

Marriage is a failure only when one or both parties to it are failures.

A man can quit any job he holds whenever he feels like it, except being married.

We seem to be on the verge of important discoveries in navigation among the clouds.

The trouble with the average man is he knows how to run every man's business but his own.

Evidently nature's scheme to save the alligator by making it both unassuming and repulsive is a failure.

The man who swallowed a cheque for \$150 must have some personal knowledge of undigested securities.

France, as its families grow smaller, looks with increasing pleasure on a partnership with its old enemy, John Bull.

It is proposed to boost the pay of the kaiser without first advertising to see if any one will take the job for less money.

Prof. Lowell, the astronomer, believes the earth is drying up. It is evident he hasn't been in these parts in recent weeks.

A German scientist has discovered that women's feet are growing larger. Horrid man! What did he want to discover that for?

The czar of Russia at the age of 40 is said to be an old man. Being a czar is apparently about as hard as working for a living.

A Black Hand agent demanded \$5,000 from Hetty Green, but she refused to give up until she saw the nature of the securities.

You may have noticed how much easier it is to exchange your money for experience than it is to swap your experience for money.

It is a large question whether the suffragettes in England would be willing to surrender the privilege of rioting in exchange for the ballot.

Two more automobile demonstrators have been fined for scorching. Counter demonstrations by the courts are absolutely necessary to stop the practice.

The mikado's daughter has landed as a husband Prince Tsuneshia Tsakada, thereby removing one more danger from the path of American heiresses.

Pittsburg declined an offer of the loan of \$1,000,000 from New York. The Smoky city wishes it distinctly understood that it has millionaires of its own to burn.

For the 12 months ended March 31, 1907, London's consumption of water amounted to \$2,125,249,347 gallons, representing a daily average supply of 33 gallons a head.

Of the \$1,400,000 thus far raised for the construction of the Liverpool cathedral about \$825,000 remains unexpended; and probably will suffice for the next five years.

A man in Arkansas had to pay \$1,500 and costs for dynamiting fish. He should confine himself to the less expensive pastime of dynamiting street cars or burning tobacco barns.

Speaking of happiness in married life, the only sure way to secure it, no matter what the lecturers and magicians say, is to fall in love and remain that way all the rest of your life.

Perhaps what ailed the young man who lost 22 positions in five years was that no one hired him at a generous salary to watch the ball games in summer and take notes in winter on indoor sports.

One of our noble policemen, says the Chicago Daily News, has won the girl of his choice because he proved himself a hero. There are other men who consider the simple act of getting married exalted heroism.

The Bowery mission of New York has so far this year supplied 233,000 meals and nearly 11,000 lodgings to homeless men and boys, its early morning bread line being one of the most pathetic sights in the world.

Exports of iron and steel from the United Kingdom for the first three months of the current calendar year show a decline compared with the corresponding months of last year of 279,000 tons in volume and of \$9,195,251 in value.

One Atlantic steamer noticed a water spout that filled the air with a school of porpoises. It would have been great had some of our flying machines been there. The operators could have thrown out hook and line and gone fishing in the air.

ROUND THE CAPITAL

Information and Gossip Picked Up Here and There in Washington.

Many Holdups on Tag Day in Capital



WASHINGTON.—Every man on the streets here on June 13 wore a tag by a string from his buttonhole. It was a plain cardboard tag such as the express companies use, and it did not add to the appearance of one's dress, but it saved money and a holdup to wear it. June 13 was tag day in Washington. Tag day was a device to squeeze dimes and quarters out of every pedestrian for the benefit of a castoff children's playground. It was a pretty mean man who would not hand out a dime at least once for a tag. It was an excessively high-toned or reckless one who would not wear it. No dime, no tag. No tag, no peace. The holdup of wearers of untagged coats occurred every 25 feet. Something like \$7,000 was realized as a result of the "holdups" for the playground.

Children peddled the tags in all parts of the city, and no man escaped. There were store tags, house tags, automobile tags, cab tags and personal tags and a five-dollar tag that made the owner immune from attack in all quarters. The store tag cost a dollar,

likewise the house tag. Every woman was held up in every store, and it cost her a dollar to continue her round of shopping without further solicitation.

President Roosevelt came across for a five-dollar tag that allowed him to take his customary drive on horseback without being held up at the bridge. Attorney General Bonaparte was tagged twice. A beautiful young woman held him boldly in front of the White House Friday, which was a day in advance of official time for the free-booting. He dug up a round dollar cheerfully and said it was worth it. But he forgot the tag when he sauntered out Saturday, and he had to shell out again.

Young Quentin Roosevelt made a street record. He stood in front of his schoolhouse and took \$9.20 in an hour peddling ten-cent tags. Then he moved down to the Mall before the White House, where he suspected money would come in bigger pieces, but he was lashed to the mast there in no time after two automobiles drove up filled with daintily clad girls, who piled out and worked the thoroughfare and White House grounds to a finish. The girls then ventured into the sacred precincts of the White House and sought Mr. Loeb, but could not find him. Learning that he, like the president, was exempt, under the rules of the game, they left, by virtue of the five-dollar tag, complimentary tags for both just for luck.

Postage Stamp Gum as Article of Diet



EVERY time a person licks a United States postage stamp he gets a taste of sweet potato. The gum with which the stamps are backed is made from that succulent vegetable because Uncle Sam's lieutenants consider it the most harmless preparation of the sort.

All of the gum used on American postage stamps is mixed by the government at the bureau of engraving and printing, where the stamps are made. It is spread on the sheets after the stamps have been printed.

The gum, in a liquid form, is forced up through pipes from the basement, where it is made. These pipes lead to a series of machines consisting of rollers, between which the sheets of

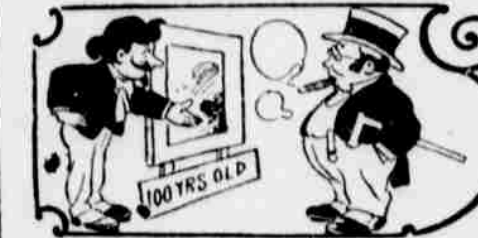
stamps are fed, one at a time.

A continuous fine stream of the liquid gum falls upon one of these rollers. The sheet with its wet coating of sweet potato mucilage passes from the rollers into a long horizontal flue with hot air. When it emerges at the other end the gum is dry.

While Uncle Sam tries to make the lot of the stamp licker as innocuous as possible, he does not advise making a meal off his sweet potato gum. The whole process of gum making and applying is made as clean as possible, but there is yet another item to be considered.

A sheet of postage stamps is handled a good many times before it even leaves the bureau where it is made. If you must lick any of your stamps pick out those from the middle of the sheet. The corner ones have gone through the fingers of half a dozen or more counters, not to mention the perforators and the separators and the rest.

American "Suckers" Warned by Consul



THE American consul at Dunfermline has furnished a guide to "suckers" in a report warning the American tourist what not to buy in the way of antique and art objects.

Prefacing his remarks with the statement that even a man with much money cannot take a 30 day correspondence course in art and antiquity and then tell what he is buying, he points out these familiar deceptions that are now being hung up abroad for rich Americans who are thirsting for artistic environment:

"Robert Burns Chairs—Bobbie did not keep an installment furniture house, and what the constable did not take, buyers long ago have.

"Mary Queen of Scots Tables—The queen was rather migratory, owing to circumstances, and did not carry many tables around with her.

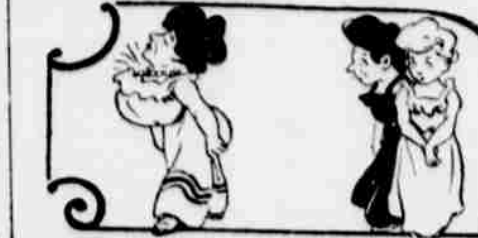
"Sheffield Plate—It is mostly modern, aged with processes that are new.

"Engravings and Prints—Ancient copies are turned off the press every day for the 'fish' from America.

"Rare Old Furniture—This is made with pumice stone and oil, which will age any old chair or table in a week."

Summing up, he says that for more than 50 years collectors have ransacked every available nook for antiques and works of art, and that wherever one is to be found it costs money and ought to be accompanied with a responsible dealer's guarantee.

Mrs. Meyer Rouses Feminine Tempest



CAN American society affairs be conducted along lines laid down by the European nobility?

Mrs. George von Lengerke Meyer, wife of the postmaster general, has been doing some experimenting the past season.

Resenting the free and easy custom of everybody and anybody visiting the cabinet homes, Mrs. Meyer has attempted to introduce foreign methods as regards calling and the general programme.

Not since Mrs. Levi P. Morton drew such a line of distinction between accidental official position and hereditary social standing has Washington been so wrought up as over Mrs. Meyer's haughty attitude toward the

wives of cabinet officers and other men in public life.

Mrs. Meyer's treatment of wives of members of congress has caused no end of criticism. She inaugurated the habit of asking women from the far west or the south of the Beacon street circle if they thought it obligatory for them to call on one so far removed geographically. It was broadly intimated she would not be at all offended if the lesser social lights—wives of congressmen particularly—eliminated her from their visiting lists.

Then Mrs. Meyer aroused a tempest in the teapot by her treatment of her associates in the cabinet circle. She invariably ignored her colleagues when she was getting up such smart entertainments as the dinner and reception to the duke of the Abruzzi and the duchess of Sutherland. She invited only members of the diplomatic corps.

Mrs. Meyer was, before marriage, Miss Alice Appleton, daughter of the well-known head of the great publishing company. She inherited a large fortune.



A bird hunter, having become enraged at his dog, seized him by the collar, snatched up a stick and administered to him an unmerciful beating. On the fence not far away sat old Lim Jucklin, and he called to the hunter: "By the way, there, when you get through with that dog, and if you ain't in too big a hurry to go somewhere else, I'd like to say something to you. I have an idea that it may do you good."

"I don't know that I've got any too much time for you, old man," the hunter replied.

"Well, I didn't ask for too much time. It won't take me long to tell you what I think."

The hunter came slowly forward, and at the same time two of his companions, having overheard what had been said, came out of the corn field and, speaking pleasantly to the old man, waited for him to proceed with their friend. The dog, true to the instincts of his generous race, came up to renew his promises of eternal fidelity.

"What is it you want with me?" the hunter inquired. "As I said before, I haven't much time."

"Ah, hah," replied the old man, "but you've got the time to quit your business whatever it may be and to come over here and to hunt on my land without ever havin' asked for the permission."

"I beg your pardon, sir; I didn't know this was your land."

"Yes, that's the trouble with such fellers as you are—you never know. However, I don't mind your huntin' on my land, but as long as I pay taxes on it you shan't beat your dog on it. Don't be impatient, now, and listen a minute to what I've got to say. I don't set myself up as a lecturer, you understand, but once in a while I drop into a talk, if the occasion brings it up, and the occasion happens to do so just at present. Why did you beat the dog?"

"Flushed a bird when he had no business to."

"It come out of his eagerness and his enthusiasm I reckon. And while he was a workin' for you, too. Sometimes you get so excited that you shoot too quick, don't you? Ah, hah, I'll bet you do. But you lay it to the keenness of your blood and don't look on it as a crime. But you think that your dog ought to have more self-control and a readier exercise of reason than you've got. And, as a general thing, I bet he has."

"He's putting it on you, Jim," said one of the companions. "Go ahead, old man, we'll make him take it."

"Oh, there ain't much to take—just a little talk that may not do him any harm. Every man knows that he ought not to be cruel to an animal, but sometimes we know a thing so well that we forget it. Some men have passed all their lives lookin' for a big truth and have overlooked all of the little ones. I just want to ask you this: What has that dog got to look forward to except to please you? In the one of your voice he finds the color of life—dark or light. When you frown it is cloudy weather for him; when you smile it doesn't make any difference to him how the rain pours or how the snow flies. He is ready to go with you. The night can't be too dark nor the wind too bitin'. When you want to go out the most cheerful fire would be uncomfortable for him. Talk about the influence of a man in his family! Talk about ownership! Why, you own the dog's body and he gladly makes you a present of his soul. The Bible teaches us to forgive, and in this the dog is more religious than man. You may say that this comes through fear, but the dog is not afraid to give his life for you; and I don't want to hurt your feelin's here on my own land, but I've always noticed that the feller that will beat a dog will cheat a man if he gets a right good chance."

"Look here, old fellow, you may be going too far. I never cheated a man in my life."

"And I was goin' to add that the man that would beat a dog would also lie—if you give him the chance," said the old man.

"What, and you mean that you have given me the chance?"

The companions began to laugh and old Limuel quietly chuckled. "Well, I'm liberal enough to give a man almost any sort of a chance he may be lookin' for. By the way, what's your business?"

"I run a coal yard."

"Sell coal. Now that can be made as honest a business as any in the world. But don't you sometimes guess at the weight of a ton?"

"Well, not exactly guess at it. I've been in the business so long that I can come pretty close to a ton by lookin' at it."

"Then you guess at it; and did you ever know one of those close guessers

to guess on the wrong side? It's like the man that makes a mistake in givin' change—usually makes it in his own favor. This may be honest, you know—makin' a mistake in your own favor—but it comes out of an underlyin' principle of selfishness. And, before I forget it, let me say that I've always noticed that the feller that beats a dog is one likely in a perfectly honest way to short-change you.

"A man may be honest as to dollars and cents and at the same time cruel. I knew a man who always paid his debts, but who beat his wife. Honesty and gentleness are not always companions. But the cruelty that applies to the dog seems to be different from any other sort. When the dog sees by your countenance or understands from your voice that he has done wrong he throws himself completely on your mercy, and if in his struggles to get away he should bite your hand, the greatest favor you can grant him is to permit him to lick the wound. Just look at that dog now. No man in the hot sun ever thirsted for water more than he thirsts for a kind word from you.

"I was readin' in a book where an old man says to a king: 'You can shorten all my days, but you can't grant me one hour of life.' Over this dog you've got more power than that, for with a word you can kill his soul or bring it to life. You may argue that a dog hasn't got a soul, but when a man is possessed in a full degree of the very qualities exhibited daily by the average dog we speak of the development of his soul. Dogs fight over a bone. Men fight over money. A dog is deceitful in order that he may be more pleasant in the eyes of his master.

"A dog is the only thing that glorifies his slavery. A boss works for what he eats. He's always got his mind on the stable. A dog works to give pleasure to his master. He is the only animal that enjoys a joke because the man does. He studies a man so close that he is a mind reader. When you get up of a mornin' he knows your temper the moment he sets eyes on you. Old man Cartwright out here declared that his dog knew in a moment when he had professed religion; and Cartwright told me, says he: 'The dog quit chasin' rabbits on Sunday, after this. He'd walk about the yard as solemn as any presidin' elder you ever saw, but the minute I cussed a cow and lost my religion, one Sunday, why the dog he jumped over the fence and started out trackin' a rabbit.' Well, make friends with your truest friend there, and go ahead."

The dog was listening. The hunter turned toward him and smiled. The grateful animal leaped forward with his eyes beaming, strove to embrace his master, and then, with new spirit, sprang over the fence to take up his neglected work. "Old gentleman," said the hunter, "I'm not as bad a fellow as you think I am."

"Oh, I guess you're all right, but you are so bent on your own enjoyment that you don't think enough of others, and I want to say that dogs are others."

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Reason Why.
The Chicago man who had read so much about the famous Southern Flyer on the far southern road looked out of the coach window and imagined he was riding on a trolley car in a crowded city street.

"Look here, Pete," he exclaimed, when the porter came through, "is this the celebrated Southern Flyer?"
"Dat's what it am, sah," replied the knight of the whiskbroom with a low bow.

"How fast are we going?"
"Bout 18 miles an houah, sah."
"Then why in thunderation do you give it such a ludicrous name as Southern Flyer?"

The porter laughed.

"Well, Ah'll tell yo', boss. De reason dey call it a flyeh am becase it's liable to fly off de track at any time."

Whitewashed.
She was one of those butterfly wives who imagine domestic life is a prison of unendurable monotony.

"Dear me!" she sighed over her novel. "I would like to be an actress. I should so love to feel the limelight in my eyes."

And the patient and practical husband looked up from his sporting page and replied in gentle tones:

"All right, Edna. Suppose you whitewash the fence to-morrow. If you do I'll guarantee that you can feel the lime light in your eyes all day."

And then he went away to his club while she remained home and played bridge with a trio of butterfly friends and told them how mean Henry could be when the stock market did not go right.