POHN H. RHAM, . . . Poh

Pay as you go, but try to save enough to get back on.

Somehow, the majority of our good habits never get found ont.

Oan you name the seven candidates for Vice President without going to the

hewspaper files?

Nine thousand tallors go on strike In New York, thereby adding 1,000 men to the army of the unemployed.

When a girl is not sure whether she loves a fellow or not it means that there is another one hovering near.

Nothing has been heard lately conperning Mrs. Hetty Green. The probability is that she has gone to saving her money again.

Few sea serpents have been seen this year. This may be due to the prohibition movement which has been spreading across the land.

Caruso says he is glad his wife has aloped, as she was not "up to expectaone." He is evidently a convert to the trial marriage idea.

Add highly technical decisions to technical statutes, and the way of the transgressor becomes a path of pleasantness and comfort. It is idle talk of coming trouble be-

King Edward and the kaiser kiss each other whenever they meet? Castro regrets that there are not

tween England and Germany. Don't

more nations to quarrel with. That day is dull which does not bring him a new complication with the powers.

The rule forbidding tourists in the Yellowstone Park the right to carry weapons ought to be broadened and extended so that it shall apply to band-

Mrs. Jack Gardner surely is old enough to know that the makers of rare old tapestries in this country ical, social, psychological, analytical should be protected from the rulnous competition of old world artisans.

Richard Harding Davis has started a campaign to keep waste paper from littering up the streets. Which shows that some authors, at least, have a proper sense of their responsibility to the public.

A London shop girl crossed the Atlantic, remained in New York thirty minutes and then hurrled back to London. Probably she did not like to keep the customer waiting any longer for the

A New York walter has refused a liberal tip on the ground that he did est, of stimulation in the higher branchnot need the money. His fellow wait-es of contemporary fiction, and is not he the court of last resort? It is a threaten to expel him from h for unethical conduct. He might have given the money to charity or started a fund for an old walters' home.

"Vodka" bottles in Russia carry the imperial eagle on the labels—the "vodka" trade is a government monopolybut a commission of the Duma, appointed to consider the drink evil, has big dogs." lately recommended that the eagle be removed from the label, and a skull and crossbones be put in its place, with | mentative man, squaring around. appropriate warnings against the use of the poison.

Israel Zangwill, the British novelist, has added a novel problem to the woman suffrage question. Mrs. Humphrey Ward opposes votes for women. Mr. Zangwill finds that the reason for this is that as a novelist she has discovered and analyzed the weakness of her sex, and he replies that as a male novelist he has learned the "boundless vanity, selfishness, and hysterical emotionalism" of men. He concludes that his sex is utterly unfitted to be trusted with power. A question is raised here which readers of novels may answer for themselves. Do male writers idealize women, and do women fictionists idealize catching frogs with a small landing net, men? Did not Thackeray expound the It was slow work, for the frogs were nimvanity of woman as well as worship his | ble and exceedingly shy, but whenever saints in musiln? And did not George he succeeded in capturing one he made Eliot make Maggie Tuiliver more of a sure that it did not get away by puthero than Tom?

From the days of Herodotus and Marco Polo, travel has been recognized as an educative and civilizing experience. A year on the Continent of Europe is considered the best possible "fluishing" course for English and froggles?" American youth whose parents can afford it; but it is not so commonly perceived that a great and valuable advance is steadily going on in this country by virtue of the interchange of vis-Hors between North and South and East and West. It is a commonplace that the United States presents great diversity of climate, and that it has been peopled from many different nations, of widely varying habits of life and thought. Such a diversity of ele- the man who has a taste for the odd. ments united in one national entity would be a great source of weakness were it not for the constant travel for which Americans are noted. Much of this is due to the annual conventions of national organizations. The Christian Endeavor Society, the National Educational Association, the Grand Army, and many other bodies meet once . year, each time in a new place; and special railroad rates induce large numbers to visit cities which they might otherwise never see. The local pride of those who act as hosts insures a full appreciation of whatever is of interest in the surroundings; and the interchange of hospitality draws people from the different sections more closely together, and gives them an opportunity to broaden their outlook and get new points of view. In a smaller way, hundreds of trade associations and fraternal orders are doing the same thing for their members. The influence of it is bly greater than any one can see. demonstrated the fact that hospitality is not the exclusive possession

Dakota County Herald of any one section; that communities which differ widely in their views on many matters may each have good reasons for the faith that is in them, and in the end it will greatly help to form

and foster a feeling of natio & wolldarity. Even the gain in mere geographical knowledge-is somethine "I have seen wonderful crops of corn and wheat in my country," said a recent Western visitor to the New England coast, "but this is the first time I have ever seen rocks growing out of the water."

According to a New York literary journal, a leading American publisher who has always had a fair number of first-rate and successful novels on his lists of new books has this year decided to exclude fiction altogether from his plans for the coming season. He holds that as an art fiction is nearing exhaustion and death, and that not only the discriminating public but the norelists themselves are conscious of this remarkable fact. The publisher is quoted as saying that the trouble is not, as some have thought, with the make rial available. Life is rich and full of possible plots, and, as a matter of fact, novelists never had as much to say as they have just now. Only, "they have never said it so dully" and inartistically, and, therefore, readers will weary of sociological treatises in the form of novels, of psychological analysis, of clinical realism and minute description, and give up the modern novel entirely. In other words, fiction as an "art form" is in a decadent state and doomed to extinction. This agrees with an equally gloomy and semi-philosophical, "evolutional" view which a French critic put forward some time ago. No art form, he said, was permanent. The essay is practically dead, although futile attempts are occasionally made to revive it; the sennet is dead; the poetic drama is dead. What reason is there, then, for assuming that fiction is eternal? For his own part, he did not hesitate to predict its early disappearance. He contends that method, restraint, ferm, beauty, respect for tradition have Peen discarded by the novelists, and that their work, with few exceptions, is chaotic and nondescript, containing a little of everything but hardly anything that can be called art. In such pessimfstic and sweeping talk much depends on the definition of "art" or "form." We have heard that modern music is not art, and it is not strange to hear that polit-

If novelists claim greater freedom, are they not justified by the world's interest in their treatment of the questions that earlier novelists considered allen to art? As to the alleged duliness of modern fiction, what will the admirers

tion will be as vital and popular as it now is-which is saying a good deal. Sound Theory. "In choosing a boarding house," remarked the drug store philosopher, "always go where there are a couple of

"Because baying dogs are conducive to sleep, I suppose?" asked the argu-

novels are not "art." But is not the

conception of fiction, of art in fiction,

undergoing a change? Was not Shake-

speare-called a barbarian by the strict

artists of his day? Was not !bsen told

that his poetry was not really poetry?

of Mrs. Ward, of Mrs. Wharton, of

James, of Howells, of Conrad, of Hew-

lett, of Miss Sinclair, of a score of oth-

ers, say of the change? The general

reader finds plenty of charm, of inter-

safe guess that a generation hence fic

"No," replied the philosopher, "Listen: Dogs must be fed-and they are always willing. Scraps and left-over bits are their long suit. But where there are no dogs left-over bits accumulate. Is the thrifty landlady going to throw them away or is there going to

be hash?" It seemed to be a clincher, but the argumentative man had a say coming. "Whoever heard of a boarding house where there were a couple of big dogs?" he demanded. "And, anyway, hash is good stuff."-Kansas City Times.

Little Dick, the village "bad boy," was wading through a shallow swamp ting it in a tin bucket that had a perforated lid. He had just caught a fine specimen and transferred it to his bucket, when a young lady, who was out for a walk, happened along.

"Little boy," she said, "don't you know it's cruel to catch those poor little

Dick straightened up and looked at her. She wore a gorgeous "creation" on her head, and something in its trimmings attracted his attention.

"I want 'em to wear on my hat," he

Just Like the Rich Folks. "Marshall Field, Jay Gould and Pot

ter Palmer habitually carried only

small amounts in their pockets," said

"Well," responded his friend, "when I am gone you can truthfully say the same about me."-Washington Herald. The Lesser Evil.

"Of course," the tragedian was saying, "in the theatrical business a short run is bad----"But," interrupted the critic, "a good long walk is worse, isn't it?"-Ex-

change. The Retort Courteous.

Miss Homely-His conversation was so ridiculous I could hardly keep my countenance. Miss Flip-Why did you want to?-

Baltimore American. One Good Turn Deserves Another

"He is a most persistent wooer: he turns up at her house every evening." "Yes, and as often as he turns up she turns him down."-Houston Post

You may think you have a great many friends; how many would stick to you, and care for you lif you had smallpox? One?

## Breenenenenenenen Old Favorites \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

Casablanca. The boy stood on the burning deck, Whence all but him had fled; The flame that lit the battle's wreck

Yet beautiful and bright he stood, As born to rule the storm; A creature of heroic blood A proud though childlike form.

Shone round him o'er the dead.

The flames rolled on; he would not go Without his father's word; That father, faint, in death below, His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud, "Say, father, say, "If I may yet be gone!" He knew not that the chieftain lay Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried, "If I may yet be gone!" And but the booming shots replied, And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath, And in his waving hair, And looked from that lone post of death In still, yet brave despair :

And shouted but once more aloud, "My father! must I stay?" While o'er him fast through sail and shroud

They wrapt the ship in splendor wild, They caught the flag on high; And streamed above the gallant child Like banners in the sky.

The wreathing fires made way.

There came a burst of thunder sound; The boy. Oh, where was he? Ask of the winds that far around With fragments strewed the sea.

With shroud and mast and pennon fain That well had borne their part-But the noblest thing that perished there Was that young, faithful heart. -Felicia Hemans

Seven Times Four. Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups. Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall! When the wind wakes how they rock in the grasses, And dance with the cuckoo-bird slender

and small! Here's two bonny boys, and here's mother's own lasses, Eager to gather them all.

Helgh-ho! daisies and buttercups! Mother shall thread them a dalay chain ; Sing them a song of the pretty hedge-

sparrow, That loved her brown little ones, loved them full fain; Sing, "Heart, thou art wide, though the house be but narrow" Sing ofte, and sing it again,

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups, Sweet wagging cowslips, they bend and

A ship sails afar over warm ocean waters And haply one musing doth stand at her prow.

O, bonny brown sons, and O, sweet little daughters. Maybe he thinks on you now!

Heigh-ho! daisles and buttercups, yellow daffodils, stately and tall-A sunshiny world full of laughter and leisure.

And fresh hearts unconscious of sorrow and thrall! down on their pleasure smiles pass-

ing its measure, God that is over us all! -Jean Ingelow.

STAGE MASCOTS AND JONAHS.

Actress Chats of the Superstitions

and Fancles of Her Guild. "There are people who will tell you that superstition is dead and that in hese mater-of-fact days there is neither room nor time to pay heed to the trange fancies and beliefs so commonly held many years ago," says Grace Beorge.

"To a certain extent, perhaps, this is true, though I am inclined to think, all the same, that as far as actresses and actors are concerned superstition s still very much alive-and is thriving uncommonly well, too. Indeed, 'first night' superstitions on the stage are plentiful. The strangest one came unfer my notice last year in a certain play in which I was starring. A few ninutes before the 'call' I happened to e standing in the wings, when I espied the leading man engaged in tearng small pieces off a corner of the cenery, wearing the while an air as if to say, 'I am doing a good day's

"That is father an expensive sort of amusement to the management, isn't it? I said, as I saw scenery which had taken weeks to paint being mutilated. "'Expensive to the management? No. I'm doing them a real good turn,' replied the actor, 'for there is no more infallible way in the world of making a plece an out-and-out success than by touching up the scenery in this waybelieve me, I know.' Whether this muthating process had anything to do with it, I would not like to say, but the piece was a big success."-Denver Republican.

Mapmaking.

The earliest maps of which we have any knowledge were made in Egypt They were wooden tablets, on which were traced land and sea, roads, rivers, highways, etc. Marinus of Tyre. 150 A. D., was the first to attempt a map on scientific principles. The maps in use by the Greeks and Romans were fairly accurate, so far as they went, but those in use during the middle ages were slarmingly inaccurate. It is only within recent years, say since the middle of the last century, that it was nossible to make a complete and reliable map of the world, and even yet the best map is subject to slight changes .-New York American.

Looking for Work. "Why don't you go to work, instead of begging and boozing?" "I will, boss, as soon as there's an

openin' in my trade. An' I ain't got long to walt now, nuther." "What is your trade?" "I'm a trackwalker for aeroplane

lines." If you wait until you are called you may be too late for breakfast.



The grocer stopped half-way in tying up a package to wipe his streaming "If there was only a breath of air stirring I could make out to stand It," he said. "This is fierce."

"You ought to have been around here in the early days," remarked the oldest resident. "This ain't nothin'nothin' to speak of. I ain't what you might call felt the heat this summer."

"That must be a pleasant thought to you as you are approachin' your end," observed the grocer. "If you don't feel this you won't feel anything. You remind me of a piece that I read in the paper about a feller that died out in Arizony. He'd got used to the climate there an'-

"I remember my father readin' that piece when I was a little tad, knee high to a goslin'," said the oldest resident "I don't call this hot, anyway. I've plowed where Buckmeier's store is when it was a sight hotter than this."

"I s'pose you built you a fire out o ingers," said the grocer, sarcastically, "I ain't foolin'," said the oldest resident, with offended dignity. "You-may like this we wouldn't have thought nothin' of. Not at this time o' the rear.

prob'ly have noticed it," said the faces of the dead, were their pain-darkgrocer.

"Along about Christmas or New country it was hot in the summer an' cold in the winter. We had snow that 'ud cover the tops of the fences an' pack down hard so's you could sleigh inches thick on the drifts. There was lots of times that we'd wake up in the mornin' an' have to tunnel out to the barn to feed the stock-gopher right through. You don't get no such snows as that now." "I wish we could get one-now," said

the grocer. "I've et my breakfast with my mittens on the many a time," said the oldest resident, defiantly. "I've set up to the table with my cap pulled down over That morning as they lay waiting in my ears. No, it ain't as hot in the summer nor as cold in the winter as it used had seemed so good, so desirable a to be."

"How about the rain?" asked the gro cer. "Is the rain as wet as what it

"We had more rain, too," declared the oldest resident. "It rained harder an' oftener. I've rowed a skiff all around where these streets are in the spring. I had a skiff I built out of some planks that was sawed by hand. What have you got to say about that?"

"Nothin'," replied the grocer. "You're an old man an' a customer o' mine." "You don't believe that it got any hotter than this," said the oldest resident. "I know what's the matter with you. If you'd been here in the summer o' '63 or '64 you'd have said it was hot. about It."

"I may be imagining this, o' course." admitted the grocer. "What makes it seem more real, though, is the way that there thermometer is registerin' an' the way I'm a drippin' with sweat. I s'pose you're right, though. All these buildin's around here shuts off the hot air that you used to get. You didn't have nothin' to protect you in the early

day. "I haven't got it figgered out why, but It's so," persisted the oldest resident. "It's funny," said the grocer. "I guess it will keep a-goin' on this way gettin' colder in the summer an' warmer in the winter until we won't get no kind o' weather at all the year 'round, not to speak of it gettin' colder in the winter an' warmer in the summer back in '63 or '64 all the time."

"You jest don't believe me," said the oldest resident. "That's all there is to lt."--Chicago Dally News.

His Only Resource.

It used to be the rule in the navy that officers were required to defray thing for those who were young and ble with them. The boy stirred in his traveling expenses out of their own brave and strong. He had watched slumber, mouned and awoke. funds, and upon reporting at the new their colonel ride up and down and In the distance a shadow seemed to station they were reimbursed from the thought that some day he, too, might detach itself from the other shadows, United States treasury after the usual sit a horse and wear a gleaming gold to move forward, to become a distinct delay incident to "red tape." Unless eagle upon his shoulder . . . and shape. And presently one could discern officers had money put by it proved ex- now it was twilight and the battle was the rude outline of a human figure tremely embarrassing to have to meet fought and won and he was lying here bowed beneath a heavy burden. Nearthe expenses of a long journey. Naval on the damp, cool sod with a ragged er and nearer it came, and now there officers tell of an incident that occurred hole in his breast, from which the could be no mistake. It was the old some years ago, when a notably im- warm blood trickling down had stained negro with his backload of canteens. pecunious officer on duty in New York his blue coat darkly with crimson. received orders to proceed to Sitkn to The gray-haired colonel had fallen with foin one of the ships of the Bering sea a word of command on his lips. Many old man saw him and hurried forward. patrol squadron. The officer, who had a cheek had paled as he went down no ready money and could not persuade and for an instant the whole regiment any of his (riends to make him a loan, faltered visibly. Then on-on as one wrote a long letter to the Secretary of man, straight against the solid wall of the Navy, asking to be relieved of his gray. How they fought! Like gods orders or to be furnished with money rather than men. The boy felt a slight o defray his traveling expenses. The stir along his feeble pulses at the re-Secretary saw in the letter an attempt membrance. At first the enemy had to get out of unpleasant duty, and a stood immovable, sternly resisting. peremptory telegram ordered the officer Then little by little they fell back o proceed at once. He obeyed, first tel. every inch of ground yielded a forced egraphing as follows:

they broke into confusion and victory "Have proceeded in obedience to orders on foot. Next address, Harrisburg." Needless to say, upon his arrival in

Harrisburg he found a telegram au. forth fire and smoke and destruction, the loud shouts of command, the shrill horizing him to draw travel money in frightened neigh of the horses, the advance.-Lippincott's Magazine. groans of the smitten, and above all the The Allotment of Benefits. thin, clear notes of the bugle lifting "You believe in the greatest good for themselves out of the confusion of

the greatest number, do you not?" said sounds—one moment to be keenly alive the altruist. "Yes," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. But this is a mercenary age. The darkness with a bullet in one's breast! greatest number doesn't count unless It has a dollar mark in front of it."-

Jilted.

She jilted him but he could not

Washington Star.

Forget her; no poor man; The gifts he'd made her he had bought On the installment plan. -Hoston Transcript People make fun of parades, but we aotice everyone drops his work and

runs to the door when one goes past. A girl seldom maps out a career until after she has been disappointed in love from escaping down his cheeks.

MORNING-GLORIES.

There are passion flowers for plucking, with the nails and thorny cross, There are pansles golden-hearted, there are asphodels and gorse, And the roses droop and becken, sweet as sunshine after rain. But the early morning-glories, can they bloom for us again?

We have sought for wealth and honor, we have piled our trophies high, Dust and ashes, gems and laurels, but we pass unheeding by. All along the weary highway, and upon the wind-swept shore, We are seeking morning-giorles; will they bloom for us no more?

Oh, above the gracious hilltops and beyond the noon's red giare, Where the river smiles its welcome in the quiet evening air. On the brows of loved and sainted, in the music of their strain, O ye purple morning-glories; ye shall bloom for us again.

## After the Battle

The heat and passion and strife of the day had passed and now the cool, gray twillight was creeping down the Maryland hills and across the meadows, old negro bending under the weight of brush to thew out the ends of your stained and scarred with battle. Along the river the night-birds were already were toothless, his gray wool protrudbeginning to call in soft, plaintive notes ed in tufts through the ragged crown to one another; the wind sighed wear- of his hat, he mumbled when he spoke think that ain't so, but it is. A day lly among the reeds and tall sedge and his eyes rolled frightfully, but to ETHEROS.

Yet, sadder to hear than wind or bird, of mercy. vere the moans of the wounded who.u "If it had come to 92 in the shade that last wild charge had left behind; along Christmas or New Year's you'd sadder even to see than the still white ened eyes lifted in mute appeal to the sky while they walted with keen ang-Year's it was cold," said the oldest wish of mind and body for the sunrise resident. "When I first come to this of this world or the dawning of the

next. The young spring moon hung low in the west, where the last faint crimson a folded paper or two, scraps of homeglow was paling and one who watched ride over it. There'd be a crust six her thought wistfully that even so she must hang above the pine-clad mountains of his beloved Vermont.

He was only a boy. Something of the trusting innocence of his childish years still lingered in his eyes and about his pale young mouth. But the look of joyous freedom that should have one side and closed his eyes, been there too was lacking. Instead been there too was lacking. Instead were great weariness and pain and longing.

Only a boy, and this his first battle.

"Watah, massa-watah?" He looked up. Standing beside him was the wretchedly-clad figure of an a back-load of canteens. His jaws the wounded boy he looked a very angel

"Yes," he said faintly. The old man stooped with difficulty,

lifted the canteen and swung it upon his shoulders "Walt," the boy whispered, "I will

Day you."

"HIS SISTER'S GAY LAUGH RINGS IN HIS EARS."

accession, until, wavering, uncertain,

But, ah, the hiss of the bullets, the

sullen growl of the cannon belching

to all this, the next to fall in the midst

of sudden, rushing, overwhelming

A single star came out beside the

He let it fall despairingly and closed

was again in the hands of the north.

The boy waved his hand and tried to

shout. It seemed an eternity before the

"Dat you, Massa?" he mumbled. "I'se

been a-lookin' fo' yo'. 'Pears lak l

couldn' des' recomember which uns wuz

yo', ennyhow. Heah's yo' watah." He

fumbled among the canteens and finally

lowered one. The boy drank eagerly,

and while he was yet drinking the ne

. . . . . . .

light on the battle field. The sweet

spring night had settled noiselessly

down and the wind blowing lightly

across the water brought faint, cool, de-

licious odors from the fresh mendows

beyond. The boy lay with face up-

turned to the sky, across which the

milky way trailed its filmy length. He

had been trying to count the stars one

by one, but the effort had made him

drowsy, and he now lay in a gentle lan-

guor that was neither sleeping nor

The day, with its exciting scenes,

had faded from his mind. He saw

only the rugged mountains of Vermont.

and the pretty white village nestling in

waking.

moon-a tiny point of light that the valley through which the wild little

trembled timidly against the opalescent river hurried on its way to the sea.

west. So still was it that one could Always splashing, foaming, bubbling,

hear the waters of the river lapping and yet the boys knew of many a good

moistened his parched lips with his shadow of the overhanging willows.

feverish tongue. Then he felt about And the long quiet street where the old

for his canteen, found it and lifted it men and children gathered in the cool

feebly. It was empty and yet it had of the day, and the brown schoolhouse

lazily against the stones. The boy swimming hole along its banks in the

And now the star shine was the only

He drew forth a little worn morocce purse and tried to open it, but it slipped from his fingers. The old man unfastened the simple clasp. Within were letters maybe, a lock of silken brown hair lightly sprinkled with gray and a single gold dollar. The boy put the money into the negro's reluctant hand. "Take it," he said, "and bring the

water soon-oh, very soon." The old man shambled awkwardly away and the boy dropped his head to

Deep purple shadows began to drift across the battlefield. The line of woods beyond the river became little more than a dark blur upon the landscape the trenches, every faculty alert, life Another star came out, another and another still until the sky was all a-trem-

floor; and his mother's house, with the orchard and well sweep, and his mother herself with her pure, pale face and silken brown bair lightly sprinkled with gray. Poor mother, how lonely she must be to-night without her boy! He could see her as of old sitting in her little low hair, with the shaded lamp ble beside her and the Bible open it are lap. And Edith, his bright, tall sister, whom he had always thought more beautiful than anyone he had ever seen, she would be kneeling at the window with her folded arms upon the low, broad sill and her head upon her arms, gazing out into the night and thinking of him. Now the years swing suddenly backward, and he was a little child again at home. The late northern springtime filled all the river valley and the orchards were laden with fragrant bloom. Under the great apple tree by the old well sweep he was being swung by Edith. How delicious it all was-the sweet, liquid sunshine, the perfume of the apple blossoms, the weightless white petals drifting down upon his head, the free, swift motion of the swing, and his tall, strong sister, with her laughing brown eyes and bright, rebellious hair. How green the grass was-no, is-and the skies, how blue. Just look, Edith, there is never the filmlest rag of a cloud to mar their perfectness! Now higher-higherhigher still, straight up among the boughs, where the brown bees are humming. Ah, he can go no higher. He te sinking earthward slowly-slowlyslowly. He shots his eyes. His sister's gay laugh rings in his cars.

restless hands. His name was there.

And the church with its dim, cool interior, and the leaf shadows which the

maples cast through the blinds upon the

"Edith!" he cried. . . "Mother!" . . . And the star shine falls tenderly upon his young dead face.

REDUCING WEIGHT.

It May Be Done, but Means Exer-

cise and Dieting. Warm weather is the ideal time for reducing weight, if a woman can make up her mind to go through the necessary inconvenience and discomfort says the New York Evening Telegram. It takes character, however, to put on extra heavy clothing when the mercury is hovering in the eighties, and go forth for a hard, brisk walk, and yet this is one of the quickest ways of getting rid of superfluous avoirdupois for the excessive perspiration that is thus induced causes weight literally to drop away, and several pounds may be ost a week by this method.

While taking this strenuous exercise the diet must be closely watched, and

no fattening foods eaten. In taking this treatment begin early in the morning by drinking a cup of very hot water or a cap of tea without sugar or milk. Then dress in warm clothing, pulling on a sweater over the outside waist and start on a long, brisk walk. To a person who is unaccustomed to such vigorous exercises half a mile is far enough to walk when starting this reduction regimen, but after several days the distance should be increased until one mile and later, even two are covered. Remember that the movement must be rapid to induce quick circulation and perspiration, or

the walk will be practically valueless. On returning home sponge with alcohol, or take a shower bath or plunge in the ocean to refresh the body. If alcohol is used a tablespoonful to a quart of water is sufficient. Fresh clothing suited to the condition of the weather should be put on and a frugal breakfast eaten. This may consist of a cup of tea or coffee, without cream or sugar, a soft-boiled egg and bread thoroughly toasted.

WISE CALIFORNIA CROW.

Gets His Brenkfast Every Morning on a Fast Passenger Train.

Tales of the big gulls which accompany the army transports all the way in the long journey from San Francisco are not infrequent, but it has remained for a California crow to wear the laurel, says the San Francisco Call. If you pass Hornbrook any fine morning at 7:30 o'clock sharp and crane your neck out of the Pullman window up toward the sky you will observe a fine black devil of a crow sitting complacently in the topmost branches of an old pine, preening his feathers and apparently half asleep.

But he is far from being asteep. On the contrary, he is very much awake, for he is keeping a bright lookout for train No. 14, whose smoke is visible every morning at this hour as it comes tearing along the road. As the cars approach the tree there is a subdued, stately flutter of two black wings. Master Crow rises slowly into the air and picks up No. 14 with the abandon and ease of a crow hobo as it passes.

He drops to the roof of the car as if it were his rightful home, and though he engineer has tried every day to play a joke on him by tooting the whistle, ringing the bell madly and making a general racket, the crow solemnly refused to be dislodged. He is an old friend now and the passengers on the 7:30 have learned to look for him as regularly as they do for their morning

Appetizers are thrown at him all the way to Siskiyou, which is reached at 3:45 o'clock, where his ebony majesty enjoys a royal meal, to which his acumen and perseverance have fairly entitled him.

An Easy Word.

This is what happened to a Glasgow workingman when he tried to make his wife's home life happy by reading the police news to her as contained in his evening paper. In due course he reached out an interesting trial for assault, the report of which concluded as follows:

"This case was held over until tomorrow, as the presiding magistrate said he found considerable difficulty In pronouncing sentence." "Dear me," commented the reader's

wife, "he canna hae been a man o' muckle edication, surely, or he warns hae found any difficulty in pronouncin' an easy wee word like that."-Dundee Advertiser.

never before been so heavy to his hand, with its rosy-cheeked mistress and flock of unruly lads and lasses. The Don't imagine you are a good conhis eyes to keep the quick hot tears long wooden desks were covered with versationalist fust because you talk a names rudely carved by penknives in good deal.