

**ALSO THERE AT THE FINISH**

Mr. Fletcher's Criticism Rather Weakened Under a Mild Cross-Examination.

"Woman's curiosity," said Mr. Fletcher, "is a quality of mind beyond human understanding."

"Yes," said Mrs. Fletcher. "What made you think of that?"

"The fool actions of a woman that I saw downtown to-day. She followed a man ten blocks just to get to read a placard that was fastened to his back. She spotted him at Thirty-fourth street. That was really the end of her trip—I made that out from something she said to another woman who was too fat to join in the chase—but when she caught sight of that flaming red poster tied to the man's back, her curiosity got the better of her and she set out after him. He led her quite a chase across town and downtown and back again, but she never weakened. She tagged faithfully along in his wake, and finally she got close enough to read that notice."

Mrs. Fletcher reflected a moment. "What did it say?" she asked.

"It advised her to get her teeth pulled somewhere on Sixth avenue."

Mrs. Fletcher thought again. "Where were you all the time she was trying to find that out?"

"Me?" said Fletcher. "Oh, I was following the woman. I wanted to see if she finally caught up with the man."

**MERCENARY.**



The Author—Unless my novel succeeds at once, I'll starve to death. The Publisher—Great idea, my boy; start in at once; it would advertise your book wonderfully.

**AN ADMISSION.**

Waters had just come in from his club. He appeared in the best of humors, and his wife soon found out why.

"You've heard me speak of Sellers, haven't you?" he asked.

"The man that knows so much about the tariff?" ventured Mrs. Waters.

"The man who talks so much about it," corrected Waters. "Well, we had a long argument about it this evening, and I came out ahead."

"You did!" exclaimed Mrs. Waters, surprised.

"Yes; I got him to admit that he knows no more about it than I do." —Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

**A BLUNDER CORRECTED.**

"Who can tell me to what kingdom this belongs?" asked a teacher of her class, assembled in presence of the inspector. She gingerly held up a filbert. A hand was raised.

"Well, Jane?" said teacher.

"To the animal kingdom," was the reply.

Seeing the teacher's frowning face, Jane knew that she had blundered.

"O, no," she exclaimed in correction, "to the vegetable kingdom! I was thinking of the horse chestnut!" —Family Herald.

**CITY PLAYGROUNDS.**

Los Angeles, Cal., which spends \$40,000 a year on this feature of civic life, already has a playground system, and will shortly take steps to have some of these opened at night for working people. The legislature of the state of Washington recently passed a bill, afterward vetoed, requiring that in all additions to cities of 10,000 or more population, at least one-tenth of the area should be set aside for parks and playgrounds.

**WISE PRECAUTION.**

The mercury was trying to ooze out at the top of the farmhouse thermometer and the old farmer was pitching chunks of ice in the pond.

"What are you doing that for?" queried the summer boarder.

"That's t' keep th' pesky ducks from layin' hard-b'iled eggs," answered the rural philosopher.

**STINGY HUBBY IS A LOSER**

Smart Woman's Tactics That Enable Her to Stroll Around on Easy Street.

That there are more ways than one of "killing a cat" is a well-known fact, but the newest of ways has been evolved from the fertile brain of a Germantown woman who is blessed with a stingy husband. This husband is generous enough in one sense of the word. His wife may have the best attire the stores afford, charged to his account, but she may handle no money. Women in this man's opinion know nothing of the value of a dollar. On leaving for his office in the morning, he kisses her good-by and thrusts a quarter's worth of trolley tickets into her hand. Now milady goes shopping, buys a few necessities and also a \$50 wrap for which she has no use whatever. Next day she returns the latter, receives a credit slip for \$50 and betakes herself to the handkerchief counter, where she spends 50 cents, receiving \$49.50 change. Placing some small change in her purse and stowing the roll of greenbacks in what she considers a safer receptacle, she leaves the shop feeling that she has made the best of a bad bargain. —Philadelphia Record.

**HER HUSBAND'S CONFIDANTE.**

She is a happy woman who occupies this position, but not everyone is wise enough to attain it.

The tactful wife wins her husband's confidence, but she never attempts to force it. She shows to him that the truth, even if it is unpleasant, will be received with better grace than will any attempt at smooth dissimulation.

To maintain happiness and a perfect relation the business and social exactions of each should be known by the other, and the first plank in the barrier of deceit torn down by a full and honest acknowledgment. White lies should be abhorred, and the life of each made an open book for the other to read.

When this basis is established things may be trusted to run smoothly. Mutual confidence disarms suspicion and destroys jealousy, which are the two gravest enemies of life's most serious and beautiful partnership. —Exchange.

**ANYTHING TO OBLIGE.**

President Eliot of Harvard is not a believer in spelling reform. Not long ago there was a student who was a candidate for the degree of doctor of philosophy. This student had adopted spelling reform as his particular line of work, and as commencement drew near he went to President Eliot with a request. "You know, Mr. President," he said, "that you are proposing to make me a Ph. D. Now I have made a specialty of spelling reform and I always spell philosophy with an f. I therefore called to ask you if you could not make my degree F. D., instead of Ph. D."

"Certainly," replied the president. "In fact, if you insist we shall make it a D. F."

**FINE SHOOTING BY A WOMAN.**

The Bisley rifle meeting this year will be notable for the presence of a remarkable lady shot, who has come all the way from Perak, in the Straits Settlements. The sports-woman in question, Mrs. Douglas, has entered for the principal competitions, and is already practicing on the ranges in association with the Malay States Guides team, in training for the Kolapere cup competition. Shooting in India, she has won several prizes, even making the highest possible at 1,000 yards, and her achievements at Bisley will be watched with much interest. —Ladies' Pictorial.

**NOT FOR HIM.**

"Here," said the agent of the steamship line, "are a few of our circulars and booklets, giving detailed descriptions of summer tours to out-of-the-way places on our vessels."

The bank cashier paled, and shrank back with a gesture of alarm. "Take them away!" he gasped.

"If one of the directors saw those things sticking out of my pocket he'd have my books overhauled. Take them away!"

**ROOM ENOUGH.**

Mrs. Hoyle—A man sat on my hat to-day. Mrs. Boyle—That's nothing; there were three sitting on mine at the same time.

**STRANGE CARGO IN GOTHAM**

Wagon Load of Parrots Stirred Up the Blase Inhabitants of the Metropolis.

On a ferryboat from Jersey City the other morning there was a wagon load of passengers which created general interest. The wagon had come evidently from some ship unloading at a Jersey City dock, and its cargo hinted of distant seas and mysterious tropics, of jungles, adventure and romance, for it was piled high with crates of green parrots. The different kinds of people who manifested exactly the same kind of interest in the parrots was remarkable. Messenger boys, the most blase and indifferent specimens of childhood in existence, forgot for a moment that nothing could surprise them and became boys again. Portly business men pushed out among the horses and vehicles to get a look at the birds. Fat mothers of many contested with their own children to get a look. Dainty ladies going in for a morning's shopping, stenographers in their white shirt-waists, all turned for a glance. The parrots could not talk American yet, but they all seemed to be speaking some language with much energy and emphasis, and the whole boat load of commuters listened and smiled. —N. Y. Press.

**THE MARCH OF TIME.**

None but those who have passed through it can appreciate the radical nature of the change wrought by science in the whole mental attitude of its disciples. What they really cry out for in religion is a new standpoint—a standpoint like their own. The one hope, therefore, for science is more science. Again, to quote Bacon—we shall hear enough from the moderns by and by—"This I dare affirm in knowledge of nature, that a little natural philosophy, and the first entrance into it, doth dispose the opinion to atheism; but, on the other side, much natural philosophy, and wading deep into it, will bring about men's minds to religion." —Henry Drummond.

**NUTSHELL TACTICS.**

The stock argument against votes for women—that they could not bear arms in event of war—is not unanswerable.

History is explicit concerning women's efficiency as private soldiers, and at least one good regimental officer should be credited to the weaker sex. On the authority of Anatole France, Joan of Arc once declared her principles of leadership:

"I say, in among them, and I go in." The soldiers of France followed, of course. Could male regular or volunteer better that? —Youth's Companion.

**LIVE LONG IN SOUTH.**

While it may be true that the white man loses in intellectual and bodily power in the tropics, Dr. Luigi Sambon maintains, as a result of recent researches, that the average Arab lives 25 years longer than the average Esquimaux; that the coast people of South America are longer lived than the mountain people; that old age is much commoner in the southern countries of Europe than in the northern countries and that Spain (with a population smaller by 9,000,000) has 401 centenarians to England's 146. —Army and Navy Journal.

**WILLIE BOY.**



"Hi, fellers! Jest look what sez it don't mind playing wit us if we ain't rough!"

**MEETING THE NEED.**

Lady—No, I don't want no brushes, nor no laces!

Peddler—Here you are, madam, "Grammar for Beginners," only sixpence! —London Opinion.

**FIXED UP FOR THE MARKET**

Proof That "Fine, Fat Poultry" Are Not Always What They Seem to the Buyer.

"Oh, yes," said the poultry farmer. "There are tricks in every trade. Take, for instance, this old rooster here." The rooster was old. There was no denying it. He was as tough an old rooster as ever graced the summer boarders' table of a New England farm.

"Take this old rooster," said the farmer, seizing a paint brush. "Black up his feet. Then break his breastbone, so, with a long pair of scissors. Then push the breast up high. What's the result? A fine young turkey's the result, and knowing housewives will scramble over one another to buy them."

With a harsh laugh the farmer turned to a skeleton chicken. "This bird is a regular skeleton, isn't she?" he said. "Now watch me. See, I lay her on her back, and I place this heavy board on her breast. Then tomorrow when I come to take her to market, the board will have made her scraggy breastbone almost invisible, and it will have given her very full, plump sides—no breastbone, fat sides—the sure signs of a fat and tender young chicken."

**NAMES IN ALASKA.**

Life in Alaska is uncouth in parts, but it has its refinements. In Valdez there lived a man named "Jake" who kept a boarding house for dogs. When the prospectors returned from their sled trips they would place their teams in his charge until ready to start out again. As he fed his guests on garbage gathered by a house-to-house canvass he was known by every one as "Slop Jake."

Once upon a time he fell ill and the newspapers wished to chronicle the fact. No one, however, knew "Jake's" other name, and it didn't seem worth while to waste the time of the editorial staff on so insignificant a detail. So the news was printed thus:

"Our well-known fellow-citizen S. Jake, is confined to his house with a severe cold. It is hoped he will be out soon."

**WILL KILL MOSQUITOES.**

The chief of the sanitary service at Gaboon, French Africa, has found in the cactus a substitute for petroleum for the extermination of mosquitoes.

The thick, pulpy leaves are put in water and macerated until a sticky paste is formed. This is spread upon the surface of stagnant water, and forms an isolating layer which prevents the mosquito larvae from coming to the top to breathe, and thus destroys them through asphyxiation.

The advantage over petroleum, which evaporates quickly, is that the paste can hold its place and consistency indefinitely—a week, month or even a year—while the development of the larvae is only about a fortnight.

**DESIGNATIONS.**

Some foreigners and even certain Americans are disposed to stand aloof from what they haughtily term the working classes of the country. It is to be regretted that they could not have overheard the conversation which took place on an East river ferryboat not long ago between a recently introduced—shall we hazard it—wheelwright and shop girl.

"Do you attend in Barginer's establishment?" he asked.

"Yes, I am one of the emporium ladies," she replied, with becoming dignity. "Where are you engaged?"

"I am one of Banks & Co.'s repository for carriages gentlemen," he informed her.

**CONSISTENTLY CHEERLESS.**

"I understand that you farmers are going to get most of the profits from crops this year."

"So I hear," answered Farmer Cornstossel. "But we've got to be mighty keener. If we ever get to payin' dividends reg'lar some captain of finance will git hold of us and we'll be organized and syndicated and merged, till there won't be no profits fur nobody except a few fellers with a little office somewhere in Jersey City."

**SUGGESTIVE.**

She—You know, they say man will always be superior to woman because of his pockets.

He—Oh, women will soon go through that argument.

**FIND HEALTH IN TEMPERANCE**

"Fletcherizing" Recommended as a Saving to the Body and the Pocket Book.

Mothers, wives and housekeepers are interested in Fletcherizing in more ways than are others. House-keeping is enormously simplified and much expense is saved. Households who Fletcherize faithfully lose taste for alcoholic drinks until finally there is a body-intolerance of excessive alcohol, says Horace Fletcher in Harper's Bazar. The practice brings health, patience and general amiability, if not perfection, at least in agreeably modified form. Even when husbands are intemperate in their aversion to anything alcoholic, greater amiability is sure to be the result of temperate eating.

There is little fear of under-nourishment as a result of attention to Fletcherizing. There is, however, danger of overdoing the reform itself. Prof. Irving Fisher guarded against this abuse of a good thing in formulating the rules which governed his famous experiment at New Haven.

**CHINESE ATHLETICS.**

The Chinese have always had athletic exercises of a sort, in which they have rather prided themselves, though none ever seem to have taken such a hold on the nation as ours have on us during the last century or so. They have plenty of stories of strong men capable of wielding extraordinary weapons, of bending wondrous bows, or of lifting heavy weights, etc. Even within the last few years feats of archery were done before an officer could get his commission in the army, and in almost every village there is a bamboo with a pierced stone at either end to test the strength of the rising generation in lifting. But there was nothing of regular athletic training, except for a few wrestlers, perhaps, before foreigners came.

**JUST OFF THE MAP.**

To the majority of the people of Manhattan, Brooklyn is located just off the upper left-hand corner of the map. This fact was well illustrated the other day when two strangers were looking for Osborne street, Brooklyn. Though they didn't know it they were within a short block of the street when they saw an Irishman busily mixing mortar in front of an uncompleted dwelling.

"Can you tell us where Osborne street is?" they inquired of the mixer.

"O' cannot," was the emphatic reply. "O'im a stranger from New York myself." —N. Y. Globe.

**ROUGH ON THE TWINS.**



Bella— saw two children so much alike. How does your mother find out which is which of you?

Bob—She just spansks us. I holler louder than Bill.

**SOON AVAILABLE.**

Scene—Matrimonial agency. Manager and gentleman applicant.

Matrimonial Agent—You want a wife?

Customer—Yes, sir. Matrimonial Agent—Blonde or brunette?

Customer—I am not particular. I insist on but one thing—she must be a divorced woman.

Matrimonial Agent—Sorry, sir, I have none on hand, but if you can wait a few days, I have one in preparation.—The Bohemian.

**DEAF AND DUMB.**

Old Lady (to small boy with a "deaf and dumb" board by his side)—Is it you who are deaf and dumb, little boy?

Small Boy—No, mum, it's father; but I'm minding his place for him just now.

Benevolent Old Lady—Where is he, then? In the public house?

Little Boy—Oh, no; he is selling evening papers and calling out the winners.

**USES FOR MERRY WIDOW HAT**

Headgear Can Be Made Serviceable in Many Respects, According to One Writer.

Purchase the untrimmed article, remove the crown, and insert a sofa pillow in the opening. It will make an excellent veranda seat for the summer cottage.

Buy the extra heavy straw variety and remove crown same as before. Insert a rubber pad with name of apartment house lettered upon it in the aperture and use for door mat.

One modishly trimmed hat elevated on a pole in the center of a field should keep crows at a distance. It can be taken down during a shower so as not to deprive the vegetables of moisture.

Trim carefully in the usual way and leave it in the front dooryard. The neighbors will all envy you your beautiful flower garden.

When drowning push the head up through the crown, sacrificing the trimming, and adjust the brim under the arms. It should act as a life preserver.

Turn untrimmed article upside down and affix to tripod. It will do for a makeshift poker table.

Set the decanter inside the crown and arrange glasses around the brim. This will be a unique salver for serving liquid refreshments.

**PROBLEM SOLVED.**



Mrs. Prof. Cosine—Cosy dear, what shall we call our first born? Prof. Cosine—Let's call her Birth-A. (Bertha.)

**CLASS IN SEALING WAX.**

A work on heraldry, by Paul Gruendel, recently published at Leipsic, contains some information on the subject of sealing wax and the rules governing its use in the days of old. White wax was for the kings of France, and later for the kings of Sicily. A few dukes were allowed the high privilege, through the generosity of Frederick III. Red wax was for the holy father at Rome and the German monarchs, but as a mark of favor to the people it was allowed to be used generally. Green wax "was for the common people, and some cities which had been unfaithful to their government were compelled ever afterward, as a mark of their shame, to seal all public documents with green wax."

**HOW SHE ESCAPED.**

"My darling," said Mr. Spoonamore, as he finished the third helping of his wife's plumcake, "the lightness and flavor of your excellent cake give a grand and emphatic denial to all the rubbish written in would-be funny papers about the incapacity of young wives to cook."

She nestled close to him. "Or, perhaps," he continued, "it may be that my own little wifepife is better than all others."

"O, ducky," she whispered, "how happy you make me!"

And then she thought how lucky it was that she had had the sense to buy that cake at the baker's.—Penny Pictorial.

**ELECTRICITY IN SPAIN.**

There were in Spain in 1901 only 861 electric power stations, of which 651 were for public lighting and 210 for private lighting. Since then the number of power stations for electric lighting has increased considerably, and it may be added also that the use of electricity in its many other applications has also increased and become more general, but there is still a vast field for further industrial developments, as the supply of power which the country affords is yet far from being exhausted. —Scientific American.

**FOLLOWING EXAMPLE.**

"Didn't I see the grocer's boy kiss you this morning, Martha?"

"Yes'm. But he ain't to blame, ma'am. 'Twas the iceman set him the bad example."