

WIT OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

Teacher—Why did the ancients believe the earth to be flat? Bright Boy—Cause they didn't have no school globes to prove it was round.

"How do you pronounce s-i-n-g-y?" asked the teacher of a small pupil. "It depends on whether you apply the word to a person or a bee," was the reply.

As the train rolled into the depot the brakeman called out: "Twenty minutes for dinner!" "Well," said little Elmer, "I've heard that time was money, but I never heard of people eating it before."

Sunday School Teacher—Remember, Johnny, if you are a good boy you will go to heaven some day and have a beautiful harp. Small John—About how good will I have to be to get a drum instead of a harp?

"Do you dye your hair, Mr. Jones?" asked the irrepressible little brother. "Certainly not, Tommy," was the reply. "But why did you ask?" "Cause," answered the youthful terror, "your hair is black and sister said she guessed you were born light-headed."

"Mamma," said a little 3-year-old whose father was not a prize beauty. "was papa as ugly when you married him as he is now?" "I suppose so, dear," was the reply. "Well," said the little miss, "you must have been pretty hard up for a husband."

Little Fred—I don't see why they can't raise watermelons without seeds. Mamma—Why, dear, it is impossible to raise such things without seeds. Little Fred—Well, I know something I can raise without 'em. Mamma—Why, what is it? Little Fred—An umbrella.

"Mamma," asked little 3-year-old Margie, "do people go to heaven when they die?" "Yes, dear, if they are good," replied her mother. "Then I guess grandpa wasn't any good," rejoined the little miss. "Cause when he died they just put him on a shelf in a big stone house and locked the door."

ELECTRICITY BATTLING STEAM.

The Old Locomotive Not So Wasteful as Once Supposed.

Transportation problems continue to occupy a large share of the attention of the engineer, says Forum. Whether it be for merchandise or passengers, over land or over sea, in the transformation of motive power or the reconstruction of old routes and the opening of new ones, the best efforts of the engineering profession in all parts of the world are directed toward the application of scientific methods to the improvement of means of transport. Nearly every method of conveying goods or men from place to place appears to be in a state of transformation and systems considered well nigh perfect but a year ago or two are already falling into the second class or even becoming obsolete.

Thus, in railroading, electric traction is passing from the uncertainty of the experimental stage into the intermediate state in which the question is rather the choice of system than the feasibility of the change. The problems of continuous or alternating currents, of single-phase or poly-phase motors, demand attention, while the desirability of replacing steam by electricity has almost passed beyond discussion.

This is not because the steam locomotive is an especially wasteful machine. The recent trials of modern locomotive engines in connection with the testing plant of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company at the St. Louis exposition demonstrated very clearly that the steam locomotive is a much more efficient machine than had been generally supposed. Thus some of the four-cylinder compound locomotives tested at St. Louis developed a horse power from as little as 16.60 pounds of steam, and even the simple engines gave performances as low as 23.43 pounds; these records comparing very favorably with the results accomplished by non-condensing stationary engines.

Heredity.

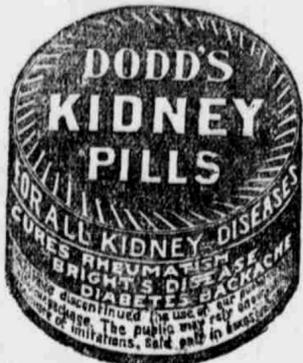
"I know I'm losing my hair early in life," says the young man, passing his hand over his bare scalp; "but my father and grandfather became bald at 20."

"Ah," comments the pickle-nosed individual, who is always thinking up such things, "then you are the heir to their hairlessness."—Magazine of Fun.

Barred Till Fall.

"Mr. Swipes is a charming man. Why didn't you ask him to call?" "Because he weighs over 200 pounds, and we've just got the parlor arranged with willow furniture for the summer. There isn't a chair in it that'll hold over 175."—Detroit Free Press.

Just previous to the establishment of the bank of England in 1694, the government was paying from twenty to fifty percent per annum for the loan of money. The first forged bank-note was on that institution, in 1735, sixty-four years after the bank was opened. To Richard Vaughn, a Stafford linen-merchant, belongs the notoriety of having been the leader in this form of crime. The man was detected by expert clerks who were employed on the case and was promptly executed. But his death did not deter many other swindlers from forging and from that time until the penalty of death for forgery was removed, men were constantly sent to the executioner for this crime.



Eighty-five counties in Kansas are without a pauper, and twenty-five are without almshouses, having no need of them.

In a Pinch, Use Allen's Foot-Ease. A powder to shake into your shoes. It cures the feet, Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Sore, Hot, Callous, Aching, Sweating feet and Ingrowing Nails. Allen's Foot-Ease makes new or tight shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Miss Lizzie Johnson of Casey, Ill., although a chronic invalid, has earned eleven thousand dollars by the sale of book-marks which she has made. The sum she has given to aid charitable missions.

An American correspondent, in describing the Chinese cavalry asserts that horses in finer condition do not exist in any army in the world. He says that the Chinese is a born horseman, who has nothing to learn from Europe or America, although ignorant of veterinary science.

A physician in Newark, N. J., brought an apparently dead woman to life by gently moving her tongue. She was a married woman, and the doctor evidently knew where animation was most likely to linger.

The beauties of Greenland, when they desire to look really lovely, paint their faces blue and yellow.

At a laborer's exhibition which is proposed to hold in Paris in 1909, the object will be to offer a comparison between the life of the workmen throughout the world today and that of laborers in centuries gone by.

In the matter of women's clubs, London is undoubtedly leading the world. There was not a single institution of the kind there twenty-one years ago, but now there is a total membership in women's clubs of over twenty thousand.

A compressed air engine consisting of twenty-six compressed air cylinders braced together with steel bands, is used to operate the temporary line which at present runs in the Simplon tunnel under the Alps. The cylinders supply the motive force to the engine.

A WINNING START.

A Perfectly Digested Breakfast Makes Nerve Force for the Day.

Everything goes wrong if the breakfast lies in your stomach like a mud pie. What you eat does harm if you can't digest it—it turns to poison.

A bright lady teacher found this to be true, even of an ordinary light breakfast of eggs and toast. She says: "Two years ago I contracted a very annoying form of indigestion. My stomach was in such condition that a simple breakfast of fruit, toast and egg gave me great distress."

"I was slow to believe that trouble could come from such a simple diet, but finally had to give it up, and found a great change upon a cup of hot Postum and Grape-Nuts with cream, for my morning meal. For more than a year I have held to this course and have not suffered except when injudiciously varying my diet."

"I have been a teacher for several years and find that my easily digested breakfast means a saving of nervous force for the entire day. My gain of ten pounds in weight also causes me to want to testify to the value of Grape-Nuts."

"Grape-Nuts holds first rank at our table."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

SOME OF THE QUEER TRADES.

Original Answers Which Came In Reply to Newspaper Appeal.

A request was recently sent out by an English paper for suggestions of novel ways of earning money. Some of the replies have novelty enough and to spare. Here are a few "professions" which were proposed:

A professional flea catcher, a custodian for safety pins, a collector of dried flies for hens' food, purveyor of fads to the leisure classes, a lion-hunting agency for society's use, a motor car library to call at out-of-the-way places with the newest books, a maker-up of minds, a grievance abater, a manners teacher.

Evidently dried flies are in demand, for the suggestion of a dried-fly merchant came from two quarters. As for the maker-up of minds and an equivalent of the motor car library they exist in New York at the present time.

So also does the umbrella and waterproof exchange recommended by another person. Among the queer occupations described as already followed is that of artistically painting with harmless pigments bellions, if scanty, hair on bald heads.

"A man I know," says one answer, "makes his living out of funerals and weddings. He attends a funeral, gets a list of the wreaths from the undertaker (on reciprocal terms), takes a shorthand note of the minister's address, draws up a souvenir report of the whole thing and offers it to the survivors."

"Bereaved people are an easy prey. Not infrequently he receives encouragement also from the printer or typist if he can persuade them to have it put in type."

"His tactics are similar in regard to weddings, but there, as he suffers severely from the competition of the newspapers, his great source of profit is acting as agent for the loan of wedding presents. It is said that at the second wedding of a well-known politician at Birmingham the presents were valued at \$90,000 and two-thirds of them were hired. Commission on \$40,000 worth of business is not to be despised."

"Another case is that of a busy farmer's wife in Australia who had the misfortune to have a paralytic son who was bedridden. She was a notable manager and, considering the great cost of the invalid and the loss of his services on the farm, she persuaded him to allow clutches of eggs to be placed with proper precautions in the bed, that the equal and continual warmth might hatch them. This was accordingly done and the paralyzed youth was as proud of the broods as possible and thoroughly earned his living, besides gaining an interest in his life."

IN PROCESS.

The man in the faded brown overcoat had been growing more and more careless for the last six months. The man who sat with him on the way to the city every morning and on the way home at night had noticed it. At last he learned the reason of the change.

The careworn man dropped into his seat with such a heavy sigh one evening that it would have been impossible for his friend not to hear it.

"I guess you're glad you're going home, where you can get a good, comfortable chair and have a quiet evening," he said, cheerily.

"Quiet evening?" echoed the careworn man. "We don't have any quiet evenings nowadays."

"Don't you?" asked his friend, uncomfortably. "Why—er—"

"There's no domestic trouble," said the sufferer, dolefully. "There's nothing I'm ashamed to speak of. It's only that my wife has been reading a series of articles on 'How to Make Home Attractive,' and she's carrying out all the ideas—with me to help her."

"You needn't think of me sitting in an armchair before the fire, with my feet up, now I can tell you. You can picture me stringing dried pea-pods to make a handsome hanging, or covering an old apple barrel with wool wadding ready for the pink muslin that's going to turn it into a charming mirror stand. If it isn't that, I shall be engaged in giving a hardwood finish to some of the floors with a preparation that I saw my wife mixing in a tin pail this morning."

"Our home may be attractive if we ever get it done and I'm alive to appreciate it, but I'll wager the woman that writes those articles lives in a hotel or boards in a hall bedroom," and the careworn man gave another heavy sigh as the brakeman called out "Paradise Center!" and he gathered up his bundles.—Youth's Companion.

More than He Could Stand.

Ma Twaddles—Tommy Twaddles, what do you mean by cursing and swearing in that horrible manner at that little boy?

Tommy Twaddles—Well, ma, he was makin' fun of our church!—Cleveland Leader.

It's a wise traveling man who knows when and where to stop.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.

Comments and Criticisms Based Upon the Happenings of the Day—Historical and News Notes.

Divorce while you wait will now cease to be either popular or profitable.

There is nothing harder to assimilate than a Filipino with a kris in his hand.

The latest fashion in gentlemen's shirts is the laundry check—Chinese design.

Might not a rude, uneducated earthquake jar the bottom even out of a sea level canal?

Another party in an automobile has some to grief. Sobriety seems to be the safest chauffeur.

Cassie Chadwick has joined the ranks of the "tell-alls." Does this make her a muck-raker?

A Chicago genius has invented a baby buggy that shuts up. But he can't invent a baby that'll do it.

A man who sold bad meat will go to all for six months. Somehow, this strikes the judgment as real reform.

A Jersey woman claims that lightning etched a snake on her arm. Anything may be expected of Jersey lightning.

Anyway, why should one care to fool with rate bills and canal matters when he can write inspiring articles on the helpful hen?

The statement that club women are trying to uplift a man is not altogether reassuring. The anarchists are also trying to uplift royalty.

Dead men will please keep away from London, Ky. That's where every dead man found on the streets is fined all the money there is in his pockets.

The anti-pass law is not expected to have any effect upon the conductor who is known to be "all right" and the fellows who are known to be "good fellows."

Prof. Dowle predicts that after his death he will return to this world and finish his work; but even that jolly does not seem to encourage his creditors very much.

The Supreme Court decision that a couple may be divorced in one State and still be legally married in another is likely to make many couples wonder "where they are at."

Alexander Berkman and Emma Goldman, anarchists, have been married with the understanding that they are to separate at the end of two years if they don't like it. For anarchists, they seem to be proceeding with great caution.

Thomas A. Edison again announces that he has discovered how to bring the electric automobile within the reach of everybody and thus put the horse out of business. Mr. Edison is one of the most encouraging announcers now extant.

Denatured alcohol, the kind from which Congress has removed the internal revenue tax, sells at retail in Germany for about seven and a half cents a quart. Large quantities of this alcohol are used for heating, where Americans have had to use kerosene and gasoline because of the prohibitive price of alcohol.

Edward Payson Weston, who was the champion long-distance walker a generation ago, lately excelled the feat, which he performed in the year 1863, of walking from Philadelphia to New York in twenty-three hours and forty-nine minutes. He is now 68 years old; and although it took him seven minutes more to walk between the two cities on May 23d last, the route he chose was nine miles longer. Walking is good exercise, but few young men would care to travel afoot nearly a hundred miles in a day.

The use of finger marks and thumb marks on checks as a means of guarding against forgery and preventing dishonest persons from raising the figures on them is one of the latest novelties in business. There is a possibility that it will become more than a novelty. Apparently the first man to adapt the idea to business affairs is a merchant of Plainfield, N. J. After writing a check he places an ink impression of his thumb over the figures, completely covering but not obliterating them. It is manifestly impossible to raise the figures without making the interference obvious on the thumb mark. His banker has an ink impression of his thumb on file and comparison with the mark on the check would instantly reveal any forgery.

Whether our vacation be taken at home or abroad its success depends upon

what one of the philosophers calls our relation to ourselves. "Limitation makes for happiness" is an accepted proverb. That is to say, the more fun is to be gotten out of it. "We are happy in proportion as our range of vision, our sphere of work, our points of contact with the world are restricted." There is no reason why the philosophy, if sound, should not be applied to holidays. For most people the vacation period is necessarily brief. It is comforting to know that it need not be fruitless for that reason. The insect traveling around on its leaf may imagine that it is master of a kingdom. A one-day holiday is worth more to some persons not accustomed to longer respite than a whole summer of bored laziness is to the professional idler.

The Chicago Commons has decided that an eligible young man who has saved \$500 and met a young woman whose training at home, in school and possibly at social settlements and similar institutions has fitted her to do her part in the making of an attractive home, can afford to "pop the question" and ask that the day be named. It is demonstrated by means of tables and diagrams that on a salary of \$100 a month a married couple can, under the circumstances named, not only live comfortably in a five-room flat, but save \$300 the first year toward a home of their own. Here is where Cupid it put out of business. The little god is no auditor of accounts. When he draws his bowstrings he shuts his eyes, and if the loosened shaft lodge in the heart of a plutocrat or the breast of a peasant it is all one to him. Really, income is the least important thing in happy marriage, and has been such ever since the red roses of love first began blooming in the human heart. The things absolutely essential to the happy home are strangely few. Chief among them are labor and love. Neither of these costs money. But both of them often fly from it. The world is full of want, but of actual starvation there is little. Want and need are by no means synonymous. It is a nice question whether there are not more people who have more than is really good for them than people who have not enough. The greatest injuries and crimes against mankind to-day are committed by the ultra-rich. The cost of living cannot be fixed by any standard. It varies from \$300 a year for some preachers to \$300,000 a year for some stock gamblers; but home happiness is not in proportion to income. The average income of families in the United States is less than \$500 a year.

At a complimentary dinner recently given to a distinguished physician of very advanced age Dr. Osler, who has been so absurdly misquoted and misunderstood with regard to the proper treatment of old age, unfolded his real views on that subject. So far as he is from entertaining the preposterous doctrine that a man is necessarily useless after 60 that he speaks of "frosty yet kindly old age" as a reward, provided mental and bodily vigor accompany it. A reward? he asks, and promptly corrects himself. No, he says, it is rather "a legitimate interest" which many should earn, which is open to most of us if we but learn the art of growing old gracefully. The art is hard to learn unless its cultivation is begun early in life. Ibsen makes his master builder distrustful of youth, hostile to and afraid of it. That is because, after all, the master builder feels that his life has been a failure—a life of self-deception, needless compromise and treachery to the ideal. What we should all recognize, says Dr. Osler with King Lear, is that "age is unnecessary"—that it need not be a grievous burden, a period of regret and querulous fruit-finding and obscurantist judgments mistaken for wise conservatism. "Life is a progressive evolution; times change, and if we do not change with them the stream leaves us on the banks with no one to lament our fate." The rising generation should be met with a smile, not with a scowl, and sympathetic interest should be taken in the new problems that perpetually arise and in the new ideas and points of view that develop with the march of events and the accumulation of facts and experience. The old men who do this are the guides, philosophers and friends of the younger and young men, and they enjoy the respect and the peace they have earned. Very different gospel this from the scrap-heap teaching of Dr. Woods Hutchinson or the chloroform proposals Dr. Osler is supposed to have half-seriously made for the benefit of all men over 60 years of age.

Wouldn't Give Him Time.

Brokeleigh—I did think of ordering a suit from Cutts, but I couldn't get him to promise to give it to me on time.

Newitt—Why, he's usually very prompt.

Brokeleigh—Oh, yes, but he wanted me to be equally prompt.—Public Ledger.

If a man has any romance in him the only way he can escape getting married is to lock himself up in his room summer evenings, and only venture out when it rains.