

# GOOD Short Stories

In Florence, lately, one of several Italian ladies who were entertaining Mark Twain, asked what was the American national game. "Poker," he responded. When she laughingly protested that he was facetious, he gravely reiterated his statement, and added: "Madame, to the game of poker the American people owe the most valuable lesson a nation can learn: Never give up, even after you have lost your last chance."

A well-known actor was telling his 16-year-old son, whom he considers very immature and young for his age, that he ought to be doing something for his glory and his country. "Why, when George Washington was your age, my son, he was surveying the estate of Lord Fairfax." The boy thought a moment, then he replied, quietly: "Well, when he was as old as you, pa, he was President of the United States."

"Sardou represents a distinct type of the drama which he originated," said a pupil in Brander Matthews' dramatic literature class at Columbia University. "What description of that type do you offer?" asked Professor Matthews. "Theatrical plays closely packed with interest mark the Sardine drama," replied the young man, promptly and earnestly. "Young man," laughed the professor, "with a can-opener you may yet evolve the great American play."

"I am disgruntled," said Senator Foster recently; "I'll never give money to a street beggar again as long as I live. There was a very pitiful-looking beggar in the avenue, a few minutes ago, and my heart going out to him, I stopped to hand him a few small coins. I had some difficulty, I admit, in finding my change, but was that any reason for the beggar to frown at me, and say, impatiently: 'Hurry up, sir. I've lost several customers while you've been muddling over them pennies.'"

Professor E. G. Dexter, of the University of Illinois, who has devoted much time to proving that football is a harmless game, is very popular among the students. He was entertaining a group of them at his residence one night, and during a space of silence, he took down and brandished a magnificent sword that hung over the fireplace. "Never will I forget," he exclaimed, "the day I drew this blade for the first time." "Where did you draw it, sir?" a freshman asked, respectfully. "At a raffle," said Professor Dexter.

When Uru, now admiral of the Japanese navy, entered the academy at Annapolis, he got a good old-fashioned hazing, like all the other fellows, and stood it like a major. When he became an upper class man and privileged to haze the incoming fledglings, he also lived up to the academy traditions. He weighed only about 115 pounds, and was one of the smallest fellows in the academy. "I remember," says one of his classmates, "seeing him get hold of big George Ferguson, now an assistant engineer of the Brooklyn Bridge. 'What's your name?' demanded Uru. 'Ferguson, sir.' 'Spell it.' 'F-e-r-g-u-s-o-n, sir.' 'Spell it over again, and remember that you're addressing your superior.' 'F, sir; e, sir; r, sir; g, sir; u, sir; s, sir; o, sir; n, sir.' 'Ferguson, sir.'"

## PLANT A CAUSE OF CANCER

Top of the Oleander Is Said to Produce The Dreaded Malady.

When I was a child a neighbor rode to our door on horseback. While he was talking with my father his horse crowded close to the porch and attempted to bite some twigs of an oleander. The man was greatly alarmed when he saw that the animal had broken a stalk, and asked for water and washed the horse's mouth thoroughly.

My father asked the reason for his anxiety. He said a mouthful of the twigs would kill the horse almost instantly, and told of a horse that died in severe tremors a few minutes after eating a few shoots of the plant; also of a neighbor who pruned her oleander plants and threw the branches into a little pond in the barnyard. The cattle drank the water and died.

Some years later a playmate was under medical treatment for an enlargement of the throat which seemed to threaten goiter. Her house was an oleander bower and the blossoms were her favorite decoration. She sometimes bit the stems off if they were too long. After months of the most thorough treatment the swelling disappeared.

A young woman who was extremely fond of oleander plants kept a very large tree in her room. One day in midwinter she dug out a portion of the earth and filled in the space with fresh soil from the florist's in order that her favorite might throw out a new crop of blossoms. That night she complained of serious irritation of her throat. A

few days later the glands below the ear enlarged until they were on a line with her cheek. For nearly a year every remedy known to medical science was tried. The swelling at last yielded to treatment and she permanently recovered.

Another woman transplanted and reported a large number of oleanders, becoming much wearied with her task. She complained that night of a curious irritation in her throat. A swelling came in the glands below her ear. All remedies failed. It became malignant and caused her death about six months afterward.

Within the past year a death from cancer of the face or mouth has occurred in a household where are the largest and most beautiful oleanders I have ever seen. Yet another case is that of a woman of middle age whose favorite flower was the oleander. She kept all varieties, collecting them from various places as she found new ones. She had a clearly developed cancer, took treatment for years, and was, as the doctors assured her, entirely cured. Whether any symptoms of the disease have developed within the last eight or ten years I am unable to say.

I might give other instances, but these are to my mind sufficient ground for belief that there is some connection between the oleander and glandular affections of a more or less malignant character.—New York Sun.

## MANY CANNIBALS STILL EXTANT

Human Flesh Eaten in Different Parts of the World.

There are many places in the world to-day where cannibalism flourishes. Scattered about the Pacific Ocean are many cannibal islands, where the natives eat human flesh because they like it for food. In others cannibalism is practiced as a sort of religious rite.

The natives of New Guinea are confirmed cannibals, and not long ago they killed and ate the members of an exploring party led by the well-known missionary and explorer, Dr. Chalmers. Dr. Chalmers was one of the founders of Port Moresby, the principal town in the British part of the island, and had done more in the way of exploring New Guinea than any other man. On his last expedition up the Fly River the largest in New Guinea, he was at first received with all the old-time respect which the natives were wont to show him, but one night they killed the whole party and ate their bodies including that of their friend, the doctor.

Seven Spanish sailors who were wrecked near the mouth of the Muri River, in West Africa, were captured and eaten by the natives recently.

To-day there are cannibal tribes living in many parts of South America. Such tribes inhabit that region of wilderness belonging to Colombia known as the Cacaqueta, and the brother of General Rafael Reyes, the special envoy of Colombia to this country in the Panama matter, was killed and eaten by some of them while attempting to cross to the head waters of the Amazon.

Some of the tribes of northern Luzon are suspected of being addicted to cannibalism. Grewsome tales of cannibalistic practices are told of the voodoo worshippers of the interior of Hayti.—New York Sun.

## Duties of the War Nurse.

They must know as well as a regular soldier how to make a camp and take care of it.

They must be able to forage for food with the troops and know how to cook it after obtaining it.

They must have nerves steady enough to go out on the battlefield and aid in picking up the wounded under fire.

They must know how to arrange and erect a field hospital, keep it in order, and soothe the sick and wounded.

They must be able to remain on duty eighteen hours at a stretch among the wounded without flinching.

They must at times trudge along the roads in rain, mud, heat or cold, like the soldiers, marching with heavy outlays.

They must be able to sleep in blankets on the ground at any time when duty compels it.

They must have a comprehensive idea of medicine and surgery and must assist the surgeons at operations.

They must eat the rough and frequently spoiled rations of the troops without complaint.

And they must, above all things, be courageous to the point of heroism when a human is to be aided.—Washington Times.

## His Argument.

"So you are an advocate of vegetarianism!"

"Yes."

"For what reason?"

"If I can persuade everybody else to live on vegetables, perhaps eggs and beef will become cheap enough for me to have all I want of them."—Washington Star.

## On Hand.

"What's become of that handsome woman who could read hands so cleverly?"

"Oh, she's in her element."

"Where's her element?"

"At Palm Beach, of course."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

# HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

"I wonder what has become of Goodley. When he was at school, you remember, he used to talk so much about uplifting mankind. Entered the ministry, perhaps."

"Oh, no! He's manufacturing explosive shells and torpedoes."—Philadelphia Ledger.

## Directly Under It.

"It's funny," said the long-winded bore, "but nobody ever seems glad to see me."

"And haven't you ever found out the cause of your unpopularity?" inquired his candid friend.

"No, I can't discover it."

"Well, Well; it's right under your very nose."—Philadelphia Press.

## Extreme Measures.



Mother—If I catch you chasing those hens again I'll wash your face every day next week!—Punch.

## True Enough.

Towne—Did you tell Markley you had just bought a magazine title?

Browne—Yes.

Towne—You're a truthful gentleman! Why, it's only a cheap single-barrel affair.

Browne—Well, I bought it through an advertisement in a magazine, didn't I?—Philadelphia Press.

## Charitable Sex.

He (at amateur concert)—What do you think of Miss Screecher's voice?

She—Oh, I think it's all of what it's cracked up to be.

## Then or Never.

Miss Willing—Should a girl allow her fiancé to kiss her before they are married?

Mrs. Wedderly—Well, if she wants him to kiss her at all she should.

## Something to Mow.

"I wonder if they produce hay in the arctic fields?" said the hall-room boarder.

"I don't know whether they call it hay or not," replied the cheerful idiot, "but it's something the Eskimos."

## A Princely Reward.

"Boy," said the wealthy man, beaming with gratitude; "you have done me a great service and I am going to reward you."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" gasped the small boy.

"Here, in this case, is the first dollar I ever made. Gaze on it and let it inspire you to be industrious and saving. Good-by."—Philadelphia Ledger.

## The Cares of Youth.



"Wot's worryin' him? In fer a lickin'?"

"Nope; worseer'n that. He says today's the day he's decided ter propose to the teacher."

## Why She Objected.

"I suppose, my dear," said old Moneybags, "that you object to my using tobacco because it is a poison."

"Yes," replied his young wife; "because it is—er—such a slow poison."

## Slight Mistake.

Shopper (in department store)—Isn't it rather early to have those mosquito nets on sale.

Saleslady—Beg pardon, but those are boarding-house blankets.

# OLD FAVORITES

## The Barefoot Boy.

Blessings on thee, little man,  
Barefoot boy with cheek of tan;  
With thy turned-up pantaloons,  
And thy merry whistled tunes;  
With thy red lip, redder still,  
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;  
With the sunshine on thy face  
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace!  
From my heart I give thee joy:  
I was once a barefoot boy.  
Prince, thou art; the grown-up man  
Only is republican.  
Let the million-dollar ride;  
Barefoot, trudging at his side,  
Thou hast more than he can buy,  
In the reach of ear and eye—  
Outward sunshine, inward joy,  
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

Oh, for boyhood's time of June,  
Crowding years in one brief moon  
When all things I heard or saw,  
Me, their master, waited for!  
I was rich in flowers and trees,  
Hummingbirds and honey bees;  
For my sport the squirrel played,  
Plied the spouted mole his spade;  
For my taste, the blackberry cone  
Purpled over hedge and stone;  
Laughed the brook for my delight,  
Through the day and through the night,  
Whispering at the garden wall,  
Talked with me from fall to fall;  
Mine the sand-rimmed pickered pond;  
Mine the walnut slopes beyond;  
Mine, on bending orchard trees,  
Apples of Hesperides!  
Still as my horizon grew,  
Larger grew my riches, too;  
All the world I saw or knew  
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,  
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

Oh, for festal dainties spread  
Like my bowl of milk and bread!  
(Pewter spoon and bowl of wood)  
On the doorstep, gray and rude!  
O'er me like a regal tent,  
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,  
Purple curtained, fringed with gold,  
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;  
While for music came the play  
Of the pied frogs' orchestra,  
And to light the noisy choir,  
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.  
I was monarch; pomp and joy  
Waited on the barefoot boy.  
Cheerily, then, my little man,  
Live and laugh as boyhood can;  
Live and laugh as boyhood can;  
Though the flinty slopes be hard,  
Stubble-peared the new-mown sward,  
Every morn shall lead thee through  
Fresh baptisms of the dew;  
Every evening from thy feet  
Shall the cool winds kiss the heat;  
All too soon those feet must hide  
In the prison cells of pride;  
Lose the freedom of the sod,  
Like a colt's, for work be shod;  
Made to tread the mills of toil,  
Up and down in ceaseless moil,  
Happy if their track be found  
Never on forbidden ground!  
Happy if they sink not in  
Quick and treacherous sands of sin!  
Ah, that thou couldst know thy joy  
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!  
—John G. Whittier.

## OLD MONASTERY IN RUINS.

Home of the Carmelites in Mexico Is Now a Mass of Debris.

The suburban town of San Angel, at the base of the foothills, three-quarters of an hour from the capital by electric car, is every year becoming more fashionable as a summer resort, and every year, as modern conveniences and better houses are provided in the outlying districts, more people take up their permanent abode there.

To the casual visitor to San Angel the most interesting feature is the handsome old church of Nuestra Señora del Carmen. Its triple domes, with their tiles shining brightly in the sunlight, are the first objects that arrest the attention of strangers approaching the town. Its Carmelite bell tower, or campanario, is distinctive, and the edifice is one of the handsomest ecclesiastical monuments in all Mexico. It was dedicated to the worship of God in 1617, or three years before the pilgrim fathers of New England landed in Plymouth Rock. The interior is handsomely decorated and contains some notable paintings by the famous Mexican artist Cabrera. Pious women have adorned the chapel of our lady, which is one of the features of this ancient church, and the magnificent Churrigueresque ornamentation of the northern transept is a splendid specimen of this most distinctive Spanish mode of decoration. Beneath this transept rest in their eternal sleep 45

American soldiers, who were killed or died of disease during the war of the North American invasion, when the adjoining monastery of the Carmelite fathers was converted into a military hospital and barracks, the good fathers nursing the wounded Americans with such Christian devotion and good will that when the troops evacuated San Angel monks and soldiers fell on one another's necks and wept.  
Javier speaks of San Angel's church as follows:  
"In the year 1613 Don Felipe De Guzman, a pious 'cacique' of Chimalistac, in fulfillment of his father's testament, gave up to the Carmelite order a huerta of considerable size. Here the Carmelites built a little hospice,

Don Felipe De Guzman presently died, and a little later died also his widow, childless. By her will the entire estate of which she died possessed passed to the Carmelite fathers, and by these it was devoted to the building of the existing monastery and church. The plans for these buildings were prepared by the celebrated architect Fray Andres De San Miguel, a lay brother of the Carmelite order, and at that time held to be the first architect of New Spain. That this reputation was well merited is shown by the beauty of his still existing work. The building was begun June 20, 1615, and was pushed with so much vigor that the church and convent were finished within two years. The church was dedicated to San Angelo Martir, whence came the name of the little town that presently grew up around it.—Modern Mexico.

## SYSTEM HAS BAD FEATURES.

Arguments in Favor of Substituting Post Checks for Money Orders.

An object lesson showing the effects and expensiveness of the postal money order system was given a few days ago to several members of the House Postoffice Committee by Captain Henry A. Castle, auditor for the Postoffice Department.

Mr. Castle first conducted his visitors to the "auditor's library," as it is called. Here are 7,000 loose-leaf binders, each making a volume larger than the largest counting-house ledger and weighing 15 pounds. These 7,000 binders are filled annually with postmasters' statements of money orders issued and paid, which are sent to the auditor's office with the 46,000,000 money orders issued annually as vouchers.

The party next visited the "machine-room," where scores of the high-salaried clerks were operating adding machines which verified the additions of the money order statements sent in by postmasters. More than 150,000 orders are daily handled in this room.

The visitors then went to the "round table" room, where other clerks were distributing an average of 150,000 money orders daily. The orders are thence taken (and the party followed them) to forty desks where nimble-fingered operators, mostly young women, separate them by towns in each State, arranged alphabetically.

The money order vouchers are now ready to be checked with the accounts of the issuing postmaster and 35 expert clerks were found doing this. From the checkers the money orders are tied in bundles, properly labeled and filed in the archives of the auditor's office for seven years, as required by law. The postmasters' statements, constituting the accounts, are filed in the loose-leaf binders as described and are ready for entry in the ledgers of the bureau where the accounts are kept. The 7,000 volumes of the statements are preserved also for a term of seven years.

The effect on the visiting Congressmen was startling. They learned also that the majority of money orders are for less than \$2.50 each. For their issue third and fourth class postmasters get the entire fee of three cents. First and second class postmasters employ high-salaried clerks for this work and the cost to the service is still greater. The paying of the orders, the book-keeping and the transmitting of them to Washington entail a heavy outlay for salaries, without a penny of compensating revenue; so that, in addition to the loss of time in going to the postoffice, applying for money orders and awaiting their issue, is this additional pecuniary loss to the government.

When the tour of the office had been ended the visitors asserted that Congress should, without delay, adopt some plan whereby this expensive and burdensome work could be reduced or at least its enormous growth discouraged.

The remedy for much of this evil, officials say, lies in the adoption of the post check plan, as post check currency would require no auditing.—Washington Star.

## Too Versatile.

Poor Jack of all trades! So strong is the prejudice against him that he is even denied the right to practice one avocation lest it interfere with his calling. This is an age of narrow specialization. When John Belcher, known now as a daring and original architect, was a young man he gave a good deal of time to music.

He had a fine voice, and was greatly in demand at evening parties.

One evening, after he had sung, to loud applause, he overheard two gentlemen talking him over:

"Who was the fellow that sang just now?" asked one. "The professional, I mean."

"Oh, that was Mr. Belcher, an architect."

"Well, he can't be much of an architect if he can sing like that."

The listener never sang again save at home. He decided that it was better to be a good architect than a pretty good musician and a fairly good architect.

Many a woman loves her husband less than her husband's wife.