

OLD TIMES.

Old times in the country—them's the times for me!

Old times in the country, where the sweetest violets grow;

Old times in the country—I kin see 'em still,

Old times in the country—smoke a-curlin' blue

'Twixt Cup and Lip

I call this simply delightful!

"Distinctly dusty!" supplemented the older woman, prosaically.

"I'm too much excited to sit anywhere," said the girl gaily.

"You poor auntie! Shall I make tea at once? Jack won't be very long now.

"Well, considering Jack's boy has gone in quest of cake, it might be well to attend to his duties," said the older woman, dryly.

"That you, Herford?" demanded a masculine voice.

"Speak up, old man," interrupted the voice.

"It was no good telling her that you were as fond of her as ever; but—what's that?"

"A client, did you say? All right, I'll finish my yarn some other time.

"Then she rose to her feet, snatched up her big motor veil, and hurried into the adjoining room.

"I'm awfully sorry, Aunt Jane," she said, apparently busy with a refractory fold of the veil.

"If I didn't happen to know that Kitty was making tea in my lodgings, I should have said that the girl in that car was uncommonly like her; but you never can tell with those bewildering motor veils!"

"Oh, hang the cakes!" exclaimed Jack Herford, as he mounted the stairs to his chambers and paused on

the threshold to pick up a small white glove.

"Soft and dainty, like Kitty herself!" he murmured.

"By the way, did Dr. Roberts ring up while I was out?"

"I don't know, sir. The young lady said she would attend to the telephone; but, as she went away in a hurry, perhaps I'd better ring up Dr. Roberts and ask—"

"I will do that myself—presently."

"Very good, sir," said the boy, and retired suppressing a grin.

"She's got a pretty little hand, has Miss Kitty Waterford!" he soliloquized.

"You can wait for me at the bottom of the lane," she said, dismissing the chauffeur.

Suddenly from an open window came the sound of a woman's voice singing "Good-bye."

"The girl was in no mood to admire the innate good taste that characterized the appointments of the pretty room.

"I tell you I won't see her!"

"Reasonable!" echoed the passionate voice.

"Miss Waterford!" said the woman,

and disappeared, leaving Kitty in an apparently empty room.

"Please come out here," said a somewhat querulous voice from behind the leafy screen of the veranda.

"Won't you sit down?" said a harsh, childish voice.

"I know," said Kitty Waterford, softly.

"So I am, in his eyes—and—and—can't you, with your woman's heart, understand how that hurts?"

The girl buried her head in a cushion as she spoke.

"I'm dreadfully disappointed that I can't hate you as much as I meant to."

"But no more so than I was of you," interrupted Kitty Waterford.

"Did he say that—really?" interrupted the girl, eagerly.

"We're here, Jack!" the invalid called in a clear, vibrant voice.

"One is hardly a child at 18, dear," interpolated Kitty Waterford.

"Your sentence is to be suspended," began the merciful court.

"Excuse me, sir," remarked the weary wayfarer.

"Denver is in the possession of the only woman violinmaker of the world."

"While the family lived in Kansas City Miss de Ferency built three violins, modeled after the old Cremona's."

"Cement in British Construction."

"It beats all how many people pick out bad days for picnics."



He—So your husband has given up smoking. That wants a pretty strong will.

Mrs. Smalltown—Would you accept a place in the suburbs? Cook—I'll consider it if you have room in your garage for me motor.—Town Topics.

Candidate for Crew—Could you tell me where the rhetoric class is being held? Candidate for Football—I don't know; I'm a student here myself.—Town Topics.

Snooks—To what do you attribute your success as a tradesman? Sellem—If a customer doesn't see what he wants, I make him wait what he sees.—Illustrated Bits.

"Father, do all angels have wings?" "No, my son, your mother has none."

Teacher—How long had Washington been dead when Roosevelt was inaugurated? Scholar—I dunno, but it hasn't been very dead since Teddy has been there.—Lippincott's Magazine.

"Do you think cabbage is unwholesome?" asked the dyspeptic.

Mabel (aged six)—Ain't you afraid of our big dog? The Parson (very thin)—No, my dear. He would not make much of a meal off me.

Dolly—Molly Wolcott told me a month ago that her new gown was going to be a dream.

"And do you have to be called in the morning?" asked the lady who was about to engage a new girl.

"Your sentence is to be suspended," began the merciful court.

"Oh, madam," said the French maid, "Eido weel not eat ze bon-bons."

"Politics in Domestic Life."

"Chance to Prove Himself."

"Why He Wanted Her."

EDITORIALS

HONORARY DEGREES.

ALTHOUGH the custom of conferring degrees originated in the universities of the middle ages, there existed at a much earlier date certain scholastic distinctions which are believed to indicate an organized educational system.

The medieval universities, existing in the midst of a populace unable either to read or write, established their formal degrees as a sort of guarantee that the holder was competent to teach.

The situation remains unchanged to this day, but as education has broadened, the number of kinds of degrees has increased.

Much of the former objection to honorary degrees has ceased to have point within the last few years.

The tendency to translate Ph. D. as donor of phunds, and to confer other honors without much warrant, has greatly decreased.

The Wisconsin life insurance law has some excellent features, not the least of which is the provision that no insurance company which pays any of its officers or agents more than \$20,000 a year shall do business in that State.

Nevada Said to Have Been in That Condition Five Years Ago.

Five years ago Nevada was a State in pawn. She had been stolen, says Successful American.

The trouble grew out of Nevada's public land grant, amounting to 2,000,000 acres, which Congress had carelessly authorized the State to select as desired.

By doing so they became virtual possessors of the rest of the State. No one else could use the public land or make settlement because of their control of all the water.

Five years ago this was the situation—a hopeless one.

Viewing the situation as it was then, who would have dared to predict that with the passage of the national irrigation act could have occurred the great transformation and development in Nevada.

Swiss War on Absinthe.

Switzerland is making a campaign against the use of absinthe, the intention being to drive all liquor of that character from Swiss territory.

Why He Wanted Her.

has been drawing \$8,000 a year as a United States Senator for some years past, and has not complained of inadequate compensation.

Salaries in insurance companies are great because the insurance business is largely graft.

Wisconsin has taken a step in the right direction in ordering that no enormous salaries shall be permitted in companies operating there.

The criminal, despite the numerous admonitions and warnings that come to him before he takes the last and fatal step, imagines that somehow he can make crime pay.

That it is not necessary for him to think so—that his thought in this respect may be changed, corrected, reversed, is proved by the thousands of criminals who have reformed.

Experience is a hard master, and yet, in some instances it is the only master that can obtain a hearing.

Only when the nose was swaying above him could he clearly comprehend what all the experience of all the ages had been trying to make plain to him and to others like him, that the wages of sin is death.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

STATE WAS IN PAWN.

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KITTY TOOK THE GIRL'S THIN HAND IN BOTH HER OWN.



Notwithstanding the reported denials which have been made of the fact that "Ouida" the famous novelist, is in great financial straits—in actual poverty, to put it plainly—the fact remains that she is in deep distress.

HOLY ROOD TO BE RESTORED.

A sum of £40,000, or about \$200,000, is said to have been guaranteed for the purpose of restoring the venerable pile of the Abbey Church of the Holy Rood, adjoining the royal palace of the same name, a little outside Edinburgh.

According to the legend, King David I, who was hunting in the neighboring forest, was attacked by a stag, which had been brought to bay by the hunting party. He was thrown to the ground by the furious animal and was in imminent danger of death.

Perhaps He Will Do Better Later.