

IN THE NAME OF PHILANTHROPY

By O'Ryan O'Bryan

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The Dawsons were double cousins—first in days of calm, but second when storms swept over the land—girls, fourteen years old, bright, fiercely energetic and up to date. They owned two adjoining ancestral places well furnished with fathers and mothers, and from cellars to attics, particularly the attics, with chairs and things, and with servants to dust the chairs and things. They owned also one grandmother in common besides two or three others in severally.

friend, and with smiling faces they stopped to greet her. To their astonishment, she only gave a vicious little frown to an out of date orange colored working hanging from her arm and walked by with averted face. Not far behind her was another acquaintance from whom they received only a cold nod. "What in the world! Do they think mother had the smallpox, or have the Dawsons failed, or what is the matter?"

Kissed to Death. Betty, the infant Roseins, when at the zenith of his juvenile fame was on one occasion walking with some ladies when another bevy of female admirers bore down upon him and, pulling him away from his companions, commenced to lavish upon him endearments and kisses. The others promptly rushed to their idols' rescue, who between the contending parties, each determined to possess the boy actor, was thrown to the ground and so much bruised and injured as to be unable to appear for a couple of nights.

Rabbits as Acrobats. The rat is, as no one will doubt, a very fair climber. He can scamper about anywhere on the roof of a barn or can ascend the ivy that grows on the house wall and make the lives of the pigeons in their cots anything but happy ones. The rabbit, on the other hand, is not usually accounted a climbing animal. A writer in Field describes the astonishment of his sisters at seeing a rabbit jump from the bough of a tree and, picking himself up, "scamper off rather dazed to his warren."

Left Eyed People. The man who spends half his time trying to classify people said he never saw so many left eyed passengers in one car. "What do you mean by left eyed passengers?" asked his companion. "People who use their left eye more than their right," was the reply. "The species is not common, and of course none but a student in ocular science would be able to detect offhand the few whom we do meet. A left handed person advertises his peculiarity at once; not so the left eyed man. As a rule it takes an oculist to determine which eye has been used most, but there are certain peculiarities of the pupil and lid that may be taken as pretty sure signs by the trained observer."

Cinderella and Her Slipper. Yes; I know you are saying to yourself, "That headline would have looked and sounded better had it been 'Cinderella and the Glass Slipper,'" says a critic, but the writer has been making a close study of this most interesting nursery story and finds that the famous "glass" slipper properly has no place in it. The "glass" slipper is really the "fur," "cloth" or "felt" slipper, the word "glass" having been substituted through a strange mistranslation of the story. In the original it was written pantoufle en vair, which, being translated, would be "the fur slipper."

The Ins and Outs of Soda Crackers
Soda crackers fresh from the oven are good—delicious—if exposed to the air they quickly lose that goodness—much of it in a few minutes—most of it in an hour—

First of All Evictions. Magyar Version of the Expulsion From the Garden of Eden. Among the folklore of the peasantry of Roumania and some of the adjoining Magyar states of eastern Europe is found the story of the expulsion of our first parents from the garden of Eden. It runs thus: When Adam and Eve fell, God sent Gabriel, the Magyar angel, to turn them out of Eden as a punishment for their sin. Gabriel was received most courteously, food and drink of the best being set before him. Now, Gabriel had a kind heart and took pity upon the poor folk and would not accept their hospitality, remembering his errand. So he returned and begged that some one else be sent to evict the sinners, as he really could not do it. The Raphael, the Roumanian angel, was sent and was received as Gabriel had been. He, however, was very fond of a good dinner, and so he sat down and thoroughly enjoyed himself. The feast over, he told the erring pair his errand. They at once began to weep most piteously and beg for mercy. Their bitter sorrow so touched his after-dinner heart that he, too, returned and asked that some one else be sent, as he could not possibly turn out the poor folk after accepting their hospitality. Then it was that Michael, the German angel, was sent. He was received as the others by the trembling pair and treated even more sumptuously. He sat down and enjoyed himself till the last morsel of food had vanished and there wasn't a drop of liquor left. Then he arose, and, turning to his host and hostess, said, "Now, then, you go, and be quick about it." Most piteously did Adam and Eve beg at least for time, even reminding him that he had partaken of their bread. All in vain. Thus it was that our first parents were driven out of Eden.

Professor Was Noting Things. "Wasn't it a terrifying experience," asked his friend, "when you lost your foothold and went sliding down the mountain side?" "It was exciting, but extremely interesting," said the college professor. "I could not help noticing all the way down with what absolute accuracy I was following along the line of least resistance."—Chicago Tribune.

Two Remarkable Epitaphs. The two most remarkable epitaphs in the United States are those of Daniel Barrow, formerly of Sacramento, and of Hank Monk, Horace Greeley's stage driver. The former reads as follows: "Here is laid Daniel Barrow, who was born in sorrow and borrowed little from nature except his name and his love to mankind and his hatred for redskins. Who was nevertheless a gentleman and a dead shot, who through a long life never killed his man except in self defense or by accident, and who, when he at last went under beneath the bullets of his cowardly enemies in Jeff Morris' saloon, did so in the sure and certain hope of a glorious and everlasting morrow." Hank Monk's epitaph reads thus: "Sacred to the memory of Hank Monk, the whitest, biggest hearted and best known stage driver in the west, who was kind to all and brought ill to none. He lived in a strange era and was a hero, and the wheels of his coach are now ringing on the golden streets."

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When a sale was announced, their subordinates drew a long breath. The mothers fell to work with a will, echoing the remark of Rosa, the cook: "Now we know where wese at. I can stan' on my feets all day makin' canny, an' I doesn' complain, but it's dese yere surprisins' dat gibs me de misery in my heid."