

WE NEED INTELLECTUAL ATHLETES.

By Prof. Woodrow Wilson. I rejoice to see manual training recognized as part of the liberal education.

THE ARISTOCRACY OF THE FUTURE.

By Andrew Carnegie. These questions are always before us: "Is man retrograding or advancing? Is he becoming purer, nobler, is he devoting more and more of his time and means for the benefit of his fellows and thinking less and less of himself?"

HAIL TO OUR COUNTRY.

Across the land from strand to strand Loud ring the bugle notes, And freedom's smile, from pole to pole, Like freedom's banner floats.

WHEN HE GOT HOME

The lately acquired suit case actually belonging to Parkin Jones was lying on his glossy, bright, yellow side, just as it had been dropped, with the more familiar scuffed family valise, between the dining table and the wall.

going to travel like ordinary mortals in just a common ordinary Pullman? Well, I guess not. I hardly think he would have requested Parkin Jones, esquire, to give him the pleasure of his company if he hadn't been prepared to do the thing in the style to which the Honorable Parkin Jones has been accustomed.

to get ready wasn't much notice, eh? "It should think not. Then you think he liked—"

our day by what a man knows, a fit successor in the march of progress, and an initiatively higher and juster standard than birth, rank or wealth.

MISGUIDED MOTHER-LOVE.

By Dorothy Dix. We talk about the selfishness of mother-love. In reality it is the most selfish thing on earth. No mother ever stops to consider other people's rights when her children are concerned.

"Private ear," resumed Jones; "private cook, private porter and Burnerly's own private vally."

Historic Ship House Sold. The historic ship house and a part of the Johnson homestead on Germantown avenue north of Washington lane have been sold to James J. Allen, a builder.

Having broken the women of the habit of keeping their hats on in the theater, the reformers should go after the young girls who wear such big bows of such wide ribbons on their heads that the man behind feels as if he is peering over the ribbon counter at a dry goods store.

THE MAN WHO DOES THE WORK.

This life is a strain and a struggle; We are born to a world of care, And of all, the scurries and woes and sorrows, I've had a bit more than my share.

It's idle to say that it's even. And there's no such thing as chance, Though one has trouble, another has double; One scrapes for the other to dance.

Mrs. Small's Doctor

THERE was an assortment of widows at Mrs. Small's genteel boarding house. There were widows by the dispensation of Providence, and widows by the dispensation of the courts.

When Dr. Wilnot came the following day, Mrs. Small had Ruth Mayne with her. She had him sit down by his fiancée; then she took a legal looking paper from the table and addressed them.

MARRIED QUICKLY TWO WEEKS LATER. she is living on the proceeds of the last mortgage, until the little cut of a daughter gets a place as a teacher.

Easy Answer. A Liverpool paper tells the pathetic story of one, A. who is compelled to grow a beard to ward off pneumonia and other ills.

Probably He Did. This was the way a native physician in India filled out a death certificate: "I am of a mind that he died (or lost his life) for want of foodings or on account of starvation.

Wilnot must have delivered the message, for the case was turned over to him thereafter. He gave it a great deal of attention. He came twice a day, and he was not particular to cut his visits short.

"So this was the secret of Miss De-mure's kind nursing," said Mrs. Twitty spitefully. "I wondered how it was she was devoting herself to a cross old woman as poor as a church mouse. She was laying for the doctor."

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Gold Buttons Win the Day. The flaxen-haired baby girl knelt beside his mother on the seat of a Sixth avenue elevated car, and while the mother read an evening paper, the youngster flattened its nose against the window and gazed in silent wonder at the houses flying by.

Gray Surprised by "Elegy." A small pamphlet, sold originally at 12 cents, brought \$50 recently in London. It was a first edition of the "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard."

GOOD Short Stories

A Wall street man once suddenly evinced a great interest in nautical matters, and despite his inexperience was made the commodore of a yacht club in Maine.

Richard Mansfield contributes an allusion to the old question of the sanity of Hamlet, says the Chicago Chronicle. "One morning in the West," he said, "I met a young friend and asked him where he had been the night before."

There was once a funeral in Nebraska and the preacher who had been asked to deliver the eulogy was a stranger in town and did not know the departed sister.

FREAK POTATO. A scientific appearing gentleman from the east, from a safe distance, predicted it was a small—he had seen many of them before of such size—but he modestly retired when asked to investigate.

Approaching cautiously with a rake he struck the intruder a violent blow, and then with a stifled laugh turned it over with a stick.

Remarkable feature of the freak is the pressure which it exerted on the spring on the second turn. A strong man cannot pull the spring out of shape, but the potato forced this part a lurch out of place.

Apparently the seed sprouted between one of the spirals of the spring which lay upright in the ground, and as the potato grew it followed the wire around.

When you don't just exactly what you want, don't demand credit for doing it.

editions in two months, and six other editions speedily followed.

Beattie and the Scottish publisher went their way, however, and the edition sold so quickly that Gray was embarrassed by an offer of a present of books in recompense for his eulogy.

She had visited for the first time the home of the merry-eyed Irishman who did odd jobs at her place. As she was leaving she tripped over a baby, and recovered her balance by clutching a boy's shoulder.

By no means, ma'am, asserted Dennis. "Twas me grandmother's before me. Me grandmother had twenty-one children before she died, and kape the count av them all as they came along, and which was dead and which living and which wuz immigrated—she never cud do it, small blame to her, nor me grandfether, ayther. So her tuk to counting by tablefils."

WHAT'S IN A NAME? Many Names Preserved to Posterity. Many names, illustrious and otherwise, have been rescued from oblivion by comparatively trivial circumstances.

Sailors will never let the Admiral Verdon's nickname of "Old Grog" (so called by reason of the breeches he wore, made of grogham, a mixture of silk and mohair), the name given by them to the rum that he ordered to be diluted with water.

Certain towns and districts, too, such as Xeres, Oporto, Champagne and Burgundy, are probably best known through the productions named after them; in fact, the two latter provinces ceased to exist after the substitutions of departments for the old provinces before the days of the French revolution.

Yes, dear, I was married last month. I'd like you to call on me and see the pretty little flat I have.