

The fact that poets are born should never be blamed on the stork.

China has been forced to apologize to Japan. China has no Pacific fleet of battleships.

It doesn't inspire a small boy very much to tell him that he may be vice president some day.

The Kaiser ought to confine his future correspondence with Lord Tweedmouth to picture post cards.

Minister Wu Ting Fang wears a coat which is buttoned down the back, but he has somebody to button it for him.

One of the lady novelists has written a story entitled "Come and Find Me." It is strictly in line with the leap year spirit.

As the Russians were not able to lick the Japanese at any stage of the game they may feel that they have to take it out of their generals.

Inasmuch as the automobile has come to stay, it devotes upon the road builders to evolve a pavement that the automobile can't destroy.

Harriman now controls railroads that stretch from ocean to ocean. He, too, probably regards it as foolish to go on with the Panama canal.

Young Hiram P. Maxim, offspring of Sir Hiram, has just invented the silent firearm, and, on the whole, seems to be quite a promising son of a gun.

The critic who says the navy's aim in the battle of Santiago was miserably poor will have some trouble convincing Spain that he knows what he is talking about.

A man laughed himself to death at a joke which was told at the table in a New York boarding house. This seems to upset the theory that there are no funny boarding house jokes.

The Porto Rican house of delegates has passed a bill providing for the establishment of a lottery with monthly prizes amounting to \$40,000. Evidently Porto Rico is not quite ready for statehood.

The Mr. Taek who was a candidate for office of City Assessor of Harrisburg, Pa., recently was badly defeated. The hammers must have landed on him pretty heavily during the campaign.

An English court has recently decided that husbands are entitled to the savings which have been accumulated by their wives. But this decision is not likely to bring much discouragement to American heiresses.

Several Vassar College girls are acting as probation officers for the city court of Poughkeepsie. They are studying the truncheon problem in this practical way, and hope to learn why boys are naughty. A special course in this subject might profitably be introduced in all the women's colleges. If the young women pursued it thoroughly there might be fewer truants in the next generation of boys.

A negro who at the age of nine years was sold by auction in New Orleans for \$900, and later brought \$2,500, retired as janitor of a bank building in a New England city the other day, to spend the rest of his life at ease on the interest of his savings. The man who paid \$2,500 for the young slave must have been a pretty good judge of values. There is many a shiftless white man for whom his neighbors would not give \$250, if they hoped to make anything on the investment above the cost of board and clothes for their property.

A maiden aunt who had lost her money was provided with a home in a well-to-do family. At once she identified herself with its interests, and being a housekeeper born, was able to serve them in many ways. As occasion arose, she played the parts of cook, maid, nurse, seamstress, laundress, gardener, social secretary and night-watchman. So faithful was she to such duties that she never left town, when others took vacations, and for weeks at a time did not stir beyond the gate. The family "gave her a home," as they said and she said. Actually she earned her living three times over. In return for board, lodging and clothing, she accomplished tasks and bore responsibilities that few domestics would have been willing to undertake at any price. Unlike the domestics, she had no Thursday and Sunday afternoons, and her social life was limited to the every-day association with self-absorbed and indifferent relatives. The shut-ins who are confined by illness have a society through which they are ministered to by many gracious influences. The shut-ins who are too poor to maintain homes, and whose kinsfolk are too proud to let them seek the shelter of an institution, are unrecognized and attract no notice; but in many cases they are equally deserving of sympathy. True, there is seldom intentional unkindness behind the process by which a defendant is turned into a drudge. If the relatives had been unfeeling they would have sent the old aunt or uncle to the poorhouse. When we "give it home" we do a fine thing. But before we plume ourselves unduly, it is well to glance at the other side of the account, and see how much money is saved and how many wearisome little tasks are spared by the old woman who is "able to help round," or the old man who "just does the chores."

The practice of celebrating the birthdays of great men not only fosters a sentiment that is wholesome and ennobling, but also occasionally gives birth to suggestions of great practical value. Gov. Hughes, one of the speakers at a Lincoln-day dinner of the Union League Club of New York, after a review of

Lincoln's life and eulogy of his character, said: "I think I have read every word that Lincoln ever wrote. I would not ask anything better for a young man who desires to enter political life than to do the same. In the study of a profession or the preparation for a public debate, or political opportunity, a course in John Bright, a course in Gladstone, a course in Lincoln, and direct familiarity with their speeches and the platforms upon which they stood, and the methods which they brought to bear upon the exigencies of the day would be worth volumes of rhetorical study to re-enforce their moral strength, and bring to the community that great power which is needed in the regeneration of our affairs." The suggestion is full of wisdom, and has the force of practical experience. It is a belief of many persons of middle age that the school Readers of a generation ago performed no greater service than the stimulation of interest in great political leaders by quoting eloquent examples of their mental and moral grasp of the problems they had to face. The present is a time when every literary counter contains predigestible mental food. There are so many interesting magazine articles about great men, and so many handy little pocket editions of "choice selections" from their works, that the fashion of going direct to the fountain head is neglected. The loss is serious. The young man who follows Gov. Hughes' advice will have proved himself with a political education and equipment that not even an ordinary college education now supplies.



The Erie Railroad now possesses, according to the Scientific American, the largest locomotive in the world. It has been constructed especially for the purpose of drawing trains up the steep grades near Susquehanna. The locomotive weighs 410,000 pounds, and is capable of exerting a pull of 98,000 pounds, which may be temporarily increased to 120,000 pounds. It is of the Mallet type, one immense boiler supplying two engines, one of high and the other of low pressure. Although enclosed in the same body, the two pairs of cylinders are carried on separate trucks, each operating its own set of driving-wheels. All the cylinders have the same length of stroke, 28 inches, the diameter of the driving-wheels is 51 inches, and the wheel base of the locomotive is 30 feet 2 inches long.

President Roosevelt in his latest message to Congress says some striking things about the work of the Biological Survey. It has shown, he says, that at least forty-three species of birds prey upon the cotton-boll-weevil; that fifty-seven species feed upon scale insects, which attack fruit-trees; that cuckoos and orioles destroy leaf-eating caterpillars, that hawks and owls, except a few which attack poultry and gamebirds, are benefactors in destroying grasshoppers and mice; and that "woodpeckers, as a class, by destroying the larvae of wood-boring insects, are so essential to tree life that it is doubtful if our forests could exist without them." The plumage of these birds should be admired and respected as the uniform of a winged army which defends man against some of his worst foes.

Commenting upon a recent German book on the interior state of the earth, Dr. A. C. Lane, well known for his researches on this difficult subject, makes a very interesting remark. He says that without making a sweeping statement at the start, as to the gaseous interior of the earth, it is perhaps safe to say, in view of what we know, that "some of the elements of the earth's interior are in a gaseous condition, and the earth, for them at least, might be likened to a toy balloon, but one in which the gas was so condensed, under such pressure, that one could easier dent a steel ball than it. Under conditions of temperature not easy to disprove, that should be the condition of all the earth's elements toward the center." Doctor Lane adds that the study of seismic vibrations will probably settle this question.

A VERSATILE DUTCHMAN.

Distinguished Communist and Co-operative Organizer.

One of the most interesting of our recent international visitors is Dr. Fredrick van Eeden, the Dutch author, poet and playwright. Dr. van Eeden is the founder of the communist colony of Walden, the first of a chain of such colonies in Holland. They have grown very rich as colonies, since the unearned increment and the profits of each belong not to the individuals, but to the community as a whole. It is the belief of the theorists that eventually these colonies will spread and increase in wealth and power till all Holland becomes a communism.

Dr. van Eeden founded the first colony on hypnotism in medicine in Holland, which was the third of its kind in the world. In 1903, when there was a lockout in Holland and much poverty, he took the head of a relief movement and established co-operative shops which gave employment to 300 persons, in which all those who bought were stockholders in the enterprise. The sudden growth of this enterprise—It gained 90,000 members in three months—was too much for Dr. van Eeden's resources and the shops failed. The experiment cost the doctor \$100,000. They have been revived since and are in operation all over the little kingdom.

Dr. van Eeden is the pioneer of a school of fiction, a poet of note, and he has two plays now on the stage in Holland.

No man can think well of himself who does not think well of others.

No young man would enjoy kissing a girl if he had to.

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LITERARY LITTLEBITS

The wife of Count Tolstol has kept a journal of her husband's affairs, the manuscript of which she has presented to the Moscow Historical Museum, where the manuscript of most of Tolstol's novels was also placed. As the Countess' journal is probably the most intimate account that will ever be written of Tolstol's life the translation will be of great interest and value if it ever appears.

The comic songs in "Alice in Wonderland" have been set to music by Mme. Liza Lehmann and have been sung at a London concert. The musical value of her work is a thing outside the scope of these notes; but we may quote as a matter of literary interest the Athenaeum's statement that she has dealt entertainingly with "You are old, Father William," which planned as a duet for tenor and baritone, and contrasts with firm and dignified utterance on the part of the old man. Very humorous, too, is the setting of "You told me you had been to her," interrupted by recitatives, in the style of the old-fashioned Italian opera.

There were 7,701 books published in England during the year that recently closed. Among them "Poetry and the Drama" number 235, against 305 in 1906. But according to an English authority there was a "slump in novels, tales and juvenile works from 2,108 to 1,862. The fall in fiction seems remarkable, for a larger number of new writers have appeared than usual. Few have taken the world by storm, and good writers of the second rank do not seem to have scored any remarkable successes.

Now that the English copyright on "Lewis Carroll's" "Alice in Wonderland" has expired, many publishers are leasing it, and English children can procure copies at a low price. In this connection, says a writer in the Bookman, it is interesting to remember how the book came to be written. A real Alice was the inspiration, and in Mr. Dodgson's diary he records the very day of its beginning: "July 4, 1862. I made an excursion up the river to Godstow with the three Liddells. We had tea on the bank there, and did not reach Christ Church till half past eight. On which occasion I told them the fairy-tale of 'Alice's Adventures Underground,' which I undertook to write out for Alice." After Mr. Dodgson's death the "real Alice" wrote as follows about that eventful day: "I believe the beginning of 'Alice' was told one summer afternoon when the sun was so burning that we had landed in the meadows, deserting the boat to take refuge in the only bit of shade to be found, which was under a new-made haystack. Here from all three came the old petition, 'tell us a story,' and so began the ever-delightful tale." On the same day, three years after that happy picnic at Godstow, the Alice who had helped to plead for a story, the gentle Secmda who hoped there "would be nonsense in it," received the first presentation copy of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," "faithfully retold in print.

Electric Line to Alhambra.

The city of Granada is now connected with the palace of the Alhambra by means of an electric tramway, according to the Temps of Paris.

Work on the repairs and restorations of the interior of the Alhambra is being rapidly and most successfully pushed forward by the new conservator of the palace. A part of the necessary funds has been furnished by the Spanish government.

There is at present a growing movement in Spain in favor of making serious efforts to preserve many of the historical monuments which are in danger of falling into ruin. At the same time patriotic lovers of art are becoming alive to the danger of the loss to the country of many art objects and particularly of the historical treasures which are owned by the churches and convents. A bill for the prevention of the sale of these objects and, above all, of their exportation, will be presented to the Cortez before long. Efforts will be made to embrace within its operation the possessions of private persons which may have a national, artistic and historical value.

Turkish Parsneps.

Turkish horseshoes are simply a flat plate of iron with a hole in the middle. In his volume of "Personal Adventures" Col. J. P. Robertson describes the extraordinary method of preparing the horse to be shod.

The farrier takes a good long rope, doubles it and knots a loop at the end to about the size of a good large horse collar. This is put over the horse's head after the manner of a horse collar, the knot resting on the horse's chest.

Then the two ends of rope are brought between his legs. Each rope, then taken by a man, is hitched on to the fetlocks of his hind legs and brought through the loop in front; then by a hard, steady pull the hind legs are drawn up to the fore legs, and the horse falls heavily on his side.

All four feet are then tied together by the fetlocks, the horse is propped up on his back, and the farrier sits quietly down beside him, takes off all the old shoes and puts on new. When the work is finished the horse is untied and allowed to get up.

His Admission.

"To think," said the visitor, "that you will have to go through life an ex-convict!"

"Well, miss," replied Crowder Clane, "to tell you the truth, just at present there ain't nothing I'd like more to be."

In one respect men are wiser than women. A girl, however poor she may be, expects to marry a prince at least. A poor man never expects to marry a princess.

There is one thing that may be said to the credit of a man; He is not expected to be pretty.



Some people make the mistake of thinking they are sure just because they are slow.

Dyer—Do you think the time will come when we shall have universal peace? Ryer—Not unless we adopt trial marriages.—Town Topics.

"Please give me two bills for my hat, one for ten dollars to show my husband, and one for twenty to show my lady friends."—Meggendorfer Blatter.

"Do you really love me, John?" "Oh, no. I wear these summer pants and this tramp overcoat merely to appear eccentric, that's all."—Washington Herald.

"Do you believe that men and women should have equal rights?" "Well—I used to, but since I've been married I don't dare to say so."—Cleveland Leader.

Mrs. Houdihan (sobbing)—I never saw you till this day before my unforh'nit marriage. Mr. Houdihan—And I often wish you hadn't seen me till this day after!—Puck.

Phoebe—You would hardly know Freddy since he got back from Monte Carlo. He lost all his money there, and— Evelyn—Hardly know him! Why, I shan't know him at all!—Hunted Bios.

Old Hanks—When I came to this town sixteen years ago real estate in the block where I live was higher priced than it is now. Old Hewligus—It would be so in any block where you'd settle down.—Chicago Tribune.

"Officer," said the police magistrate, "what is the charge against the prisoner?" "Having an infernal machine in his possession, your honor," replied the policeman. "Anarchist or chauffeur?" queried the magistrate.—Chicago Daily News.

Father—If you marry my daughter, are you sure you will be able to take care of her in the style to which she has always been accustomed? Smiter (who is in the wholesale business)—I'll guarantee it, sir, or—or return the goods.—Plick-Me-Up.

"You said that if I bought this suburban house I could live like a prince. With malaria and automobiles, I'm in fear for my life!" "Well," answered the agent, soothingly, "think of the prices who live in fear of their lives."—Washington Star.

Mr. Stubb (with illustrated weekly)—Martha, here is a picture entitled "Docking an Ocean Greyhound." Mrs. Stubb (daring up)—I just don't want to see it. I think there should be a law against clipping off a poor dog's tail.—Chicago News.

"Would you send a man who uses profanity to Congress?" "I dunno," answered Farmer Courtesol. "Of course, I don't approve of profanity; but I'd want him to be able to hold his own in any of them arguments that come up."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Gadsby (hugging dog)—I don't know what we're going to do about poor, darling Fido! Mr. Gadsby—Humph! What ails him? Mrs. Gadsby (in surprise)—Why, haven't you noticed how irritated he becomes whenever the baby cries?—Puck.

Mrs. Spenders—I wonder how you'd like it if I ever got "new-womanish" and insisted upon wearing men's clothes? Mr. Spenders—Oh, I haven't any fear of you ever doing that. Men's clothes are never very expensive.—Catholic Standard and Times.

"Do you mean to tell me you have lived in this out-of-the-way place for twenty years?" "That's right, stranger; twenty years." "But I don't see what you find to keep you busy." "Nothing, stranger. That's the reason I like it."—Louisville Herald.

"Yes," said Miss Jitham, "he was an old flame of mine. And when you told him I was to be married next week, did he seem sorry?" "Yes, he admitted that he felt sorry," replied Miss Gabble. "Did he, really?" "Yes, although he said he didn't know your fiancée personally."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Mr. Ryley—Why are you decorating Mrs. Murphy? Mrs. Murphy—Me by Denny is comin' home the day. Mr. Ryley—I thought it was for forty years he wuz sint up? Mrs. Murphy—Me wuz; but he got a year off for good behavior. Mr. Ryley—An' sure it must be a great comfort for ye to have a good by like that.—London Tit-Bits.

"You'll have to send for another doctor," said the one who had been called, after a glance at the patient. "An' I'm so sick as that?" gasped the sufferer. "I don't know just how sick you are," replied the man of medicine. "But I know you're the lawyer who cross-examined me when I appeared as an expert witness. My conscience won't let me kill you, and I'll be hanged if I want to cure you. Good day."

Vicar—John, do you—ever use strong language? John (guardedly)—Well, sir, I—I may be a little bit keener-like in my speech at times. Vicar—Ah, I'm sorry, John. But we will converse about that some other time. Just now I want you to go to the plumber's and settle this bill for four pounds ten for thawing out a water pipe. And you might just talk to the man in a careless sort of way, as if it were your own bill!—Punch.

Always At It.

"They say that Mrs. Grindly does a great deal of fancy work." "I should say she did. When she can find nothing else to do, she ruffles her husband's temper."—Detroit Free Press.

The Coop.

"This fat is a mere coop." "Yes, John," said his wife sweetly, "and the coop has just flew it."—Pittsburg Post.

"It's surprising how many clothespins a little woman can hold in her mouth."

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

THE CHURCH'S OBLIGATION TO WORKINGMEN.



By Bishop Henry C. Potter.

You and I, whether we are disposed to like the situation or not—and most of us resent it as an insufferable impertinence—are confronted in this republic and in this twentieth century with incomparably the most tremendous problem in its relation to the right construction of human society with which the republic has yet had to deal, and that problem is the problem of the unification of the ideas and sympathies and purposes and aims of men. It is not the giving of money or the creation of charitable institutions that builds up the feeling of brotherhood among men. The poor man resents our condescension. He does not want that our gold; he wants recognition of his manhood. The shop girl wants you to honor her womanhood; to respect her in the task in which she is toiling and suffering. You can do much to make that task easier and create an atmosphere in which she and you may move alike as members of the same divine society and fellow soldiers under Christ.

This brings into view the relation of the church to these great social problems. You and I somehow or other must bring the man who works with his hands to recognize his place, his right, his office, his calling, in the church of God. The first business of the church is to place her houses of worship at the service of the people who work with their hands and then in the life of the church to encourage that spirit which will help us to understand and to serve it. There is but one way to do that. Instead of turning to any "ism" of the hour or theory of social reconstruction, or any new philosophy which undertakes to re-create society upon theories which are essentially barbaric in their nature, you and I must go back and look into the face of the Master and find in Him the secret of our service and our triumph.

ILLIMITABLE ENERGY OF THE ATOM.

By Gustave Lebon.

Shall we some day succeed in liberating the colossal force that lies within atoms? No one can tell. Neither could one have told in the time of Galvani that the energy which was used with difficulty to twitch the legs of a frog and attract small fragments of paper one day would set in motion enormous railway trains. Perhaps it always will be beyond our powers completely to dissociate the atoms, because the difficulty probably would increase as dissociation advances, yet to dissociate a small part would suffice.

It is in these atomic systems which were ignored for so long a time because of their extreme minuteness that we doubtless must look for the explanation of some of the mysteries that surround us. The infinitely little may contain the secrets of the infinitely great. It not only is from a purely theoretical point of view that it is necessary to study the atomic systems and the tremendous energies that work within them. Science may be on the eve of capturing these energies, whose existence was unsuspected, and thus render unnecessary the mining of coal. The action of science who finds the means of economically liberating the forces that matter contains almost instantly will change the face of the world. An illimitable source of energy being gratuitously at the disposal of man, he would not have to procure it by severe labor. The poor would be the equals of the rich, and the social questions no longer would be agitated.

OLD LOVE LETTERS.

She'd been up in the attic, This little wife of mine, A-crummaging and tumbling, For what I can't divine. But suddenly I noticed A silence weird and strange, And wondered what had happened To cause this pensive change.

For quite an hour I listened, And then, alarmed, I stole Up to the lonely chamber, My conscience to console. And, well, would you believe it? I found her reading low. Love letters that I wrote her Some fourteen years ago!

Her face was wreathed in blushes, Her dreamy eyes half closed; Her heart was beating wildly— You'd thought I'd just proposed. She ran round her were those tokens That spoke from heart to heart; Good saints! who founts of passion, A faded sheet will start.—Truth

He Needed Advice

Billiter and Thornby went down in the elevator together, as they generally did.

They were pretty chummy in the of fce, though they didn't seem to have much in common, Thornby being a rather spruce individual whose conversation was mostly on the gayer side of life and who often brought a suitcase to the office, while Billiter was serious, prematurely bald and totally without social ambition. This particular evening, instead of turning south as usual, Billiter took his friend's arm and said he believed he would walk a little way with him.

"I wanted to ask your advice on a little matter, Thornby," he said. "That is, if you'll promise not to laugh at me."

"I hope you know me better than to think I would dream of it," said Thornby.

"You know all about women," began Billiter.

"Oh, come!"

"I mean you associate more or less with them and know all about their fancies and cottons and things, and I suppose you know how to ingratiate yourself—er—at least, you know how you would go about it if you wished to cultivate the acquaintance of any particular young woman. I wouldn't."

"You're joking," said Thornby.

"You're just trying to lead me on and then you'll spring one of those gags of yours on me. I know you."

"I assure you I haven't the least intention of such a thing," said Billiter. "I've never paid any particular attention to ladies, but I'm a—you see, I don't just know what you would call a polite attention and what would have a certain significance."

"Which variety of attention do you want to pay?" asked Thornby. "Do you want to be polite without compromising yourself?"

"I should like to make myself agreeable," replied Billiter, blushing slightly. "I shouldn't want to be considered offensive. I should like to convey the fact that I am interested in a certain person."

"See here," said Thornby. "If you want me to tell you anything or give

Young People Trust Yourselves.

By Leo Tolstol.

Trust yourselves, youths and maidens who are emerging from childhood, when first the questions arise in your soul: What am I? Why do I exist? Why do all who surround me exist? And chiefly—most agitating of questions—Am I and all around me living as we should do? Trust yourself then also when the replies to these questions which suggest themselves to you do not agree with those impressed on you in childhood and do not agree with the life that you and the people around you are living.

Trust yourself when in your soul is heard, not the wish to excel others, to distinguish yourself from others, to be more powerful, more important, or more famous, or to be saviors of men, freeing them from the evil organization of life, but trust yourself when the chief desire of your soul is to be better yourself; I will not say to perfect yourself, for in self-perfecting there is something personal, something gratifying to self-love, but I will say, to make yourself such as the God desires who gave you a life, to disclose in yourself the principle, like unto Him, which is in us, and to live "godly," as the peasants say.

WOMAN'S COQUETRY ADVANCES MANKIND.

By Paolo Lombroso.

Feminine coquetry has one capital excuse; its cause is entirely masculine. In the craving of women for elegance, luxury in dress, and their extravagance in jewelry and other ornamentation are merely an outcome of their desire to please man, to attract his attention, and conquer him. No wonder coquetry became so powerful an instinct with them. It is the most persistent characteristic. It hardly ever disappears. Women ought to be proud of all the trouble they take in this matter. It is no easy thing to dress well. There is such a thing as martyrdom for coquetry. Woman will smile and chatter, be graceful, and delight everyone around her, while all the time she is suffering tortures in her tight dress and can hardly breathe. She does not allow anyone to discover this—the strict discipline to which coquetry condemns her.

The world would be dull, sad and gloomy without coquetry, which, in spite of a frivolous appearance, has introduced into social life one serious and most important thing—the pleasure and the happiness of living.

HELPING HIM OUT.

Mr. Lord looked so grave one evening that his wife—a very young one—noticed it, and asked what was the matter.

"I suppose business is troubling you," she surmised, shrewdly. "If you've struck a snag, why don't you tell me, and perhaps I may be able to help you."

After more affectionate adjuration Lord admitted that his pay-roll bothered him.

"I've made it up as far as the workmen go," he said, "but if I pay the stenographer there won't be a penny left for Davis and me. Davis says he can't stand that; he must have some money this month."

Lord's wife was momentarily grave; then her face brightened.

"Why don't you give the stenographer a month's vacation?" she suggested, eagerly. "Then divide what there is with Davis. It seems to me," judicially, "that would be fair all around."

Intellectual Improvement.

"Elsie says she is going to improve her mind and join a Browning class."

"What on earth made her think of that?"

"She has to make some sacrifices, you know, this Lent, and it was either joining the Browning class or giving up chocolate caramels, and she wasn't really equal to that."—Baltimore American.

What Cured His Cold.

Hicks—I see your cold is better this morning.

Wicks—Yes, and I believe I've discovered a sure remedy for colds.

Hicks—What is it?

Wicks—A collar button. I swallowed one last night in mistake for a quinine pill.—The Catholic Standard and Times.

As Bait.

Mrs. A. (over phone)—Can you send me up a cook to-day, Mr. Dwyer? Head of Intelligence Office—Sorry I can't accommodate you, Mrs. A., but we have only one in the office. Mrs. A.—But why mayn't I have her? Head of Intelligence Office—Oh, we have to keep her as a sample!—Harper's Weekly.

Thornby was rather inclined to be amused, but there was a biting contempt in Billiter's tone that made him angry, so he did not apologize to Billiter the next morning. Billiter said nothing to him for over a week. By that time Thornby realized that he had been in the wrong and said so in a manly fashion. Billiter shook his extended hand cordially.

"I was coarse," said Thornby. "Forgive me."

"Say no more about it, my dear fellow," said Billiter, heartily. "I'd forgive my worst enemy the greatest crime ever committed, let alone a little misunderstanding like that. I'm the happiest, luckiest man you ever knew. I took your advice, too."

"What?" cried Thornby.

"Yes," grinned Billiter, "you may congratulate me. I'm engaged."—Chicago News.

"I want to show her as delicately as possible—to imitate—the fact is, I get nervous and I have rather avoided her of late. Not because I want to, but because I am naturally bashful. And when I say that she prefers me I don't mean that she has a thought of anything but friendship. I am not so presumptuous as that. But I thought I might in time if I were careful build

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