

**Morphine and Opium Fiends.**

Officials of the public hospitals in New York say the drug habit is increasing at an alarming rate there. The use of morphine particularly is growing out of bounds. Morphine, the physicians say, is destructive to the morals as well as the physical health. When a patient admits the constant use of the drug he puts a badge "liar" on his breast. The doctor familiar with the vagaries of users of this drug will never take a statement from one of them at par. One of the favorite hallucinations is that relatives are striving to swindle them out of an imaginary estate, usually running up in the millions. Opium users are given to this peculiar form of mania also. It is from professional observations that the phrase "What have you been smoking?" originated.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

**Annoying to High Toned Gamblers**

New York city is confronted by a dire calamity. Richard Canfield, the most aristocratic professional gambler on earth and owner of the most sumptuous and refined gambling house ever conceived by man, announces that he will sell his entire property and move to Europe, owing to persecutions on the part of the prosecuting officers and the legislature of New York. When he quits there will be no gambling house suitable for the truly refined millionaire who does not wish to meet the common one-come-seven gambler. Some of the young men of the best families in New York will have to either reform or go to Europe.—Bloomington (Ill.) Bulletin.

**Living Ahead of Pay Day.**

Of all the weaknesses that man is heir to none is more universal than the deficit habit, and few are as capable of adding to the discomforts of life. Not only is the deficit a problem in the life of the workingman, but men in high positions—government employes who have generous salaries—are forever living with a deficit staring them in the face. They do not spend more than they make, but they simply spend it before they receive it. Man seems naturally to fall into the habit of living a week—if he is paid by the week—or a month—if he is paid by the month—ahead of his means. He is very unnecessarily always pinched for cash, and whether it be his grocer or baker or the various men with whom he deals, he must endeavor to get accommodations until pay day.—Baltimore Herald.

**Wise Young Mrs. Torkins.**

"Doesn't your husband care enough for you to quit smoking?" asked the caller who doesn't mind starting trouble.

"I think he does," answered Mrs. Torkins; "and I care enough for him not to ask him to."—Washington Star.

**Making Novel Claim.**

In the list of the reasons which the republicans are to give for urging the election of Mr. Roosevelt this year the Springfield Union includes this one: "The ugly ulcer of corruption has been boldly cut out of the post-office department." And whose corruption was it that was so boldly cut out? Did it not begin and flourish when Charles Emory Smith and Perry S. Heath were paying off the political

**Don't Scold.**

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obligations which Mark Hanna contracted in electing a republican president? This is the first time, we believe, that a political party has appealed for support on the ground that it has punished a few of its own thieves.—Hartford (Conn.) Times.

**The Mystery of the Baby.**

Wash a baby clean and dress him up real pretty and he will resist all advances with the most superlative crossness, but let him eat molasses, gingerbread and fool around the coal hod for half an hour, and he will nestle his dear little curly head close up to your clean shirt bosom and be just the cunningest little rascal in all the world.—Durango (Colo.) Democrat.

**Striking Close to the Tip.**

Massachusetts is going to try an extension of the prohibition of grafting.

The legislature has passed a bill providing that any agent or employe who receives a gift or gratuity with the understanding that he shall act in any particular manner in relation to his employer's business shall be punished by a fine not exceeding \$500 or by imprisonment. The bill also makes the giving of such gratuity or promising to give it an offense, to which a like penalty is attached.

No definite conception of the extent to which the practice aimed at by the bill is carried on is possible, because the transactions indicated are conducted in the utmost privacy and with respect to private affairs, but that it is very great is shown by the fact alone that sufficient complaint has been made to cause the passage of a law against these sub rosa contracts.

It is stated that the act probably covers the cases of butlers and other domestic servants who have understandings with tradesmen from whom employers purchase hotel and household supplies.

It probably does not reach the practice of giving or receiving tips, though a reasonably broad interpretation of the law might, it would seem, send it that far. A tip is given to an employe to get him to attend fully to his business, and since he is an employe his business is his employer's business.

But if the law does not reach the tip, it suggests that the time may be near at hand when an evil of which every traveler complains will receive legislative attention.—Omaha World-Herald.

**Vacation Reading**

There are certain things you will not forget to take with you when you go to the country for a vacation; but unless you are specially reminded of it, you may not remember that. Besides your fishing rod, your tennis racquet, your golf sticks, and such aids to your summer studies, you should not fail to put in a few favorite volumes. There should be few, possibly the fewer the better, if the little company be well chosen. But do not leave yourself entire dependent upon the chance library of a country hotel. Who does not remember being indoors on some rainy day in the country, with a longing for a really good book? So, in addition to the lighter fiction already spoken of, it will be wise to take also one or two of the volumes that are inexhaustible treasures, and yet are well known to you, so that they may be taken up or put aside at will without especial care to find just where you last were reading. For this purpose a volume of a favorite poet can hardly be improved upon, whether you prefer Tennyson, Longfellow, Lowell, Aldrich, or the Quaker poet, whose "Snow-Bound" should prove delightfully refreshing on a warm day.

If you have not already a favorite

among the singers, choose a single volume edition of any standard poet, and it will not be strange if you return from your summer's outing in possession of a new friend—a friend with whom you will hold many a quiet chat in winter evenings all your life long.—St. Nicholas.

**A Thousand Answers.**

Guard Henry Newitt, who is stationed at the north door of the main entrance of the Administration building at the World's fair, believes that he has broken another record. The record broken was not in any events at the Olympic games. In fact, Newitt believes that work in the sporting contest of the Olympic games would be child's play compared with the strenuous act he has performed.

Newitt's watch is from 8 in the morning to 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and by actual count, kept during that time, he answered just 1,375 questions. He knows the count is accurate, because he kept a little indicator in the palm of his right hand during the entire time he was on duty. He thinks that if anything he may have missed recording some of the questions, as at times they came so thick and fast that frequently he was obliged to answer them in bunches of five.

Newitt's companion, Guard Hoek, who is stationed across the arch, about fifteen feet distant, to guard the south door, kept no count of the questions directed to him, but he is sure that he answered as many, if not more, than did Newitt.

The detail which the two guards at the Administration entrance have is the terror of the guards. Before the exposition opened it was considered a snap. Now, however, it is considered the most trying detail that a guard can have, and after the guards on duty there are relieved they are so exhausted that even the Pike has no attractions for them, and they prefer to coquet with the downy feathers for the rest of their off time.—St. Louis Republic.

**His Title to Office.**

"I don't see that I can do anything for you," said the senator from the far west to his caller. "I have no recollection of you as a party worker or as a man of prominence in any way."

"You haven't!" exclaimed the applicant for a position, indignantly. "Why, darn it, senator, I've been hung in effigy more times than any man in the state!"—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

**Beyond Him.**


"See that colored man wrinkling his brow over the book?"  
"Yes; he can't read it at all."  
"Just making a bluff that he's educated, eh?"  
"O, no; he's educated, but that's a negro dialect story."—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Pair of Plaintiffs.**

"See here," exclaimed the angry man, "I wish you would muzzle that dog of yours at night. His barking keeps my baby awake."  
"I was just going to request you to muzzle your baby," rejoined his neighbor. "His nightly howling annoys my dog."—Exchange.

**On the Other Hand.**

"Of course," remarked the very young man who knows it all. "A woman's 'no' always means 'yes'."  
"Perhaps it does," replied the man with the scanty hair, "but I'm right here to tell you that her 'yes' never means 'no'."—Chicago News.



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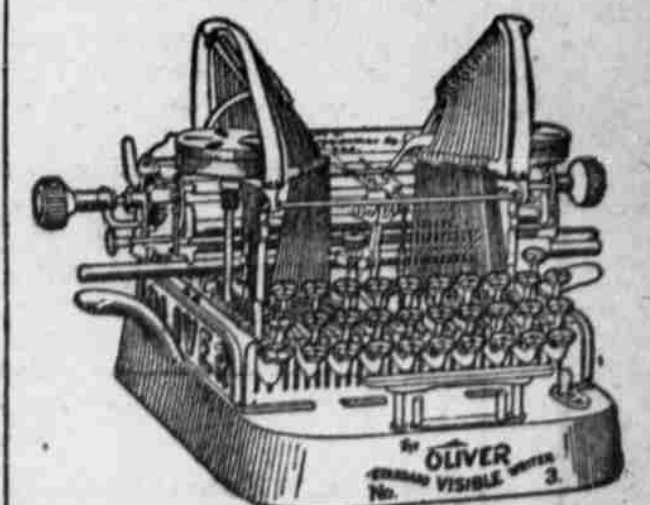
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