



In Memoriam

Dr. Alfred Harkness, professor emeritus of languages, Brown university, is dead.

This notice will be of no particular interest to the boys and girls of tender years, but to the boys and girls whose hair is turning gray and whose eyesight is such that spectacles are a help, it will appeal with great power after they have thought a bit. It may be some little time ere they can recall just who Dr. Alfred Harkness was.

Well, just travel back thirty years on the car of memory, and sit again on the scarred bench in the village "high school." Now reach into the desk in front of you and pull out a brownish book with cloth sides and a leather back. Look at the title:

"Harkness' Latin Grammar."

O, now you remember! "Hic, haec, hoc!"

Let's see—our Latin is almighty rusty these days—wasn't it "amo" that caused us to steal a surreptitious glance at the sunnyhaired girl just across the aisle and get a rich reward in the shape of a rosy blush as she bent a little closer to her book?

We didn't think so awfully much of "Old Harkness" in those days. No indeed! We used to think things about him that wouldn't look good in print, and if there is anything in the old saying the Harkness ears must have kept up a perpetual burning that would make a western prairie fire look like a cigarstore lighter. But as we grew older and schoolday joys grew in the retrospect, we learned to appreciate Dr. Harkness at something like his real worth, and now, after a lapse of years—long and often weary years—his name is recalled by the notice of his death, and immediately memory gets busy.

Answers to Correspondents

"Meterological"—We have quit talking about the present weather. Our vocabulary has its limits.

"Isaak Walton"—Huh! We used that size for bait.

"Anxious Father"—We are not an authority on raising boys. We have a couple of our own. Try some old bachelor, or old maid. They always know.

"Lizzie"—Can't do it. Wife keeps track of all the photos, and she would miss it.

"Autograph Collector"—Got \$100 for our autograph the other day. But we have to give the money back in ninety days. Will send you one for half the price if you'll let us keep the money.

"June Bride"—Better have the front room curtains smelling of smoke than to have him down town all evening.

"Inquirer"—We still wear our own hair.

"Ancestral"—French name; Irish descent.

Why

Why do the children's shoes all wear out at the same time?

Why does the baby never want to play in the coal scuttle until after it has been dressed up in its best?

What moves the rockingchair into the middle of the room after the lights are all out?

Why does a fountain pen spring its first leak just after you don a nice white vest?

Why does your last clean collar always have a saw-tooth edge?

Why is the 6:10 car always late when you promised to be home at 6?

Why is your last match always a toothpick?

Why do ice cream signs suddenly grow more numerous after you discover that you have only car fare for two left in your pocket?

Why is it your morning paper misses only on the mornings when you are anxious to read the latest developments in some big case?

Why does a woman always get off a street car backwards?

Why is three hours in a chair at the opera easier than an hour in a roomy pew at church?

Preparations

"Maria, is the cases of canned corn in th' cellar?"

"Yes, Josh."

"Got th' condensed cream on the shelf?"

"It's there, Josh."

"Plenty of canned sweet taters on hand?"

"Lots of them, Josh."

"Plenty of old cane fish poles leanin' again' th' house?"

"Got 'em all out last night, night."

"Did that tub o' oleo get here last night?"

"Yes, an' I put it in the spring house, Josh."

"Well, I reckon I might as well send this here advertisement f'r summer boarders to th' city paper on the next mail. We ought t' land a few more this year than we did last, ma."

Animal Stories

Here are a few animal stories that are respectfully referred to President Roosevelt:

- Judges 14:5-9.
- 1 Kings 13:23-28.
- Daniel 6:16-24.
- Jonah 1:17; 2:1-10.
- Genesis 30-37-43.
- Numbers 22:22-31.

By the time President Roosevelt has paid attention to these animal stories and put the writers thereof in the Rev. William J. Long class, we will have some more from the same source ready for him.

June.

What so raw as a day in June?

Drizzling rain and the cold north breeze;

Frost wreaths form on the window pane,

Coal all gone, and the house a-freeze.

If this be June, then I declare a Big preference for January.

Careful

"O, you must not clean your gloves with gasolene, dear."

"Why not, ma? It cleans them beautifully."

"I know, but them stuck-up Gotrox will think we own a common automobile instead of an airship."

Traitor

"That fellow Bilkins that we elected to the legislature is a traitor to his party."

"Why, I thought he made a good record."

"That's just the trouble. He ran on a reform platform, and dog gone him he went to work carrying out his pledges."

Great Work

The society editor of the Daily Ripsnort was feeling very, very proud.

She had just finished writing an account of the Lottsmun-Gobswealth

wedding for the society columns of the Sunday edition.

Two full columns of it, and only eight words about the groom.

"The groom was garbed in the conventional black."

And even those words had been carefully hidden in the body of the article.

As before mentioned, the society editor was feeling very, very proud.

Sarcastic

"Papa," said little Johnnie Bings, "won't you give me half a dollar to buy a pair of roller skates?"

"No, I won't; I haven't any money to squander on skates."

"You might," dryly remarked Mrs. Bings, "let Johnnie have the skates you had on last lodge night. I am sure they ought to be good ones, for they cost you enough."

Diagnosis

"How nervous Miss Neurich is. She can not be still a moment; always moving around."

"Yes, she is wearing her first silk underskirt."

Brain Leaks

Better be a "has been" than a "never wasser."

Jealousy is the greenbug in the field of happiness.

Some men ought to be muzzled before their dogs are.

When a man finally learns what he wants he has a good start.

We'd give a lot to know what a fourteen-months old baby thinks about.

Some men have an idea that their rights consist in profiting from other people's wrongs.

We never complain about the slowness of time when we are interested in our task.

There are some men so mean that they will not smile when a baby waves its tiny hand at them.

The "midsummer fiction" magazines read like they had been written by the side of warm fires.

We would rather hear a man tell a "fake" animal story than to see him kill an animal in mere wantonness.

Every once in a while we meet a man who has been ruined by success. And now and then we meet a man who has won by failing.

If the wives of some workingmen were paid time and a half for overtime after eight hours, the family could tour Europe three times a year.

The other day we read a novel without a female character in it. The novel was as insipid as sugared water and as dull as a schoolboy's jack knife.

When we get rich enough to stay up at night until we get good and ready to go to bed, and can lie abed in the morning until we want to get up, we are going to knock off work and call it enough.

THE EARLIEST TELEGRAPHS

The telegraph is only a natural evolution. Long before Morse was born the American Indians telegraphed messages by means of the smoke from a fire which was caused to rise at certain intervals by means of flapping a blanket.

The natives of central Africa likewise have a telegraph system of their own design. This consists of a number of large drums which are beaten with a heavy stick, and can be heard for surprisingly long distances. These drum signals are also used by the Bakubas and in New Guinea. The inhabitants thump away at their code of messages on these drums, and the natives often spend hours in conversing with neighboring tribes through the drum signals.—Sunday Magazine.

The Angle of a Hoe

KEEN KUTTER

The blade of a Keen Kutter Hoe has the right angle. If you strike at a weed, you are sure to cut it. If you "hill" a plant, it carries a full load of earth each stroke and does it all in the easiest position you can assume. Keen Kutter hand tools for the farm—Forks, Hoes, Rakes, Scythes, etc., are fitted by model and temper for great service and long wear.

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Major General Thomas R. Ruger died at Stamford, Conn. He was in command in New York at the time of the draft riot.