

Cour of Europe

CONCLUSION.

The heart of London is surrounded by weak lungs. The latest expert investigations show that within a radius of two miles from Charing Cross, near which the Hotel Cecil is, there is no ozone in the air whatever. The device suggested by Dr. Ves Vaux, the lung specialist, last year, that fresh air be brought into the city by means of tube railways and the bad air pumped out by the same channels, has not as yet been put into operation. The city still deserves the name of "Smog" which he gave it, telescoping the two words, "smoke" and "fog," together ingeniously. This "smog" is a good deal noticed as the stranger starts out to see London by way of the Strand.

In Fleet street is a hardseller's shop which elicits attention by its claim, inscribed upon its facade, that it is the former palace of Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey. There are newspaper offices innumerable in Fleet street and in the narrower streets that lead away from it. Near by is Chancery lane, the chief legal thoroughfare of London. Hidden off here, on the right, is the Temple church, which the Knights Templar built in the twelfth century in imitation of the Round church of the Holy Sepulcher at Jerusalem, when they returned from their first two crusades.

On this side is Fetter lane, where the White Horse inn once stood, most famous among old coaching houses. Down Boulevard street to Whitefriars, formerly crowded with thieves and debtors, who sought the privilege of sanctuary which the old church conferred.

A ride on the top of an omnibus gives the tourist the proper idea of busy London. Not only does he see much, but he gets in touch with an interesting phase of life. From whatever cause it happens, the pride in race and country which these old drivers feel, their respect for royalty and government represent pretty fairly the highest patriotic spirit of England's lower middle class whom misguided foreigners sometimes pity. There is a sturdiness and independence about them which marks them as belonging to a ruling people, and what is yet more to the point, their respect for their sovereign is like an extension of their own self-respect. They speak of the king as if he were an elder brother, the head of their family, whom they affectionately revere.

After a day in London a visit to the

country is a dreamy contrast. It is a wandering through charming fields and winding country lanes confined by hedge rows and ancient stiles, where the lark's wing song of ecstasy echoes amid infinite variety and pastoral repose. The traveler crosses the battlefield of Shrewsbury, passes a village that contains the remains of a British hill fort, crosses a dike built by the early Saxons. He comes into Wales, land of curious names, crossing by the high viaduct the lovely valley of the Ceirlog. The massive round tower of Chirk castle comes into view, then by a second lofty viaduct the river Dee, and the magnificent oaks of Wynnstay Park. Chester is reached across a great iron bridge. This, the capital of Cheshire, is the quaintest of all old English towns, and most medieval in aspect. Here almost every American stops first, and wanders around wide-eyed and admiring. Every stone of the old walls is interesting. Phoenix tower has its tragic memory graven on it. Its inscription tells how Charles I. stood here watching the defeat of his troops on Rowton moor some 201 years ago. Where the canal runs along the north wall there was once a moat.

The tourist who takes a rapid scurry over the island wishes always to take in as a last reminder of merry England the beach of Margate. Margate has all kinds of Coney Island attractions. In fiction its name is mentioned with far greater frequency than Coney Island is. In English stories people are always running down to Margate, provided they do not go to nearby Ramsgate, which is a notch or so higher up the social scale. Of these two resorts Margate is the smaller, and to this fact probably is due the effect which it gives of having the larger number of temporary guests. It has for the entertainment of its visitors a "Hall by the Sea," where concerts are held. It also has two theaters, a kursal, a grotto, and an open air theater with promenades and a band stand. Bath houses are scattered along its beaches.

Liverpool is stamped all over with the word "America." There are American ships in the harbor, and American goods on the docks. There are carts piled high with American cotton, and best of all, upon the mainmast of a great liner inviting to a homeward journey, the stars and stripes float proudly, as the giant steamship rides down the Mersey towards the sea.

(The End.)

WOMAN RULES KICKAPOOS.



The Kickapoo Indians, known the country over as the most persistent wanderers on the western continent, have taken into their tribal council as a chiefless one of their women and on her advice they have renounced allegiance forever to the United States and settled down for all time in the mountains of old Mexico. The woman who is to direct the destinies hereafter of the Kickapoos has thwarted the plans of this government to induce her people to return to this country and has declared her intentions of ignoring all future overtures that may be made to them by Washington. Mexico, recognizing in the Kickapoo an industrious red-man, skilled in the art of fighting and hunting and being an exceptionally cleanly Indian, has insured him a permanent home in the neighboring republic, guaranteeing him facilities for furthering his agricultural and stock-raising plans and giving him ample territory over which he may roam unmolested.

Only recently the United States official at Washington sent an agent to Mexico to see if the tribe could be induced to abandon its plans for adopting Mexico as its future home. Designing the purpose of the agent, Chiefess Wapahoka, who is about 45 years old and a very shrewd woman, appealed to President Diaz, who ordered that the Washington representative leave the reservation at once. For years Chiefess Wapahoka has been striving to get the remnants of her once strong tribe together on the other side of the border and her life's ambition has been realized. In bands of a dozen or so the Kickapoos have been quietly crossing over the Mexican border. Having got her people together, Wapahoka has determined that the tribe shall remain intact in the future and to that end she has enforced from the men a pledge that they will abandon their wanderings forever and live out their lives peacefully in Mexico, being in turn recognized as their leader.

The Kickapoos fought under Tecumseh against Gen. William Henry Harrison at Tippecanoe and were prominent as a fighting tribe until their final defeat by Gen. Zachary Taylor at Fort Harrison, following the outbreak of the war with England in 1812. Originally the Kickapoos lived in the upper Mississippi river country and belonged to the Algonquin family.

Gradually they moved down into Illinois and roamed over the country between the Mississippi and Wabash rivers. In the early history of the country they were bitter toward the English and supported the colonists against England in the war for independence. Later they turned against the colonists and a state of war against the Kickapoos was continued until 1792.

It was in 1811 that they fought under Tecumseh. In 1815-16 treaties were made with the government by which they gave up their lands in Illinois and removed to a reservation in Kansas on the Osage river. Remnants of the tribe were in Illinois as late as the '40's. Following the removal to Kansas a degree of civilization was established for a few years. Then the predatory and savage instincts of the Kickapoos resumed the ascendancy and their warriors went out killing and horse stealing, making raids on the people of neighboring States and at length turning upon the United States Indian agents, one of whom they murdered in 1854.

They were then removed to a reservation in northern Kansas, near Atchison. Some of them gradually settled down on separate holdings and became farmers and citizens. The remainder fled to Mexico about the time the Civil War began and lived by raids over the frontier for booty. In 1873 there were only 300 in Kansas, while the number in Mexico had grown to 1,000.

After the majority of the Mexican Kickapoos were returned to the United States all that were left were removed from the frontier by Mexico at the request of the United States and settled on good lands in the mountains of the State of Guerrero. They longed for their old home around Santa Rosa, 1,200 miles to the north, and gradually drifted back there.

At the present time very few Kickapoos are remaining in Oklahoma. They have flocked to their kinsmen in Mexico whenever an opportunity has presented itself. Their removal was opposed at first by the government, but finally they were allowed to move when they desired to do so. No Indian in moving was allowed to take any live stock or property of any kind which had been furnished him by the United States government.

Their lands in Oklahoma, six miles south of Shawnee City, are leased out. The rentals average \$100 a year for an average farm of eighty acres. This fund will support the Indian and furnish all the luxuries he desires. For years the government has made an annual appropriation of \$8,000 for the Kickapoos, this fund being disbursed by the Indian agent for agricultural implements, stock and wearing apparel.

Some time ago the Indian department at Washington was informed that unlawful intrusions were being made to the Kickapoos to part with their holdings, and that their removal to Mexico was part of the scheme to do them out of their lands and cattle.

It was alleged that the price paid for these lands by white people has in no instance approached the real value of the land, and the department officials believe that, in some instances at least, the Kickapoos received nothing for their lands in this territory, but were to get in exchange other lands in Mexico, practically without value when compared with the rich agricultural lands they held in Oklahoma. Since then the government has been investigating these charges and sent an assistant United States attorney to Mexico to secure, if possible, evidence that would bear out these charges.

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The amateur cornet player is a little worse than any other amateur.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

ADVANCE OF SELF-GOVERNMENT.



ELIHU ROOT.

The capacity for self-government does not come to man by nature. It is an art to be learned, as well as an expression of character to be developed among the great numbers of men who exercise popular sovereignty. To reach that goal toward which we are pressing forward, the governing of the multitude, we must first acquire the knowledge that wisdom which follows practical experience, that personal independence and self-respect befitting men who acknowledge no superior, self-control to replace that external control which democracy rejects, respect of the law, obedience to the lawful expressions of the public will, consideration of the opinions and interests of others equally entitled to a voice in the State, a loyalty to the abstract conceptions of one's country as inspiring as that loyalty to personal sovereigns which has so illumined the pages of history, the subordination of personal interests to the public good, and love of justice, mercy, liberty and order. All these we must seek by slow and patient effort. No student of our times can fail to see that not America alone, but the whole world, is swinging away from the old governmental moorings and intrusting the fate of civilization to the capacity of the popular mass to govern. Nor can we fail to see that the world is making substantial progress toward more perfect popular self-government.

Nowhere is this progress more marked than in Latin America. Out of the wreck of Indian fighting, race conflicts and civil wars strong and stable governments have arisen. Peaceful succession in accord with the people's will has replaced the forcible seizure of power permitted by the people's indifference. The rule of law supersedes the rule of man. Property is respected, individual liberty is respected, and the national faith is held sacred. This progress has not been equalled everywhere, but there has been progress everywhere.

VALUE OF TAKING NOTES.



A friend of mine who has just come back from Japan, where he has been engaged in a military mission, tells me that over there the notebook habit is common. The little, shrewd Japanese, while in conversation with you, has a frequent knack of jotting down a statement you may make on a tablet he carries with him. My friend described it as an embarrassing habit at first to one unaccustomed to it. "You see," remarked a Japanese gentleman who first, to my surprise, favored him in this manner, "what you have said is valuable. I have a good memory, but I may forget even to think of what you say if I do not make a note of it. Thank you very much."

Gladstone was a great man at notes, and with his marvelous memory he was able to recall in almost every predicament some saying which helped him to light or to encouragement. He was an indefatigable gatherer of the wisdom of others for application to the affairs of the moment. In that respect he was much like the great Lord Lytton.

President Roosevelt some time ago advised young men to make a note each day of the answer to the question, "What have I done this day to better myself?" He de-

WINDS AND LEAVES.

Wet winds that flap the sodden leaves!
We leaves that drop and fall!
Unhappy, leafless trees the wind bereaves;
Poor trees and small!

All of a color, solemn in your green!
All of a color, somber in your brown!
All of a color, dripping gray between!
When leaves are down!

Oh, for the bronze-green eucalyptus
spires,
Far flashing up against the changeless
blue!
Shifting and glancing in the steady fires
Of sun and moonlight, too!

Deep orange groves! pomegranate hedges
bright!
And varnished fringes of the popper
trees!
And, ah! that wind of sunshine! Wind
of light!
Wind of the seas!
—Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

HIS ONE FAILING.

KRUCWICH had been living in his new home about a week when Cooke introduced himself as a neighbor. The house Krucwich had taken and the premises surrounding it were not in very good condition, a circumstance that had been considered in the rent, and the newcomer was standing in the weedy and littered back yard, contemplating the ramshackle gate of the old fence, when Cooke stroked up.

"You've got a job before you fixing this place, I should say," he remarked. "I seem to have," assented Krucwich. "I've got to get a man to mow down these weeds about the first thing. You don't know of anybody, do you?" "Mow 'em yourself," said Cooke.

"Shucks! That's no job. You'll have to take the scythe to 'em, though." "I haven't got a scythe," said Krucwich, "and I wouldn't know how to use it if I had."

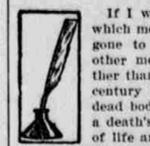
"Easy," said Cooke. "I've got one. I'll go to the house and get it and show you how to swing it. No trouble, it's just across the alley. Cooke's my name. Just wait there a moment."

Before Krucwich could remonstrate he had hustled away and in a minute or two he returned with a scythe. "It isn't everybody who knows how to use a scythe," he said. "But I was brought up in the country and when I was a boy a mowing machine was a good deal of a curiosity. Here's the way to hold it. See? Now you bring it around close to the ground this way."

He started off and mowed a swath the length of the yard and then stopped and mopped his face as Krucwich came up. "Say, that's fine," said Krucwich, admiringly. "I believe that beats a lawn mower, anyway. Let me try it." Cooke handed him the scythe, shoved him how to place his hands again and then stepped back. Krucwich brought the implement around with what would have been a beautiful sweep if the point had not stuck into the ground.

clared that it required a considerable amount of courage to persevere in the practice honestly—a man had so often to fill up the day's record, "Nothing." It was just the getting annoyed with that disagreeable confession, he declared, that helped a man to the resolution to have something else to record, and the system did its ob-servers an immense amount of good. It rendered shirking doing what one ought to do more difficult. A wise system of making notes means much in life.

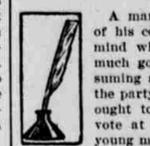
BOHEMIA LURES YOUTH TO DESTRUCTION.



If I were searching for the one pitfall into which more bright young men of the cities had gone to oblivion than are recorded in any other metropolitan trap, I should go no farther than the initial "B." Bohemia! What a century of dead ambitions, dead hopes and dead bodies of men and women alike! What a death's head of emptiness and what a cover of life and light and music has been conjured round it. Bohemia to-day is an affected sign manual which stands for license that is without social penalty. Once in its best possible sense bohemia might stand for an easy disregard for the formal usages of society and social relations. It was an apology to a friend for a cold dinner served in a dark bedroom on a makeshift dressing table. It was a frank confession to the bohemian's circle of acquaintance that he was immune largely to the things that required money in social contact. Bohemia in the modern usage, however, is the affected, posing aggressions of the affected, posing bohemian of every type. License and immunity is its motto and its plea. At 2 o'clock in the morning bohemia is respectable before the written law, where at 2 o'clock in the afternoon it would be locked up in police stations.

The most bohemian spot I know of to-day is the home of a married couple who have two children. There is no servant in the household. The home is home when it is desired that it shall be. But home is home when it is secondary to the household bohemia. To the chance friend at mealtime there always is a plate ready. Home is not accepted as the place for mere household cares. Should choice between the piano and the washing of the dishes present itself, the dishes go unwashed. This is bohemia. All else in the common acceptance is close to the line of danger and death.

THE YOUNG MAN IN POLITICS.



A man in politics who hasn't the courage of his convictions and the nerve to speak his mind when the opportunity calls for it isn't much good to any political organization, assuming always he is loyal to the principles of the party he affiliates with. Every young man ought to take enough interest in politics to vote at the primaries. If we could get the young men to take an interest in the primaries there would never be any clamor about crooked elections. To have the courage to take the initiative in politics is more essential than in any other business, and it requires more good judgment to decide how to use it after you have discovered that you have it.

There is no rule for success politically. Some men are born to it, some men achieve it, some buy it, and others steal it, and after they have it few men know what to do with it, and yet they're always ready to fight to keep it from being taken away from them.

"That's funny," he said. "You want to keep the point raised," said Cooke. "Here, this way." He made a complete circuit of the yard this time. Krucwich, though watching him with intense interest, had waited for him to come back. Then he took the scythe again and made a few more ineffective motions.

"I don't seem quite to get the hang of it yet," he said, handling the scythe back again. "You seem to do it so neatly and easily. 'You have a sort of drawing stroke, haven't you? Show me again, if you don't mind.'"

"There's a knack of course," observed Cooke, complacently. "Now watch."

Off he went again, the weeds falling smoothly before him and being carried along the heel of the blade to regular windrows as he went. Krucwich could not restrain his admiration.

"It seems wonderful to me," he said. "I must have Mrs. Krucwich see this. Just excuse me a minute, Mr. Cooke." He went into the house and returned with his wife, to whom he presented his obliging neighbor. She seemed even more enthusiastically appreciative than Krucwich, if possible.

"Why, there's really nothing remarkable about it," said Cooke, modestly, after he had made another circuit. "Aren't you awfully tired?" asked Mrs. Krucwich, solicitously.

"This is mere play," laughed Cooke, starting another round. When he had worked back to the place of beginning Krucwich insisted that he should

stop. "I'll hunt up a man," he said. "No use of your tiring yourself out. Take off your coat, anyway." Cooke shed his coat and in the course of half an hour the lot was mowed. "My!" exclaimed Mrs. Krucwich. "How much better is does look!" "I should think if I sowed seed on it now and watered it well—" began Krucwich.

"Not without spading it up," said Cooke. "You want to get these weeds buried or they'll grow up again." The next morning Krucwich started to spading. He had got a piece perhaps four feet square done when Cooke came up. "You don't seem to be getting along very fast," he commented. "Why, the sod seems a little tough." "It isn't the soil, it's that spade you're using," said Cooke. "You can't expect to do much with that—and you aren't turning it well under. I guess you never did a great deal of this sort of work, eh?" "Not a great deal," admitted Krucwich, abandoning the spade to his neighbor's grasp. "Perhaps it would be better to have it plowed."

THE HUNTING SEASON.



Cincinnati Post.

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

Madison Square Garden, where William J. Bryan spoke in New York, is one of the notable structures in the city. It stands at 23d street and 5th avenue and looms up in what architects call "warm tones" and is surrounded with a tower planned after the historic Giralda at Seville, Spain. It is capable of housing anything from a circus to a chamber concert, and in it have been held many notable meetings. The annual horse shows are held within its

garden surrounding the structure. The statue of Diana, which stands on the pinnacle of the Giralda tower, was designed by the celebrated sculptor, Frederick MacMonnies.

Leighton and His Critic. The late Lord Leighton, president of the Royal Academy, once had a chance to learn something about himself that perhaps he had not suspected. His chance came to him at a picture gallery where his painting, "Helen of Troy," was on exhibition.

He joined the group of ladies who were standing before it just in time to hear one of the number say: "It's a horrid picture—simply horrid!"

"I'm sorry, but it's mine!" Lord Leighton exclaimed, involuntarily. "You don't mean to say you've bought the thing?" questioned the same lady. "No, I—painted it," the artist humbly replied.

The critical lady was momentarily abashed; then she said, easily: "Oh, you mustn't mind what I say." "No, indeed, you mustn't," another began, earnestly. "She only said what everybody else is saying!"—Youth's Companion.

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"Dudley has an auto now and he doesn't seem to do anything else but chase around the country in it."

"Yes, he's very strongly attached to his machine and—"

"He wasn't the last time I saw him on the road. He was about twenty feet above it."

Not for Him. "I thought you said that lawyer would get my father's property for me."

"Didn't he get it for you?"

"No; but he got it!"—Houston Post.

HONEY IN IT.

When the Salvation Army first came to America, twenty-five years ago, says the author of "The Prophet of the Poor," it found a ready advocate of its methods in the Rev. Thomas K. Beecher. Mr. Beecher had just had a lesson, in parable form, from a certain "Brother" Anderson, which he never forgot.

Brother Anderson was at that time the pastor of a colored congregation which was noted for the noise and enthusiasm of its services. Incidentally the old man wielded a whitewash brush, but he was known as an exhorter of no mean ability. One day he persuaded Mr. Beecher to address his congregation.

The occasion seemed a good one for reproving the congregation for their uproarious methods, and Mr. Beecher did so. "Let all things be done decently and in order," he concluded. Then Brother Anderson rose to speak.

"I love Brother Beecher! I love to hear him preach this afternoon," he said. "He's our good friend." And he said that some folks goes up to glory nolsay 'n' shouting, and some goes still like 's' if they's ashamed of what's in 'em. And he say we better be more like de still kind, and de white folks'll like us more. He say de boys and gels stan' in de do'way and laugh at us, and smock at us 'cause o' de way we goes on.

"Yes, I see de boys and gels stan' 'n' 'n' 'n' winter room de door, an' under de windows, an' 'n' 'n' de peep in and laff. But I 'member what I saw las' summer among de bees.

"Some of de hives was nice an' clean an' still, like 'spectable meetings, and de odders was a bustin' wild honey. De bees kep' a-goin' and a-comin' in de clover; and dey jes' kep' on de outside. Dey wa'n' bees. Dey couldn' make de honey for demselves. Dey couldn' fly to de clover an' to de honeysuckle. Dey jes' hung round de hive and lib on de drippin'.

"I suppose," said the old-time friend, "that your folks no longer feel the anxiety about social matters that they once experienced."

"Yes, they do," answered Mr. Cumrox, "mother an' the girls are now as busy keepin' other women out of society as they once were gettin' in themselves."—Washington Star.

Equal to the Occasion. Benevolent Guest—I hope, my dear Mrs. Flatbrane, that you never allow the sauce of your hospitable meals to be seasoned with acidity."

Puzzled but Pinky Mrs. F.—Dear me, no, sir! We always use paprika.—Baltimore American.

The amateur cornet player is a little worse than any other amateur.