



Never Touched Him.
"Laugh, and the world laughs with you," quoted the funny man as he landed in an alleged joke.
"But this," rejoined the editor, as he glanced at it, "is no laughing matter."
Whereupon the jokesmith, with head bowed down, wandered hence into the hither.

He Was in Luck.
"But can you afford to marry, young man?" asked the dear girl's father.
"Sure," answered the would-be son-in-law. "I have a friend who has just been ordained a minister and he is willing to tie the knot free, just for practice."

Skeptical.
Miggles—Touchem has a wonderful memory. He can actually repeat the names of all the members of the present congress.
Muggins—Hub, I'll bet a dollar to a fougnot he can't repeat the names of half the men he owes.



In and Out.
Dr. Pompous—All the world's a stage.
Smartleigh—Yep—and all the doctors are ushers—both ways.

An Apt Pupil.
Teacher—But how you no excuse to offer?
Pup:—You said yesterday that one who was good at excuses was usually good at nothing else. Under the circumstances I think it better for me not to do anything that will lower me in your estimation.—Boston Transcript.

Hope for the Future.
Come! Come! cried the candidate's friend, "don't be disheartened so easily."
"But I'm sure to be beaten," replied the candidate, dismally.
"Oh, let your motto be, 'He who runs and fights away may live to run another day.'"

Nothing to Boast Of.
Biffins—"I don't think much of Mrs. Googoo's ability as a manufacturer."
Mifkins—"Why, what do you mean?"
Biffins—"Googoo told me the other day that his wife made him what he is."

Too Watery.
Ernie—"Poor Mr. Bluffer. He tried to make us believe he was a great tourist, but tripped himself dreadfully."
Eva—"In what way?"
Ernie—"He said he went automobil-ing in Venice."

Wanted the Best.
Barber—"Here you are, sir. Shave, sir. All right, sir."
Uncle Wayback—No, ye don't, young feller. No shave fur me! I see yer sign an' I wanter git tonsorial, whatever that is, an' I kin pay fur it, too.



His Place.
He—I'm just beginning to find my rue place in the world.
She—Dear me! How humiliating!—New York Daily News.

Backed a Horse and Won.
"Did yiz ever make iny money backed horses, Mulligan?"
"Sure, Ol made a hundred dollars rance."
"How did yer do ut?"
"Ol backed him down a cillar awn hin sued th' mon for lavin' th' door open."—New Yorker

Two Questions.
"George, will you take me to as many places after we are married?"
"Jane, will you be no more willing to stay at home than you now are?"
Measure of Wealth.
"How rich is he?"
"Well, he's rich enough to have appendicitis."

FILIPINO A STUDENT

NOT FIT FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT, SAYS JUDGE TAFT.

He is Opposed to Any Move Which Would Encourage Their Desire for Independence—Grave Responsibility Rests on American Voters.

The Philippines Independence committee to which Secretary Taft referred in his speech at Chicago, consists, as he said, of "a number of excellent and prominent gentlemen." Among the members are nearly a dozen university presidents, including Eliot of Harvard, Schurman of Cornell, Jordan of Leland Stanford, Jr., King of Oberlin, and Alderman of Tulane at New Orleans. We select these names because they afford convincing evidence that membership is not confined to any small section of the country. Aside from that, the appearance of the name of the president of Cornell in the list is peculiarly interesting because of Dr. Schurman's service on one of the Philippines commissions.

Another member is Judge George Gray of Delaware, who is supposed to have done some violence to his own opinions when he signed the treaty by which the United States acquired title to the Philippines. Various branches of the Christian church are represented by Bishop Potter, Bishop Spalding and Dr. Parkhurst, while among the other signers to the independence petition are Charles Francis Adams, Andrew Carnegie, W. O. Howells and Horace White. It will thus be seen that the excellent and prominent gentlemen are fairly well distributed, not only geographically, but also as regards their pursuits.

On the other hand it would no doubt be very easy to make up a large list of representative men who would dissent from their views and agree with Mr. Taft that it is not wise for our political parties to pledge themselves to the independence of the Philippines. If we appeal to names for authority this fact must be taken into account, and of course very great authority attaches to the name of the secretary himself.

But where there is such a division of authority on a great public question there are the strongest reasons why each individual citizen should give it earnest consideration, and that brings us to a very difficult aspect of the Philippines problem. The sovereignty of the islands is actually reposed in the voting population of the United States, which acts in its own affairs as a democracy. And while this electorate is very jealous of its own rights, much alive to its own interests, and thoroughly well informed on the subjects that immediately concern it, there is no prospect that it can ever fully comprehend a strange people removed from it by thousands of miles. In other words, if the Filipinos are generally ignorant from lack of schools, we, their governors, are now and are destined to be exceptionally ignorant as regards them from lack of contact and lack of racial sympathy.

References to the examples of other powers do not solve the problem or eliminate the serious nature of what is undoubtedly a grave anomaly among American political institutions. It would therefore be a most happy escape for us if we could dispose of the Philippines as we disposed of Cuba, and this is what the independence committee desires. Secretary Taft thinks, however, that the time is not ripe; that the Filipinos cannot learn self-government by independent practice, but only under a very long course of tutelage. He argues, therefore, that it would be a great mistake for our political parties to give them the platform encouragement that is advocated by the committee, because it would inspire a host of native agitators to a dangerous activity.

That may be so; but neither the generous impulses of our people as they are expressed in legislation, nor the fact that their delegated authority is temporarily in good hands can be said to clear the situation of its perplexities. This much only is certain, that if we are to hold the islands we must give them the benefit of that eternal vigilance without which the liberties of no people are safe.

The Chasm in the Democracy.

Ex-United States Senator Pettigrew, one of the Bryan stalwarts, says he will bolt the ticket if Cleveland or anybody like him is nominated. Pettigrew is not quite so big a personage as he was a few years ago, but he has a pull yet among the Democrats of his state. His views on the Cleveland matter are undoubtedly held by a large majority of his party in South Dakota and vicinity. These views, in fact, are very popular among Democrats in nearly all the states west of the Mississippi, and they are entertained in some of the states between the big river and the Alleghenies.

How does Pettigrew stand on Parker? The presumption is that he is against him. The Democrats of South Dakota, by an immense majority, are going to Hearst, according to accounts. The New York editor and congressman is making something like a clean sweep in the prairie and mountain states. He will come to St. Louis with a big delegation behind him. Pettigrew will be one of his supporters. In his interest many of the former Bryanite chieftains, including Bryan himself, will work. This is the way things are shaping among the Democrats of the trans-Mississippi states.

The principal significance which this has for the country at large is that it shows the chasm in the Democracy is still open. As the convention approaches it is likely to get wider instead of narrower. The old

COULDN'T STAND FOR DEATH.

But Miser Was Willing to Go Half Way—for Money.

Mark Hanna's successor, Gen. Dick, was in his youth a teller in an Akron bank. Of his banking experiences he sometimes says:

"One of the depositors with our firm had the reputation of being a miser. I don't know whether he was a miser or not, but I do know that he would sometimes make in one day three or four deposits—now a dollar, now two dollars, now fifty cents. Did you ever hear of such a thing?"

"They used to tell a queer story about this old fellow. They used to declare that a man once went to him and said:

"I'm a doctor, and I'll give you \$10,000 if you'll let me kill you. I want to see how, cut in a certain vein a man dies."

"The old miser wrinkled his forehead.

"Let me think a bit," he said.

"There was a long silence.

"Well?" said the visitor.

"Give me till to-morrow," said the miser. "I'll think this business out thoroughly, and to-morrow I'll give you a decisive answer, yes or no."

"So the man went away, and the next day he returned. The miser said to him:

"I can't let you kill me for \$10,000, friend. I've figured if all out, and I find that your money would be no good to me after I was dead. I'll tell you what I will do, though. I'll let you half kill me for \$5,000."

Where the Line is Drawn.

Congressman Joe T. Robinson of Arkansas, who is serving his first term in Washington, is authority for the fact that while his state may have its faults when it comes to gallantry with the fair sex "old Arkansas" shows up grandly. During his term in the legislature a third assistant clerk had to be elected and by unanimous consent it was decided that the place should go to a woman. The energetic champions of three fair daughters of the state enlisted themselves and only after twenty-four ballots, Miss Hicks, or, as a member designated her, the "Lily of Lafayette," was chosen.

"Yes," responded John R. Thayer to whom Robinson was telling the interesting story. "Man's admiration for woman never flags. He will give her half his fortune; he will give her his whole heart; in fact he seems ready to give her every advantage except his seat in the street car."—Boston Journal.

His True Position.

The Celtic wit that bubbles forth in the arguments of Lawyer Thomas Riley is always refreshing, even his opponents having to concede points made by apt clauses in his jury addresses. A brother lawyer, who had settled a probate matter, had sent in a bill for a very large fee and the heirs thereupon engaged Mr. Riley to contest the charge against their former counsel. Mr. Riley's plea ended in this manner:

"I went to my brother attorney's office and I reasoned with him—I begged him—I implored him—I beseeched him to remember that he was only a counsel in this case and not one of the heirs.—Boston Journal.

Out of Date.

Some twenty years ago, when Wilton Lackaye first went upon the stage, he was rehearsing a part in "Paul Kaurer," under the direction of the author, the late Steele Mackaye, who, while he was admitted to be a very capable stage manager, was considered somewhat old-fashioned by the more modern dramatic school. During the rehearsal Mackaye and Lackaye had a slight dispute as to how a part should be acted.

"Do you pretend to argue with me?" demanded Mackaye, magisterially. "I have been an acknowledged master of the dramatic art for twenty years."

"Yes," said Lackaye, "but not this twenty."

A Gallant Butterman.

When the Queen of England, daughter of the King of Denmark, was the Princess of Wales, she attended one afternoon, a food show.

At this food show there was a display of butter that pleased the Princess of Wales greatly. She praised the butter, and to its exhibitor she said:

"Denmark sends us the best butter, doesn't it?"

The dealer smiled, and shook his head.

"No, your royal highness," he answered, gallantly, "Denmark sends us the best princesses, but Devonshire sends us the best butter."

A Child's Thought of God.

They say that God lives very high; But if you look above the pines, You cannot see our God; and why?

And if you dig down in the mines You never see Him in the gold, Though from Him all that's glory shines.

God is so good, He wears a fold Of heaven and earth across His face— Like secrets kept, for love, untold.

But still I feel that His embrace Slides down by thrills, through all things made; Through sight and sound of every place:

As if my tender mother laid On my shut lips her kisses' pressure, Half-waking me at night, and said, "Who kissed you through the dark, dear creature?"

A Unique Water Cooler.

Several new devices are on the market for keeping water cool without putting ice in it. One arrangement consists of a pall which has an aperture for ice in the center. The water is poured around this, and even in the hottest weather will keep cool for twelve hours. This is an especially desirable scheme for the sick room.

Outbound.

A lonely sail in the vast sea-room,
I have put out for the port of gloom.
The voyage is far on the trackless tide,
The watch is long and the seas are wide.
The headlands blue in the sinking day
Kiss me a hand on the outward way.
The fading gulls, as they dip and veer,
Lift me a voice that is good to hear.
The great winds come, and the heaving sea,
The restless mother, is calling me.
The cry of her heart is lone and wild,
Searching the night for her wandered child.
Beautiful, weariless mother of mine,
In the drift of doom I am here, I am thine.
Beyond the fathom of hope or fear,
From bourn to bourn of the dusk I steer.
Swept on in the wake of the stars, in the stream
Of a roving tide, from dream to dream.
—Unknown.

A GASOLINE CUPID

By CRITTENDEN MARRIOTT

"Teuf! Teuf! Teuf! Teuf! Hrrr! Wough!" The automobile ceased its monotonous chant, coughed once or twice and subsided into a state of silence, and, alas! immobility. In a moment the chauffeur was off his seat and poking about in the machinery. Then he went to the door of the carriage and touched his hat.

"Beg pardon, miss," he said, "but she's broke down an'll have to go to the shop. I'm sorry, but you'll have to get around the city some other way."

The girl on the back seat—a tall, handsome blonde with the bluest of blue eyes—uttered an exclamation. "If that isn't too bad! And I've got just two hours to see Washington before my train goes! Can't you call another auto for me?"

The chauffeur glanced around him. "Oh, yes'm," he said. "Of course. There ought to be some here on the stand now, only there ain't. But I'll go in an' telephone for one right away."

The man looked doubtfully at the machine indicated. "Don't think so, miss," he answered. "That's a private machine, or I miss my guess; still, I'll ask." Leaving the girl he walked over to the curb and addressed the young man sitting on the box of a handsome automobile.

No one familiar with the new horseless vehicle would for one moment have supposed that the one in question was for hire. "Racer" appeared in every line of its build and costliness in the exquisite nicety of its construction.

That anything but an instant negative would be the answer to his query "whether that machine was for hire?" had never passed his brain, so his astonishment may be guessed when the young man on the box started, glanced at the girl still sitting in the injured vehicle a short distance away, flushed deeply, and replied in the affirmative. Then, without waiting for further explanation, he promptly ran his machine to the side of the other, and halted to permit the girl to climb in. The next moment they were swinging down the avenue at a lively gait.

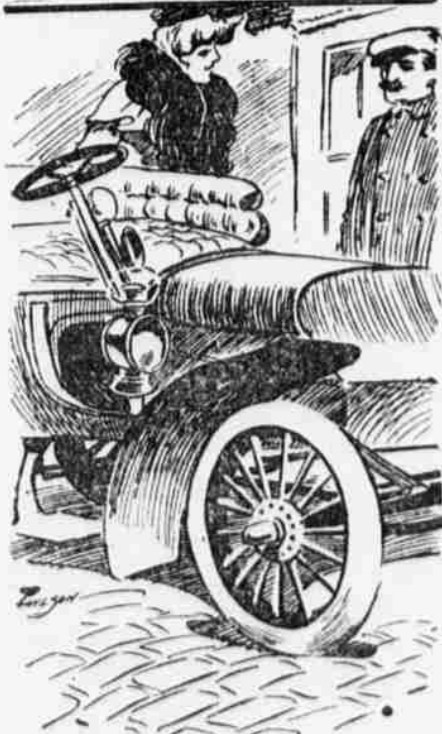
The girl leaned forward. "Ahem!" she said. "Did the other man tell you where I wanted to go?"

"Said you wanted to see the city, ma'am," returned the young man, respectfully, but in a curiously muffled tone. He had kept his head averted, almost as if he wished to conceal his features—a wish—if it were a wish—in which he had been successful; the girl had looked at the machine, but not at the driver.

When the chauffeur spoke she started and glanced curiously at him, as though his voice struck some dormant chord in her memory. "Yes," she said, "I do want to see the city, but I want to get to the depot by 3 o'clock. My train goes out then."

"Yes'm. I'll get you there in time. Going East, ma'am?"

Again the girl looked at him curiously.



"She's broke down an'll have to go to the shop."

"Yes," she answered slowly.

"I'm on my way to college."

"Oh—er—you believe in the higher education of women, then?"

The girl's eyes were dancing with fun now. "Under certain circumstances," she said. "Is that the capital?"

"Yes'm, that's the capital. Under certain circumstances. What circumstances, for instance?"

"Oh, a stepmother at home, for in-

stance. How many senators are there?"

"Three hundred and eighty-six, I believe. A stepmother might be a terror to some girls, of course, but most of them can get away from one home to another without going to college."

"How? By the way, is that the library?"

"Yes. Why, of course, most girls have—have—can marry." The man was speaking eagerly now, but he still kept his face turned away and threw the words over his shoulder.

"Married! Whew! That's a very radical remedy. It might be worse than the other trouble. How many books are there in the library?"

"Two or three million, I believe. Oh, no! You wouldn't find it so, I'm sure. Think of growing into a spectacled old maid! All college girls do, you know. Then think of that young fellow just longing to make a home for you—"

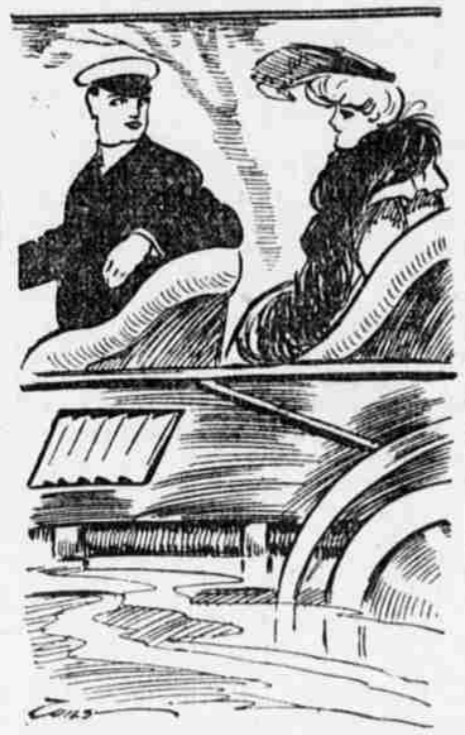
"What building is that?"

"That? Oh, the patent office or the pension office or something! think of—"

"But suppose the girl has sent him away?"

"Then let her whistle him back and see whether he won't come."

The girl glanced at the broad back of the man before her, while her shoulders quivered with silent mirth.



"Bessie," he exclaimed, "Do you mean it?"

Then she puckered up her lips and deliberately emitted a clear, soft whistle.

The effect was magical. Instantly the chauffeur swung around in his seat and faced her. "Bessie!" he exclaimed, "do you mean it?"

The girl smiled at him, though her eyes were dewy. "Of course I do, Frank," she said. "I never thought you would go away as you did just for a word. No! No! Keep your seat. You can say all that's really necessary from where you are."

"And you knew me all the time?"

"Of course. The minute I really looked at you. But you'll make me miss my train."

"Train? No train for you! I'll not take any chances now. Your interest in the city may have lapsed, but here's the city hall. Shall I go in and get a marriage license, or—will you go in with me?"

He had sprung from the seat and stood holding out his hands, the light of love pleading in his eyes. "Won't you go in with me, Bessie?" he asked again.

For an instant the girl hesitated; then she took the proffered hand. "Yes, Frank," she said softly. "I will go with you—now and always."

"Bless that old gasoline rattletrap that broke down with you," he cried. "It must have been one of Cupid's up-to-date chariots in disguise."—Boston Globe.

Head of British Army.

Lord Roberts, who has just retired, was only the eighteenth commander-in-chief that the British army has had since the office was created in 1674.

This gives an average tenure of nearly thirteen years, which is a long time for any man to serve after working his way up to so lofty a position.

But at times the office has been vacant, and not all of the incumbents put their feet on all the rounds of the ladder. In earlier times the office was a perquisite of the great. Charles II. appointed his son, the Duke of Monmouth, who was later beheaded.

He was followed by the Duke of Marlborough. The Duke of Wellington was the fifteenth in succession, if re-appointments be counted.