, a small bronze statuette, a couple of clay images and the mummy wrappings.

You pay, perhaps, little attention to the latter objects on account of the possibility of fraud, but you are attracted by the disjointed members that belonged to a man who walked the earth centuries before the Savior appeared on it. True, they are grewsome, but they are just the things that are more closely associated with the name of Egypt than any other relic could be. There is no chance for fraud in an object of this kind. They are natural, shrunken and withered members, black, parchmentlike and you even detect a speck of odor which you connect with the embalming process of the ancient Egyptians. Surely nothing more could be desired in the way of proofs.

At last you have acquired a real curiosity, and you cannot help exhibiting your acquisition, on your return to the hotel to the proprietor, without, however, disclosing its source as promised the poor Arab. The hotel man smiles.

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A Steady Job. The origin of "graft" is probably in the discovery that something easy brings in a large reward. The only problem, then, is to find the easy thing. Tastes differ. A writer in Lippincott's Magazine gives an example of a "graft" which most persons would not care to cultivate. An expert golfer had the misfortune to play a particularly vigorous stroke at the moment that a seedy wayfarer skulked across the edge of the course. The ball struck the trespasser and rendered him insensible for a brief time. When he recovered a five-dollar bill was pressed into his hand by the grateful golfer.

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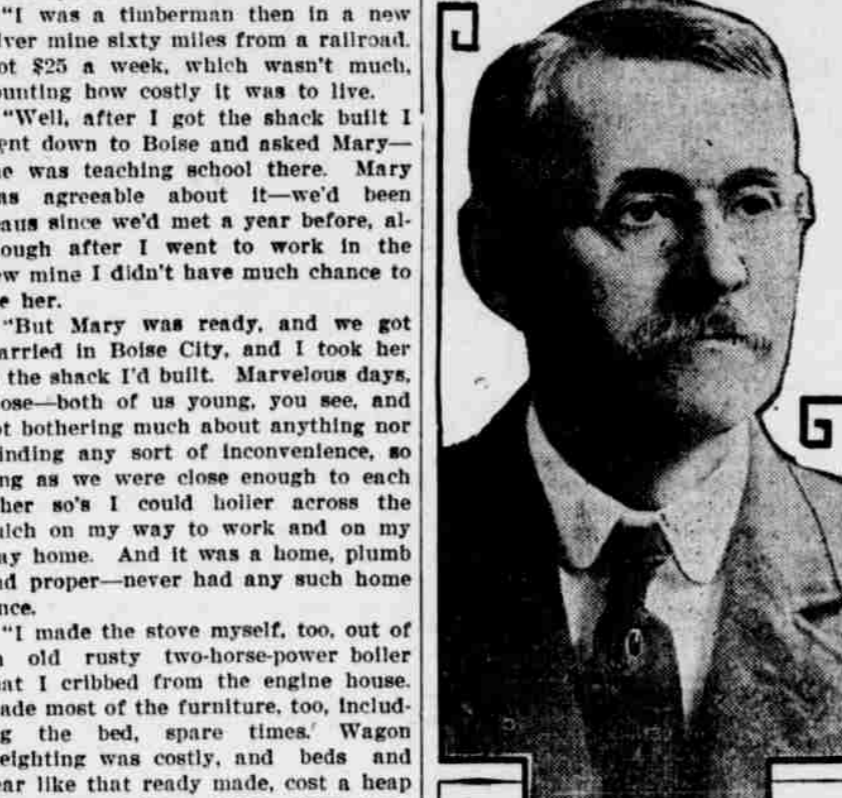
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DR. D. D. THOMPSON.

and was in St. Louis attending the conference of Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Missionary Board. Dr. Thompson was born in Cincinnati fifty-six years ago. He was graduated from the Ohio Wesleyan University and the Northwestern University, receiving in 1903 the degree of LL. D. from McKendree College. He was editor of the Northwestern Christian Advocate for the past seven years.

By the side of a certain Illinois suburban railway stands a fertilizer factory, which gives out a particularly offensive smell. A lady who frequently has occasion to travel on this line, always carries with her a bottle of lavender smelling salts. One morning Speaker Cannon took the seat beside her. As the train neared the factory, the lady opened her bottle of salts. Soon the car was filled with the horrible odor of the fertilizer. The speaker stood it as long as he could, then addressing himself to the lady, whom he saw holding the bottle to her nose, he said: "Madam, would you mind putting the cork in that bottle?"

Not So Resourceful as Most Girls. Evelyn—Some of our proverbs are so ridiculous. For instance, "Where ignorance is bliss—" Ethel—What's the matter now? Evelyn—Why, you know, Fred gave me my engagement ring last week, and I simply can't find out how much it cost him.—Judge's Library.

Misdirected Charity. She—Papa has given \$50,000 to establish a home for old men. Wasn't that awfully good of him? He—Yes. But it would have been a whole lot better if he'd given half that sum to establish a home for you and a certain young man I could name.

When a man takes off his socks, you can see a scar on his toe where he cut it as a boy.



THE TWO SAT PENSIVE AND SAD.

lattes alike. If you and Aggie only knew how I've been sort o' hankering for a good, big fillin' layout of shoulder and greens, I'll bet a box of matches that you'd have taken pity on me and asked me to your place to have some. Ever have shoulder and greens? Nothing on earth like shoulder and greens, after all, is there?"

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