

OLD FAVORITES

Jes' 'Fore Christmas.
Father calls me William, sister calls me Will.
Mother calls me Willie—but the fellows call me Bill!
Mighty glad I ain't a girl—rather be a boy.
Without them sashes, curls an' things that's worn by Fauntleroy!
Love to chawak green apples an' go swimmin' in the lake—
Hate to take the castor-ile they give fr' bellyache!
Most all the time the hull year round there ain't no flies on me;
But jes' 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I can be!
Got a yaller dog named Sport—sick 'im on the cat;
Fust thing she knows she doesn't know where she is at!
Got a clipper-sled, an' when us boys goes out to slide
'Long comes the grocery cart an' we all hook a ride!
But, sometimes, when the grocery man is worried and cross,
He reaches at me with his whip, and larrups up his boss;
An' then I luff and holler: "Oh, you never tched me!"
But jes' 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!
Gran'ma says she hopes that when I git to be a man
I'll be a missioner like her oldest brother Dan,
As wuz et up by the cannib's that lives in Ceylon's isle,
Where every prospect pleases an' only a man is vile!
But gran'ma she had never been to see a Wild West show,
Or read the life of Daniel Boone, or else I guess she'd know
That Buffalo Bill an' cowboys is good enough fr' me—
Excep' jes' 'fore Christmas, when I'm good as I kin be!
Then of Sport he hangs around, so solemn like an' still—
His eyes they seem a-sayin': "What's er matter, little Bill?"
The cat she sneaks down off her perch, a wonder! what's become
Fr' dem two essences av horn that use ter make things hum!
But I am so perlitte and stick so earnest-like to biz,
That mother sez to father: "How improved our Willie is!"
But father, havin' been a boy hisself, suspicious me,
When, jes' 'fore Christmas, I'm as good as I kin be!
For Christmas, with its lots an' lots av candies, cakes an' toys,
Wuz made, they say, fr' proper kids, and not fr' naughty boys!
An' don't bust out identifyin' rooms, an' don't wear no dentally
Say yessum to the ladies, an' yessir to the men,
An' when they's company don't pass yer plate fr' pie again;
But, thinkin' av the things you'd like to see upon that tree,
Jes' 'fore Christmas be as good as you kin be!
—Eugene Field.

HUNTING BEAR IN COLORADO.

From September the hunting is good until winter sets in.
The spring season is comparatively brief, as the fur is in prime condition only for a short time after the bears come out, says the Illustrated Sporting News. They take immediately to a vegetable diet and a strenuous life, which soon works off the layers of fat, and by June 1 the fine winter coat becomes thin and more or less shaggy. By September, however, the fur is again in good condition, and from then on hunting is good until real winter sets in, and the first big, lasting snowstorm sends Brin hunting for shelter. The latter is not necessarily in "a dark den in the rocks or in the cave formed by the roots of some fallen giant of the forest," for the falling giant is seldom considerable enough to form anything which could seriously be called a "cave," and good rock dens are few and far between. If winter comes on gradually, the bear will take some time in selecting a really good den, but if it sets in suddenly and in earnest with a big snowstorm, the bear will "hole up" in any sort of shelter; fallen trees, piles of brush, bushes or ledges of rock, and almost invariably on the northern sides of the mountains, where the snow lies longest and they can sleep till the melting snow trickles in on them and drives them out.
The method of hunting is the same in both seasons, but the feeding grounds differ. In the fall they collect where the berries grow, but in the spring one runs across their tracks almost anywhere, as they are then constantly on the move, and feed on the bark of young alders, willow and all sorts of water plants, fish, frogs, ants, etc.
Having collected your outfit, you send the pack train of dogs, with the cook, "wrangler" and one guide, on a day ahead, and then follows a long ride with the head guide to where camp has been made. You eat a tremendous dinner and crawl into your sleeping bag at half-past 8 or 9. The next morning you have breakfast and are saddling your fresh pony (for every man must have at least two mounts) as the sun peeps over the mountains. Strung out in single file, led by the head guide in the midst of the dogs (only the terriers are not coupled), you ride for perhaps half an hour, when a halt is made, cinches are tightened and the magazines of your

30-40 Winchester or Roumanian Mannlicher filled and the rifle replaced in the scabbard under your right knee, trigger down to protect the foresight. Then you remount and the line spreads out, and you move on, the dogs still coupled, covering some "draw" (small valley), and all looking carefully for "bear sign."

TRIED EXPERIMENT ON BULL.

Tramp's Red Shirt Was the Signal for Attack on Him.
"It was this way," said a tramp, according to the Detroit Free Press. "I was out in the country about fifteen miles and hoofing it along the road, when I meets up with another weary who is wearing an old red shirt, given him by some farmer's wife. At that same time I sees a big black bull in the field on me left.
"Me friend," says I to the other after a bit, 'would you mind doin' one of the noble purfession a favor?'
"If it's not to lend ye me dinun pla," he kindly replies.
"It's only this trifle. I have heard that bulls didn't like the color of red, the same as the shirt ye've got on and wearin' so becominly, and mebbe ye will kindly experiment a little with that animal over in the field?"
"As to how?" says he.
"As to showin' yerself on the other side of the fence for a minit, I'd like to know if what I've heard about bulls is true?"
"Well, I don't mind doin' a man a favor," says he, with great cheerfulness, and he spits on his hands and mounts the fence. The bull was 200 feet away and head-on to us, and up goes his tail and he begins to paw and beller. The weary takes due notice, but he keeps right on walkin', and he has got 100 feet from the fence when the bull charges him.
"What shall I do?" he calls to me.
"Climb a tree," says I.
"I'd do it to oblige you, but there's none about."
"Then run for it!"
He put in his best ticks, but the bull picked him up within five feet of the fence and tossed him sky high. He comes down with a great thump, but on the right side of the fence, and I sits by him for half an hour till he opens his eyes. Then I says:
"Me friend, you have settled the point. Bulls don't like red. Need I say that I am obliged?"
"Don't mention it," says he, after fetchin' a groan a rod long.
"I'll try to do as much for you some time."
"I'm sure you will."
"And up he gets and limps away and I goes on me own road. We may never meet agin, but he has my best wishes for his future welfare. But for him I might have had to put on a red shirt and—"
"And what?" was asked by one of his listeners.
"Instead of solving the problem I'm worse off than before. Is it that a tramp don't like black or that a bull don't like red that bring about the collision? Um! I've got to find a quiet spot and think it over."

SAID TOO MUCH.

Thought She Had Better Have Deferred Oysters and Drives.
"Now, Maud," said Edgar, with a complacent smile I am ready to try that little experiment. I am sure I can bring you under hypnotic influences if you will agree not to resist. Just put your mind in a passive condition. Try to think of nothing at all. Fix your eye on the light, now, and don't forget to keep your mind a blank. I will count to seconds by my watch."
The girl followed his directions literally. In 20 seconds her eyes blinked; in 40 they closed.
"Ah! I knew I would succeed!" exclaimed Edgar, highly elated. "Now, Maud I command you to tell me the secrets of your heart. Whom do you love? Tell me, I command you."
A momentary expression of resistance crossed the girl's face; then she spoke in a monotone:
"I love Edgar Popham, and—"
"Yes, yes!" cried Edgar, trembling with delight. "Go on. Tell me all the secrets of your heart."
"I love Edgar Popham," continued the girl in the same tone, "and I would love him more if he were not so stingy. I want to go the theater twice a week, and he takes me only once in three months. I want diamond rings, and he gives me rings with imitation stones in them. I want a drive in the park once or twice a week, and I never get it. When I go out with him and get hungry, he never thinks of oysters. When I—"
"Enough!" cried the young man. "Awake! I command you!" and he fled without waiting to see the result of his command. As the front door slammed the young girl opened her eyes, smiled and said:
"I hope I did not spring too much on him at once. Perhaps I should have let the drive and oysters go till another time."
Comfort.
"Your husband has a dreadful cold," said the visitor.
"Yes," answered young Mrs. Torbins, "he can scarcely speak above a whisper. But Charley is lucky in one way. The baseball season is over and he doesn't need his voice much, anyhow."—Washington Star.
Lost at Sea.
The losses of German registered ocean vessels, according to fresh imperial statistics, were eighty-five in one year. Three passengers and 286 sailors were drowned.
It's an easy matter for a man to break out of the unknown class after inheriting a big fortune.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

When Good Manners Went Out.

MRS. RUSSELL SAGE blames the women for the impoliteness of modern men. She finds that the men of this day are less courteous to women than of old. Men smoke in public places, when women are present, she remarks, and feel abused when required to forego their cigars for an hour or two. Our young college people, both men and women, are deficient in good manners, if Mrs. Sage is right. One cause of the prevalent impoliteness, she says, is that many parents leave their children almost entirely to servants and consequently the little ones acquire the manners of the kitchen.
Whatever the cause, it is an obvious truth that good manners are rare, if they have not quite gone out. We have done away with ceremony. Ladies are expected to permit gentlemen to take their ease, and the ladies themselves are more negligent of their manners than their grandmothers were. Something fine has gone out of society. Slang, awkward familiarity, informality have taken the place of correctness of speech, grace of deportment, formality of manner. We aim to be sincere, but too often we succeed in being only rude. We cross our legs when sitting because the position is comfortable, and we think that comfort justifies the breach of rule. Our precept nowadays is that the elaborate courtesy of former times was all sham, that men and women were no better or kinder for it, and that it was a waste of time. We have not leisure for politeness. There is no place among us for the Chesterfields. But the formal manners of other days certainly had their use and beauty. They conferred distinction and individuality upon a human being. A man felt like a person of consequence when people rose as he entered or left the room, when he was bowed at and addressed with punctilious formality. The rough and ready manners of to-day emphasize the unflattering fact that a man is only a unit of no particular consequence in the mass of men. No one takes the trouble to make much ado about him.—San Francisco Bulletin.

Whipping Children.

WE have never approved of whipping a child as a means either of punishing children or of enforcing parental authority. It has always been our theory that the parent who was obliged to whip to secure obedience by the very act of whipping self-confessed both his lack of wisdom and lack of character.
Love is the only tyrant that can effectively rule a child. But such tyrannical love must be the perfect combination of both mercy and justice. It must be spontaneous and sincere, for the person doesn't live who can successfully fool a child with a false love. Mother's love is held to be the ideal love, and so it is if it is ideal mother's love. But that mother's love is not ideal which breeds selfishness in the child by pampering and by obstinate blindness to the child's evident limitations.
Raising children is such serious business that we fear if the real seriousness of it were recognized the applicants for marriage licenses would decline rapidly instead of breaking the record in regard to numbers. The world doesn't stand greatly in need of more children, but it does stand vastly in need of better children. One sure way of getting them is for parents, actual or prospective, to make themselves better.—New York Daily News.

The "Drift" of the Country.

FOR many years there has been going on in the United States a constant movement of people from country to city. Senator Fairbanks expressed the opinion in an address at Minnesota State Fair, that this movement "will in good time be followed by a return drift to the country—improved methods of farming, increased comforts of the farm life, which come through experience and systematic education, will be the magnets," he predicted, "which will draw from the congested centers to the agricultural communities."
The "drift" of which Mr. Fairbanks spoke seems already to have set in. . . .
But a wonderful change has been taking place in recent

years. Life in the city has not been growing less attractive, but life on the farm has been growing more so. Rural delivery, the telephone, and the inter-urban railway are relieving the farm of its isolation. They are bringing it nearer to the city and keeping it in closer touch and better harmony with all the outside world. At the same time, scientific agriculture has been making farming more attractive to the thrifty by rendering it more profitable, and making it more agreeable to the intellectual and educated by rendering its work less arduous and more interesting. The rural population has also been growing denser and increasing the social pleasures and opportunities of the country.

There is good reason, therefore, why the movement from country to city should be checked, and even why a counter current from city to country should set in. The advantages of city compared with country life will grow less in the future with increasing rapidity. The electric railway, the telephone and rural mail delivery are making it possible for both the city man and the country man to unite the pleasures of life in the city with those of life in the country. The city man is hastening to take advantage of his new opportunities by moving to the country; and the country man will hardly sacrifice his peculiar advantages by moving to town.—Kansas City Journal.

When Is a Man Old?

THERE has lately been some discussion in this country of the question, "When is a man old?" It is a question that interests everybody in a more or less personal way, and it has been considered with some trepidation by trades unions, whose leaders assert that there is a disposition on the part of employers of labor to shelve men on account of age almost before they are 50. It is a trite remark that one man is as old at 40 as another is at 60; but for the general run of men 45 is still "young." That is the age that President Roosevelt attained recently, and where is there a younger, more vigorous man than he? It will be five years at least, and perhaps ten, before he will have reached his prime; certainly his intellectual powers are not now what they will be in ten years from now.

Unless running a foot race is to be the inflexible criterion, we should say that a man is not old until his intellectual powers, as well as his bodily ones, are on the wane. Senator Platt, who got married the other day, would resent being called old, although he has reached the seventies. So would Senator Stewart of Nevada, who got married recently. Andrew Carnegie if called old would feel insulted. As for those who worry about where they come in if they are but 30 or past or even barely 40, why should not they cheer up and call themselves boys?—Pittsburg Press.

How to Hold Your Friends.

THOSE who would make friends must cultivate the qualities which are admired and which attract. If you are mean, stingy and selfish nobody will admire you. You must cultivate generosity and large-heartedness; you must be magnanimous and tolerant; you must have positive qualities, for a negative, shirking, apologizing, roundabout man is despised. You must cultivate courage and boldness, for a coward has few friends. You must believe in yourself. If you do not, others will not believe in you. You must look upward and be hopeful, cheery and optimistic. No one will be attracted to a gloomy pessimist.
The moment a man feels that you have a real live interest in his welfare, and that you do not ask about his business profession, book or article merely out of courtesy, you will get his attention and will interest him. You will tie him to you just in proportion to the intensity and unselfishness of your interest in him. But if you are selfish and think of nothing but your own advancement; if you are wondering how you can use everybody to help you along; if you look upon every man or woman you are introduced to as so much more possible successful capital; if you measure people by the amount of business they can send you or the number of new clients, patients or readers of your book they can secure for you, they will look upon you in the same way.—Success.

ANGLO-INDIAN GAME.

Novel and Laughable Contest in the Gymkhana.
The infinite variety of the Gymkhana has been illustrated once more by Anglo-Indian ingenuity. The last mail from the East contains a laughable account of one of these entertainments, given in the Aulsebrook's Club's rink, at Darjeeling. The first event was "The Royal Academy Test," gentlemen to run from the far end of the rink with paper and pencil, their lady partner, waiting at the other end, to sketch an animal selected by the judge at the time of starting, best sketch to win. Time limit, for days before ladies had been busy sketching animals, and they all were well pleased with their proficiency when the day arrived. Great, however, was their surprise when their partners arrived with instructions from the starter to sketch the man they nominated. One lady, in the excitement of the moment, thinking only of the animal she had been practicing, promptly sketched a pig, and handed it to her partner, amidst roars of laughter from the spectators. The next event was "The Scholarship Stakes," gentlemen to run to their partners with a sum to be done by the lady without help. First sum was a six column, four figure addition of rupees, annas and pice. As is usual in the hurry of such events, mistakes were numerous. Mrs. Stock was the first to finish her sum, and her addition being correct, and her partner, Captain Healing, first back with it, she was awarded the prize. The third came "The Whistling Coons," gentlemen to run to their partner to take back to winning post. First in with correct time to win. The male competitors arrived out of breath, and in the chorus of different cries, some in tune and a great many more sadly out, it was very difficult to distinguish anything. At last Mrs. Ezekiel, who nominated Mr. Culpin, recognized that he was trying to whistle "Daisy Bell," and her correct call, returned first, won the prize. The fourth event ladies had to drive their partners blindfolded between bot-

CURIOUS EFFECT OF RECENT FLOOD.



Railway bridge at Rasselwitz, Germany, washed away, leaving only rails and ties.

ties. First in with fewest bottles knocked down to win. There were so many entries that this event had to be run off in heats. The first heat was won by the Maharaj Kumar of Cooh Behar, driven by Mrs. Darrock; the second by Mr. Burnett, driven by Miss Waring; and the third by Mr. Talbot Clifton, driven by Miss O'Brien. In the final heat between these three couples Mr. Clifton and Miss O'Brien won handsomely.

Where Wild Ducks Feed.

In Connecticut along the Housatonic river and in fact all over the State, are many large brooks or creeks that, back from the river, have long, still stretches of water, caused by some natural conditions or by milldams, says the Field and Stream. These are generally found in isolated sections, and are lined on either bank with heavy growths of alder and birch. In many instances heavy timber flanks both sides of the stream for miles, thus making an ideal retreat and breeding ground for ducks.
I have seen as many as fifteen at the most in a flock, this being an unusually large number; six to eight being

about the average. These flocks settle in the brooks early in the fall and remain until severe cold weather sets in before leaving for the South. Once in a while a Canada goose, sometimes three or four, will stop over for a stay and a good feed, but the goose is a restless bird in the fall and never keeps to one locality like the duck. These wide reaches of water furnish all kinds of delicate dainties, such as small dace, trout, watercress, newts, helgramites and a variety of food that water fowl like, and it is easy for them to procure food as the water is generally shallow.
A Wise Child.
Papa—Tommy, you mustn't eat so much. Everybody will be calling you a little "glutton." Do you know what that is?
Tommy—I suppose it's a big glutton's little boy.—Philadelphia Ledger.
Population of Germany.
The latest statistical estimates of the German empire place the population at 58,540,000. From this it appears that the population increased 1.46 per cent in the last