

MUST HAVE MADE IT STRONG

Flattering Recommendation That Caused Irishman to Think Well of Himself.

An Irish gentleman of a very obliging disposition, who thinks that personal favors do not cost much, while they make friends, was applied to some time ago by a laborer for a certificate of character. The gentleman, taking the man into his study, wrote out a very flattering recommendation, which he handed to the applicant for perusal. The latter took it, spelled it through, scratched his head, and remained silent.

"Well," said the gentleman, "don't you consider it favorable enough?"

"Oh, no, sorr, not at all; shure it couldn't be better, but—but—"

"But what?" angrily inquired the gentleman.

"Begorra, sorr," said the man, "I was just thinking that yer honor might give me something to do yerself on the strength of this recommendation."

HELP WANTED—MALE.



"Hey! Some one help me! I've been holdin' this bloomin' wall up all by myself since four o'clock."

ONLY AN ORNAMENT.

Handsome Percy Esterbrook had lost his job again—and winter coming on.

But the tall, graceful youth took the matter philosophically.

"You must remember"—thus over a gilt-topped cigarette he adjured his mother and sisters—"you must remember how seldom it is that the flower of the family provides the daily bread."

And in silent acquiescence the women took their lunch boxes in the shape of cameras and departed for the mill.

AN UNEQUAL LOAD.

Harry left the breakfast table with an exaggerated limp. His mother asked anxiously: "Why, Harry, have you a lame foot?"

Little brother Bob solved the problem with: "Naw, he ain't loaded even. He's got more flapjacks down on one side than on the other."—Delineator.

OPPORTUNITIES.

"Some of the mining enterprises you kept out of now reveal themselves as lost opportunities," remarked the promoter.

"Yes," replied the man who is not lucky, "and those I went into were opportunities to lose."

NOT SURPRISING.

"Is Bill really dead?" asked Akali Ike.

"Sure," replied Cactus Cal, "shot plumb through the heart."

"Oh, then I ain't surprised. His heart always was weak."

FLY IN THE OINTMENT.

Mrs. Homer—Mrs. Neurich seems to have refined tastes.

Mrs. Caller—Yes; but she has such an unrefined way of bragging about them.

A PROMPT AGREEMENT.

Spoiled Star—So many tell me that I'm just killing in this part."

Tried Manager—Yes, the critics do say you murder it.—Baltimore American.

"RUBBER."

Teacher—India rubber is composed of carbon and hydrogen.

Small Boy—Gee! it's no wonder that a fellow gets a pain in his neck.

ALL SURRENDERED.

Howell—You should stand up for your rights.

Powell—I haven't any, my boy; I have been married a good many years.

AUTO FOR TIGER HUNTING.

Motor Car Is Supplanting the Elephant and Howdah with Princes of India.

No preparations have now to be made when the news of a tiger roaming in a jungle is brought, says the Calcutta Statesman. Petrol, and not a howdah, is the thing to be cared for. A few minutes' drive brings the hunter and the tiger face to face with each other.

News came in the other day of a tiger roaming on the banks of the Sindh near Uchar, a village some 14 miles from Datia City. The maharajah accordingly motored out to the village with his staff on the thirteenth. That day was devoted simply to observing the movements of the tiger. A goat was tied up and was duly slain by the tiger, who, making for the river bed and placing his prey on the sand close to the water, entered the cool pool and bathed and gambled for some time. Having thoroughly enjoyed himself he came out and after feasting in the clear moonlight, took his way back to the jungle.

Next day the maharajah sat up for the tiger. The beast returned to his feed, and had just caught the goat by the right ear when the maharajah fired, hitting the tiger in the head, the first bullet proving fatal. The tiger rolled over on the ground, with the goat held fast in his jaws.

Early in the morning the maharajah returned in his motor car with the dead tiger placed in the rear seat, the goat still hanging in the tiger's mouth. So fast was the grip that the goat did not fall down, though the motor was run at full speed. It was a very strange sight to see the slayer and the slain driving and driven together and the goat hanging in the jaws of the dead tiger.

FIJI GOLF.

The Fijian game of tiga is probably as ancient as golf, which it somewhat resembles. The brown warriors play along the roadway, and the game consists of long drives with a reed, one end of which is set in a large brown bean. Balancing a javelin nicely in the hand, with the forefinger as the driving power they project it swiftly at a mound on the road ahead, from which it glances, falling 200 or 300 yards away. Thus they walk and play for miles, vying with each other for the longest drive. The Fijians "keep their eye on the mound," for it needs some skill to strike the heap of stones at the right spot on the reed so as to secure a long straight flight.

WOMEN OYSTER GATHERERS.

The work of oyster collecting and culture is most unsuitable for women, but in France, owing to its tedious nature, it does not appeal to men.

Often from an early hour in the morning till late into the evening the women are standing up to the knees in water, with a strong sun beating down on them. The result is that never a year passes without some of them going mad and having to be hurried away to the asylums.

The work is well paid—as, indeed, it ought to be—while in the case of the few who own beds the profits are large and small fortunes are quickly amassed.

A LESSON.



The Lady—Look here, you said that if I'd give you your dinner you'd mow the lawn for me.

The Hobo—I'd like to do it, ma'am, but I gotta teach you a lesson. Never trust th' word of a total stranger.

POOR CHOLLY.

Ethel—I am a little worried about Cholly! He told me yesterday that if I didn't marry him he would blow out his brains.

Kate—Oh, nonsense! Don't you fret. If Cholly should blow out all the brains he has it wouldn't make any noticeable difference.—Somerville Journal.

ROTHSCHILD MARRIAGES.

Number of Unions Between Cousins Belonging to the Famous Family.

The founder of the Rothschild family, Mayer Amschel of the Red Shield, dying in 1812, exhorted his five sons, engaged as loanmolders under him in Frankfort, Vienna, London, Paris and Naples, not only to remain faithful to the law of Moses and stand ever united, but to undertake nothing of importance without first consulting their mother.

Nathan, founder of the London branch, also was so convinced of the business capacities of his wife, a Cohen, that he not only left the huge residue of his fortune at her disposal, but added instruction that his sons were to engage in no undertaking of moment without her consent.

How far the instruction was observed one is not in a position to say, but it is certain the Rothschilds have done their best to live in family unity, for from the gentle point of view the number that have married cousins is appalling. Of the five children of the great Nathan each married a cousin.

And coming to contemporaries, Lord Rothschild is the son of cousins and the husband of a cousin. Returning to Nathan, the Sidonia of "Coningsby," though his offspring married cousins, a reaction followed in the next generation, for three of his granddaughters, two of whom have been already named, married not only out of the family, but out of the faith.

COLONY WITHOUT CRIME.

St. Helena, our little Napoleonic colony in mid-Atlantic, is a model community. Its governor, Col. Galloway, is also its judge, but in the latter capacity he has little or nothing to do. He holds court at stated times, but the only business is the presentation of white gloves.

Nevertheless St. Helena has an "inspector of police," and as the withdrawal of the garrison, hitherto the chief consumer of local products, has adversely affected the finances the St. Helena Guardian urges the abolition of this "unnecessary official who has practically nothing to do." His salary should go to a "much wanted assistant surgeon." There is only one surgeon in St. Helena, and if he became incapacitated the little community on the lonely Napoleonic rock would be in a parlous state.

SCOTCH HOSPITALITY.

George Conklin, the famous animal trainer, was talking to a reporter at the circus in New York.

"The secret of animal training is gentleness. Nothing sudden or brusque must be done. An unexpected caress may anger an animal more than a kick in the ribs.

"Sudden, brusque, unexpected things never go, no matter how well they are meant. Once I was showing in Scotland."

Mr. Conklin smiled.

"We trainers," he said, "supped one night with a Scotch admirer. The old man was the soul of hospitality, but I admit I was rather startled when he leaned toward me and said:

"Stick in, man Conklin, stick in. Yer frien' Coo's two muffins ahead o' ye."—Rochester Herald.

BROTHER DICKEY'S SAYINGS.

Thunder is mighty good at hollerin', but it's de lightnin' dat gits dar an' tends ter business.

If you got ter have comp'ny on de road you travelin', be sho' dat Trouble don't take up wid you an' make believe he's Happiness in disguise.

Wen jedgmt day comes some er de lazy folks will sho' say dat de Angel Gabrul blowed dat trumpet too soon.—Atlanta Constitution.

AN URGENT CALL.

A doctor spending a rare and somewhat dull night at his own fire-side received the following message from three fellow practitioners: "Please step over to the club and join us at a rubber of whist." "Jane, dear," he said to his wife, "I am called away again. It appears to be a difficult case—there are three other doctors on the spot already."—London News.

ERROR IN THE FIGURES.

Teacher—"What is wrong about this sentence: 'I am 20 my last birthday?'" Little Johnny—"It should be '40' instead of '20.'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

MISTAKE AS TO OWNERSHIP

Belated Discovery That Caused Lady to Understand Embarrassment of the Fat Man.

A woman slipped a dime into her glove on her left hand. She would be at the subway in a moment and the dime so placed would facilitate matters. As she passed the foot of the bridge extension by the city hall the ring of a coin as it struck the pavement reached her ears. She saw a dime rolling at her feet.

A fat man, subway bound, also heard and saw it. Both stopped to pick it up. She was first. His hand only fanned the dust from the sidewalk.

"I beg your pardon," he said as he straightened up rather red in the face.

"Not at all," she said. "I thank you for your courtesy." Then she hurried down the stairs.

Seated in an express train, her gloved hand involuntarily went up to her hair. A dime dropped in her lap. Then she understood.

Outside the fat man slowly closed his mouth. Then he hit Broadway in a northerly direction.—N. Y. Sun.

CERTAINLY.



The Beloved One—You object to Horace because he's not business-like. Stern Parent—Certainly, he's only after you for your money.

Beloved One—Well, pa, doesn't that prove he's business-like?

SCIENCE AS A HOBBY.

Vary the routine of daily labor by cultivating a scientific hobby is the advice of Prof. S. P. Thompson, who reminds us that much of the world's scientific work has been done by amateurs. For instance, William Herschell, the astronomer, was a music teacher; William Gilbert, author of De Magnete, was a medical man; Dr. W. H. Dallinger, authority on the microscope, was a clergyman, and William Sturgeon, inventor of the electromagnet, was a shoemaker.

COMPENSATION.

Nervous Passenger (on lake steamer)—It must be terrible to think of an accident happening to the boat while you are away down there in that hole.

Stoker—It's just the other way, ma'am. If the boat sinks I won't have to go through more'n about half as much warter as you will 'fore I git to the bottom o' the lake.

GIVING HIM A CHANCE.

It was night. They—he and she—were sitting on the porch, looking at the stars.

"You know, I suppose," he whispered, "what a young man's privilege is when he sees a shooting star?"

"No," she answered. "I haven't the slightest idea. There goes one."

SEEING BOTH SIDES.

"Why are you always contending for shorter hours?" asked the capitalist.

"Because," answered the workingman, earnestly, "so many statesmen are looking for my vote that I want more time to read the speeches."

BREVITY'S VALUE.

"An author should always strive to use short words," said the man who admires literary simplicity.

"Yes," answered the busy magazine editor, "when you get a dollar apiece for 'em, the smaller they are the bigger the profit."

HER USUAL PLACE.

"Did you find out what caused that auto accident?"

"Not exactly, but when we lifted the machine and cleared away the wreckage we found that a woman was at the bottom of it."—Houston Post.

To Our Farmer Friends:

We are too busy to write an ad, so you will have to come in and see for yourself what we have in store for you.

We can save you money if you will only give us a chance.

Our stock of Implements is complete and up-to-date and the way they are selling shoes that they are allright.

Our Buggies and Surries are the best that money can buy and one trial will convince you.

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We also sell Engines, Windmills, Pumps, Tanks, Manure Spreaders, and in fact everything in the Implement line.

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ADDRESS

THE WEEKLY KANSAS CITY STAR

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

Another Good LAND OFFERING

On May 22d the Government will open its second tract of 12,000 acres of perfectly irrigated land in the Big Horn Basin, near Garland and Powell, Wyoming. This irrigation project of the Government is first-class and reliable. This land is adjacent to and along side of the Burlington Road. Powell and Garland are prosperous towns. The community is absolutely first-class, and there is not a better place to live in the whole west for climate, sunshine, productiveness of soil and many other good reasons, than the Big Horn Basin. This land is \$15 an acre in ten annual installments, without interest.

320 Acre Mondell Act—Select locations for homesteading in Wyoming near Newcastle, Upton and Moorcroft. Plats on file. Write me.

I conduct an excursion on the first and third Tuesday of each month. Only \$27.50 round trip homeseekers excursion rate. No charge for my services. Write me at once about this new tract. The excursion of May 18 or in June will be in time for good selections.

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