



MISS JULIA LATHROP.

Women's Work in Public Charities

By Julia C. Lathrop

Potency of the Intelligent Sympathy of Refined Women in Dealing with Problems of the Poor—Lady Bountiful Out-Dated—Juvenile Courts Established Through Woman's Intervention—College Courses Stimulate Interest in Charitable Work—The Service of Wisest and Best Needed in Prisons and Asylums—These Now Afford Stripped Means of Livelihood for Untrained Persons.

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(Miss Julia C. Lathrop, long associated with the work of Hull House in Chicago and with larger activities elsewhere, has had an important part in building up many worthy institutions in Illinois. During her terms of service on the Illinois state board of public charities, of which she is now a member, she has actively labored to improve conditions in the great hospitals and asylums of the state. The Cook county institutions at Dunning also owe much to her public-spirited work. Much of the credit for establishing the juvenile court in Chicago and broadening its influence for good is due to her. In ameliorating the condition of child workers and in other ways she has shown her devotion to the helpless classes of the population.)

One of the significant signs of the times is the growth of a sense of responsibility among women as to matters of public hygiene, the protection of children, the care of dependents and delinquents—in short, that rather indefinite and constantly enlarging field which may be called public charities. This sense of responsibility is the natural development of those individual charitable ministrations which have always been assigned to women as their legitimate province. The comfortable, if not comforting, charity of a Lady Bountiful is out-dated. A woman cannot make the most innocent visit to a family in distress without finding herself beset by the whole army of problems of causation. Why-nilly she is dragged into public efforts for laws and institutions, in each case the inevitable result of simple activities which apparently would lead her no farther than a neighbor's hearth.

For example, in the last few years, to take Illinois as a fair type, a large amount of legislation has been secured of a philanthropic sort—the parental school law, the juvenile court law, the improvement in the compulsory education law, the law as to factory inspection and the labor of children, the establishment of the asylum for chronic insane, the state training school for girls, the new St. Charles' school for boys. These measures and others have been initiated and urged in large degree by women, and are a logical evidence of the desire to find constructive remedies of general application which follows the simple beginnings involved in being a neighbor in the direct fashion of the parable. The time has passed, we take it, for questioning the usefulness or propriety of such larger activities on the part of women. Further, as we discover that few conditions are local or spasmodic, that cause baffles us and prevention alone shows itself as an adequate end, the effort to make common provision for specially helpless persons or classes of persons, in the interest of society as well as of these classes is certain to increase.

As an illustration of this tendency to increase the scope of charitable effort consider the growth of public

charitable institutions from the county poorhouse to the constantly elaborating system by which the blind, deaf and feeble-minded, insane and others are cared for by the state unit in separate groups and by which the care of groups once classified as criminal are now set under a milder heading. The states, too, are constantly taking up new tasks, so that the philanthropic and reformative functions of a state are its largest item of expenditure, sometimes absorbing half its revenue. In the state of New York alone there are said to be 100,000 dependent and delinquent persons, whose care costs the public \$26,000,000 annually, and it is conservative to estimate the total population thus supported at 250,000 persons.

Consider another phase which at first glance appears to be judicial rather than charitable, but which is really in point—that of the juvenile court. The law authorizing this court in Chicago was the result of long years of effort on the part of men and women to lessen juvenile crime and to furnish some reasonable protection to children. To this end women, especially through the women's clubs, have contributed much, and the securing of the support of the probation officers, without whom the law would be a failure, has revolved mainly upon women. The law, while only a resultant of much previous experimenting and of such enactments as the Massachusetts parole law, has attracted wide attention.

It has been closely imitated, or is being urged in various cities, notably Milwaukee, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Denver. And everywhere groups of women will be found who are urging the matter, as in St. Louis, or who have succeeded as the New Century club has done in Philadelphia.

Consider the huddled misery of a county poorhouse, its control let annually to the lowest bidder, its location set apart and its daily life unknown and unconsidered by prosperous people. Yet it is a place where intelligence would "pay" in the most commonplace sense of the word. Why does its superintendency not invite as a career?

Now and again some incidents give a suggestion of what may occur in the opening of a vocation for educated women. The head of the New York reformatory for women and the whole staff of that institution were selected by competitive examination designed to discover special aptitude and cultivation. The head is a college graduate and is said to be particularly successful. In connection with the effort to reach a scientific basis for the food of 22,000 insane wards of New York, educated women were placed in charge of the food department of various of the asylums.

It is hard to realize how difficult a task is the proper feeding of an institution. Grant that good supplies are purchased, the preparation is the problem; how to combine the regularity and economy necessary in a great institution with the varying needs of a community, some citizens of which work in the fields, others in the house or laundry—some are consumed by the fire of acute mania, others are inert and demented. The temptation to a monotonous routine is almost irresistible, and foodstuffs of good quality become hateful from the thoughtless preparation and serving. No one who has been obliged to know them can forget the great tins in which institution food is all but universally served, with their acrid odor of all grease as characteristic as that smell of the

worst type of tencement, which is precisely identical in Chicago and Paris, New York and London. If George Herbert was right as to the value of sweeping a room, then to keep sweet the food vessels of institutions would be a service worthy of canonization, and to so keep house for the 350,000 wrecked and miserable beings who are sheltered in our public institutions would add incalculably to the cheer of that scattered nation within a nation which, with the solidarity of misery, they perform compose.

On the other hand, here is a great penitentiary system which lingers on, headed and manned by persons who are placed in charge not because they have offered to the state the service of trained ability and ardent love of their ill-fated fellow men, but because they have stood some esoteric test of merit known only in the circles of a dominant political party. By what logic do we justify the universal waste and failure of the public prison and the ignoring of such interest and ability to deal with the prisoner as persons like Mrs. Booth have shown? Why should the public purse, the public conscience, divorce itself from the effort to give a man his chance in the world again? So long as the prison exists why do we not call to its service the fittest persons who can be found, whether they be men or women? To undertake seriously the study of pathological conditions of social life in these great institutions, is it not as reasonable and vital as inviting as to study diseased tissue in the laboratory? Is it not time to remove this heavy and exacting task from the list of unskilled occupations and lift it into a dignified profession?

The colleges and universities have added schools of economics and sociology, all unknown a quarter of a century ago, and through them the young persons they educate certainly gain a new view of the dignity and interestingness of masses of people. At Vassar 25 years ago there was no history in the course, much less any hint of the study of men in their social and industrial relations. Now such studies are conspicuous. No young woman who is liberally educated can escape contact with that modern interest which at worst expresses itself in "slumming," whose best has not arrived, but whose progress is marked by such attempts as those to better and equalize primary instruction, to improve housing and living conditions in crowded town quarters, to protect children, whether at work or neglected and mischievous; to cope adequately with diseases of poverty, like typhoid and tuberculosis; to create an agreeable and refined social life in the cosmopolitan loneliness of a typical tenement locality, to give to the immigrant and his older neighbor a civic conscience.

It is not too much to hope that from all the rich output of cultivated minds, trained in the modern fashion of interest in human life and its homely struggles, we may gain as a mere by-product, if you please, enough interest in public charities to create a new vocation for women. Further, we may believe that as the states must sustain the institutions they will in time connect them with the universities and will provide training for the highly specialized service of carrying them on.

I once spent a few days at the remarkable undertaking of Pastor Bodelschwinger, Bethel colony, at Bielefeld, Germany. Every visitor is impressed by the devotion and efficiency of the deaconesses and brothers who care for the epileptic, the sick and the wrecks of drink who make up the population of that wide-spreading community. A fellow visitor said: "Ah, well, you can't expect such devotion in a public institution. These people work from the religious motive." I have thought often of that remark, unquestioned at the time. Why should the public command less than a private undertaking? Why should that sweet old definition of religion, which lays such emphasis on comforting the sick and visiting the prisoner, be less potent in a great public institution than in one conducted by private persons? Why should the commonwealth command less than the service of her wisest and best children on behalf of her most foolish and helpless ones?

After all, it is something larger and more structural which we desire than the incident of employing many more women or even of making a career for educated women out of what is now a slippish means of livelihood for untrained persons. What is really needed is to gain the increased attention of the only leisure class of America, women, to a great public function of constantly and sometimes blindly enlarged scope which is too often disregarded as without structural import to social progress, but which, by the very symptoms of disease and failure which it presents, makes the most urgent appeal to the student and the lover of humanity.

Two Opinions. There are two opinions upon any subject; ours and the wrong side.—Translated from Transatlantic Tales from Fliegende Blätter.

ration dinners were always held there, as also the farewell dinners given by the East India company court of directors to their departing governors general. Among the traditions of the tavern is one to the effect that Alderman Sir William Curtis, the well-known gourmand of his time, once banqueted his friends there at a cost of nearly £40 a head.

Countless Editions. The man in the moon was smiling in the same old way. "Dearest," whispered the tall youth in the duck trousers, "that kiss I just gave you reminded me of a picture." "Gracious, George!" responded the blushing girl. "What kind of a picture?" "Why, a print." "How funny, George!" "Yes, my dearest." "Could you supply a reprint?" And after that the print and reprints ran through so many editions the old moon man stopped smiling and grinned his broadest.

CAMP AND STORIES

The Army Mule.

(The quartermaster's department at Washington has recommended the substitution of transportation automobiles for army mules.) We performed our deeds heroic for the blue and for the gray; We've saved the boys in Cuba, and we're saving 'em to-day Where they're learnin' of their lessons in the Igorrote's school— But at Washin'g they've figured that it's best to shelve the mule. We have pluzged along the desert with our tongues and ears adroop, But we never let a robin catch us laggin' from our troop; We have frozen in Montana, where we chased the bands of Sioux, But we took our doses proper, for us army folks can't choose. So let 'em do their bluffin' with their autos on parade; Real fightin' 's never pulled off in smooth roads and level grade; If wheels can ever make it they can pack me till I grunt— Can my gasoline successor ever do that little stunt Just wait until the hills are spittin' leaf upon you folks; And until the wagons only show up half their spokes; It's then you'll hear the whiplash a-crackin' in something cruel, And strainin' in the traces, that same old army mule! —The Freeman.

IN THE SOLDIERS' HOME.

One Old Veteran Who Had Discovered What True Religion Was.

The electric cars bearing the legend "S. & S. Home" run along streets liberally supplied with bill-boards which proclaim that young men between the ages of 17 and 35 are wanted for the United States navy and army. Those seeking recruits for the navy predominate, because a large portion of the recruits for the navy comes from inland. They are inviting four-sheet posters, with a spruce-looking young sailor lying in the foreground and a battleship lying in the offing, overarched with the legend, "An opportunity to see the world."

To look on this picture, then on the picture of the wreckage made by war, at the end of the car-line, seems hardly to constitute an attractive in-



"I Come Out and Entertain de Birds."

visit; yet perhaps the comfort of the home provided by the government for its disabled veterans adds its own suggestion of attractiveness to a military life. Within the gates are ample grounds and commodious buildings. Old soldiers bask on benches in the sunshine, or fish in a little lake with an apparatus which seems to be no whit lessened by the lack of fish; or they limp or shuffle along the walks, or do light work about the grounds.

Each man has his own story. Here are 2,000 separate tragedies of the long aftermath of war. One old soldier, who saluted with military grace, the visitor stopped; and his cheerful story, with its human interest, stands out from among the dozen or 20 others of the day's casual acquaintanceships, says the Youth's Companion.

"How long have you been here?" seemed the natural question for the opening of conversation; and as the questioner had thought might be the case, it afforded a point of departure for a narrative. "I am ashamed to tell you," answered the veteran, selecting his words with precision, but speaking with a strong German accent. "I have been here 14 years."

"I did not 'tink ven first I came dat I should be blessed mit so much sorrow as to live so long. And maybe if nature had not joint de great business interests opposed to mine, I could haf been out part of de time."

"It is hard for one man in small business and not strong to compete mit great fortunes and nature, too. "I made candles; and de oil and de var and my diseases and all put me out of business. And I haf much pain, and it is hard for me to talk about, and dere is no business for me. For you shall buy candles any more from me? And how shall I go into de oil business? So I get a little more poor, and a little more weak, and I gift it up, and 'tink, 'tink, 'tink, 'tink, 'tink, and here I stay and haf aches and pains for 14 years!"

"It is too long! I did not 'tink it will be so long! But I try to make de pest of it, and do vat little I can. "Religion? Yes, I 'tink so. But sometimes not. In de old country, ven I was all raised Lutheran. And ven I come to dis country, my religion was first I was getting into my work, and den it was var. And var is hart on religion. And den I read, and I find how many religions are in dis country, and more in de world, and I say, I haf not capital to invest in all, and I do not like to risk vat little I haf ja any von! So I say, 'My religion is moral principle, and dat is de best."

"And it sound vell. And I hear many men say it! And I notice de saloons outside de gate thrive de more as men say dat is all de religion dey haf. And I 'tink de religion which haf only moral principle some vay does not make men so moral as de religions dat haf more. And I vonder vat is de religion dat begins somere else, but makes moral principle.

"Vell, I stop reading ven spring comes, and I come out and entertain de birds. Oh, yes, it is so! You hear me whistle? Dat is de robin. Now hear de lark! I interest de birds; dey 'tink I am von of dem, and dey vonder vy I do not fly! And de more I lift among de birds, and de more I look up at de trees and de sky, I say, 'Ah, God is good!' And it does me good dat I do not get ven I say, 'My religion is moral principle.' And I find de moral principle comes easier. "Den I remember de old church in de old country, and vat my modder taught me, and I say, 'Yes, moral principle is good, but dis is better.' And ven I suffer I find strength, and I say, 'Fourteen years is long, too long; I vonder vy I am blessed mit so much suffering? But God is good; and if it is best, I will stay 14 years more.'"

SHERIDAN AIDED HIM.

General Helped Young Commissioned Officer Select His Sword.

George Dunham of Boston believes himself to be the youngest commissioned officer who fought in a Massachusetts regiment in the civil war, and was a second lieutenant at 17 and a first lieutenant at 18. Mr. Dunham was born in Fairhaven in 1846, and at the outbreak of the war was attending high school. In August, 1862, the federal mustering officer, in looking over the Third Massachusetts regiment, saw a mild-mannered, rosy-cheeked boy, whom he greeted abruptly with, "How old are you, kid?" "Eighteen," was the reply. "You're a ——" well, it amounted to a deliberate falsifier. But he enrolled 15-year-old George Dunham as a drummer.

The young drummer's impetuous nature did not agree with the inactive life of a musician. He was always playing, instead of two-four, two-four time. He became a private in the ranks, seeing active service under Burnside in North Carolina, and participating in three engagements before the expiration of his nine months' enlistment period. One of these, at Plymouth, N. C., was particularly severe, 17 of Dunham's company being killed in as many minutes.

The 15-year-old soldier had been back in school at Fairhaven but a month when he reenlisted as sergeant in the Fifty-eighth Massachusetts regiment, made up entirely of veterans who had seen service in the previous nine months' call. Seven days from the time the Fifty-eighth's quota was complete in September, 1863, it was on the firing line in the Wilderness under Gen. Grant. From this time until the end of the war, young Dunham was not out of hearing of whistling bullets.

On November, 1864, at the age of 17, he was commissioned second lieutenant, and soon overcame the lieutenant of men under him who were old enough to be his father, by his skill in handling them and his courage in battle. With the rest of the Fifty-eighth—which is given a high rating in Cox's "300 fighting regiments"—Lieut. Dunham was in the thick of the war from the Wilderness to the taking of Petersburg. At Spotsylvania he had his only severe wound, a shattered hand which confined him for a short while in the West Philadelphia hospital, where he had a distinction probably never before or since enjoyed by a boy of 17. He voted for President Lincoln.

Lieut. Dunham fared much better than his comrades in battle. He was one of the Fifty-eighth's two commissioned officers to escape death when Cemetery Hill, at Petersburg, was blown up. The union troops had undetermined the confederate lines, but a premature blast left alive only 60 men in the regiment. He had another narrow escape when his company was raiding the plantation of the confederate leader, McGuider. On one occasion when he went into the commissary at Alexandria to procure a new sword, an uncouth individual who aided him in selecting it turned out to be Gen. Phil Sheridan.

In June, 1865, he was breveted first lieutenant, then only 18 years old. After the mustering out of the troops in 1865, he lived in Cincinnati and Buffalo for several years. In Buffalo he was commander of G. A. R. post 208. On returning to Massachusetts he was appointed a state police officer, a position he held for 20 years.

Though now 60, he is younger than most of his comrades of the war, and expects to live many years yet.

Recasting Old Guns.

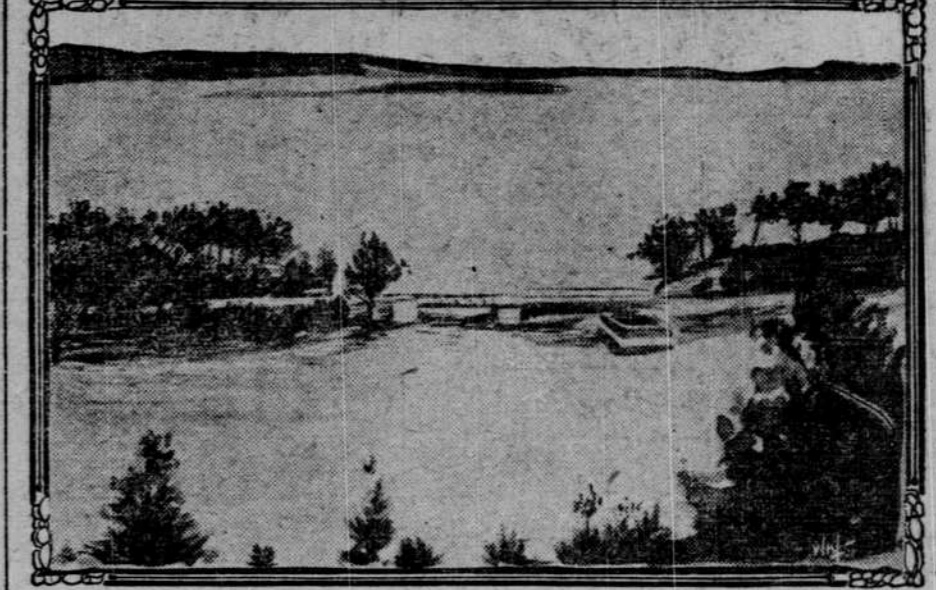
The completeness of the restoration of "Old Ironsides," on which the navy department has been at work for some time, has lately been attested by the casting of the big guns with which the ship will be armed. There are 44 of them, duplicates of the famous old pieces with which the Constitution fought its famous battle with the Guerriere. Each of them weighs 3,400 pounds, exclusive of its carriage. The carriages are also faithful reproductions, made after old drawings and prints. When all the work on the Constitution is finished, the modern visitor who steps aboard will have the sensation of passing into another century in history and another era in naval architecture and equipment; and the chances are that no one will ever again want to "tear her tattered ensign down."

Why He Sent for Her.

"How does it happen that Crockett sent for his wife to come home from the seashore and stay with him two weeks?" they queried. "I thought he was having such a bang-up time without her!" "He was," they replied. "He was having too bang-up a time, in fact. He got dead broke. His wife has the money, you know. That was why."

Attributes of a Good Critic. A wise skepticism in the first

A BERMUDA FISH STORY.



THE FLATTS, BERMUDA. PROPOSED SITE FOR PERMANENT BIOLOGICAL STATION.

For 11 years the work of studying and collecting specimens of the rare varieties of fish in the Bermuda waters has been carried on by zoologists of the United States, and now it is proposed to establish a permanent station to carry on this work so that within a few years every city of considerable size in this country should be able to have an aquarium well-stocked with rare specimens of fish life for the entertainment and education of the many who would visit such a place. In fact such permanent station would in time prove as valuable to America as the famous Naples station in the Mediterranean is for Europe. According to the plans now under way the station will be established at the Flatts, at the junction of the Harrington reefs, where the fish abound, and Castle Harbor, which affords a remarkably fine collecting ground. Contributions for the station have been made by several Americans. The colonial government of Bermuda is friendly toward the project and the prospects for the station seem very bright.

The success of the work thus far during the 11 summers in which temporary stations have been maintained has surpassed the expectations of the zoologists who entered the field as an experiment. The scientific results have been remarkable, in some respects epochal. The collections have trebled the known number of crustaceans, doubled the number of echinoderms (the species including the star fishes, sea urchins, etc.) and greatly increased the numbers in other lines. Moreover, the work at the station has given a great impetus to similar biological work generally, as is evidenced by the fact that during the last 11 years the number of known forms of marine animal life has quadrupled.

Nor has the work been lacking in its practical side of immediate interest to the layman. Since Prof. Charles L. Bristol, of New York university, first began his collecting expeditions to Bermuda in 1896 about 11,000 live fish, unknown in American waters, have been brought from Bermuda to enrich American aquariums. Notable collections have been shipped to the New York city aquarium, to the Pan-American exposition at Buffalo, and the St. Louis exposition, to the aquarium of the United States fish commission at Washington, and to the Detroit aquarium.

The collections have included a wide variety of the gorgeously hued finny denizens of the Bermuda waters, among them the octopus family, many great morays, some of them sufficiently like the traditional sea serpent to satisfy the most exacting seaside hotel keeper.

Incidentally, Prof. Bristol has perfected the methods of shipping the live tropical fish, which, on journeys to the north, are extremely delicate freight. Before Prof. Bristol began making his expeditions, the losses in shipping fresh fish alive from Bermuda northward were so great as to make such shipments practically prohibitive. Only two unsuccessful attempts were made to bring the fish north, and they were never repeated. When the fish were carried beyond the northern edge of the gulf stream into the cold coast waters, they died in great numbers. In the first expeditions of Prof. Bristol's party, the losses were cut down to 12 or 15 per cent. Now large consignments of fish are shipped north with an average loss of only three per cent. Of 300 fish shipped to St. Louis and transferred in tank cars from New York, only six died. Last year, 300 were shipped to Detroit from Bermuda, with a loss of ten. These records are remarkable when it is considered that in shipping live fish is satisfied to deliver two-thirds of them alive.

New York university began its expedition to Bermuda under the suggestion of Prof. John J. Stevenson, who perceived while visiting there in 1896, the great facilities for biological investigations. Prof. Stevenson interested alumni of the university in the project and generously contributed himself in order to make the first expedition, in 1897, possible. Prof. Bristol managed the expedition and a small party of students accompanied him.

The first expedition was a thorough success and served to develop the possibilities for scientific study in Bermuda waters to an extent hitherto not realized. The climate was admirably suited to the work, being without extremes of heat and free from malaria. A shipment of live Bermuda fish was brought to New York for the first time and they attracted much attention in the aquarium because of their odd forms and the brilliance of their coloring. The expedition pursued its studies for six months. These summer expeditions were successfully continued for six years, and on the invitation of New York university Harvard university joined in the work. In the summer of 1903 a general invitation was sent out to college faculties to accompany the expedition that year, and 31 professors and instructors responded and joined the investigators. A temporary station was formed at the Flatts, which has been used at each of the annual expeditions since.

The expeditions also won warm friends at Bermuda. In 1904 the colonial government passed an act to provide the land and building for the station, in connection with a public aquarium. Before this legislation was confirmed by the home government, however, a sharp financial collapse overtook the colony, so that the grant was modified to include only the land for the station. This land is admirably situated on the Flatts.

Additional encouragement for the project of the station has also been forthcoming. Upon the advice of the Royal society the assent of the imperial government has been given to the project. The Royal society has made a grant toward the equipment and has given its hearty approval. The Carnegie Institution has also approved the plan. The Bermuda Natural History society has cooperated in the work, and finally the United States consul at Bermuda has recommended that our government, through the Smithsonian Institution, take formal steps for a generous support of the station.

To build the permanent station will cost about \$40,000, including a two-story building, with aquarium on the first floor and a biological laboratory, a library, a supply room and an administration room on the second floor. It will cost about \$2,500 a year to run the station.

There is a hope that the station may profit by the cooperation of the New York botanical garden in studying and collecting specimens of the flora of the island. The directors of the garden have already collected about 400 species of the flora of the island, including museum and herbarium specimens, and it is believed that their work could be greatly facilitated in future through the use of the proposed zoological station as a headquarters.

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Show Adaptability. In India Lady Minto and her daughters have, as usual, thrown themselves heartily into any sport that offered. When in Canada they had the reputation of being the most graceful woman skaters ever seen in Ottawa, and in India they have distinguished themselves in tiger shooting. Not long ago Lady Minto shot a very fine animal at Kolabar, while Lady Eileen Elliot in the course of a day's sport accounted for a cub and a full-grown tiger.

asked. "You can't got the toothache, have you?" "No," said the customer, "I only just wanted to see if my mouth would still hold water without leaking, that was all."

Some Billville Philosophy. In our perpetual pictorial religious works we have long been pained by the absence of angels wearing hair on their faces. We presume, however, it is because men have such a close shave to get there.

If some folks we know ever get to heaven, all we'll ask for is a box of matches and the other direction. When old Satan is obliging enough to play the fiddle you'll see many a wavering saint weaken, and "swing corners."

It's our honest belief that women are angels, but they have worked the wings off in hat-trimmings.—Frank L. Stanton, in Uncle Remus' Magazine.

The Difference. The difference is that the pessimist finds fault with everything else and the optimist finds fault with himself.

DOG ANSWERED AN "AD."

Remarkable Coincidence in Case of Lost Animal.

Here is the latest dog story. It is the story of a lost dog which answered in person an advertisement about himself before it had been published. It is vouched for by J. Parsons, proprietor of a staid English provincial paper, the Hastings and St. Leonards Observer. One day an advertisement containing a description of a lost dog and offering a reward of five shillings (\$1.25) for its recovery was handed into the office of the newspaper. It was set up in type, with hundreds of others, and in due course passed into the hands of the "make-up" for classification. While he was perusing it a strange dog made its appearance in the composing room. To get there it had made its way up five flights of stairs. The coincidence, of course, impressed the "make-up" as something decidedly out of common. But his astonishment was vastly greater on discover-