

Even a remarkable streak of good luck wouldn't cure a born pessimist.

We notice the statement that the problem of aerial travel is to be solved again this year.

Evidently members of the Shaw family never discovered the secret of living happily ever afterward.

Who says artists are not practical? A Bohemian artist has just married a woman worth \$5,000,000.

We are rather inclined to like the scientist who says a man should lie in bed at least twenty minutes after waking up in the morning.

After all American business has married foreign titles there will still be left the sensible girls to become the happy wives of American men.

One gentleman blew off another man's collar with a shotgun. This seems a rather heroic exploit, but if it was celluloid he was justified.

Chicago is soon to have the world's largest hotel, containing 1,172 rooms. Just imagine what a force will be needed to keep them all supplied with ice water!

Young Maxim has invented a "silent firearm." First they took away the smoke of battle, then the gay uniforms and now the noise. War itself will have to go next.

In the opinion of a Chicago preacher, a girl who can't cook shouldn't marry. It might also help some if the average married man knew a little more than he does about cooking.

The Oregon Short Line Railroad Company is going to distribute an extra dividend of 75 per cent among its stockholders. It ought to be easy for the officials of that road to find good jobs in the East.

"Mythomania" is the new scientific name of the disease that afflicts people who prevaricate merely because they prefer not to tell the truth. But old "shorter and uglier" will continue to be used when men get angry.

A German officer has commented adversely on the standing army of the United States. Like a good many other people, he may change his views if he ever sees our army in motion instead of standing around awaiting orders.

In mid-ocean, during heavy weather, a liner recently slowed down for an hour while the ship surgeon and another physician operated on one of the coal passers for appendicitis. The operation was successful. The incident is pleasant to think about—a great ship lying as steady as possible in pitching seas while a skillful, cool-headed surgeon makes his sure strokes.

Woman's ingenuity with a hairpin, and her invincibility when armed with a hatpin, are well known. A new implement has now been added to the feminine equipment—a pair of rubber shoes. Four persons were entangled in the coils of a live wire in New York. No one dared to help them until a young girl came along, took off her rubbers, and using them as gloves, handled the wire skillfully and safely. When she had tied it round a telegraph pole, she walked quietly away, after having refused to give her name.

The necessity, which sailors understand so well, of making everything fast on shipboard, was illustrated by a recent neglect of the precaution on the steamship Perslan. The vessel was coming up the coast from Philadelphia to Boston, when a heavy steel safe broke loose from its checks, and for an hour fought a battle with the sailors like that which Hugo, in the famous chapter of "Ninety-three," describes as taking place on the French man-of-war. The safe first dashed from the captain's cabin, and plunging through the door, started down across the deck. Fore and aft and from side to side it lurched and plunged, smashing or carrying away everything in its path, and threatening the lives of the men at every rush. Finally, by the aid of ropes, furniture and capstan-bars, it was checked, lassoed and made fast. Those who had a part in the battle will read "Ninety-three" with new insight hereafter.

Education has two sides, the material and the immaterial, and of these the immaterial is the nobler; but so severe, apparently, is the contest among individuals for the struggle, and so keen among nations the struggle for supremacy in commercial and industrial pursuits and operations, that the advantages of education in the intellectual and spiritual development of mankind are often kept out of sight. The Danes, in their people's high schools, have better than other nations, succeeded in combining the two sides of continuation school work. Against the danger involved in excessive utilitarianism Prof. Svalder utters a timely warning: "Let us not identify the world for which we seek to train every child solely with the world of material interests and of visible things. Let us not forget, in our educational plans, the weight that should be attached to the claims of the spiritual realm, whose frontiers transcend political frontiers, and whose commonwealth is in heaven."

The war with Japan left Russia practically without a navy. It is not surprising that she should be thinking and planning the construction of a new fleet, and a remarkable naval program would be taken everywhere as a matter of course. A reasonable program would recognize accomplished facts—the loss of Port Arthur, the sinking of the hopes of an invincible fleet in the Pacific, the loss to the schemes of

empire in the East. But the naval program which the admiralty has prepared and wants the duma to approve is considered wild not only by all the liberals but by many of the conservative editors and writers as well. The total to be spent in nine years is considerably over a billion, and the appropriations for this year for new construction and some improvement work at ports and naval stations amount to \$43,500,000. This certainly seems far too ambitious a program for a country struggling with a famine in some provinces and suffering from poor crops generally, industrial and political disorder and staggering debt burdens. Almost the entire press has opposed the schemes of the admiralty as foreshadowing in semi-official statements, and has pointed to the need of agrarian reform, which will cost a good deal of money, of universal primary education, of public works and other things that are essential in themselves, and, in addition, conditions of pacification and regeneration. But it is reported that the court, including the Czar himself, is determined to force the acceptance of the program as it stands. Indeed, the duma has already been told by high bureaucrats that it would be dissolved if it should decline to ratify the naval budget. What the Octoberists and the other moderates and conservatives in that body will do remains to be seen. The fanatical reactionaries, it is believed, will vote against the naval program in order to bring about the dissolution threatened. They love the navy, but their hatred of the duma and of reform is deeper. Perhaps, however, the government will finally agree to compromise on an alternative program of more modest proportions to cover a shorter period. The prospects of new foreign loans will have something to do with its attitude.

TALKS ON ADVERTISING

Some think that a line set in very large type is strong and convincing, but all strong men are not six-footers and a wild yell is neither polite, eloquent or reasoning.

In all legitimate advertising it is better to be definite. Separate one article from another clearly. Make each proposition distinct. Exhibit the features as you would a picture. Individuality is an asset of all goods and should be of the representation of them in the advertisement. People of this age like facts and the really interested buyer likes them best of all.

A newspaper may boom a town through its editorial columns, but a critical inventor looks to the advertising columns for substantial evidence of truth and life. To him they are the thermometers measuring the intensity of public warmth. They are the pulse which indicates the healthy condition of the collective body of the people. They tell him whether or not the community is up to times in business matters.

A large advertiser says: When I read an advertisement that is particularly attractive to me, I assume that it will be equally attractive to others. When I read a line of argument that appeals to me I reason that the same line will convince others. Suppose you take the question of position. Do you yourself read more frequently the advertisements which are at the top of the column or page or those at the bottom? What display attracts you most? Then about prices. Are you tempted to buy a \$1 article because it is marked down to 75 cents? The argument which caused you to consider it will serve you in turn when you write about the special price you desire to make.

A Change of Name.
"Father," said Tommy Bardell of the William Henry Harrison grammar school, "you want to come next Saturday afternoon and see us play a game with the Oliver Wendell Holmes football team. We're going to do 'em up."
"Do you belong to a football team?" asked his father. "It is news to me."
"Do!" he exclaimed Tommy, proudly. "Well, I reckon! I'm the quarter-back of the Tornadoes."
"The Tornadoes? Who are they?"
"That's the name of our school team."
"Humph! And you are going to play a game next Saturday, are you? Well, I'll go and see it."
The game took place according to announcement, and the Tornadoes were beaten by a score of 28 to 0.

"Tommy," said his father, overtaking him while he was on his way home, "what did you tell me was the name of your team?"
"The Tornadoes," answered the boy, "but we're going to change it to something else. We ain't even a fog!"

French Family Statistics.
The number of French families, that is to say, households, with or without children, is estimated at 11,315,000. Of this total 1,804,720 families have no children, 2,908,171 have one child, 2,661,978 have two children, 1,643,425 have three, 887,292 have four, 593,768 have five, 227,241 have six, 182,908 have seven, 94,720 have eight, 44,728 have nine, 20,933 have ten, 8,305 have eleven, 3,208 have twelve, 1,437 have thirteen, 574 have fourteen, 249 have fifteen, 79 have sixteen, 34 have seventeen, and, finally, 45 families have eighteen or more.—Republique Française.

A Rolland for an Oliver.
Miss Ann Teague—Mrs. Sharp, I must say your little boy has been very badly brought up. He was very impudent to me this morning.
Mrs. Sharp—Indeed, my dear Miss Ann Teague, it is not my fault, for I am constantly telling the dear child that about all things he must be respectful to old age and infirmity.
Miss Ann Teague—Well, I never!—Baltimore American.

THE ROCK OF CASHEL.

Historic Shrine, Which Was the Scene of an Awful Massacre.

Few, if any, ecclesiastical ruins in Ireland are more interesting than those which crown the far-famed Rock of Cashel. The rock itself is one of the most conspicuous landmarks in the south of Ireland and towers like another Gibraltar above the Golden Vale of Tipperary. For more than 1,000 years Cashel was the seat of the Kings of Munster and in the very days of St. Patrick the famous rock served the purposes of religion. In the middle of the fifth century a synod was held there, attended by St. Patrick, St. Ailbe and St. Declan, and it was then that King Aengus, who had been baptized by the great Irish apostle, commemorated his conversion from paganism to Catholicity by erecting a church upon the rock. Other buildings devoted to religious purposes were subsequently erected, the ruins of which still remain. These ruins comprise Cormac's Chapel, the erection of which is attributed to Cormac MacCullinan, King of Munster and Bishop of Cashel, who fell in battle in 908; a cathedral, built by Donald O'Brien, King of Limerick, in 1109; a hall for the vicars of the church, built by Archbishop O'Hedian in 1421; an old episcopal palace, which was originally a strong castle; the remains of an abbey, founded by David MacCarroll in 1260, and a mysterious round tower, 56 feet in circumference and 90 feet high. There still exist several portions of the ancient wall by which the whole was formerly surrounded. Architecturally, Cormac's Chapel is the most graceful of all the buildings, exhibiting high finish of workmanship, and is proof of the high civilization in the arts which Ireland had reached at that period. The ruins of the Rock of Cashel, like other ecclesiastical relics in Ire-

land, could tell many a tale of tragedy and many a glorious story of martyrdom. None is more thrilling than the dreadful massacre under the Irish Attila, Morogh O'Brien, Baron Inchiquin. It occurred during the wars which raged in Britain and Ireland between the Parliamentarians and Royalists, with the Catholics in Ireland forming at one time a distinct party.



THE FAMOUS ROCK OF CASHEL.

O'Brien was a product of his times—the victim of an execrable English law inflicted upon the Irish people. This law constituted what is known as a Court of Wards, an institution created for the purpose of seizing the infant children of the Irish Catholic nobility and rearing them in hatred and horror of the faith of their fathers. O'Brien had been seized as a child and reared in this manner, but it cannot be said that he was taught to exemplify any of the virtues of Christianity.

O'Brien threw in his lot with the parliamentary forces, fighting against King Charles of England, who afterward lost his head at Whitehall, and received the command of the anti-royalist forces in Munster, with the title of president. He fought with fanatical zeal against the Catholics and royalist troops, burning and ravaging his way through Munster like a second Attila. But the crowning act of his career was the massacre of Cashel. He besieged and stormed the city and then attacked the cathedral, in which women and children and others of the inhabitants had taken refuge. His soldiers were ordered to give no quarter and mercilessly they carried out the command. When the doors and windows had been riddled with volleys of musket balls the troops were sent in to finish with pike and saber the work which the bullets had left incomplete. The floor of the cathedral was piled high with the bodies of the dead and twenty priests, who had sought shelter under the altar, were dragged out and slain. O'Brien reflected "credit" that day upon the Court of Wards.

One of the horrors of these times, but their memories endure. The peasantry of Tipperary still tell stories of Murrugh of the Burnings, so called because of the towns and villages and humble homes he consigned to the flames. And before them rises the Rock of Cashel, hallowed in song and story and made sacred by martyrdom, to remind them of the dark and painful valley out of which their church has emerged triumphant.

AN ISOLATED HOSPITAL.

Mother Would Persist in Telling of Her Children's Sicknesses.

Mrs. Warren had seven children. Her new acquaintance at the seaside hotel had reason to know the fact. A genial, sympathetic spinster, without even nephews and nieces, was a godsend to the talkative and doting mother. She poured into the patient ears of the tolerant old maid the life-story of each of the seven little Warrens.

Larger, abstract considerations of life and discipline and character.

But close upon these confidences followed the tale of the seven sets of illnesses to which the Warrens had fallen victims. It was surprising how many crises they had passed, considering their present condition of healthy robustness. In the talk of their mother, scarlet fever, diphtheria, adenoids, flatfoot, misplaced teeth, mumps and appendicitis rioted in a sort of grim festival.

The stories of these experiences led nowhere. The mother had entered the suspense of operations upon her children, but she had no interest in the marvels of modern surgery except so far as they concerned her own nursery. Child-study suggested to her only Mary's nervous temperament and Harry's slow acquirement of the multiplication table.

After a month of daily intimacy with the health of the Warren children, viewed through the medium of their mother's absorption in them, Miss Spinster left the seaside. She was not as much benefited as usual by her stay there, and when some one asked her why not, she replied rather quizzically:

"Because the place was not supplied with one of the essentials of a good modern life—an isolated hospital for the diseases from which other people's children have recovered!"—Youth's Companion.

SLANG IN THE NAVY.

There is a Name for Almost Everything the Sailor Sees.

The navy, like every other profession, has its own pet slang, and the "argo" of those who serve under the white ensign is perhaps richer and more varied than that of any other calling, says the Pittsburg Bulletin.

Tinned beef is invariably referred to as the "accident." This is a somewhat

suggestive name for the food in question and proves that the sea is conducive to the sense of humor. The "atmospherics" are the wireless telegraph operators, while "blue lights" stand for the gunner. "Bow lights" is the name given to any man who sports spectacles, while the signalman is known as the "bunting-tossers." A sailor's cap is described by the slangy seaman as a "chafnik grummet," and if a man is an habitual boaster it is said of him that he is always "chawing his fat."

The "chief buffer" is the chief boatswain's mate, "chippy" is the carpenter, while the latter's mate and assistants are unkindly referred to as "wood-spoilers."

The hard-worked stoker has many names, being called among other things the "elinker" and the "elinker-knocker." Marines are called "Jerines," while the first lieutenant is usually referred to as "Jimmy-the-One." The master-at-arms rejoices in the mysterious title of "Jonty."

When a sailor says he is "dining out" he means that he will be prevented by punishment from joining his messmates at a meal. The rum and water dispensed on certain days to Jack is affectionately referred to as "Fanny," the preserved mutton which he eats at dinner being called "Fanny Adams."

The spoon with which he stirs his tea or coffee is called a "gibby."

A marine is contemptuously entitled a "leatherneck," a hammock is a "kipsey," and a sailor is a "batfoot."

A seaman under the age of 20 is mysteriously referred to as a "Nordenflett," while a sailor with an unusually large cranium is called "nutty."

When a man is going on leave he announces that he is "on gens" (on general leave). A lazy fellow is known as a "proper pheasant," while "raggie" is a term of endearment, since to be "ragged" or "ragged rag" with a man (that is, to keep cleaning rags in the same bag as his) is to be sworn chums with that person.

If a sailor has a second helping at mess he calls it "rounding the boy" and if, after overeating himself, he desires the official as the "poultice mixer." This name is also applied to the sick-bay attendants.

If a sailor is given to indulging in sentimental outbursts he is said to have his "sniveling valves" open; if he is doing a night watch on the quarter deck he is described as "studying astronomy" and if he has drunk not wisely but too well, he is called "tin hatted."

Threw Babies to Explorers.

Many strange adventures were encountered by Royal Alexander in his journeyings in Africa. In one famine-stricken village young girls were offered to the party for food. Elsewhere the people, fearing before him, threw down babies in the hope of staying their hunger and so stopping the white men's advance.

Serious, Indeed!

To the principal of a school for poor boys in London the father of one of the lads wrote the following note in explanation of his son's absence from school: "Sir: Please excuse John for being away, as he has been very bad with information on the inside."

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

EXPERTS TO GOVERN OUR CITIES.

By President Eliot of Harvard.

I believe that a board of five select-men would be safer, more intelligent, and in the end more democratic, than an autocratic mayor or our present system. We need men as agents of the people who are competent business men and have proved themselves to be such. Municipal business has become very complicated and needs expert service.

We can only get expert men into our city business as great business corporations are governed by a small body of directors, whose chief function is to select experts. These directors have to be men capable of directing the grand policies of the corporation.

We want in our cities men who have proved their competence in their private business. The commonest objection is all in the word "un-American." So many good things nowadays are un-American. So many I have heard called that when first proposed have later proved their worth and been adopted. Un-American is another such word.

Whatever policy will get the work of the people well done ought to be democratic, if it isn't now. Those are the very conditions of the life of democracy. But no form of government will be good government unless there be behind it the voting population which desires good government.

AMERICAN CITIZENS REAL RULERS.

By Chancellor Day of Syracuse University.

The citizen always has been greater than the officeholders, for they create the offices and select officeholders, who cannot select themselves. The people are the President, the Governor.

These are names for their will, their authority and their power, their agents. This is a good reason why they should defend such offices and those who occupy them, for they are represented in them, and their self-respect must suffer by any degradation of the instruments of their self-government. And this is why men chosen as representative rulers can never afford to forget whom they serve.

That remark of one of our Governors that "the people want a governor to rule them" was the opposite of the truth. It could be reversed and be true. The people should rule the Governor. They make the laws and the institutions and they determine the person who shall be called Governor. And he can rule nobody. He can simply act for the people in carrying out their rulership and enforcing under well-defined limitations their laws. He has absolutely nothing that they have not given him. And any assertion of any other authority is a usurpation and an impertinence. Even his discretion is buoyed, an unmistakable channel.

The citizen is supreme. One-half and one of the citizens of the State can control it absolutely by the choice of one of their number to execute their will. And they have said what number of the whole shall named constitutions or make laws. All of the Governors and Judges and Presidents and Cabinets combined cannot do it.

The people, however humble and unlearned and obscure, can do what no persons by virtue of any office or

position or wealth or influence can do. And if they do not do these things, and prevent things which they do not approve, it is because they are indifferent and unworthy of their citizenship, or have sold to the demagogues the birthright of the primary and the ballot.

WHAT TO READ AND HOW TO READ IT.

By T. P. O'Connor, M. P.

Reading is part of the great universal "pursuit of happiness." Also it is a sea to draw care and a sword to kill time. It is a pastime, like golf, only a much better one. I read because I enjoy reading. I try not to pretend to like things I don't like—and when I am bored I try candidly to admit the fact. I have again and again failed to get through masterpieces, or even to perceive that masterpieces are masterpieces. Therefore I no longer attempt to read them. But at the same time I do not make a practice in my quest of enjoyment of discarding every book that threatens to prove tedious.

The main principle which should underlie the reading of every man is the esthetic or intellectual bliss to be derived from reading. His pursuits should fall into two divisions—the disciplinary and the purely joyous. When he is beginning to form his taste in imaginative literature his disciplinary reading should consist of classical imaginative masterpieces. As time proceeds, the inexperienced student, growing experienced, will discover that his joyous reading approximates more and more to his disciplinary reading. He will discover that the verdict of the ages was right, even though it did not accord with his own early views. He will discover that the reason why the classical writers from Homer to whom you please are esteemed and immortal is not primarily because they are deep and correct, and restrained, and shapely, but primarily because they give joy, sheer joy, to the largest number of cultivated readers.

ORDER COMES THROUGH STRUGGLES.

By Dr. Paul Carus.

Ethics teaches us all struggle must be undertaken in the service of a higher and greater cause than our earthly self. He alone will conquer who fights for something greater than his personal interests; and even if he is vanquished he will still have the satisfaction that his ideal is not conquered with him. He will find successors to do his work. His ideal, if genuine, will rise again in his successors, and they will accomplish a final victory for his aspirations.

The Teutonic nations in many respects, it appears, are the most successful peoples in the world, because of their stern ethics of undaunted struggle, to which they have adhered since prehistoric times. It was no disgrace for the Teutonic warrior to be slain, no dishonor to be vanquished; but it was infamy worse than death to be a coward. It was a disgrace to gain a victory by dishonest means. The enemy was relentlessly combated, maybe he was hated, yet it would have been a blot on one's escutcheon to treat him with meanness. It was not uncommon among these barbarians for the victor to place a laurel wreath upon the grave of his foe whom in life he had combated with bitterest hatred.

A wonderful harmony results from the conflict of antagonistic principles. All order proceeds from the antagonism of factors that work in opposite directions.

EVERYBODY LIKED HIM.

At an auction in a storage warehouse the auctioneer had but just restored harmony between two females, each of whom believed herself to be the purchaser of two pigs in a blue china automobile, when a small voice piped up, demanding to know when the kittens were to be put up for sale.

The auctioneer paid no attention, says a writer in the New York Sun, because a roof-top desk was in danger of going for six dollars and a half. Again the small voice arose, and as no one answered, it died down.

The roll-top desk finally brought twelve dollars, and in the triumphant moment that followed, the auctioneer heard the small, persistent person saying:

"Please, aren't you going to put up the kittens?"

"Kittens?" said the auctioneer, wondering if he had missed a lot.

Here the small person was raised on some one's shoulder. He proved to be a black-eyed, curly-haired little chap. Every one smiled and asked him what kittens he meant. He was quite abashed by so much attention, but managed to slip out:

"The men that drive the horses said the kittens what lives in the box are going to be sold, and I want one."

As a grimy fist containing four cents was held out for the auctioneer's inspection, the small person grew so in popular favor that the kittens were sent for, and he was allowed to take his choice. He trotted off, having bought the only live stock of the morning, but holding it so tightly round his fat little waist-line that it stood small chance of being live stock long.

Men smiled tolerantly after the retreating little figure, and even the auctioneer was moved to momentary sympathy, all of which goes to show that the simple, natural child is never really out of fashion.

Gave Horse's Away.

The group of friends stood admiringly before the latest picture by a well-known illustrator which ornamented the wall of the bachelor girl. It represented an exceedingly athletic young man in the act of engulfing a fluffy ruffled young lady and imprinting a passionate salute upon her upturned lips.

The young ladies gushed over it with enthusiasm, while the men agreed that it was very life-like.

"There is one serious defect in the picture," announced the bachelor girl, after the first outburst. "The artist has made one serious mistake, at which I am surprised. Can any one pick it out?"

All agreed that it seemed perfect. "Don't you see that the girl's eyes are open?" said the bachelor girl. "What girl, I ask you, ever received a real kiss, such as is portrayed here, with her eyes not blissfully closed? A woman always closes her eyes when she is kissed by the man she is fond of."

The women all agreed that the criticism was true and said how strange it was they hadn't noticed it, while the

DINNER SERVED AT OPERA.

Queen Sets Fashion of Giving Box Parties at Covent Garden.

By having her dinner brought from Buckingham Palace and served in the rear of the royal box during the interval between the first and second acts of the opera on Thursday night, the Queen set a fashion that society believes will not only become popular for the charm of the idea, but will also solve the practical problem of ministering to the appetite at early performances without missing parts of the opera, says the London correspondent of the New York Times. Owing to the increasing demand for the rendition of operas without cuts, the eating problem has recently become very acute at the long performances. The situation becomes especially annoying when the performance begins as early as 6:30, as was the case with "Siegfried" in English at Covent Garden on Thursday.

During the general scamper to neighboring refreshment bars and sandwich depots between the first and second acts four attendants carefully carried into the rear of the royal box a small table, already set, and containing the Queen's favorite dishes. The food had been prepared at the palace and kept warm by means of patent heat-retaining devices.

Thus Queen Alexandra, with one or two friends, was able to turn from the stage to dinner, which they had time to enjoy heartily before the beginning of the next act. When the curtain ascended the attendants disappeared with the dinner table as silently as they had appeared.

Many persons believe that box dinner parties will be accepted as really smart and sensible functions as Covent Garden in the future.

Canine Advertiser.

A merchant in State street took a novel method of advertising his wares last week. Two show cases of the upright variety stood in front of his door, and on each was planted a dog dressed in gaudy blankets and bedecked with miniature "plug" hats. Each held a stick in its mouth, from which were suspended in banner fashion placards setting forth the merits of the merchant's goods. One of the dogs was a splendid specimen of a brindle bull; the other was an Irish terrier, the saucy expression of whose face was accentuated by the "plug" hat cocked rakishly over one ear. The two eyed the crowd somewhat bashfully and anon looked at each other as though to say: "To what base uses may we come at last?"

Judging from the expressions heard in the crowd, which almost blocked the thoroughfare, the dogs were more a detriment to the storekeeper's trade than an aid. They slivered in the keen air, despite the protecting blankets, and looked so wistfully toward the store door, as though begging to be released from their exposed position, that the people were more moved to pity them and condemn the storekeeper than to purchase his goods.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

MME. TETRAZZINI.

A native of Florence, and first appeared in opera in her native city as Inez in "L'Africaine." She has sung in almost every country of the world, though having yet to make her first appearance in France.

The Over-Strict Librarian. Postmaster General Meyer, at a dinner in Washington, was advocating postal banks.

"These banks," he said, "have so many good points and so few bad ones that they who find fault with them have to exaggerate and dwell on their defects like an old librarian I used to know. This librarian was very strict and censorious. Once, when I was a boy, I returned a volume of Scott to him. He, as usual, looked closely into the book's condition before marking it off on my card.

"Page 89," he said, glaring at me over his spectacles, 'a hole.' Then he turned the leaf. 'Page 90,' he added, 'another hole.'

A well-known confidence operator confesses that he can rob three wise men while he is becoming acquainted with a fool.

Success is not always pleasant. There is the successful vaccination, for instance.