

KANSAS GOVERNOR'S HOME

Preferred by His Family to the Executive Mansion at Topeka. Ten years have wrought many changes in Kansas. Until 1900 the "cringing shame" of the State was that its governors were compelled to live at hotels or boarding houses and scribble on their salary of \$3,000 to keep both ends on speaking terms.

For twenty years preceding that time there was talk of appropriating sufficient money to buy or to build a Governor's mansion, but when the Legislature would assemble and some patriotic member or Senator would introduce the bill carrying such an appropriation oratorical fireworks from the rural lawmakers, who were trying to save enough from their per diem of \$3 a day to pay interest on the mortgage on their farm at home, always sent the measure to the scrap heap.

About ten years ago the farmers of Kansas had paid off the mortgages and were ready to help put the State in the list of commonwealths that believe in "treating their Governors decently."

The Legislature not only provided for the purchase of an \$80,000 mansion for the Governor, with a sufficient maintenance fund, but the people, by vote, amended the constitution, raising his salary to \$5,000 a year. This seems like a dream to former Governors St. John, Glick, Humphrey, Crawford and Leedy, who are still living and prosperous and who will remember always the scanty food and the inadequate facilities of Topeka hotels and boarding houses in the early days, save a Topeka correspondent of the New York Herald.

And now, with a mansion richly appointed and with every modern convenience, where a Governor and his family may enjoy life to its full extent, Kansas has elected a chief executive who hesitates about using it. Governor and Mrs. Stubbs and the children balk at the idea of having to live there for two or four years, as the case may be. They are occupying the mansion now, at the threshold of the new administration and during the session of the Legislature, but they are going back to Lawrence as soon as the first robin appears.

There are several reasons why the Stubbs family prefers the home on Windmill Hill in Lawrence to the executive mansion in Topeka. The principal one is that the Lawrence home, recently built, is, in many respects, a finer residence than the Governor's mansion. It stands out in the open in a forest of old oak and elm trees, with plenty of ground around it, and with plenty of pure, fresh air, too.

That appeals to the Stubbs family. It especially appeals to the boys, who like to have plenty of room to romp and hunt rabbits. There are plenty of rabbits in and around the Stubbs homestead at Lawrence, which, with gun and dog, the boys have great fun in chasing.

Mrs. Stubbs has joined the boys in a protest against the Topeka idea that they must live in the mansion. She is willing to stay there during the session of the Legislature, but she intends to go back to Lawrence in time to put out some flowers and superintend the planting of garden seeds.

From time to time Mrs. Stubbs and the boys will run down to Lawrence, which is only twenty-six miles away, and look after the stock and home pets, which were left in the care of the servants when the family came to Topeka.

Editorials Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

THE READY-MADE FAMILY NOT A SUCCESS.

IN spite of its obvious and manifold advantages, the ready-made family idea received another setback in New York the other day. Mrs. Michael McCabe, who was offered an extraordinary bargain in that line, refused to accept it.

When Mr. Michael McCabe first met his wife her name was Harrington, she was 18 years old and she was a glassblower by profession. He wooed and won her, and at last she consented to go over to the Jersey shore and have the knot tied by an expert Jersey magistrate.

THE RICH AND THE POOR-RICH.

A recent automobile show in New York \$7,000,000 worth of cars are said to have been sold. Now, it ought to make no great matter how the rich waste their money—except to them. But it does matter greatly if the well-to-do follow the fashion of the rich, and the poor in turn follow, as nearly as they can, the fashion of the well-to-do.

whole atmosphere in which these poor-rich people live is unhealthy. This fashionable increase of living expenses adds to a necessary increase of expenses even of men who object to it, for the whole community tends to adjust itself to the highest pitch possible. Rents go up; servants' wages increase; professional fees are higher; larger tips must be given; the good restaurants raise their prices. The man who wishes to lead a simple and inexpensive life finds it harder. The whole community is corrupted from the financial pot. City life becomes a sort of intricate but most comprehensive and offensive robbery; and to avoid all these useless taxes a modest man who would hold fast to his economic character must put himself to much trouble and run the risk of being regarded as eccentric.—World's Work.

THE DOLLAR IN BASEBALL.

SENTIMENT is the natural accompaniment of healthful sport. Baseball is full of it. But when the dollar enters in and becomes all-powerful sentiment flies out. With the sentiment gone baseball would become as commonplace as a circus which played 200 days in succession without variation of program. When a ball player becomes distinguished as the recipient of a \$10,000 salary, with a winter vacation tour at the same rate, he ceases to attract attention as a ball player. The nearer the game gets to perfect commercialism the greater the danger that it will founder. The public likes good, wholesome, energetic, clean ball games. If the managers begin to spread awnings of purple silk over the bleachers and the first basemen to advertise lot diamonds, the danger signal should be hoisted on the flagstaff.—St. Louis Republic.

INAUGURATION TOO EARLY.

HAT inconsiderate old Mother Nature precipitated a blizzard on the Washington inaugural festivities furnishes plenty of reason for changing the date of inauguration into the latter part of April or the first of May. There is no necessity to keep the official time at March 4, when the weather is doubtful at best. There is no objection to fixing the inauguration six or eight weeks later. Congress should take action now, before the unpleasant events are forgotten. Thousands of loyal citizens who journeyed to the capital at great expense and inconvenience were bitterly disappointed by the storm. It is a public necessity that the date of inauguration should be changed, so as to minimize the danger of bad weather. This matter has been brought to the attention of our national solons on more occasions than one. President Taft might do worse than exert his personal influence to see that they take the necessary action this time.—Chicago Journal.

DEPARTMENT STILL COUNTS IN BUSINESS.

By John A. Howland.

Business men of the older school are disposed at the present time to resent some of the shortcomings in department which they find in the younger generation. They are inclined to find fault with the young man because of his general lack of reverence for anything. They criticize his dress as loud. They see in him almost the antithesis of the young man as he was in their day. Remembering all that was required of themselves in department, these older observers of the younger generation may go a little too far in their criticisms of the present type of young business man. They may exaggerate a little their own early virtues; they may fail to recognize that the times and the manners of men are subject to change.

In these busy, crowding times a little of the old-fashioned courtesy and consideration which once ruled among gentle people comes to the hurried man of business with all of its subtleties and balm. When occasionally a hurrying man passing through a doorway ahead of you pauses a moment to hold it open and you nod the "thank you" that springs unthought to your lips, can't you feel that mutually the two of you have experienced a little something not exactly related to the sordid cares of life?

There is plenty of time, still, for these small observances of gentle breeding. Department, based on honest decency, still is at a premium in the world. The young man at large cannot afford to forget the fact.

ARE WIVES BUT SLAVES?

By Nikola Greeley-Smith.

A young woman in New York City has brought suit for divorce on the novel plea that under the thirteenth amendment to the constitution of the United States she is living in "involuntary servitude." "Isn't a woman tied down by marriage in uncongenial surroundings as much a slave as the negroes who were freed under the thirteenth amendment?" she asks. "I drudge here in these few rooms without good clothing, without pleasure of any sort, without hope of rest or vacation."

In its legal aspect this singular plea is so absolutely untenable as to suggest merely that a foolish and selfish young woman is serving the sweet uses of advertisement for some one. But in its other phases it is interesting as being perhaps the most remarkable case on record of feminism gone to the head.

There seems to be a large number of women who have no well-developed sense of justice or adequate conception of the meaning of equality. In the marital relation they must be either slaves or slave drivers, and, failing to establish an absolute monarchy in their homes, go about clanking of imaginary chains or railing at intangible fetters. Marriage, it has been said a thousand times, is a

partnership. But what woman of this type believes that her husband should be anything but a silent partner, with just enough stock in the firm to vote on questions of domestic policy the way the controlling interest—his herself—wishes him?

"The drudgery of a few rooms" of which the wife I am dispensing complains is not comparable to that any husband employed in a minor capacity endures for eight hours a day every day of his life. It is not so much the task but the dependence it entails that makes the poor man's occupation distasteful. It is the daily lesson of discipline, of subordination, that is hardest to learn. And this no woman working in her own home ever has to learn. She makes her own hours and method of work, and, most important of all, she works for herself and her home. For it is rarely that the tired breadwinner disputes her claim to supremacy.

The main need of the young woman who thinks her household duties drudgery is not divorce, but a sense of duty and responsibility. Quite recently there was a discussion between two learned ladies as to whether or not wives, by their household services, earn their own living. The real answer to this question is that any wife can earn her own living in this manner, but that some of them have no wish to do so. The only woman slaves under the thirteenth amendment are bonded to their own selfish discontent.

"AVOID THE BEGINNING OF QUARRELS."

By Helen Oldfield.

There is no bit of wisdom which prospective brides and grooms more profitably may take to heart than that while quarrels between lovers who are still a-courting may successfully be patched up as good, even better than new, provided always that neither of the lovers meant malice, and also that both are affectionate and forgiving of disposition, the genuine matrimonial family row rarely is followed by kisses until there has been heart burning which sears, and acrid bitterness of spirit which lags on under the sweet of reconciliation. A tempest of tears and temper not often is the forerunner of clearing-shining after rain. On the contrary, if by far the more likely to stir up lasting discussion and anger. There is no sweetness in lovers' quarrels which compensates for the sharpness of their sting; one might as well preach the advisability of breaking a bit of rare china in order to mend it with some wonderful cement which shall make it stronger than ever. In this world there are many risks which it is wiser not to incur.

Lovers' quarrels usually are either effusions of jealousy, mostly due to selfishness, or else they come from what somebody has called "the leakage of bad temper," a most undesirable quality for either husband or wife. If lovers cannot avoid quarrels before marriage there is small hope that they will be able to eschew them afterwards.

A LOVER'S ENVY.

I envy every flower that blows Beside the pathway where she goes, And every bird that sings to her, And every breeze that brings to her The fragrance of the rose.

I envy every poet's rhyme That moves her heart at eventide, And every tree that wears for her Its brightest bloom, and bears for her The fruitage of its prime.

I envy every Southern night That paves her path with moonbeams white, And silvers all the leaves for her, And in their shadow weaves for her A dream of dear delight.

I envy none whose love requires Of her a gift, a task that tires; I only long to live to her, I only ask to give to her, All that her heart desires. —Henry Van Dyke, in Century.

UNEMOTIONAL BUCYRUS

"An avridge o' ten gallon a day for six months is an 'almighty good record for a scrub cow what hasn't never had no extray feed nor 'tention," remarked Sol Baker. "I've seen a heap o' fine-haired stock that was fed scientific an' carried twice a day that wouldn't come up to that. What did Pete have to say?"

"He said he'd seen worse milkers," replied Newt Foster, with a grin. "He's a great old Pete, he is."

"His idee of a right good cow is one that'll give ten gallons a day, play an acre an' a half o' bottom land an' lay ails to boot," observed the storekeeper. "I wouldn't 'a' been 'sprised if he'd aimed to buy that there cow. But I ain't 'sprised now."

"If he'd been one o' these yer Israelites an' set down in a land of Canaan overflowin' with milk an' honey he'd have kinder made out, maybe, but he'd have kicked because there wasn't no nice, hot griddle cakes and genuine maple sirup to go with them," observed Baker.

"Says that's concerned, milk an' honey ain't what I'd want for a stiddy livin'," said Washington Hancock. "If a feller can't eat thirty quill in thirty days, I'd like to know how he'd come out on straight sweetenin'. But Pete certainly is hard to please. He reminds me o' Bucyrus Woolley a right considerable."

"This here Bucyrus was one o' them jes' to'able fellers. He'd say 'Amen!' if he got stirred up, but you couldn't get him to shout 'Halleluyah!'"

"Who was Bucyrus Woolley?" asked the storekeeper. "Another o' them old-timers o' yours, Wash?"

"He ain't a right smart older'n I am right now," replied Hancock. "I reckon he's livin' out Benton township way yit, if you want to hitch up some these bright mornin's to go out to see him. He ain't as entertainin' as I am, though. One o' these fellers 'at never has much to say an' what he does say is mostly grunts. I uster go to school with him an' he'd grunt when he wasn't kine high to a duck. If anybody gave him a stick o' candy he'd take it, but the only way you could tell he'd taken it was by his eyes. He'd look at a dose o' candy lie in much the same discompanionate way."

folks had, an' they natchally laid themselves out to please him, but nothin' they ever done made him crack a smile. He'd go around from mornin' till night lookin' 's if he'd lost a dollar an' found a nickel. He'd go to the circus an' set through the whole show an' the concert an' you'd a thought somebody had jest clubbed him into goin' to the thing.

"If you ast him what he thought o' the graffe he'd say: 'Oh, I reckon it's all right. I s'pose there's nothin' special wrong with it.'"

"Ask him if he didn't think monkeys was the darndest cutest little critters he'd ever seen he'd say: 'Mebbe they are. I ain't seen a right smart lot o' monkeys,' though."

"An' his face 'ud be as sober as if he was to a buryin'."

"Bucyrus wasn't never feelin' right well. About middlin' was as far as he ever got. He never got a good bargain, but he'd own up that some o' the things he bought wasn't so cussed bad, considerin' the price he'd paid for 'em. He had a way o' gettin' things cheap, because the feller that had 'em to sell never thought so much o' 'em after Bucyrus stood an' perished out his lips at 'em."

"Then there was men around that would never try to tell a funny story if Bucyrus was anywhere near. Seemed like they wasn't so derned funny after all when he was livin' in."

"He was certainly a worker, though. He'd make good trades an' he'd work hard 'n if he had anybody workin' for him he'd see to it they didn't do no loafin'."

"Eatin' his meals like they was so much hay."

"If a hired man busted himself wide open tryin' to get a job done Bucyrus would reckon he was doin' about as well as he could considerin' the kind o' feller he was. That's all the feller'd get 'sides his wages, an' they wasn't none too big."

"Then Bucyrus got married. Got one o' the best lookin' gals there was anywhere around."

"Smart as a whip, too. She'd bustle 'em milk the cows an' cook breakfast for Bucyrus an' two hired men an' have the dishes out o' the way an' a week's washin' out on the line afore the sun was two hours high."

"That woman of his knowed how to cook, too. She could fix up a chicken dinner with dumplin's better'n anybody I ever seen, an' her bread an' her biscuits an' her cake an' her pies an' her jell an' preserves an' pickles an' butter was the talk o' the hull neighborhood."

"Everybody down that way bragged about 'em but Bucyrus; but pshaw! he didn't see nothin' extra about the cookin' or about her."

"One time while he was courtin' her somebody bragged about what a purty gal she was."

"Well," says Bucyrus, "I've seen homelier."

vittles he'd say, 'I don't know as there's anythin' special the matter with the vittles that you give me.'"

"That's the nearest he ever got to braggin' on her."

"I reckon all that hurt her feelin's a right smart at first. She'd allus been uster havin' her folks make over her, an' it come hard when she seen him eatin' his meals like they was so much hay an' never a word o' praise, however much she got done."

"Her mother was particler mad an' wanted her to pack up an' go back home with her. But she allowed it was jest the way Bucyrus was, an' she kep' right on cookin' an' cleanin' an' mendin' 'n makin'. She got kind o' used to his unenthusiastic ways in time."

"But finally suthin' comes up 'n she did quit him an' quit him for good an' all, as far 's I know. She hadn't gone back to him when I came here to Atchison, anyway."

"What was the trouble?" asked the storekeeper. "Did Woolley git to lickin' her?"

"No," replied Hancock. "I doubt if Mrs. Woolley 'ud have quit him for a little thing like that."

"Was there another woman in the case?" queried Baker.

"He wasn't that kind," said Hancock. "Bucyrus Woolley was too busy, anyhow, for that."

"What was it, then?" asked two or three voices at once.

"There was a young feller come to the house an' Mrs. Woolley was a good deal took with his style an' appearance," drawled Hancock. "She ast Bucyrus what he thought about him."

"Ain't he absolutely the peeriest, cutest, han'somest, softest, sweetest, little feller ever was or ever will be?" she says. She was right enthusiastic about the little feller, Mrs. Woolley was."

"Bucyrus stood lookin' down at the pink-faced squirmin', toothless, bald-headed stranger."

"I s'pose he might be worse lookin' than he is," he says, deliberately as you please. "Still, I reckon I ain't got no right to kick at a dispensation o' Providence." —Chicago Daily News.

Wit of the Youngsters

Visitor—And are you going to be a minister, like your father, Walter? Walter (aged 4)—No, ma'am. I'm goin' in some business where I can afford to give my little boy a dime every day.

"Jennie," said a mother to her small daughter, "what should a little girl do after washing her face and hands?" It was a hint for Jennie to comb her hair, but she didn't take it. "Why, she wipes 'em on a towel, of course," was the reply.

Anxious Mother—Johnny, is it possible that you, as sick as you claim to be, have eaten that whole rhubarb pie? Johnny—Yes, mamma. You know, the doctor said my system needed rhubarb, and I thought I'd better take a good dose of it before I got any worse.

SUPERSTITIONS.

They Find a Place in the Minds of Even Great Men.

A man more absolutely governed by pure reason than Lord Macaulay could not well be found. But in his diary he refers to an after dinner talk about the feeling which Johnson had of thinking oneself bound to touch a particular post and to tread in the middle of a paving stone, and he adds, "I certainly have this very strongly."

In one of his Hibbert lectures Max Mueller said to the students: "Many of you, I suspect, carry a ha'penny w'h a hole in it for luck. I am not acquainted to own that I have done so myself for many years."

Charles Dickens refused to lie down unless his bed were placed due north and south. He gave notice of the rite before arriving at a friend's house or a hotel, but a compass was always handy in his baggage to make sure. Miss Justin McCarthy has told how Parnell gravely checked her stirring coffee "for wrong way" and insisted that she should take another cup. A gentleman of Portrush sent Lord Roberts an old horseshoe when things looked ill in South Africa. Gratefully acknowledging it, the general added that he would keep this horseshoe in company "with one I picked up the day I entered the Orange Free State and another I found at Paardeberg the day before General Cronje surrendered." —Pall Mall Gazette.

Both Busy. "The girl who knows she is pretty makes a fool of herself." "And the girl who doesn't know she is pretty makes a fool of some man." —Houston Post.



GOULDING'S LOST

The ponderous person with the impressive manner unfolded a map and put a stubby forefinger down on its center.

"There," he said, "is the finest spot for any purpose you can mention that ever lay outdoors. For the farmer, the stock raiser, the health seeker, the business man or the professional man it offers more inducements than any other section of the United States, and that means in the world. I'm offering you an opportunity that doesn't come to the average man in a lifetime, and if you let it go by you'll regret it only once and that will be always. Let me tell you that inside of two of three months you won't be able to get that land at ten times the price."

"There's quite a lot of it," remarked the other man. "It seems to me that it's going to take quite a while to sell 300,000 acres. I'll want a little time to think it over."

"That's your privilege, of course," said the ponderous person, with a plying smile. "But if I were you I wouldn't take any chances. If I were the only one selling the tracts it might be different, but there is an agent for every State in the Union. Each agent has just so many acres allotted to him and I haven't more than 200 more lots left in this State. Ten acres will cost you \$200. For \$200 you get ten acres of the most fertile and productive land on the footslope. Why is it fertile? Because it can't help it. The streams coming down from the mountains in every direction contain just the elements—the chemical elements—that that the soil requires. They have been flowing through this tract for ages. Ten acres will guarantee a comfortable living for the rest of your life. Twenty acres would mean wealth and without any effort on your part."

"How do you figure that?" "You don't need to go near it," continued the ponderous person. "You can stay right here if you want to and let us set the land out into orchard. We'll furnish the trees and do the planting for the bare cost of the labor and nursery stock and cultivate the land and harvest your crop for one-half. Would you want anything better than that? Here's the proposition: Fertile land, abundance of water of the purest kind, a climate that is unsurpassed in a region where crop failures are unknown."

"I thought that you said the land was unsettled," said the other man. "How can you tell whether the crops would fall or not until they're put in?"

"When I say 'unsettled,' I mean comparatively unsettled, of course," said the ponderous person. "There are settlers and they are reaping fortunes from the crops. They have never known a failure. You can raise alfalfa, grain, fruits of all kinds, berries, corn, anything. The climate is mild, balmy, invigorating, free from malaria, warm in winter and cool in summer. The transportation in five years from now will be the best and cheapest in the country. I tell you, sir, if you could just see that country once you'd never want to leave it. Finest class of people, intelligent, enterprising and refined, every advantage that you can imagine. The tract of division is made up many draw a tract that you can turn right around and

sell for ten times what you're paying for it, or even more, if you want to get quick returns on your money."

"Suppose I draw a ten acres that isn't good?"

"You can't. You might get a piece that isn't as good as some others, but in that case you make up on the city lot that we give free with every sale of the land. We hit on that plan to equalize the chances. If you draw one of the price tracts you don't get quite such a good town lot. If you get a tract of land that isn't as well situated as some then you're likely to get a corner lot in the business district of the city. In five years we expect to have a population of 10,000 in Boonerville, at the most conservative estimate. Do you see any chance to lose on a proposition like that? You're a man of intelligence. How can you lose?"

"I can't," said the other man. "I'd have to buy some of the land in order to do that and I'm not going to buy any." —Chicago Daily News.

FOR FUN, STUDY A CLOCK.

What May Be Seen Upon a Fingers' Hands and Eyesless Face. Did you every take time to consider the clock? You should have done so, if you have not, according to the Detroit News-Tribune, seeing the clock gives you the time whenever you ask it.

(No, this is no joke. It is a plain statement of fact.)

The clock is so sensitive that it constantly keeps its hands before its face. This is due to the fact that, through no fault of its own, it has been doing time for many years in the most public manner. It may be that, as the face of the clock has no eyes, nor mouth, nor nose, nor chin, nor cheeks, nor any of the usual facial appendances, it keeps its hands over it to hide these defects. But this can scarcely be, we fancy, because its hands have no fingers or thumbs, nor has it any arms, and any attempt to conceal one defect would only expose another.

Most clocks have only two hands, but many have three, and it is somewhat remarkable, anatomically as well as numerically, that the third hand is the second hand. It may also be remarked that the minute hand is not the minute hand, for it is longer than the hour hand.

The clock has neither feet nor legs, but it runs just the same. It may be fast or slow, but it does not walk. It always runs, and it never runs up. It runs down, unless it is kept running round. Providence wisely did not give feet to the clock.

The clock has a key, but no lock, and for that reason even the most ignorant person never tries to open a clock with the key.

Some clocks strike and some do not, but no clock ever strikes with its hands. Just why a clock should be so peculiar is no affair of ours.

(Of course this is no joke. The striking of a clock may be an affair of hours, but it is not spelled the same way. We are not trying to be funny. This is a dignified article. Please do not interrupt it again.)

There is no clock in heaven, because there is no time there. Neither is there any night, and an eight-day clock wouldn't know when to stop.

A prominent French manufacturer of glass fruits admits that the cherries of California are at least as good in quality as the French varieties.

WOMAN'S LONG VIGIL AT LIGHT.

One Who Has Tended a Pacific Coast Beacon for Twenty-seven Years.

Miss Laura A. Hexco, who for twenty-seven years has tended the light of the Santa Cruz Lighthouse, has but recently returned to her post from the last of the six vacations she has taken during that period. Since 1881 this woman has had absolute charge of the light, aid in all that time it has never gone out during the night.

Miss Hexco followed her father in charge of the light. He was a retired clergyman, who took the work of caring for the light when his health broke down under the stress of his pastoral duties. With him went his wife and girl, who cared for him as well as the light.

During the thirteen years her father was in charge Miss Hexco was practically the real mistress of the lighthouse. When his death came she applied for and obtained the work. Since that time she has been steadily at it, cleaning, tending and watching the light that it may be never dimmed.

Then her mother died in the old lighthouse and the woman was left alone with her work. She loves it and is never satisfied if she is away from it for long. Her only recreation is an occasional visit to her brother, who lives at Oceanside, and gathering in sea specimens, a collection of which she recently gave to the Santa Cruz Library.

Fortunately for Miss Hexco, the Santa Cruz Lighthouse is not built on a rock-bound coast, but is bordered among trees. The light is modern, of twelve candle-power multiplied by reflectors to something like 935 candle-power. During the twenty-seven years it has been tended by Miss Hexco no ship has been wrecked on the Santa Cruz coast.—Los Angeles Times.

English in the Peloponnese. In Nauplia, the site of the national prison—or, as Philip S. Marden puts it in his recent book, "Greece and the Aegean Islands," the "Sing-Sing of Hellas"—Greeks who speak English are plentiful, and even those who make no other pretensions to knowledge of the tongue are proud of being able to say "all right" in response to labored efforts at pidgin-Greek.

One of the gentry in native garb of quaint capote and pomped shoes approached Mr. Marden in the street, and stated in excellent English, that sorted strangely with his Hellenic clothes, that he was once employed in an electric light plant in Cincinnati.

Did he like it? Oh, yes! In fact, he was quite ready to go back there, where pay was better than in Nauplia. And with an expressive shrug and comprehensive gesture that took in the whole broad sweep of the ancient kingdom of the Atridae, he added: "Argos is broke; no good!"

One other such deserves mention, perhaps; one who broke in on a recreational reverie one day, as Mr. Marden was contemplating a Greek dance in a chaste neighborhood, with some English that savored of the Bowery brand, informing him that he had been in America, and had traveled all over that land of plenty in the peregrinations of Barnum's circus.

"I was wif' o' man Barnum w'en he died," he added, as most convincing passport of Mr. Marden's friendship.

Every man thinks that things at his house get out of order quicker than anywhere else on earth.

About the first thing an engaged young woman thinks of is lunch cloth.