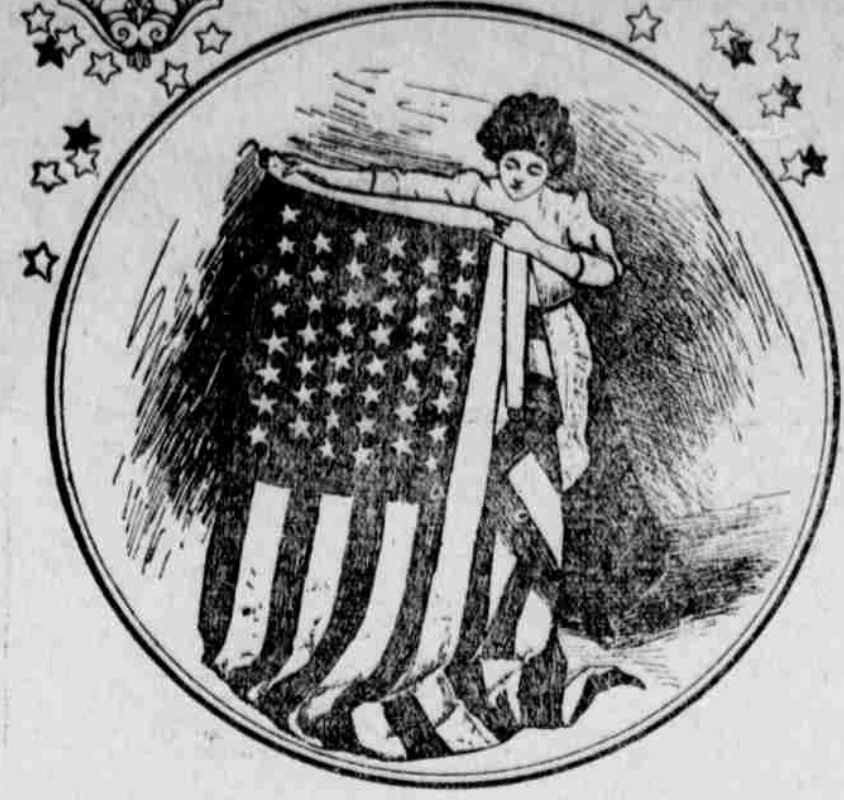


# CHANGING the STARS on "OLD GLORY"



It is entrusted with the work of rearranging the stars on the flag, but it has not been thought expedient to adopt the idea without appeal to Congress and through Congress to the nation, for it is felt that such an important matter as the redesigning of Old Glory is a matter of full national consideration.

Far-seeing citizens have pointed out that in time the addition of new States and the unavoidable division of single States into double or treble commonwealths will so crowd the field of stars as at present arranged that it will look unattractive and unsatisfactory. The greater the number of stars the smaller will be the symbols, for the comparative size of the field cannot be changed without spoiling the flag and destroying the appearance of the finest banner on earth or sea. This problem is being solved by patriotic persons who take an interest in national matters, and a number of designs are on file at the War office that aim to provide an artistic and striking arrangement of stars that, like that suggested by the circular array, will permit of the addition of a great number of constellations without making the flag look at a little distance like a striped banner with a jack of pure white, as would be the case were the blue field crowded with stars.—Williamsport (Pa.) Grit.

The admission of Oklahoma into the Union has necessitated the rearrangement of the stars on the flag to admit the symbol of the new State, and it has been a big task to rearrange the stars on all the military flags of the country.

Various ideas have been advanced for the simplification of the field of stars on Old Glory. The difficulty in adding new stars is that the rows are necessarily made up of uneven numbers, and

## AFTER LONG YEARS.

Dear, whom I would not know  
If I passed you on the street,  
So long and long and long ago  
Are the days when we used to meet,  
You may be glad to hear  
That somewhere out of the blue  
Come vague sweet dreams that bring you  
Near,  
That I often think of you;

That now and then I thrill  
At a rustle in the dark;  
That I start as the wind sweeps over the hill,  
As I see the fire-fly's spark.

Somebody stepped on my grave?  
Or somebody slipped out of yours?  
I cannot tell! There are ghosts that  
Crawl  
A bit of the love that endures  
Harper's Magazine.

## AUNT HANNAH'S PARTY

"Dear me, Ezra!" said good Aunt Hannah, "I do wish something would happen! Land o' liberty! I get so awful tired of this monotonous life—not a single neighbor less than a mile away an' not a chick or child at home. I ought to be ashamed to complain, and I am! But I do wish something would happen right here in front of our house! Something to look at!"

Aunt Hannah, good soul, little dreamed that before three hours had passed something would happen.

The one great event in her monotonous life was the daily passing of the overland passenger train, which brought their eager tourists to California or carried home returning wanderers back toward the rising sun.

In Aunt Hannah's daily life this simple passing of the train gave her an event of importance. She could catch tantalizing glimpses of women's fair faces and the laughing eyes of little children as the Overland flashed by, not three rods from her own front door.

Sometimes she waved a snowy dish towel at them as they rushed past, and looked wistfully after them till the long cut hid the curving train.

But on this particular day Aunt Hannah's heart almost stood still in her ample bosom. For the Overland came into sight, running more and more slowly, and finally coming to a laboring, clanking stop almost at her very door.

Such a thing had never happened before, and Aunt Hannah was filled with wordless excitement. Something had happened at last! Uncle Ezra was sitting around near the house, keeping a watchful eye upon old Dobbin, the white horse, which was patiently walking never-ending miles in the treadmill which pumped water for the house and garden and the neighboring orchard of young orange trees.

Aunt Hannah speedily informed him of the great event, and Uncle Ezra, as wonderful as she, walked down to the railroad track to see what might be wrong.

Aunt Hannah, from the porch, heard him say hospitably to the conductor: "Why, yes, we've got a telephone. Come right in an' use it."

And in a few moments that wonderful creature—the blue-uniformed, brass-buttoned conductor of the Overland—was standing on Aunt Hannah's bright rag carpet and talking in crisp, curt, masterly tones to some unseen delinquent at the city ten miles behind. It appeared that some one had blundered.

The passengers swarmed out of the cars and wandered aimlessly along the track. Then the women and children began to stray into Aunt Hannah's front yard, looking with genuine tourist curiosity at every little commonplace thing that met their eager gaze. For this was a trainload of brand-new tenderfeet from the far East, most of whom were stopping upon California soil for the first time in their lives.

Aunt Hannah was radiant and overflowing with hospitality. Before ten minutes had passed she had discovered an old lady from her own town in Iowa, and a young lady from Boston who had known a second cousin of Ezra's first wife's nephew or some such near relative. Aunt Hannah was in her element. Every rocking chair she pos-

sessed and every straight-backed one as well, she brought out into the front yard under the great drooping pepper tree, and her unexpected guests sat around and asked highly intelligent questions of every official they could waylay. Noon came, and the long train stood powerless to move. Unaccustomed rivulets of perspiration trickled down the portly conductor's face as he walked up and down in ill-concealed impatience.

Aunt Hannah's hospitable soul expanded. "I'll fry every egg on the place," she said, "and steep that five pounds of coffee I've just got, and cut up the six loaves of bread I baked yesterday, and open every glass of jelly I've got, but these women and children shan't go hungry!"

So she bustled indoors and tied on her second-best white apron, made a fire and set things going in her usual capable way. "Land!" she said. "It's a long time since I had such a run of company! Of course, they could get their dinner on the train, but mebbe good home cookin' 'll taste good to 'em. Anyway, it wouldn't look right for me an' Ezra to set down and eat an' not ask 'em!"

The young lady from Boston tied on Aunt Hannah's very best white apron, beautifully ironed and smelling of old-fashioned lavender, and carried plates and cups and forks and spoons out to the waiting travelers under the great pepper tree.

And when Aunt Hannah's famous coffee began to send forth its enticing fragrance, one by one the men came.

appreciation, and then they all ran toward the cars and scrambled aboard.

Aunt Hannah, looking and feeling twenty years younger, stood on the porch and watched the long train as it got into motion and slowly pulled out, waiting her white apron in response to a score of waving handkerchiefs, and could scarcely see them for the tears which dimmed her kind eyes.

And thus she stood as the long train entered the cut and slowly disappeared from view.

She and Ezra began to carry the chairs into the house. Aunt Hannah was a little tremulous from excitement. "Ezra," she said, "when I wished this mornin' that something would happen I didn't really want the Overland should break down, but I'm awful glad it did!"

"My! My! I don't know when I ever did have such a good time! And, Ezra, here's \$27 that conductor took up in his cap. What in mercy's name, can I do with so much money? Oh, I know! I know! I'll pay Ella's fare out here—Ella's and the baby's! Seems like I ought to use it some way like that, seeing my opposition restaurant took a lot of customers away from the dining car on the Overland!"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Her Magic Word.

"I want some black silk galloon," said the shopper in the big department store to her companion. "Where do you suppose I can find it?"

"Ask the doorwalker," said the West Side woman.

"Oh, he's too haughty. He'll simply wave his hand vaguely and tell us something about the number of rooms over, and we'll have to hunt for it ourselves anyway."

"I'll ask him."

In a moment she returned, accompanied by the doorwalker, all smiles and attention. He gallantly escorted them to the right counter, called a saleswoman, and instructed her to give the ladies careful attention, and then bowed himself away with magnificent salutations.

"How did you do it?" gasped the shopper.

"I said to him: 'You are the floor manager, aren't you? He became my slave at once. I never say 'doorwalker.' In the first place, I don't like the term myself, and I should think it would be rather offensive to any man. So why should I inflict it on him? Manager sounds much better, is fully as accurate, and—you see—it certainly makes a much more effective appeal."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Art in Spanish Bank Notes.

To baffle the counterfeiters who are both numerous and cunning in Madrid, the Bank of Spain has pursued the policy of changing its notes with great frequency and retiring each issue as fast as possible, says the New York Sun.

The bank has now determined on a new plan. It has placed an order for a series of notes with an English concern and it will rely for safety upon a special color process. In addition the notes are to present pictures of well known buildings in Spain, executed with a perfection that will defy counterfeiting.

"The pictures are to be so beautiful that amateurs will be tempted to frame them," says one Spanish newspaper. "Hardly," rejoins another, "the cost of the set will be 1,675 pesetas, you see." To the Spanish mind \$38.50 is a great deal of money.

Filled the Bill.

It is better sometimes to know what not to do than to be possessed of all the positive information of the universe. Thus was the boy of the Philadelphia Press story wise beyond his years.

"Are you after the job as office boy?" asked the merchant.

"Sure!" replied the youngster.

"Any previous experience?"

"No, sir, nothing previous about me an' I don't whistle."

"Hang up your hat!"

Then the Quarrel Ceased.

They were having the usual family quarrel. As was also usual, she could not convince him that she knew where she argued.

"Didn't I go to school, stupid?" he screamed, dear, you did," he replied calmly. "Yes, and you came back stupid!"—The Bohemian.

At last the conductor wiped his streaming brow and shouted "All aboard!" and Aunt Hannah's beautiful party was over. There were hurried handshakes, and one or two impulsive hugs and kisses for Aunt Hannah, many cheery words of thanks and

## SUBSTITUTES FOR TOBACCO.

Many of Them Have a Deleterious Effect Upon Health of Smoker.

How would you enjoy a pipeful of wood shavings saturated with a strong solution of pepper as an after-dinner smoke? Strange as this may seem for a substitute for tobacco, it is, nevertheless used as such by Indians along the Alaskan coast, says Health. Their mouths are often made raw by the practice, and the eyesight of many is affected by the strong fumes.

It is no uncommon practice among farmers to smoke the leaves of the tomato and potato plants. While these plants both contain a narcotic poison, the smoking of leaves in moderation is harmless. Excessive use, though, produces a heavy stupor from which the smoker awakes with a terrible headache and a feeling of utter exhaustion. Insanity and suicide have often been caused by the immoderate use of these low weeds.

Rhubarb, beet and even garden sage leaves are all smoked by farmers, but are perhaps the least harmful of substitutes for tobacco.

In Jamaica "ganjah," a variety of Indian hemp, is smoked by all classes with terrible results. It is stated that it was this weed that was used by the leaders of the Indian motiny to drive the sepoys into the passions of raging mania which they exhibited during the campaign.

"Coltsfoot tobacco" is smoked by the rustics in small country places in England and is called by them "the finest remedy on earth for catarrh." It is simply a powdered form of the leaves of the common coltsfoot, a plant found growing wild in chalky soil, although some say that it is injurious to the eyes, and it certainly does relieve difficult breathing.

In Sweden a weed found growing in the hills, known as mountain tobacco, is smoked in great quantities. Like "coltsfoot tobacco," it is powdered before using and causes the smoker to become a mental and physical wreck. Dried holly leaves, the bark of the willow tree and leaves of the stag's horn sumach are all smoked by the American Indians and are the least harmful of the substitutes for tobacco.

"Indian tobacco" or the leaf of a kind of lobelia is smoked extensively and is extremely poisonous. "Tombeke," another species of the lobelia largely used in Asia, is smoked in a water pipe and produces a decidedly unpleasant odor. Those who smoke it regularly become intensely nervous and are subject to curious hallucinations.

ADOLISH THE GRAND JURY.

CITIZENS of Wisconsin are reported as being well pleased with the operation of the law abolishing the grand jury system. Under the new law information can be laid before the prosecuting attorney, who gives the accused a chance to be heard, and if the facts seem to warrant further proceedings, a preliminary hearing is held before a competent court.

The meritorious feature of the system is that it does away with the ex parte methods which are characteristic of grand jury investigation. To brand a man as a suspected criminal by means of an indictment, without permitting him to make a defense, is unjust and harmful.

It may be contended that the Wisconsin law lodges too much power in one man, the prosecutor, who, if he be a venal man, might defeat justice and permit rogues to escape punishment. But this criticism is not sound. For even under our grand jury system the prosecutor possesses extraordinary influence. He conducts the examination of witnesses, and in most cases the jury acts on his recommendations. If he were unfaithful to his trust or in league with evil-doers, he could make a farce of the hearing, or, failing in that, could draw defective indictments or afterward be so indifferent in his prosecution of the accused as to insure an acquittal.

But nearly every community can cite examples where grave injustice has been worked through ex parte hearings before grand juries, and the marvel is that the people have so long endured the institution. Sentiment against it has grown rapidly during the last few years, and the experience of Wisconsin should hasten the day when the grand jury will be discarded by every State in the Union.—Toledo Blade.

ILLITERACY IN THE UNITED STATES.

A MERICANS are accustomed to regard their country as one of universal education, where illiteracy, at least among natives, is virtually unknown.

In view of that fact, some figures collected by the American Journal of Education are instructive. They show that the United States is one of the most illiterate civilized nations in the world.

According to the census of 1900, 107 persons in every 1,000 in this country were illiterate—that is to say, they were persons ten years old or older who were unable to write in any language. Thus one person in every nine of ten years and older is illiterate. But see how this compares with England, Scotland or Holland, where only one person in forty is illiterate. In Switzerland one person in 166 cannot write, in Denmark one in 500, in Sweden and Norway one in 1,250, and in Germany illiteracy is virtually unknown. The ratio in 1903 among all the army recruits was one in 2,500, and illiteracy is probably less among the German people generally than among these recruits.

These facts, as the Journal of Education says, are not such as to give Americans reason for pride. Nor can

AN APPARITION.

In the old days, when Boston, through her "plain living and high thinking," was earning the laudatory titles that have clung to her ever since, a certain woman of advanced intellect and character, who may be called Miss Elizabeth Amory Pelham, came into town from one of the suburbs to hear a lecture on an abstruse topic. Her friend and schoolmate, Mrs. Wellman, who was a brusque, lovable body, neither intellectual nor ambitious of being thought so, also went to the lecture, chiefly because everybody else was going.

About 9 o'clock there came up a storm so violent that the lecturer and his audience had to go home in a deluge. Miss Pelham stood in the vestibule of the hall, talking to Mrs. Wellman, and lamenting that she must drive home that night, especially as she had to be in Boston early the next day to give a talk on physical culture.

"Why do you go?" asked Mrs. Wellman. "Come round and stay with me."

"But you're crowded," objected Miss Pelham. "You've just been saying your house is full."

"Oh, so it is, in a way; but I'll put you in Lavinia's bed. She's only 9, you know, and not very big, and she's been sound asleep now for hours. She won't know you're there till morning."

Her friend accepted gratefully, and in due time crept into bed with Lavinia.

The next morning, while Mrs. Wellman, who was destitute of "help," stood coaxing her kitchen fire, a little white figure flew into the room and landed itself upon her. It was Lavinia, no longer asleep.

"O mother," she gasped, "there's something dreadful in the room! It's tall and big and it's got great long arms, and it keeps waving them and waving them over its head, just like a windmill, and it's awful!"

Mrs. Wellman pushed her away, and shot a sulky damper into place.

"Go right along back and get dressed," she commanded. "That's nothing but Elizabeth Amory Pelham taking her physical exercises."

NEW STYLE OF DINNER CARD.

Flower Rack Upon Which Reposes a Card with Name of the Guest.

For even an informal luncheon or dinner guest cards at each plate do much to facilitate the seating of the different members of the party, says the New York Times. Even the most clever hostess will frequently forget at the last moment just where she has decided that each guest would find the most congenial neighbor, and a mistake of this sort might have really serious consequences were there any reason why any two persons should be separated, while it would be a pity for two persons who had been carefully chosen out for each other beforehand to be placed by mistake at opposite ends of the table. When she is constantly entertaining, however, albeit in an informal manner, elaborate dinner cards will come to quite an item in the course of the winter, yet it must be acknowledged that there is nothing especially pretty about the plain gilt-edged card, and certainly it does nothing to make the table more attractive.

A new style of dinner card lately brought over from Paris is certainly ingenious, for not only does it answer all requirements from an economical standpoint, but it also adds much to the effect of the table.

This little novelty, consisting of a tiny wire rack on the order of a tripod or miniature artist's easel, with one leg in the back and two in front, and a tiny rack to hold the cards. Tied or wired to this small rack is a tiny cluster of artificial flowers made with the perfection only attained by French workmen, which completely cover the wire stand, while on the rack reposes an ordinary pasteboard card with the name of the guest inscribed upon it. The flowers may be changed according to the decoration of the table—roses, marguerites, ferns, carnations, etc.—and if desired fresh flowers may be tied to the rack with bright-colored ribbon, and for a large luncheon or dinner this little ornamentation will do much to help out the picture given by the flowers, crystal, gold and silver.

These little racks could be quite easily made with soft copper wire, and the few clusters of artificial flowers would cost little or nothing and would be delightfully easy to make up. The dinner cards are but a small item and altogether make quite a charming addition to the table; but the hostess had better be watchful lest these card racks be taken away as souvenirs, as is said to have happened once in the case of individual silver salt cellars when they were first introduced.

BOAT-RACE IN THE EAST.

The American and the British university crews are not the only crack oarsmen who send their racing craft shooting through the water to the cheers of a watching, excited throng. The Burmese boat races on the Irrawaddy are no less worth watching than those of the Thames or Hudson. Sir James Scott gives a description of one of these events in his book on Burma.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the sun still beats fiercely on the mile-and-a-half stretch of river above and below My-an-oung. The whole population of the town is out, and excited family parties from scores of villages about are gathered on the banks of the Irrawaddy. Girls wearing the brightest of silk handkerchiefs, young men scrupulous as to the set of their turbans, and staid old men and women all crowd together in bustle, excitement and anticipation.

October has come, and with it the time for boat-racing. My-an-oung has challenged Thok-kna, the hitherto unconquered champions of the low country.

The goal of a Burmese boat-race is a curious affair. At the point of finish a long bamboo is anchored in the stream. A boat is stretched across its bows, and through this is run a rattan which projects a few inches from its mouth. Each of the boats has its own side on which to pass, and as it rushes by, the bow oarsman drops his oar, rises, snatches at the rattan, and pulls out the long cane. Sometimes both get it at the same time; then the boats upset, but the bowsman who has presence of mind to stick to the rattan wins.

In this particular race one boat, that of My-an-oung, is decorated with the figure of a peacock; its rival bears the sign of three fair flowers. The crew of the former is young, a fine, strong lot. The other crew is older, with muscles of steel. The boats are fifty feet long, but draw only a few inches of water.

The boats take their places and a hush falls on the crowd. It is necessary to propitiate the guardian spirits of the river with volute offerings. In the stern of each boat crouches a man, holding a bunch of plantains, cooked rice, flowers and betel for the water gods. This is a precaution which must not be omitted, or there is no knowing what disaster may befall.

Now the boats start and the bustle and din begin once more. Everybody is talking and shouting. The Peacock gains. The trainer of the Three Fair Flowers lets out a yell, and that boat spurts ahead of its rival. The people of My-an-oung are in despair. Old women tear their scanty hair, girls rush to the water's edge, and the young men and boys rush into the river up to their necks.

Oo-ohh, the old trainer of the Peacock, shaking as if in palsy, shrieks, "Yonk-ya!" The crew quicken their stroke and the boat shoots toward the goal. Both bows throw down their paddles at the same time and catch at the vantage. The Peacock's man comes up triumphant, bearing the long cane, and My-an-oung is happy. The great boat race is over and the Peacock has won.

Not Eligible.

"Didn't that new nurse come that I engaged for little Murtimer?" asked Mr. De Style.

"Yes," replied Mrs. De Style, "but she wouldn't do. She had nothing but blue dresses to wear, and blue, you know, is only for girl babies; pink is for boys!"—Philadelphia Press.

One Short.

She asked him if he was the photographer. He said he was.

She asked him if he took children's pictures. He said he did.

She asked him how much he charged. He said, "Four dollars a dozen."

"Then I'll have to go somewhere else," she replied; "I only have eleven."—Success Magazine.

Revenge.

"It took you an awfully long time to pull that fellow's tooth," said the assistant.

"Yes," answered the dentist grimly. "He married the girl I loved!"

Shake the hand of some men, and you shake a secret out of 'em.

Always Honest, According to Lecturer Who Lived Among Them.

At the regular meeting of the Social center of No. 14 school held recently, Col. Samuel P. Moulthrop gave an address on "The American Indian," says the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle. Mr. Moulthrop took with him some Indian relics and presented a series of lantern slides, many of which he had prepared himself.

Mr. Moulthrop explained in detail the condition of the American Indians before the colonization of white men in this country. They should not be called American Indians, said the speaker, but simply Americans, for the name was given them by the first explorers and they were the only true Americans in point of fact. If the discovery of America had been delayed 1,000 years the Indians would have been as far advanced in civilization as the people of the old world, said the speaker. He said that many of the Indian tribes who lived in the western part of New York State had been thoroughly organized for many centuries; the confederation of the five nations claiming to be over 1,000 years, while the tribe known as the Iroquois was 300 years old.

Mr. Moulthrop told of a visit he had paid to one of the elections of the Indian tribes and said what he noticed particularly was that the women vote. This has always been the custom among the Indians, he said, and the vote of one woman against a man proposed for the office of chief is sufficient to throw that man out of the running.

One of the best characteristics of the Indian was his honesty, he continued, and this was true in spite of the many assertions to the contrary. He gave several instances he had known personally to illustrate this fact. The speaker then called attention to the relics on the table beside him; many of which were works of art coming from the tribes in the great Southwest.

Bungle's Bad Break.

Mr. Bungle always takes a deep and sympathetic interest in the welfare of his fellow man. While out for a stroll one day he met a friend, who seemed in a great hurry.

"Hold on, Jones," said Bungle, grabbing his friend's arm. "Why this rush?"

"Bungle," said Jones, removing his hat and wiping his brow, "I'm hotfooting it to a specialist. I believe my brain is affected."

Mr. Bungle, to allay the fears of his friend and show the customary commiseration, said jovially:

"Pshaw, Jones, you shouldn't worry about such a little thing as that."

"Wh-hat?"

"I mean you shouldn't let such a little thing as your brain—that is, Mr. Jones, you shouldn't get so excited over nothing—of course—ah, good day, Mr. Jones!"—Bohemian.

At the Museum.

"See that toad? It was buried for more than a thousand years in solid rock. What do you suppose it would say if it could speak?"

"If it overheard you it probably would say that you are a toad."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Charity always has a multitude of sinners.

## Editorials

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

we excuse ourselves on the ground that we receive great numbers of immigrants from the less intelligent peoples of Europe, for in many States illiterates of native parentage outnumber those whose parents were born in foreign lands. In the State of New York in 1900 there were 18,000 illiterates of foreign birth, but 29,500 who were born in this country. Moreover, in the large cities, where our foreign population is most largely concentrated, the percentage of illiteracy is lower than in cities of 25,000 or less, and in the large cities it is no greater than in the country districts.

Iowa and Nebraska lead all the States in education, having only twenty-three illiterates per thousand. Kansas is next, with Washington, Utah, Oregon, Ohio, Wyoming, Minnesota, Illinois, Michigan, Colorado, Indiana, Idaho and Wisconsin following in the order named. Illinois has forty-two per thousand. The other extreme is represented by Louisiana, which has 385 per thousand.—Chicago Journal.

UNIFYING THE LAWS.

EVERY growing institution, from a family up to a nation, finds it necessary now and then to undertake a process of rearrangement, of simplification, or of elimination of unnecessary articles or customs which were useful once, but have become useless or even obstructive. A growing country takes on new duties to the public, establishes new bureaus, and is placed under new laws as the occasion arises for such laws. By and by, as these things are done one by one, and not always with due regard for what has been done previously, there are inconsistencies and even conflicts between the haphazard additions. Then the legislature undertakes the work of amplifying and codifying the laws.

Congress engages in this task from time to time, taking one general class of laws on each occasion. At one time it goes carefully through all the laws relating to the army and its government, and brings into harmony all the statutes passed in more than a century. At another time it takes up the coinage laws and unifies them. During the last few weeks it has been codifying the criminal laws.

Many inconsistencies and not a few conflicting provisions had crept into the statutes. A committee of both houses of Congress sat during the recess and presented a single bill which covers the entire criminal law of the general government. In all similar cases it employs similar phrases which the courts have interpreted, simplifies the language used and makes it more concise, drops provisions that have become obsolete, and in general makes the law what it should have been if all the several parts of it had been passed at one time.

The national criminal law not only has force in the territories, and in forts, navy yards and other places under the exclusive jurisdiction of the United States, but it extends to offenses against national banks, the post office, and any department of the government and any company chartered by act of Congress.—Youth's Companion.

HABITS OF INDIAN TRIBES.

Always Honest, According to Lecturer Who Lived Among Them.

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Mr. Moulthrop explained in detail the condition of the American Indians before the colonization of white men in this country. They should not be called American Indians, said the speaker, but simply Americans, for the name was given them by the first explorers and they were the only true Americans in point of fact. If the discovery of America had been delayed 1,000 years the Indians would have been as far advanced in civilization as the people of the old world, said the speaker. He said that many of the Indian tribes who lived in the western part of New York State had been thoroughly organized for many centuries; the confederation of the five nations claiming to be over 1,000 years, while the tribe known as the Iroquois was 300 years old.

Mr. Moulthrop told of a visit he had paid to one of the elections of the Indian tribes and said what he noticed particularly was that the women vote. This has always been the custom among the Indians, he said, and the vote of one woman against a man proposed for the office of chief is sufficient to throw that man out of the running.

One of the best characteristics of the Indian was his honesty, he continued, and this was true in spite of the many assertions to the contrary. He gave several instances he had known personally to illustrate this fact. The speaker then called attention to the relics on the table beside him; many of which were works of art coming from the tribes in the great Southwest.

Bungle's Bad Break.

Mr. Bungle always takes a deep and sympathetic interest in the welfare of his fellow man. While out for a stroll one day he met a friend, who seemed in a great hurry.

"Hold on, Jones," said Bungle, grabbing his friend's arm. "Why this rush?"

"Bungle," said Jones, removing his hat and wiping his brow, "I'm hotfooting it to a specialist. I believe my brain is affected."

Mr. Bungle, to allay the fears of his friend and show the customary commiseration, said jovially:

"Pshaw, Jones, you shouldn't worry about such a little thing as that."

"Wh-hat?"

"I mean you shouldn't let such a little thing as your brain—that is, Mr. Jones, you shouldn't get so excited over nothing—of course—ah, good day, Mr. Jones!"—Bohemian.

At the Museum.

"See that toad? It was buried for more than a thousand years in solid rock. What do you suppose it would say if it could speak?"

"If it overheard you it probably would say that you are a toad."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Charity always has a multitude of sinners.

Shake the hand of some men, and you shake a secret out of 'em.