A Matter of Spelling.

We felt sure that the silly season would not pass without something occurring to justify its title. "If one is a doughnut," runs a query sent us, "why isn't the other a coughcoughnut!"—Boston Transcript.

Stung.

Waiter—Thank you very much, sir.

Diner—What do you mean? I haven't given you anything.

Waiter—No, sir, but I bet a half dollar that you wouldn't tip me.

Diner—Oh, you did, eh! Well, here's a nickel. Now you're out 45 cents, and serves you right for your confounded impertinence.

Three Colors Enough.

Harold—Why doesn't Great Britain give more practical attention to dyestuffs?

Clarice—Perhaps we don't feel the practical need of them. With a good permanent red, white, and blue there's no special occasion to worry about finicky variations.—London Answers.

One at a Time, Anyway.

Alice—I've met the only man I ever loved.

Virginia—How often?—Life.

If the unexpected always happens, why not expect it?

An Imperfect Container.

"Her tears gave the thing away."

"Well, we might have known it would leak out."—Boston Transcript.

No man ever respects a woman who does not respect herself

Dolls for Greenland Kiddies.

Dozens of American dolls are being taken by Capt. Donald B. MacMillan on his present trip to the Arctic to be distributed to the kiddies of Greenland.

The New Mother.

The Mother—Shame on you, Doris, for being so selfish! You know I'll be careful of your frock; besides don't forget the times you've worn my silk stockings.—Cartoons Magazine.

Young Bargain Hunter.

Her mother took little Edna downtown the other day and as they walked slowly along they saw the sign in an entrance, "Children half price."

"Oh, mamma," cried Edna, "do let's go in and buy a baby now they're so cheap."—Boston Transcript.

A man never tries to belittle other men unless he feels that they are superior to himself.

One of the modern "cares that infest the day" is seeing that one's clothes are pressed.

CONDENSED CLASSICS

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP

By CHARLES DICKENS

Frederick H. Dole, Junior Master, Boston Public Latin School

In G. K. Chesterton's searching study of Charles Dickens, he points out what an extraordinary difference there is between the popularity of Dickens and the popularity of the most eagerly read English writers of today. People read a Dickens' story six times, says Mr. Chesterton, because they know it so well. If they can read a modern popular novel six times, it is only because they can forget it six times.

One reason for this difference is the vividness with which the people of Dickens stand out. There are dozens of characters in Dickens whom readers feel they know better than they do their most intimate friends. One has but to think of Dick Swiveller or Quilp in "The Old Curiosity Shop" to see them moving past. And there are others in this book and in all the novels who are so familiar that the mere mention of their names conjures them into life. Much as we like and are thrilled by the men and women who dare and love in the popular stories of today, there are none of them whom we should recognize as quickly if we saw them in the street as we would Micawber or Mrs. Gamp or Sam Weller or a host of others created more than half a century ago.

It was the writer's imagination that made his characters seem giants when they are placed beside the characters of later men. It is this imagination, "now humorous, now terrible, now simply grotesque," that Professor Saintsbury terms "of a quality which stands entirely by itself, or is approached at a distance, and with a difference, only by that of his great French contemporary, Balzac."

A LITTLE child—the beautifully drawn character sketch of such a one as the Divine Master so often chose to hold up as a model for his followers—this is our heroine.

Though not yet fourteen years old, she could look back on better days gone by. Then her grandfather was happy and contented and had often talked of her angel mother. She had walked with him in the fields beyond the city's noise, and they had there enjoyed many delightful hours.

Now he has changed. He is anxious, worried, and secretive. He often sends the child on business to the house of the hateful dwarf, Quilp. He is away from home every night, returning just before day, and is filled with gloom whenever he comes back. The child cannot comprehend the reason for this change.

She tells this to the sympathetic Mrs. Quilp, while the monster who has loaned her grandfather money listens at the door. He has supposed the old man to be possessed of great secret wealth and to be in the way of making much more money if only he could be carried over a temporary emergency. But the child's statements to his wife made the dwarf suspicious. He investigated and found Nell's grandfather had taken his loans to the gaming table and had lost.

"I am no gambler," cried the old man fiercely, when accused by Quilp. "I call heaven to witness that I never played for gain of mine or love of play; that at every piece I staked I whispered that orphan's name and called on heaven to bless the venture—which it never did."

He cried out that his winnings would have been made from evil men and would have been spent on a sinless child. Quilp was unmoved by his appeals for further aid. He had a legal hold on the old man's curiosities and other property and brought his lawyer to take possession of the premises. Kit, the servant boy of Nell's grandfather, had angered Quilp by calling him names, and the dwarf took revenge by telling the old man that Kit had informed of the gambling.

Early one morning, before Quilp and his lawyer awoke, Nell and her grandfather crept softly out and left their home forever. They had visions of fair fields and country scenes through which they would journey. The child had learned that she must be the leader, and he followed willingly. She had a little money, but they must depend upon charity when that was gone.

The first day they made a long journey and were given a ride by a kind countryman. They stayed that night at an inn with two Punch and Judy showmen for whom Nell had done a bit of mending. With them they went to the races the next day, but Nell became suspicious of the men and escaped with her grandfather into the open country.

Nearly exhausted by another long walk, they arrived at a school playground. The schoolmaster kindly took them home, and they stayed there a few days, obtaining needed rest.

Continuing their journey, they next met with a traveling wax-figure show, and Nell so favorably impressed Mrs. Jarley, the manager, that she received employment. Her bitterest experience came at this time.

Her grandfather fell in with some gamblers and lost nearly all their money. She had a gold coin of which he knew nothing. She changed this in payment for their night's lodging, but awoke to find her grandfather robbing her purse of every coin in order to gamble again. A short time later Nell heard the gamblers persuade him to steal from Mrs. Jarley, holding out the hope that he would win much more than enough to repay her secretly.

Poor Nell was now in absolute terror. She woke him that night and told him of a terrible dream, wherein she saw men like him robbing those asleep. She made him flee with her at once.

On and on they walked, farther and farther from London. Finally they came to a smoky town. A poor workman took the tired child in his arms and led the way near the furnace room of a huge factory where they could sleep warmly.

The poor girl was nearly exhausted, but in the morning they pressed on their journey. At last they saw a familiar form. The child screamed and fell senseless at the feet of the schoolmaster. He carried her gently into a nearby inn, and there she gradually recovered by means of stimulants, food and rest.

The schoolmaster had received what was to him a princely appointment. He had been given a position paying thirty-five pounds annually in a distant town, and he was walking there. He had loved Nell since he saw her and begged them to go and live near him. Entirely friendless, except for him, they went gladly. Their new home was in a beautiful peaceful village. Nell obtained a position as caretaker of the church, and they lived next door to the schoolmaster.

Now the old man's servant, Kit, had obtained an excellent position near home by being strictly honest in his dealings with a kind old man, Mr. Garland. He had never lost his desire to find and help Nell and her grandfather.

A strange gentleman appears in the story in search of the same personages. He proves to be the old grandfather's younger brother, who has lived abroad many years. He has made much money and has returned to share it with his aged relative, who has now disappeared. After one unsuccessful journey, he found out where Nell and her grandfather were living. Taking Kit and Mr. Garland along, the younger brother traveled to the village. They arrived there late at night, but Kit discovered the old man at once. He asked for Nell, and her grandfather said she was asleep. Then the younger brother, Mr. Garland, the schoolmaster and an old man who had befriended Nell entered.

Poor Nell had been dead for two days. "There upon her little bed she lay at rest. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived and suffered death." Worn out by her long journey, her lack of food, her exposure, and the anxiety for her grandfather, she had never recovered from the strain, although her last days had been spent in perfect peace and joy.

The old man was found dead upon her grave not long afterward.

How Kit's honesty had once been questioned because of a plot laid against him by the wretched Quilp, and his lawyer; how his innocence had been proven through the testimony of the lawyer's servant maid, a starved, abused child; how the humorous Dick Swiveller assisted in freeing Kit, and how he was rewarded; how the horrible dwarf met a well-deserved death by drowning—all these side-lights to the main story of Little Nell are told in Dickens' own inimitable way. But they must ever be regarded as mere accessories in the development of the short life history of one of the most pathetic and lovable characters in our literature.

Oh, mightiest master of the pen of English fiction, we thank thee for the gift of little Nell, to show us by her love and innocence and faith how much of God may reside in humanity.

Possibly Polly Knew It.

A man made a bet with a friend that he would teach the latter's parrot to say the word "hallo" in one lesson. Accordingly he sat down beside the bird's cage and repeated the word "hallo," "hallo," "hallo," without pausing, for nearly ten minutes, the parrot meantime remaining apparently unheeding, and so motionless as to suggest sleep—altogether a singularly unpromising pupil. Nothing daunted, the teacher, after a brief pause to take breath, began once more, "Hallo, hallo." Rousing himself with ostentatious effort, Polly fixed his instructor with a cold and glittering eye and exclaimed, "Number engaged!"

Useless Worry.

Some one has said that if the energy expended in useless worry could be stored and translated into power, like electricity or steam, it would operate all the machinery of the world. There is no doubt that the energy we waste in worrying, if turned in the right direction, would conquer all our problems and difficulties. We not only cripple and dwarf our lives and cause ourselves constant suffering by worrying and fretting over misfortunes that come to us, but we torture ourselves, ruin our happiness and sap our vitality by anticipating troubles and misfortunes that never come.—Orison Swett Marden in Chicago News.

Aftermath Gossip.

"From the stories my son tells about the war, I gather there were very many men A. W. O. L. in Paris."

"It was only natural there, wasn't it, for them to take French leave?"

ONE THING SHE HADN'T LOST

Pupil's Statement of Fact Probably Gave Music Teacher Occasion for Deep Thought.

A well-known music teacher in Atlanta was giving a lesson to a talented but careless pupil and was rapidly losing all patience with her. Finally, at a most complicated part of a difficult piece, the pupil lifted her hands from the piano and made a wild dash for her handkerchief to stop a threatened sneeze. It was the last straw.

"Was there ever such a girl!" exclaimed the teacher, thrusting her own handkerchief at the offender. "You lose your position, you lose your fingering, you lose your handkerchief—you lose everything!"

"Not quite everything," said the pupil with a smile. "I haven't lost my temper."

Fils in Education.

A pet theory of Rex Ingram, producer of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" and "The Conquering Power," is that motion pictures will in time virtually supplant oral instruction in the schools. He believes that the eye impressions work more powerfully on the brain than those of things heard.

A test of the theory, it is said, was made recently in Detroit, where a school class was divided into two groups of equal intelligence. One group had a motion picture lesson; no explanation was given by a teacher. The lesson lasted 13 minutes. The other group received oral instruction from a teacher for 55 minutes. Then each group was tested on the lesson. The average grade of the motion picture group was 3.26 per cent higher than that of the oral group.

Medium Was Right.

"Divvie a bit do I believe the messages these mediums are after gettin' from the dead," declared Dugan. "Ye can't be tellin' whether they're true or not." "More fool ye. Ye can, and I can prove it," contradicted Monahan. "By mistake I was reported killed entirely in the war, and one day me sister went to a medium who told her I was wishin' I was back on earth. And at that very time I was on a transport in a high sea, d'ye mind?"

A Business Woman.

He had paid $30 for his Panama hat, but was ashamed to admit it and told his wife it cost $3.

"Oh, John," she said a few days afterward, as she greeted him on his arrival home, "I made such a splendid bargain today. There was an old clothes man here, and when he saw your new Panama he was foolish enough to offer five dollars for it. There are some things I need advertised in the paper and I want that two dollars all for myself."—New York Sun.

A Question of Identity.

The New Minister—"Do you know who I am, my little man?" Little Billie—"Certainly. Don't you know who you are?"

When a man's temper is ruffled his brows usually knit.

HEARD AND HEEDED APPEAL

Sexton Rather Spoiled Effect of Preacher's Discourse by His Prompt and Literal Obedience.

A country negro preacher was speaking at length to his congregation of the many things round us that are shrouded in mystery, and of which we know little. As he warmed to his theme, he became most eloquent, and frequently repeated the oft-quoted saying: "More light! Oh, for more light!"

His surprise may be imagined when, after one of these utterances, the old sexton, who had been dozing since the beginning of the sermon, woke with a start, then got up, tiptoed softly into the vestry, seized two additional candles and, ascending the pulpit stairs, placed them beside the two already there, and in a loud whisper, heard all over the church, exclaimed:

"Yo' shore got to do with these; there ain't no mo'."

Insects Big Pest.

Insect pests cause an annual loss to the world's field crops of $125,000,000, according to the report of the entomological branch of the Canadian department of agriculture, which is carrying on an "antiwaste" research campaign to discover effective counteractives. The botany branch of the department claims to have saved $40,000,000 a year by its crusade against smut and its control of late blight and rot of potatoes.

Taxation Blues.

"Grandpa, what was the tune the old cow died on?" "'Taxation Blues,' honey," said Mr. Cobbles.