

MAKES FRIENDS OF GHOSTS.

Wagon Solves the Mystery That Had Brought a Family of Ghosts to a House in the suburbs last fall. They were more than pleased with the place, with one exception. There were, beyond doubt, a lot of queer noises which neither the lady nor her husband could explain.

One day during the winter the lady noticed a great number of squirrels straggling along like a caravan, running about after the leader, up and down trees, across the lawn, and, in short, every where that a squirrel could go.

When the last fall vanished from sight the lady ran upstairs and listened. Sure enough, the "spook" noises were in full operation. The colony of squirrels had taken up their winter quarters in a unused loft in the house.

But at last they ventured down for the crackers, and when they emptied the jar the lady filled it again. She spent many minutes which might have otherwise proved very lonely during her long winter in getting better acquainted with the frisky little spooks which had frightened so many cooks away.

"STAR" MAN ON THE SUN.

How He Described Edison's Earthquake While Seated in Park Row. The American Magazine contains a letter written by a New York newspaper man about the author of the New York Sun article, Will Irwin, who wrote so interestingly on this subject in the preceding issue of this magazine.

"When the news of the earthquake and fire began to reach the Sun office, Irwin, as a former San Francisco, was called upon to answer first one question and then another. The telegraph editors were in trouble. By reason of the fact that many wires leading into San Francisco were down, the news that did reach the outside world (at first) came in fragments.

Schoolroom Humor.

The following are some "gems" from a recent elementary examination: One young thinker was asked to define the sign "Etc." The answer was: "Etc. is a sign used to make you see how you know more than you do."

Of Course He Enjoyed It.

A foggy day in London, they say, means that the residents are compelled to run up a gas bill of from \$50,000 to \$75,000," remarked the New York broker.

In Doubt.

Kind Lady—My man, don't you ever use soap?—I would, ma'am, but I'm skeered. I've been readin' the ads, an' each says all other kinds in injurious to de skin. How am I goin' to tell which one is right?

Visitation.

"So Mrs. Ganson has only been married once?"—Yes, but she made another man of her husband.—Harper's Weekly.

This is to the credit of human nature: No one ever resolved to be worse next year.

It is very funny to see two old frauds get together, and try to fool each other.

HEN OVER BILLION-EGG MARK.

During Last Year American Fowl Laid 492,404 Miles of Them. Let us sing the praise of the greatest American hen, who during the last year may well have cracked with pride over the production of nearly 1,300,000,000 dozens of eggs! Do you realize what that means? says the Woman's Home Companion. Well, listen:

If, instead of remaining quietly at home in Iowa, she had chosen to demonstrate her powers to the universe at large the hen might have laid those eggs, each two inches long, end to end, in a continuous chain reaching 238,818 miles up to the moon, back again, and then more than half way around the world for good measure—a total of 492,404 miles of eggs. Furthermore, if those eggs had been made into one omelet had an inch thick that omelet would easily have covered Manhattan island, an area of twenty-two square miles.

An old Mohammedan legend tells that King Solomon used to travel through the air with all his armies on a wonderful flying carpet, protected from the rays of the sun by the wings of a host of birds. Now, according to the poultry census, there are in the United States about 250,000,000 of chickens, guinea fowls, turkeys, geese and ducks of the poultry yard age, which is three months or over. If required to furnish a moving canopy like that of King Solomon the backyard of this country, allowing only a foot of spread to each, could easily shadow a space of 140 square miles.

SHEAR NONSENSE.

"Why is the moon called silvery?"—"Because it comes in halves and quarters."—"Only fools are certain, Tommy; wise men hesitate."—"Are you sure, uncle?"—"Yes, my boy; certain of it."

Dobbs—I understand she was his bookkeeper before he married her. Dobbs—Yes; now she's his cashier. Mauk—Would you marry a widower? Ethel—No, I wouldn't. The man I marry I am going to tame myself.—The Tatler.

Hob—Would you like to see women voters at the polls? Nob—Yes, indeed. At the North and South Poles.—Seawance Tiger.

Max—How did you happen to go to old Gotox to borrow money? Chimax—I heard he was well to do, so I tried to do him.—Stray Stories.

"My cocoa's cold," sternly announced the gruff old gentleman to his fair waitress. "Put your hat on," she sweetly suggested.—New York Observer.

Jack—Was her father violent when you asked for her hand? Tom—Was he? Great Scott, I thought he would shake my arm off.—Boston Transcript.

"Yes," she said, "I have seen twenty-three summers."—"Say," he queried, "do you think it is too late to consult an eye specialist?"—Chicago Daily News.

She—What did papa say when you asked for my hand? He—Why, he couldn't say a word. She—He couldn't? He—No; your mother was there!—Yonkers Statesman.

Arthur Asken—How did you like Europe? Bertha Binthare—Not very well. Why, actually, every place we visited was overrun with foreigners.—Chicago Daily News.

"I suppose your wife was tickled to death at your raise in salary?"—"She will be."—"Haven't you told her yet?"—"No, I thought I would enjoy myself for a couple of weeks first."

"I do miss Mrs. Jones. She told me all the news of the parish."—"Oh, that was only gossip—no truth in it."—"Well, there, I liked to 'ear it."—"Truth or lies, 'twas all news to me."—"Punch."

"I sometimes think," remarked the regular patron, "that the snare drummer should be the best musician in the theater orchestra."—"He usually is," said the drummer.—Chicago Tribune.

"Why don't women have the same sense of humor that men possess?" asked Mr. Torkins. "Perhaps," answered his wife gently, "it's because we don't attend the same theaters."—Washington Star.

Her Mother—Mabel, dear, do you ever feel timid about asking your husband for money? The Bride—No, indeed, mamma; but he seems to be rather timid about giving it to me.—Chicago Daily News.

Tommy—Pop, a man is a bachelor until he gets married, isn't he? Tommy's Pop—Yes, my son. Tommy—And what does he call himself afterward? Tommy's Pop—I'd hate to tell you, my son.—Philadelphia Record.

Consular—Now, gentlemen, we've traced these here close-furtraps of the boss; are the furtraps of the man—to this stump; from here on that's only the furtraps of the boss. Now, the question is—wot's become of the man?—Life.

"Hello, old man!" exclaimed Dudley at the Literary Circle reception; "it's a pleasant surprise to meet you here."—"Good of you to say so, old chap," replied Brown. "Yes, you see, I was afraid I wouldn't find anybody but bright and cultured people here."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Cheering Her. Maedougal (to his new fourth wife)—The minister doesn't approve of my marryin' again, an' s'ae young a wife too! But, as I tellt him, I canna be aye bryrin' bryrin'!—Punch.

When a girl is sixteen she spends much time in looking out into the night with a sad expression on her face, but mothers who know all about girls are not alarmed. When she is twice sixteen she will find enough that is disappointing in life without looking out in the dark for it.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unrepentant. The man who heaves right will do right. The more we talk in faith the better God is pleased. Many a man who comes to love his neighbor as himself will skin him in a horse trade.

No grave can be made deep enough to bury truth. Success in anything requires singleness of purpose. Whatever was gained in Sodom was to be lost with it.

It doesn't take very many dollars to make a contented man rich. The man who is not honest in his religion is not to be trusted anywhere. It is a serious thing to die, but a more serious one to live and not live right.

The love that men have for little sins is the same that devils have for big ones. The devil will keep on making hypocrites as long as there is a good man in the church. Talking about the fire that fell from heaven forty years ago will not warm the meeting now.

If loud profession could take a man to heaven the pharisees would all be there on front seats. No road has so many fingerboards pointing the other way as the one that points to the pit. The right kind of a mother can do more to make a man braver than the best military school in the country.

CHILDREN OF THE RICH.

How Some of Them Are Being Prepared for Life's Duties. An amateur investigator has discovered the following instances of the way in which some New York children are made ready to struggle with life. "Think of a girl of 13," she said, "who has been taught to believe that all her birthday means is the gift of a beautiful pearl from her grandmother. From her very first birthday that fact has been the most important thing that has happened to mark the anniversary of her entrance into the joys of this life. Her grandmother was like all her family, very rich. It occurred to her that she would like her grand-daughter to have a pearl necklace that should be as fine as any that money could buy, so she hit on the idea of presenting the child with a superb pearl every year.

"In the meantime all the childish joy of the child's birthday celebration has been made to lie in the acquisition of that pearl. It has for twelve birthdays been the engrossing event of the celebration. "Almost as singular in its exhibition of a parent's idea of the right sort of influence for a child is the occupation of a 14-year-old boy by his family with the care of all the social duties of his mother and the other members of the family.

"He takes charge of all the cards received at the house, sees to it that cards are sent in return and acts as sort of social secretary for his sisters as well as for the other older members of the family. They are very much amused by the enthusiasm and cleverness with which he believes them of all social responsibility.

"He is now 14, and that is an age at which consciousness has been stirred by the sight of the strange and quaint sights she saw in those strange lands, traveling at the rate of forty miles an hour!"

"With all there is in European travel to stimulate a child's mind if there be the opportunity to enjoy what she sees, think of chasing her across foreign countries at such a breakneck speed! No wonder she is not able to this day to recall a single scene outside of her experiences on the steamer, which are about all of what she remembers."

How Wasps Preserve Fresh Meat. That remarkably self-sufficient insect, the huzzess wasp, knew how to preserve fresh meat for the use of her children long before man invented his canning processes. "The huzzess wasps" capture spiders, administer to them an anesthetic sting that leaves them alive but unconscious for a period of about two weeks, and then "cans" them in the tubular cell where she deposits her eggs. The preserved spider lives just long enough to furnish fresh meat to the young wasps. These mother wasps are not only skilled in the arts and sciences, but are most valiant hunters. Even the dreaded tarantula succumbs in fear to a wasp of a large and handsome species known as tarantula hounds.

A Surprise.

Little Evelyn, not yet 3 years old, had learned to spell "a-c-t." In the first flush of excitement she exclaimed: "Won't the cats be surprised!"—Harper's Monthly.

Smiles of the Day.

Dinner-table Topics. "Let us go down and have a game of billiards," said the tall stranger in the hotel lobby. "Excuse me, but I am a greenhorn at billiards," hastened the short one. "Greenhorn? I am surprised, sir. Why you told me you were at home with the ivories." "So I am, sir. I'm a dentist."

Nerve. Heless. The count states in his mad love letter that he will call and end up by saying "I beg to remain forever, Count Hiccock."

How to Land Him in a Week. Monday—Be pretty. Smile once. Tuesday—Be prettier. Frown at him. Wednesday—Be pensive. Sigh once. Thursday—Confess your regard for him. Friday—Laugh at him. Saturday—Be "out."

Good Idea. Hairless Henry—Can you suggest anything to nourish my hair? Uncle—Develop your brains a bit and the roots will have something to feed on.—Judge.

His Point of View. She—Are you lucky in love? He—I should say I was! I have been refused five times in three years.

Every Time. Gussie—To snuff a candle out is a sign of marriage. Dora—Yes, and to turn down a lamp is a sign of courtship.

Unfair Treatment. Visitor—My man, why are you here? Number 13—I'm a shoemaker by trade. A guy brought me a pair of shoes to be healed and I sold 'em.

Difference. Jinks—He gave his first child a silver cup. Blinks—He gave his last one a tin cup yesterday.

Wanted to Know. The Professor—Yes, a caterpillar is the most voracious of living things. In a month it will eat about 600 times its own weight.

Absent-minded Parent—Whose boy did you say he was? The Auto Elopement. On sped the elopers in the big red machine. The farmhouses were few and far between.

"Ah," whispered the young man, joyously, "see those lights ahead? That is the 'Last Chance'!"

"The 'Last Chance' echoed the pretty girl. "What is it, George, a—tax-ern?" "No, a parsonage, the last on the road."

And ten minutes later a good man in embroidered slippers was reading the marriage service before a flickering lamp.

Live and Learn. Farmer Meddergrass—Waal, if clover! I knew them 'Chinee lived on 'rotter side of 't' airth, but hang me if I knew they had a through route!

Couldn't Explain. "What is a 'tempst in a tempst' pa?" "My child, you will have to ask your mother; I never attend afternoon teas."—New York Herald.

The Mean Thing. "Clara told me that her new gown is going to be a dream." "Very likely. That's all it will be—a dream. Her husband won't give her the money for it."

A Danger. "Why don't you read up on scientific farming?" "I started that once," answered Mr. Cornstossel. "It didn't pay. I got so interested readin' that I forgot to go out and farm."—Washington Star.

Prosperity. "Old Cosh landed in this country in his bare feet, ten years ago. Now he's got millions." "You don't say! Why, he's got a centipede skinned to death, hasn't he?"—Cleveland Leader.

Down on the Whole Sex. Wasps—Do you think that right-haired women are apt to be bad tempered? "I started that once," answered Mr. Cornstossel. "It didn't pay. I got so interested readin' that I forgot to go out and farm."—Washington Star.

Misfit Advice. "Always climb up and never go down—that is the way to gain a crown and make your life work greater." Some thing like this the moralist said, the youth replied as he shook his head: "I run an elevator."—Emporia Gazette.

A Notable Exception. Kwater—It's a very true saying that "silence is golden" and "Wise—Not always." In the case of a politician accused of crookedness it's usually merely gilt.—The Catholic Standard and Times.

All Gone.

"Since it went dry," announced the prominent citizen, with pride in his voice, "our town is unexcelled." "How do you make that out?" asked the casual visitor, who had seen better towns.

"Because," replied the prominent citizen, "it is now a good town, bar none."—Baltimore American.

Diagnosis. "What water you are using well water?" "I use just what I propose." "Believe give him the mitten." "Believe what good is a mitten for cold feet? Cleveland Leader.

Give Him the Boot. Belle—He just won't propose. Nellie—Give him the mitten. Belle—What good is a mitten for cold feet? Cleveland Leader.

Glasses and Glasses. "I'm troubled a great deal with head aches in the morning," said Lancelman. "Perhaps it's my eyes. Do you think I need stronger glasses?" "No," replied Dr. Wise, meaningly, "what you need is not stronger glasses, but fewer." Catholic Standard and Times.

He "Beat It." "Where did you stay that night that you demanded the policeman as he seized the tramp." "I didn't sleep it," said the tramp. "A lady up the street gave it to me and told me to beat it."—Judge.

Prevalent Type. "What kind of people are they?" "Well, when they are not playing bridge they are working a phonograph."—Life.

Back to the Farm. "Well, Siss, what did you find new down to the city?" "Why, something with 'cein'. The hull place is full of cabs with cash registers on 'em, an' red flags to show folks it's dangerous to dispute the fare. They call 'em taxidermy cabs, 'cause of 'em not mind, the drivers 'll just take the skin off ye."—Life.

Possibly So. Simpkins—That fellow Muggins beats the world on snoring; he runs the scale on every snote. Tompkins—I suppose, then, on second thought, you might call his snoring sheet music.—Puck.

Not with the Power. Johnnie (to new visitor)—So you are my grandma, are you? Grandmother—Yes, Johnnie! I'm your grandma on your father's side. Johnnie—Well, you're on the wrong side, you'll find that out!

His Trick. "I do wish," said Mrs. Stiles, "that you'd try to keep yourself neater." "But, my dear," protested her husband, "you're not so careful!" "I'm not? I'm certainly more careful of my clothes than you—"

"That's just it. You should be more careful of me."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Over Their Heads. Minselan. At your afternoon concert would you like me to play some of Wagner's works? Parvett—Yes—but on the hurdy-gurdy, or my guests will not understand it.—Ellegande Blaetter.

A Sham. "He puts his watch under his pillow every night." "I notice he likes to sleep overtime."—Christian Advocate.

They All Do. "What kind of a lunch did she serve last night?" "I thought it was all right, but she apologized for it just the same."—Detroit Free Press.

An Enemy of Hers. Maud—Miss Pansée looks quite well tonight, doesn't she? Tom—Yes, like a Grecian goddess. Maud—But not quite so old.

She Lost Out. Mrs. B.—It doesn't always pay to husband one's resources. Mrs. W.—Why not? Mrs. B.—Well, I judge so from Mrs. Goodthing's experience. She let her husband have the \$10,000 she inherited from her grandmother and he lost it all in speculation.

A Foreign Conclusion. Elsie—And then, mind you, she asked me if I wouldn't marry the first man that came along. Ethel—The idea! Don't these obviously unnecessary questions make you tired?

Price of Disobedience. The greatest financiers in the world, the Rothschilds, exact the strictest obedience in orders from their employees. "They once had an agent here," a New Orleans man recently said to a reporter for the Playmate, "a fine fellow."

"They telegraphed to this agent at a certain season to sell their cotton holdings, but he knew the price would go higher, and therefore he didn't sell till four days later. In consequence he netted an extra profit of forty thousand dollars to his firm."

"When he sent the Rothschilds the money, and announced joyously and proudly what he had done, they returned the whole amount, with a cold note than ran: "The forty thousand dollars you made by disobeying our instructions is not ours, but yours. Take it. Mr. Blank, your successor, sails for New Orleans to-day."

When a father stays home with the children, it becomes his private opinion within half an hour that their mother told them to act their meanest.

CIRCUS CHILDREN.

The Making of Acrobats Begins at an Early Age. It is nothing unusual for the larger circuses to carry thirty and forty children, ranging all the way from mere babies to boys and girls of 15 and 16 years of age. The majority are traveling with their parents, both the father and mother doing daily duty in the ring, and while often they are trained to follow in the steps of their elders they are seldom allowed to perform in public.

It is a common belief among circus men that the performer whose training is not started until after the age of 6 will seldom make a distinctive record. Following the afternoon show I often saw groups of boys, some of whom could not have been over 4 and 5 years old, practicing rudimentary somersaults and hand springs, while their parents looked on with a gratified smile. These were the families of the circus aristocracy, who treasure the records of their ancestors with the pride of a son in his father's sword and who see no more inspiring calling for their own children than that of the great white canvas.

Not that their education is neglected in other respects. Several of the families often hire an instructor—perhaps one of the performers who has the time and ability for such work to coach their children in the standard studies. One circus has a traveling school for the youngsters. If they are to be acrobats, they are to be educated acrobats.—Bohemian Magazine.

SHORT METER SERMONS.

Social Distinctions. Making social distinctions is setting aside that for which the church really stands—brotherliness.—Rev. G. Woodvine, Baptist, Utica, N. Y.

Transition. Transition now is equally as great as in the time of Christ. At all times there are transitional periods.—Rev. D. A. Perry, Congregationalist, Aurora, Ill.

Amusements. All wholesome amusement are needed, but instead of trying to abolish them the church should seek to purify and uplift them.—Rev. A. E. Bartlett, Baptist, Chicago.

Developing Virtues. Character is developed by hardship. Strength, fortitude and reliability are developed by being exposed. Blessed is the man that endureth.—Rev. A. B. Meldrum, Presbyterian, Cleveland.

Seeing One's Faults. The individual who sees his faults, turns face about and starts out in another direction is sure to be more useful each succeeding year.—Rev. L. C. Bentley, Methodist Episcopalian, Indianapolis.

Strength of Religion. Religion has a hold so strong that no argument has been able to effect a disbelier in the Creator, the Infinite.—Rev. Dr. J. Schurman, Congregationalist, Ithaca, N. Y.

Chief Interest. In domestic affection, in social reform, in public duty, in national and racial ideals, hopes and endeavors we have, doubtless, the chief interest of our existence.—Rev. Geo. A. Gordon, Congregationalist, Boston.

The Mystery of Life. The miraculous and the mysterious about the life of Christ are the same miracles and mysteries that are about our lives, only larger. Some day He will conquer all lands, and rule in all hearts.—Rev. E. Perry, Methodist Episcopalian, Milwaukee.

Perils of Wealth. Wealth has many perils. Increase of wealth creates a popular desire to be come rich, and this desire may strengthen covetousness; may produce money madness with all its attendant evil.—Rev. W. M. Taylor, Christian, New Orleans.

Beliefs. Let us learn to make moral differentiations. Let us remember that if there were no bribe-givers there would be no bribe-takers. Let us not be so sure that the bribe-giver does not invite the bribe-taker.—Rev. J. L. Levy, Hebrew, Pittsburg.

Enthusiasm. A need in the armament of man in the battle is enthusiasm. It is not only necessary to believe, but one must have the inspiration. Men do not gain fame by chance, but men do gain it by boundless enthusiasm.—Rev. D. G. Downey, Methodist, Chicago.

Moral Destiny. More and more the conviction grows that to teach men how to fulfill their moral destiny here is to fit them to fulfill it hereafter, and that to do this is to bring down the New Jerusalem from heaven to earth.—Rev. Caleb S. S. Dutton, Unitarian, Brooklyn.

Modern Tendency. Denominationalism due to fine hair-splitting is no longer right. Agreement on essentials and co-operative work and even organic union are in the minds of men to-day. The church is federating for mutual help, and for a common work. Rev. Eric L. Lindh, Congregationalist, Providence.

Moral Education. Children should, as far as possible, every day breathe a healthy religious atmosphere in their schools, where not only their minds are enlightened, but where the seeds of faith, piety and sound morality are nourished and invigorated.—Cardinal Gibbons, Roman Catholic, Baltimore.

What Counts in a Story. As I heard a famous raconteur telling a story I had heard in one form or another for many years. I could not but recall the statement of some one to the effect that there are but five stories extant and that all we have are merely variations from the original fable. As General Taylor, who is something of a story teller himself, puts it, "The story doesn't amount to anything. It's the edition that counts."—Boston Herald.

Modesty is all right in women, but men it savors of hypocrisy.

HUMAN SCARECROWS.

Old Men Employed as Such in England's Corn Fields. Human beings as scarecrows? Why not? It may seem queer and brutal to an American, but here in England the human scarecrow is common, writes an American correspondent. As he stands out there, in the middle of the flat Suffolk field, there is little to show he is not the ordinary inanimate scarecrow. He stands motionless for five minutes at a time, and only when a bird is tempted by the fresh corn just appearing above the ground does he show any sign of life.

From the road outside the field he looks exactly like the conventional collection of old clothes propped up on a stick. The ragged overcoat and the misshapen hat can be seen any day, at this time of the year, in almost any field in England. Even the crows are contemptuous of the figure, and every now and then a number of them appear leisurely above the hedge and settle on the field. But then it is that the scarecrow moves; he hits an old tin can with the rusty handle of a shovel and frightens the birds, and makes them fly quickly out of sight.

So he spends his day, this old, bent man, and at the end he is paid 30 cents. He is the village scarecrow. Every morning now soon after the light comes he leaves his son's cottage in the meadow and walks through the village street to the fields, a mile away. And then, for nearly twelve hours, he keeps the birds from the corn by making a noise on his old tin can.

Whatever the weather may be, he is expected to be there. In rain he may shelter under the nearest hedge, but he must watch his fields, and if the birds take advantage of his absence he must go out into the open and scare them from the corn.

QUEER STORIES.

There are only fifty-five female physicians in the German empire.

There are 374 glass-works in operation in Germany, with 62,000 employes.

The Department of Agriculture estimates that the ravages of field mice and rats cause a loss of \$20,000,000 annually.

Mexico's coffee crop for 1908 is estimated at 45,000,000 kilos, a kilo being equal to 2.2 pounds. The yield is 25 per cent under that of 1907.

In prize-fighting bantamweight is 115 pounds ringside; featherweight, 122 ringside; lightweight, 133 ringside; welterweight, 142 ringside; middleweight, 154 ringside; light heavyweight, 165 ringside; heavyweight, all over 165.

Rome is not yet finished. Ernesto Nathan, the mayor of Rome, is described as a remarkable man of charming personality, earnest in his work and intent on doing his utmost toward bringing to perfection the plans which will make Rome one of the most beautiful cities in the world.

A herd of six elk was to be imported by the Canadian government, and started in business on the experimental farm at Ottawa. The animal is about the size of common cattle, but is better fitted to endure the cold. It is valuable for milk, beef, hide and hair, and is easily nourished on sparse vegetation.

There was little doubt in the minds of those who were invited to a recent Missouri wedding as to the cordiality of the invitation. It was clearly printed, and read as follows: "You are invited to attend the marriage of Augustus Clay Johnson and Miss Chloe Mathilda Baker at the house of the bride's mother. All who can not come may send."

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, neurologist, poet, essayist and novelist, has been elected to a foreign fellowship in the Royal Society of England. The election is one of the choicest distinctions to which a scientist can aspire, and it has fallen to the lot of only three other Americans now living—Alexander Agassiz, naturalist, and George W. Hill and Simon Newcomb, astronomers.

The Canadian Courier recently conducted a balloting contest to select the "ten biggest Canadians." Nominated for the roll of honor were 120 leading men. Of these the following were declared the winners: Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Lord Strathcona, Sir William Van Horne, Goldwin Smith, William Mackenzie, Sir Charles Tupper, the Hon. S. Fielding, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, Sir Sanford Fleming and R. L. Borden.

There is a growing desire in China to choose their own mates. Fathers and mothers are therefore called upon by the Chinese board of education, should have nothing to do with a choice in such matters. However, a very gawsome picture is sketched by a native editor of the miseries that abound in China on account of the way in which marriages are arranged, and it is contended that young people should have some choice.

A Hero. The other nite paw said to us: "It makes me proud to be a man when I rede things like this!" "An' then nite looked at me—"The men upon that sinkin' ship nite bravely all behaved, they stayed behind until the kids an' wimmen had been saved."

"That's just what I'd done," sed paw. "An' then he red sum more; 'Yes, men are made of noble stuff. They do brave things galore."

It made me smile a bit because Paw ain't as brave as he lets on at times; altho he thinks He's foolin' nite and me. For last nite when the doorbell rang, "An' we were all in bed! It wasn't paw that went down stairs, With light and easy tread, To open the door an' see, Jus' what that ringin' meant. Paw pulled the bed clothes over him An' it was paw that went, "The story doesn't amount to anything. It's the edition that counts."—Detroit Free Press.

It is hard work to get a girl started to singing, but, after she begins, you have to do something desperate to get her to stop.