

Well, it's all over for four years—thank goodness.

Comparatively few people at the age of 50 have as good a start in life as President Roosevelt.

When it comes to aeronautics most men will prefer to learn the trick through a correspondence school.

Comfortable on \$30,000 a year? Perhaps not; but the average man would be entirely content to be uncomfortable on it.

A former federal ink expert has been fined \$10,000. It would seem that an ink expert should be able to keep his record clear of blots.

It is wonderful to think that surgical science is making it possible for a man with an unsatisfactory liver to trade it off for a better one.

It is estimated that the apple crop this year is enough to make 6,000,000,000 pies. But for the sake of variety let's have an occasional dumpling.

Mr. Rockefeller says he despises the man whose only desire is to get money, money, money and more money. But he doesn't go so far as to kick him self.

Our English cousins don't know what a "frazzle" is, don't they? Let them look at the southern extremities of a hobo's trousers—if they know what a hobo is.

Counterfeit \$5 bills are in circulation. The prudent man will scrutinize his \$5 bills before he takes them in, and the truly honest man will look carefully at his before he pays them out.

A father has recognized in an artist's drawing the likeness of his long-lost daughter. He never would have noted the resemblance if it had been a stage photograph which fell into his hands.

The latest simplified spelling reforms include "doubt" and "debt" without a "b" and "island" without an "s." If those learned gentlemen keep on they will soon be trying to write "society" without a "s."

A man in St. Louis is seeking a divorce from his wife because, among other things, when he remonstrated with her on her style of dress, she told him to mind his own business. The St. Louis man is not alone in taking this admonition as a serious insult.

Word comes from Elkins, W. Va., that the duke is to receive \$1,000,000 in cash on the day the marriage takes place. Why doesn't King Peter wake up? He might, by offering the crown prince, get some patriotic American to pay off the national debt of Servia.

It is a very foolish convention which lays down that we are grown up when we have reached our 21st birthday. The real majority is reached when we begin to earn our own bread and butter, and to bring forth the light which has been fostered in us by the care of others for the last ten or fifteen years. Self-dependence and self-reliance—that is the real manhood.

Persons who do not wish to cross the ocean in the steerage may soon secure accommodations a little less comfortable than those offered to second-cabin passengers and much better than the steerage, as the George Washington, a new steamer of a German line, has first, second and third cabins, besides the steerage. Third-cabin passengers may have staterooms, and there will be a dining room, a saloon for the women, and a smoking room for the men.

Organized lawlessness is to-day the national shame of the United States. It is a disgrace in the eyes of the people of every other country that profess civilization. We held our hands in horror at an outrage in Russia or a fanatical mob attack in China. If an American citizen is the victim of a mob attack in a foreign country we bristle with an indignation that brings quick apology and reprisals and the punishment of the guilty as a general rule. We can force a Rainsuit to free an American citizen from a brigand's stronghold in Morocco, but we cannot—or do not—protect the citizen from the organized mob at home. Personal, physical and political fear has operated to some extent in preventing the punishment of organized lawlessness. The technicalities of law have been a handicap in other cases, but it is time that energetic action was taken to discourage mob and lynch law.

Some years ago a physician wrote a pamphlet entitled, "Emotional Prodigality," in which he enumerated the ills of mind and body likely to follow the demonstrative affection bestowed on babies, and entreated a calm repression of the mother's love and the father's joy where the infant was concerned. The warning of the doctor has been repeated and emphasized, until to-day, in some homes, it is as bad form to hug or kiss the baby as it is to smother the china. A mother full of the new theory forbids any one to speak to her baby, much less to play with him. Such a mother explained to a witty friend that she wished her small son to be "a perfect animal." "That is all very well, my dear lady," replied the friend; "but you are at present contriving for him to become a perfect vegetable!" Somewhere between the overexcitement of an emotional devotion and the overrepression of such pseudo-scientific theories lies the happy middle ground of loving welcome for the newcomers to the world. They will find it cost and silent soon enough. Let them find it warm and tender at rest. One who watches an Italian other knows where the great painters

found their models for "Madonna and Child." Devotion, repose, comprehension, needing no translation in word or gesture—these one sees in lovely living pictures all over sunny Italy. Perhaps the nervous American mothers may learn from the languorous Southern women. At any rate, they must preserve the world-old fashion of hugging the baby!

Women need to remind themselves that the standards of conduct are ever shifting. Babylon and Japan have strange moral codes written in their history. New England records show punishments more brutal than crimes, and college endowments gained from the proceeds of lotteries held with the approval of the strictest of Puritan ministers. Public opinion in regard to conduct is so largely made by women that they ought to be well informed in the history of ethics. The discussion of race-track gambling in New York doubtless rings strangely on the ears of spectators at the great English races. At Ascot, for example, the course is thronged not only by the wealth and fashion, but by the stern virtue of English society. Men and women bet on the races with perfect frankness. The bookmakers pass about among the spectators as freely as if they were selling programs or photographs, instead of "odds." A grave, elderly lady lays her wager of a sovereign; a young girl takes her mother's advice about her bet of half a crown; and an exalted personage announces his winnings as he would record his crop of potatoes. Although Americans notice the moderation with which this gambling is conducted, they are nevertheless amazed at it. American moral sense does not approve it. This varying standard of morals among good folk teaches two simple lessons. The first is that of an inclusive charity to be practiced by every student of human history. Saint Paul keenly discerned that as a man thinketh in his heart so is he. The aphorism must not, however, be enlarged to imply that "as I think so are you." The verdict of the individual conscience is final for its owner—and for no other. Further, in a Christian civilization, the standards of conduct are continually being raised. Now one Christian nation and now another leads the forward movement. The moral demands of the twentieth century are far higher than those of earlier times, and our children's children are bound to carry them forward until millennium's dawn.

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THE REFORMED BRONCHO.

May Be Seen Any Day in the Bridle Paths of Central Park. To the general public the word broncho suggests everything wild and vicious in horse flesh. One associates the usefulness of the broncho almost entirely with the rugged West. That this wily little animal could ever develop the points of a good park horse would be received with much reservation by most persons.

Yet some ten years or more of cross-breeding, says Country Life in America, has accomplished this somewhat amazing result. To-day one can see on the bridge paths of Central Park the well-groomed broncho fraternizing as an equal with the blue grass thoroughbred and his number is constantly growing.

To be sure, he is no longer the hammerhead with a pronounced eye neck, almost as devoid of flesh as a skeleton. He has developed a fine crest in his up-breeding and can show as fine a neck as any Kentucky-bred horse.

His middle piece is no longer distended from much eating of grass food, nor is he so loosely joined in his quarters as his prototype. Higher living has rounded him into a strikingly well-proportioned saddle horse. In his new estate he subsists less on the fresh, juicy grasses, and the new order grows quite a different animal.

But through all this transformation he still retains the leg characteristics of his broncho ancestry, perfect in symmetry, rather light in muscle and slender in bone, but the muscles of strong quality and the sinews very firm. His power of endurance has diminished somewhat, but even so, he has few equals and no superiors. His toughness and grit have changed little in the cross-breeding, and doubtless if turned out to the freedom of range he would give as good an account of himself as did his ancestors in the early days of the West.

Closing His Mouth.

A very sensible bit of advice expressed in homely language was given by a man not long ago to an excitable and quarrelsome friend. It was in a brickyard, and two of the workmen had engaged in an angry dispute which culminated in a fierce encounter. In the skirmish one of the combatants was nastily hurt on the head, and the employer, who happened to come on the scene of action when the fight was finishing and was a man of more temper than discretion, advised the injured one to get a warrant for the other's arrest. While the matter was being discussed by a number of workmen who had gathered round a big, burly fellow who had heard everything and seen the whole affair made his way to the man with the damaged cranium and said: "You don't want to get no warrant, Bill. You just go to the chemist's shop and get yourself two pieces of plaster—good big ones—and put one piece on yer head an' the other on yer mouth, an' you'll be all right."—London Mail.

Designations.

Some foreigners and even certain Americans are disposed to stand aloof from what they haughtily term the working classes of the country. It is to be regretted that they could not have overheard the conversation which took place on an East River ferryboat not long ago between a recently introduced—shall we hazard it?—wheelwright and shopgirl. "Do you attend in Bargner's establishment?" she asked. "Yes; I am one of the emporium ladies," she replied, with becoming dignity. "Where are you engaged?" "I am one of Banks & Co.'s repository for carriages gentlemen," he informed her.—Philadelphia Ledger.

People you owe always tell about it.

IN A MINING TOWN.

Same Conditions Similar to Those Which Prevailed in Old Days. A Pittsburgher, now in Bisbee, Ariz., writes interestingly of life in that famous mining town, and his description would lead one to believe that some of the conditions which prevailed in the old romantic days of mining towns haven't changed much, after all. He says:

"Bisbee is just 10 feet more than a mile high, and has the finest library of any city of its size in the universe. Every daily of any consequence is to be found on file there.

"Bisbee lies right in the heart of the mountains and Cochise Peak, Young Blood hill and Chihuahua hill rise perpendicularly to the north, west and south of it. Beer Gulch is a classic thoroughfare and is not anything else than its name implies. There are seven and a half miles in one block, and at seven saloons in one block, and there is only one tree in the town, a sickly-looking cottonwood in the yard of Walter Douglas, one of the big mining men of Arizona and the state of Sonora, Mexico.

"College men are as thick in Bisbee as flies in Kansas City. I roomed with two Harvard, one Yale and two Missouri School of Mines men during the five months I put in in Bisbee. There are four thriving banks, and one (the Bank of Bisbee) is an elegantly furnished as any bank in America. Hand a barber or porter anything less than 'two bits' and he will give it back to you.

"You are aroused at an unearthly hour by the braying of burros, of which there are thousands. Mexicans lead these little fellows with great loads, and, with a belted burro, make trips into the mountains. Before Bisbee had waterworks many Mexicans made fortunes by bringing water from the mountains on burros and selling it at exorbitant prices. I bought two burros for six bits apiece and then had to disclaim ownership when feeding time came, which a burro never fails to let you know. They is \$50 a ton, so the owner of a burro has to have plenty of time to rustle, or he will get the Anti-Noise Society after him.

"Chinese and Japs bring in produce from the ranches, but neither Chink nor Jap can remain in Bisbee after 4 p. m. It is a city ordinance similar to the custom in certain Philippine towns, where a bugle is blown at 4, and the Moros with their bolos are let out of the gates."

QUEER STORIES.

The bones of an average whale weigh forty-five tons.

This country has 138 cities with a population of over 50,000 each.

In Texas there is a man who carries on a regular trade in rattlesnakes.

By a recent decree, women are not allowed to engage in bull-fights in Spain.

At Yale University there is a skull of a prehistoric animal which measures nine feet long and six feet broad.

The wife of the Prime Minister of Bulgaria is the president of the Bulgarian Woman Suffrage Association, which has a membership of about 3,000.

Farm laborers in the South, paid by the month or year and fed and supported by the landowner, receive 35 and 40 cents a day during working season.

Dr. Martha Hughes Cannon, formerly a State Senator of Utah, has gone to live in California with the intention of helping the women of that State to get equal suffrage. Dr. Cannon is described as a powerful and witty speaker.

Andrew Dippel, the tenor, was born in Cassel in 1868. He was originally connected with a banking firm in Cassel, but studied music in Berlin, Milan and Vienna, and made his first appearance in 1887 in Bremen as the "Pilot" in "The Flying Dutchman."

Dr. Matilda Evans of Columbia, S. C., is the first negro woman to practice medicine in South Carolina. When 15 she entered the school for negro children conducted by Miss Martha Schofield at Alken, S. C. From there she went to Oberlin College and later to the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia, where she graduated.

Mme. Popova, a Russian woman, has invented a rubberless airship which she has named the annulated dragon because of the peculiar shape of its body. This airship is said to adapt itself naturally to every variety and strength of wind. Persons who have examined the airship declare that in spite of its peculiar appearance it is a practical sculler.

Miss Josephine R. Upham has just accepted the post of woman missionary and organizer in the new American Seaman's Friend Society Institute in West street, New York City. She has had fifteen years' experience in the work for seamen and comes direct from the Sailors' Haven, Boston. She is known personally to sailors from every part of the world, who speak and look upon her as their friend. Her influence with men with whom she comes in contact is very great.

No Error.

Herbert had a way of telling make-believe stories about the things he saw and his mother would try to convince him that they were not true. So, one day, when he saw a dog pass and began a story about its being a grizzly bear, she made him run away and pray God to forgive him for telling an untruth. Very soon he returned and exclaimed: "God says that it's all right, nother. He thought it was a grizzly, too."—Dellineator.

Many times when you give presents to little folks they appreciate them so much that they forget to say thanks. On the other hand, grown people usually say thanks, but often do not appreciate the gifts.

When an employer discharges a clerk, his wife, his father, his mother and his children all begin to hate the employer.



"How did he lose his money?" "His father-in-law failed."—Illustrated Bits. "Have you got an independent fortune?" "No, I'm married."—Cleveland Leader.

Mrs. Knicker—Where do you keep your auto? Mrs. Newrich—In a mirage, of course.—New York Sun.

Jimmie—My ma's gone downtown to pay some bills. Tommie—Poo! The man comes to the house to collect ours! He—She is such a charmingly innocent girl, isn't she? She—Oh, yes; she has taken years to acquire it.—The Tatler.

Knicker—You know that speech is given to man to conceal his thoughts. Broker—Well, penmanship does it even better.—New York Sun.

She (at the piano)—I presume you are a true lover of music, are you not? He—Yes, I am; but pray don't stop playing on my account.

"John, you yawned twice while we were calling on that lady." "Well, dear, you did not expect me to keep my mouth closed all the time, did you?"

Magistrate—If I remember rightly, this is not your first appearance in court. Prisoner—No, your honor; but I hope you don't judge by appearances.

"I've just figured out how the Venus de Milo came to lose her arms!" "How?" "She broke them off trying to button her shirt waist up the back!"—Puck.

Weary Walker—I see 500 more men have been thrown out of work. Tired Traveler—Gee! Dere's gettin' to be too much competition in our business!—Puck.

"The seventeen mothers in the village mothers' club agreed to decide by ballot which had the handsomest baby." "Well, who won it?" "Each kid got one vote."

"Are marriages made in heaven?" "As to that I can't say, but I do know this much—" "What is that, Peleg?" "There's lots of courting done in church."—Washington Herald.

"This watch will last you for a lifetime," remarked the jeweler. "Nonsense!" retorted the customer. "Can't I see for myself now that its hours are numbered?"—London Spare Moments.

Man (to boy at roadside)—What time is it? Boy—Purty near 12 o'clock. Man—Thought it was more than 12. Boy—Nope. Never gets more than 12 in this country. Begins at 1 again.—Judge.

Bystander—Doctor, what do you think of this man's injuries? Doctor (of Irish extraction)—Two of them are undoubtedly fatal; but as for the rest of them, time alone can tell.—Boston Transcript.

"You have a new housemaid, I see, Mrs. Youngwife." "Yes, I got her about a week ago." "How do you like her?" "Very much indeed. She lets me do almost as I like about the house."—London Tit-Bits.

"What diagnosis did the doctor make of your wife's illness?" "Said she is suffering from overwork." "Is that so?" "Yes; he looked at her tongue and reached that decision immediately."—Detroit Free Press.

Mr. Newwood—You never call me pet names now unless you want something. Before marriage it was different. Mrs. Newwood—Oh, no. Before marriage I called you pet names because I wanted you.—London Gentlewoman.

"Jimmie, your face is dirty again this morning!" exclaimed the teacher. "What would you say if I came to school every day with a dirty face?" "Hub," grunted Jimmie. "I'd be too perillite to say anything!"—Circle.

Mother (in a very low voice)—Tommy, your grandfather is very ill. Can't you say something nice to cheer him up a bit? Tommy (in an earnest voice)—Grandfather, wouldn't you like to have soldiers at your funeral?—London Tit-Bits.

"I'm sure," said the revealer, "the public would be interested to know the secret of your success." "Well, young man," replied the captain of industry, "the secret of my success has been my ability to keep it a secret."—Catholic Standard and Times.

"I'm afraid I'm catching cold," said Kloesman, trying to get some medical advice free. "Every once in a while I feel an itching in my nose, and then I sneeze. What would you do in a case like that, doctor?" "Well," replied Dr. Sharpe, "I guess I'd sneeze, too."

The mother of a conscientious little miss, wishing to rid her of the fear of some cows in a field through which she had to pass, told her to go right by and pretend she didn't see them. "But, mamma," protested the small maid, "wouldn't that be deceiving the cows?"

"How did those two ever come to marry each other?" "Well, she was the only woman he ever knew who would listen to his anecdotes over five minutes at a time, and he was the only man she ever knew that could talk at her that long without getting neuralgia."—Puck.

A physiologist came upon a hard-working Irishman toiling, bareheaded, in the street. "Don't you know," said the physiologist, "that to work in the sun without a hat is bad for your brains?" "Dye think," asked the Irishman, "that O'd be on this job if O had enny brains?"

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Oh, the patter of the rain On the roof and window-pane (You have never read a poem just like this!)

Is so sweet a slumber song That to miss it would be wrong. So you have to lie awake all night and listen.

Which reminds me that in town All the noisy noises drown Every sound so fully that it doesn't matter.

While the country is so still Sounds all sound so clear and shrill That it's hard for one to sleep amid the clatter. —Nixon Waterman, in Smart Set.

HIS EXTRA WORK.

"Hendrick's certainly industrious," said Mr. Pickle, night city editor of the Daily Whiff. "He's always writing Sunday stuff."

"Can't burn the candle at both ends," observed Tom Click, who was on the cable desk. "He'll blow up like they all do. He's young and eager, of course, but if he keeps this gait up it'll be tell the gang a fond good-by for him."

"They gazed at Hendrick, who was beating out a story on his typewriter. Click sighed.

"I remember the biggest week's bill I ever made as a reporter," said he, reflectively. "Time of the St. Louis cyclone. I wrote—"

Here Mr. Pickle's phone rang and he answered it, with glad haste, because he'd heard about that record bill. Click, having little to do at the moment, strolled about the city room. He halted at Hendrick's desk and greeted the young man amiably.

"Evenin', Joe," said he. "What you making?" "Sunday story," replied Hendrick briefly.

Click remained beside him. Hendrick stopped work and hid the sheet upon his machine by carelessly laying one arm over it. He smiled coldly.

"Romance?" pursued Click, and he wondered why Hendrick flushed at the word. "Why don't you shoot out some more of that Bowersy junk? It's good and you can't turn out too many of 'em. How you feeling?"

"Oh, I'm all right," said Hendrick. He sighed as if irritated.

"I tell you, better not try to do too much," Click warned. "I was just as gay as you are when I was a young fel-

low. There'll be reporters after we're dead—" "Someone on your phone, sir," a small copy boy sought the speaker's attention.

"As you'll find out," ended Click, and scuttled to his desk.

Obviously relieved, Hendrick returned to his work. Sheet after sheet joined the neat pile beside the typewriter. In the middle of one, at which he stared with worried eyes, a boy announced that his services were required by the city desk.

"Man killed two, took gas himself and made a bloomer of it, now at the hospital. Wife called him with affinity on the street. Here's the names. We can't stand over three-quarters to-night. Only a ten-page paper," said Mr. Pickle. "Smith can take it on the phone if it looks like a late job. Gimme what you can for the first."

Hendrick rushed back to his copy, folded it into a big envelope and slid that into his coat pocket.

"Why does he lug a Sunday story around on this murder thing?" pondered Click, who saw the action. "That boy's head is just so full of space-grabbing in the magazine section that he can't think of anything else."

Hendrick, having garnered a story good enough for the first page, returned in time to pound out a third of a column for the first edition. Then he rewrote the late and lengthened it to the full column, to which Mr. Pickle, being pleased with his young man's gleanings, graciously extended the space allowance.

It was 1 a. m. when Hendrick finished his night's assignment. Click, going home with all the morning papers under his arm, was shocked to see Hendrick take out an envelope, rapidly scan the typewritten notes it had held and then begin upon the "Sunday stuff." The toiler looked up and met Click's gaze.

"You better go home," said the cable editor sternly. "Gwan, get out of here and quit that ding-dong forever! Want any eyes or brains left for your old age?" Hendrick smiled coldly.

"My eyes are all right," he retorted. "Good night!" "Pickle," said Click, kicking his way through the clutter of proofs upon the floor within a two foot radius of his colleague, "you talk to that kid. He's daffy, my boy. Been writing since he got in at 4, except for the time he was out on that shooting yarn. Make him beat it home."

WHAT THEY SEE AT THE FIRST GLANCE.



Did you ever notice the difference between the way a man and a woman size up a pretty woman? The man wastes no time on mere detail. He takes the girl as gone past aim he knows every lineament in her face, the color in the figure at a glance and then his eyes become riveted on the face. Before her eyes, the shade of her hair, the droop of her mouth, the arch of her brows, and the pure profile. But as for her clothes: "Oh, yes, of course, she wore clothes. Yes, they were beautiful. Such a lovely shade of gray, or was it brown?—no, it was green, a green that was blue and brown, with all the colors of the iris blended in the pattern." As a matter of fact, the gown was a tweed check of no particular color. "Her muff was so soft. It was a sea-skin—no, black wolf—or was it lynx?" As a matter of fact, the muff was blue wolf. "And her hat! Oh, such a dream of a hat! Black, of course, and covered all over with those fluffy plumes." In reality it was a smoke gray, with those long, straight quills.

But the woman! She couldn't tell you whether the girl's eyes were brown or black. But she did notice a slight trace of rouge on the cheeks and indications of penciling on the eyebrows, but then she could tell you how many quills ornamented the hat, and she can probably tell you just at what bargain sale it was bought. She will tell you to a penny what coat, dress, furs, fluffy ruff and dainty bottines cost, and the chances are that if she met the same woman in a different dress to-morrow she wouldn't recognize her. Such is woman! And such is man! Take your pick.—Chicago American.

From Hendrick issued a hiss of exasperation. "I am—writing—a Sunday story!" he said distinctly. "Don't you wish me in the office?"

"I hate to see you kill yourself, that's all. Nearly done?" "I hope to be, soon," said Hendrick, significantly; whereat they retreated.

Every member of the staff commented on Hendrick's love of work. Between news stories he turned out innumerable columns.

"I believe he's doing a book," said Charlie Cubb, the juvenile individual who did such chores for The Whiff as the older men declined to waste time upon. "he's so absorbed."

"He's been looking gloomier every night since he started on it," remarked Mr. McLemon, who covered Tenderloin police. "Ain't a bit like himself."

They speculated, but after one or two attempts The Whiff staff ceased to ask questions, because Hendrick displayed a too savage temper when inquiries were made. Click publicly mourned over him.

"Hendrick must have six full pages in the magazine," he said to Snipper, the Sunday editor, on a Saturday afternoon. You shouldn't let him work as he does. Bad."

"Why, I can't get him to write even a little human interest story—and I offered to run his name over it," said the Sunday editor. "They're all lazy. And he's the laziest."

"Hendrick hasn't anything in to-morrow?" "Nary a line," said Snipper. "Mighty queer," ruminated Click. "Is he trying to bust the magazines?"

In the city room Hendrick was writing, as usual; but he appeared dejected. "Now what you doing?" asked Click. "Sunday story?"

Hendrick nodded sadly. "Won't the end come out right?" "Nothing's right," said Hendrick, woefully. "It's all wrong."

Click heard the swish of a silk gown. That was an infrequent sound in the city room. He looked. A pretty girl, in an olive green gown and a droopy sort of hat with a plume, of which Click approved, followed a pug-nosed copy boy toward Hendrick's desk. She carried a sheath of big envelope with the New York Whiff printed in one corner.

"Oh, Joey," she cried, rushing past the boy: "we moved two weeks ago and I just happened to go into the old place and there I found all the letters together. What must you have thought?"

"Is-it all right?" Hendrick scorned to wait for Click to absent himself. "Is it?" "Of course, you silly," said the pretty girl. She blushed redly. "I just couldn't wait, and so walked in here," she added.



Some people act ridiculous and then become indignant because people tell it. No matter how loud a woman dresses, she imagines she is dressed artistically.

No, a woman doesn't necessarily handle a broom when she makes sweeping assertions. A duty to be done is a stern reminder, but a duty well done is a pleasant remembrance.

He who reads will run against many clever sayings, but he who runs will never read them.

A parrot, though invented to keep the sun off, generally manages to induce some one to come nearer.

And it sometimes happens that a man is not fully appreciated by his wife until she collects his life insurance.

Honesty is a boomerang and its policy never looks better to us than when it comes back again to our own feet.

Dress is said to be woman's strongest weapon. Does that mean there is a dagger hidden in every sheath gown?

The recollection of a good act may give us a swollen head, but the knowledge of a mean one is as a shoe that pinches.

About the first thing a woman does after moving into a flat