

Hypnotism is a fine little cure for alcoholism. Another good was to quit drinking.

Wireless telegraphy has won a place among the great life saving inventions of modern times.

Give the English sparrows a chance for their lives and put a hand some bounty on rats.

Although the birth rate in France is less than the death rate, the guillotine has been set going again.

A Toledo woman wants a divorce because her husband won't kiss her. We reserve decision till we get a look at her.

Kongo natives are growing trouble some, which means that they are tired of working for some one else without pay.

The amethyst is the lucky stone for this year—although you can't get half as much on it as you can on a diamond.

The new planet that is supposed to be coquetting with Neptune appears to have attracted Neptune's attention anyhow.

Although a Balkan war has been averted again that does not prove that the Balkan war rumor will go out of business.

Castro says he's going to live in Berlin the rest of his life, but Berlin isn't worrying. She has excellent police protection.

A Brooklyn milkman has invented an aeroplane. It ought to be fine for delivering milk to the second and third story flats.

Generally speaking the public would have more patience with buyers of deluxe editions if the books were intended to be read.

Turkey and Austria-Hungary have escaped with honor and no bloodshed, but the Balkan situation is not entirely denatured even yet.

One of the anthropologists is of the opinion that man descended from the hog. He probably conducted his researches in an owl car.

An Oklahoma woman has discovered 301 ways of cooking corn. We wish somebody would discover a new and better way of eating it from the cob.

If unsound teeth cause people to commit crime, as somebody claims to have discovered, a good dentist is a public benefactor, in spite of his bills.

Augustus Thomas denies that play writing is "holding the mirror up to nature." The mirror, we take it, mainly facilitates the application of grease paint.

A Wisconsin state board wants to find out why more persons do not marry. We are sure it is not for lack of attractiveness on the part of the Wisconsin girls.

While in Africa Mr. Roosevelt will confer a favor on students of natural history if he will try to ascertain whether or not there is any such creature as the snark or the giasfecutas.

A teacher of dancing has been chosen speaker of the Delaware house of representatives. His ability to keep from treading on the corns of those around him was probably responsible for his elevation.

King Edward is preparing to go to Germany for the purpose of paying a visit to Emperor William. It may be that Edward desires to inform William how to be happy while reigning but not ruling.

The triumphs of the scholar the public regards as individual; the prowess of the athlete is popularly held to establish the name and fame of his college. Of course this is unreasonable, for the reputation of a university as an institution of learning should depend upon the liberal education she gives to those within her gates. But, remarks the Philadelphia Public Ledger, it is quite true that, despite the excellent reasons why it should not do so, the public continues to pay homage to brawn rather than brain, in so far as the undergraduate is concerned.

Various legislatures are now breaking out with freak bills designed to create a boom in the business of Cupid & Hymen. In Wisconsin a tax is proposed on bachelors and a state bureau to provide would-be beneficiaries with wives. A bill in Texas proposes not only a tax on all bachelors under 70, but also that bachelors who do not propose at least once a year to at least one woman shall be made to pay a double tax. And yet, says Baltimore America, some misguided women are wasting their energies crying for the ballot, so they can affect legislation.

Simon Pure is a character in Mrs. Centivres comedy, "A Bold Stroke for a Wife." He fell in love with a charming girl and after being counterfeited by an impostor succeeded in establishing his identity, proving himself to be the Simon Pure. The expression then came to be used to mean the real article, or something genuine.

It has now been discovered that the Romans and the Etruscans were nearly related. What shocks we are getting, nowadays!

A writer in a Washington paper thinks that widows make the best wives and presents an interesting array of historical widows showing that the weed-wearing state is conducive to soul development that makes for the managing of other husbands than the one for whom she mourns. She knows that a man is a contradiction before she begins and there is no danger of her losing her illusions.

Personal taxes are coming in from those who like to get a painful duty over with as quickly as possible.

GATHERED SMILES

SHE KNOWS ENOUGH.

She does not know who Caesar was. Nor when Columbus sailed the seas. She may, for all she says or does. Think Botticelli is a cheese!

She will not wrinkle up her brow To call to mind a verse of Keats; Ask her if Shakespeare's writing now, She'll say she likes the parquet seats; Of current topics she may speak And show misinformation simple— But in the rose-pink of her cheek There is a dimple.

She'll tell you socialism's cute Because a friend who rather plain Is lecturing from here to Butte And has so many in her train; She cannot tell you what is meant By the philosophy of Ibsen, But her's is beauty that is blent— A Fisher-Gibson.

Of differential calculus She may discourse in language clear Until it comes to us She means some automobile gear; She has the latest word on fur Leads not to talk on pictures old— Her lips are cherry-ripsy-red, Her hair is golden.

So, what is history to her? What are reformers and their ilk? And wears the newest shades in silk. Sigh not that she must live alone, For her unlearnedness quenches your fire.

She knows all that needs to be known— You see, she's pretty! —Wilbur D. Nesbit, in Life.

DIFFERENT.

Mrs. Front—There is only one little hotel in this town, Georgia. Will we have to put up there? Mr. Front (former hotel clerk)—Yes, dear; just about three times as much as if there were two hotels.—Chicago News.

The Captain's Instructions. The wireless telegraph operator had just sent out his frantic calls for help. "Did you ask for assistance?" inquired the anxious captain. "I did," replied the operator. "I just flashed out C. Q. D."

"C. Q. D. What's that?" demanded the captain. "That's a signal that we need help." "Great Scott, man! We're sinking. Make it stronger than that. Wire them P. D. Q. This case is urgent."—Detroit Free Press.

AT LAST.

"I actually had the last word with a woman to-day." "Amazing! How'd you manage it?" "It was in the subway—I said 'Madam, have my seat.'"

Practical Test. Bill—I see a left-handed high school girl out in the state of Washington has won in a contest by throwing a baseball 192 feet and 6 inches. Jill—Why didn't they have a practical test of her skill? "How's that?" "Let her throw a rolling pin."—Yonkers Statesman.

In Trouble. "Brown's in awful trouble." "What's the matter? Has he killed a man?" "No, worse than that. He stole a postage stamp and there doesn't seem to be any possible way of keeping him out of prison."—Detroit Free Press.

A True Daughter of Eve. "I have been in every civilized country on earth," said the globe trotter, "and, would you believe it, I have met only two really intelligent women." "Two!" echoed the beautiful widow in surprise. "Why, who was the other?"—Chicago Daily News.

IN AN APARTMENT.

New Tenant—Can you tell me to whom to apply for more heat? Our rooms are very cold. Imposing Personage—I have no idea. I'm the janitor.

As He Saw It. Mrs. Knox—One can tell a good deal about people from their facial expressions! Knox—Been absorbing wisdom from a patent medicine almanac? Mrs. Knox—No. Take Mrs. Jabber-ton, for example; there's a great deal of character in her mouth.

Knox—Yes—other people's.—Chicago Daily News.

AN UNCOMFORTABLE AGE.

Kind Old Gent—How old are you, my boy? My Boy—Aw! Ma says I'm too young to eat the things I like, and I'm too old to cry when I don't get em.

Not Quite the Same. "Can you speak French?" "No, sir; but my brother can walk Spanish."—Baltimore American.

A POINT TO LOOK TO.

When a man swears himself into matrimony, he is allowed to submit any sort of testimony, and none of it is seriously impugned. But when he swears himself out, he is narrowly limited to the beggarly facts, and moreover must endure the merciless hammering of crafty lawyers bent on discrediting him.

Might it not effect a saving of heart-aches to fortify our girls somewhat with a technician av darc an when they are wooed, they may the quicker detect the incompetent, the irrelevant and the immaterial?—Puck.

HE KNEW.

The most impressive thing to the visitor on entering the city is its magnificent gateway. The union station has been written about widely, but the country at large probably doesn't understand what a beautiful thing Washington has in the great structure of marble and granite lying to the north of the capital.

It doesn't make any difference how big it is or how many million dollars it cost. Statistics are of no special consequence. All that the visitor knows is that it is a quarter of a mile walk to go from one end of the building and back again; that the splendid rotunda is one of the finest things he has ever seen and that the building looks out through three colossal doorways.

The station stands in a great plaza which is not yet finished. Street cars circle this plaza, but the landscape is not disfigured with overhead trolley wires. And this is one of the striking things about the whole city. You see street after street given over to street cars, but with a clear vista.

Washington has one advantage in the compactness of its plan. It is possible to keep the streets in very much better condition when they are not spread over a whole prairie landscape. The Washington streets are paved with miles and miles of asphalt and they look as if they had been dusted off every morning with a feather duster. The Washington street department has the advantage, of course, of not having to contend with a large amount of trucking. The national capital is not a manufacturing or business city. At the same time the scrupulous care of the streets makes the average visitor from a commercial city exceedingly envious.

The city is famed for its trees. Jefferson started by planting Lombardy poplars along some of the chief thoroughfares and his plan has been continued as the city developed. In spring and summer the town is a great bower.

Sensational and flashy posters, picturing melodramatic scenes, dancing girls, busts of women advertising corsets, and figures clothed only in union suits, will no longer mar the billboards of Washington. Commissioner West announced that the doom of this class of advertising has been sealed. The billposters of the city and the artist-companies, he said, have joined arms with the commissioners and Maj. Sylvester in an effort to drive out of existence this class of advertising.

Maj. Sylvester has recommended to the commissioners for several years that some action be taken to control the character of the displays of the billboards. The posters, Maj. Sylvester says, have a harmful effect on the youth of the city, who are daily brought face to face with thrilling and suggestive pictures.

After a conference with John E. Shoemaker, who controls the billposting in this city, and who has recently returned from the annual convention of the National Billposters' association, held in Oklahoma City, the announcement was made that a ban will be put on this character of displays.

Men Who Have Doubles. Charles P. Searle, the Boston actor who has appeared recently in important arguments before the committee on ways and means of the national legislature, bears so strong a resemblance to George B. Cortelyou that he could impersonate the secretary of the treasury in all but his impassiveness. The hair and mustache of Mr. Searle are a trifle grayer, but otherwise the resemblance is very striking. Andrew Carnegie has an exact double and Senator Crane is reported to have one in Washington, also, although the informants cannot locate him definitely. Representative James B. Perkins of New York is the "dead image" of George W. Wilson, the actor.

Sportsmen's Show for Vienna. The first international sportsmen's show, which was to have been held at Vienna in 1908, and was postponed because of the jubilee celebration, will take place in that city in 1910. Every country, according to the prospectus which has just been published, has already secured space, and from the interest which has been shown, not only by the people directly concerned, but by the public generally, it may be assumed that the show will be a great success.

Seek Ideas in China. Prof. Thomas C. Chamberlin, head of the geology department of the University of Chicago, and his son, Rollin T., have sailed for China and the east. At Pekin they will meet Prof. Ernest D. Burton of the divinity school, who is in China. These three men compose a commission which the university is sending to investigate the educational systems of China. They will be gone about a year, and in that time expect to visit all the more prominent schools and colleges in the empire.

WORTHY OF CAPITAL

MAGNIFICENCE OF WASHINGTON'S UNION STATION.

Makes a Most Impressive Gateway to the City—Scrupulous Care of Streets a Thing Noticeable to Visitor.

They do many things differently in Washington—some of them they do better, as they ought to in the capital city of a nation of 90,000,000. The federal government pays half the expenses which helps a good deal. At the same time this isn't a gratuity, for the government is the owner of an enormous amount of property within the limits of the city.

Among the earlier houses erected in the district was the row on the north side of Pennsylvania avenue, between Nineteenth and Twentieth streets, known as the "Seven Buildings." The house on the corner of Nineteenth street and the avenue was occupied by Eldridge Gerry while he was vice-president under Monroe. After the burning of the White House, and subsequent to their leaving the Octagon house, the property sheltered President and Mrs. Monroe, and there they remained until the executive mansion had been rebuilt.

In 1874, Vice-President Martin Van Buren lived in the house, which, today, appears much as it did at the time when the West end was a swamp; when horses and pedestrians were stalled in the mire of Pennsylvania avenue; when frogs held nightly carnivals and owls kept faithful vigil

DEWEY AS A STORY TELLER. He Protests That the Newspapers Have Destroyed His Reputation.

Maybe it is a sign of age in Senator Dewey that he should undertake a defense of his reputation as an after dinner speaker. But he did the other night, at a semipublic dinner, where he was known personally to most of the diners, says the Cincinnati Times-Star's New York correspondent. Dewey let it be known that he felt already the charge often made against him that he told stories and cracked jokes that had earned retirement. "If my stories are sometimes old," said he, "at least they are my stories, and no one's else. The fact is, the newspaper is the ruin of the modern after-dinner speaker. A good story is aken up, sent broadcast, ascribed to any one of a thousand speakers rather than the one who originated it, and, in the end, he ventures to tell his own story a second time, he escapes hissing only because of his auditors' good nature. Let me illustrate by a case in point. Years ago I was asked to speak at a certain dinner. I sat down and thought. In the end I invented several stories, among which was one of the farmer who asked the transportation department of a railroad for four freight cars to ship frogs in."

"The summer hotel down at the point," said he, "has promised to take all I can catch. And from the racket they frogs-out in my pond make, I reckon I can ship four cars full and leave enough for next year's crop. But a little later he revised his order. I dreamed my pond and I found that two bullfrogs and a tree toad had been doin' all that 'holer'n'." Well, that story was well liked, because it illustrated a point I wanted to make. The papers printed it. At the next dinner I attended, the speaker who preceded me told it as his own. I've heard that story an average of twice a year since then, and I have never told it a second time. And yet that was my story. The newspapers have destroyed me as an after-dinner speaker."

Don't Know Their Own City. A man on his first visit to Washington, a few days ago, boarded a trolley car in Pennsylvania avenue and asked the conductor if he was going toward the White House. "What house?" asked the conductor. "The White House—the president's home." "Don't know—I've only been on two days; ask him," pointing to his associate conductor in the trailer car. He also hesitated before answering, but finally remembered, just as the car neared the foot of Capitol hill, that the White House was in the other direction. Having gone so far the stranger made the rest of the journey to the top of the hill, slipped off the car into the snow and asked a workman on the grounds to direct him to the library, and, following the direction, would have gone to an unfinished building had another visitor not saved him. He wrote to his home in London that evening: "There are beautiful places in Washington, but do not ask a resident to tell you where they are—they do not know."

Wiley Runs Into Bad Chicken. Dr. H. W. Wiley, the conservator of good food, almost broke up a dinner party on a dining car that is run between Washington and New York. The car was well filled when he entered, and seeing that roast spring chicken was the headliner on the menu, he ordered it. He was brought on he examined it carefully and then calling the waiter to his side said in a voice that carried throughout the car: "This chicken has been in cold storage eight months, three weeks, four days and five hours. It has Bonasa umbellus. Take it away." The dining car conductor took Dr. Wiley's name, reported the incident to the general superintendent of the dining car service, and an order was subsequently issued that no cold storage fowls should be served on that railroad.

A Distinction. "Do you think a man should go into politics as a profession?" "No," answered Senator Sorghum; "not as a profession. But he should be a good hand at a trade."

HOMES OF FAMOUS MEN.

Washington Structures Abound with Memories of the Great.

Many famous homes abound in the vicinity of Lafayette square, Washington. There in stately majesty, dwell Commodore Decatur, who erected the first house on the square. There also in turn, dwell Henry Clay, Martin Van Buren, Edward Livingston and others of prominence.

As neighbors, there were Mrs. Madison, the widow of the president; Atorney General Crittenden, the Roosevelt and W. W. Corcoran. It was there also that the life tragedy of Secretary of State William H. Seward was enacted. Later there came into the neighborhood such illustrious men as Charles Sumner, Roscoe Conkling, John A. Logan and John B. Floyd.

The last home of Daniel Webster in Washington was in Louisiana avenue between Fifth and Sixth streets. It was there that the friends of the distinguished jurist and statesman congregated and where many matters important in the development of the nation were decided. After Webster's death the building became known as the Webster law building.

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A Modern Incompatibility

BY CHARLOTTE WILSON

They had been engaged a week. The lagoon was blue—bluer than living turquoise; and the long, sweeping lines of the park award seemed to them considerably greener than emerald.

"Sweetheart," he said, "has it occurred to you that we'll be poor?" "Often," she said.

His unconscious look of relief betrayed a latent anxiety in the question. "You see," he explained, with a queer smile, "I don't know you so very well."

"Nor I you," she retorted. They both seemed strangely undisturbed by the announcement.

"I mean," he continued comfortably, "the You that is the product of heredity and environment. I think I know the essential You very well. O, I know what you're going to say; you know it does go a good way toward explaining a person, to know just how he has been brought up, and how he differs from his brothers and sisters—what he inherits from his father, and what he doesn't inherit that he ought to from his mother. Take me, for instance; I don't think you can really know me without having watched me grow up among my five sisters."

"I might as well give it up, mightn't I?" she asked, paddling in the water with the frivolity of idle happiness. "I don't see how it's to be done."

He smiled. "If we had lived in adjoining houses, now—"

"No," she interrupted. "Then you would remember how I looked when I had the measles."

"I don't know that I should care to have you remember me in dresses," he conceded. "I'm afraid you might never have had the proper respect for me."

For a moment she was speechless. Then, "Oh, as if I cared what I eat!" she cried, flushed and indignant.

The man stared. "I thought that was what we were talking about," he said humbly.

"One can't explain things to a man," she said with vehement disgust. "When one has no talent one naturally dreams of laying it at the feet of the man one—loves. I've always yearned for somebody to fix for! And to have set your affections upon a man who's above all that—to have no opportunity to develop the natural bent of your genius—"

He had been watching her smile of deep and hidden import. "There are all sorts of nice little salads you can make," he said suddenly.

"Salads?" she repeated, staring. "Yep. Raw salads. Bananas and nuts and apples—"

"How deliciously indigestible! You don't mean to say that the movement permits of things that are agreeable to the taste?"

He was still watching her under the brim of his hat. "And all the head-cranks of my cult say that you must have flowers and things on the table."

She was brightening perceptibly. "I hadn't thought of that," she cried. "Does that help any?" he asked, with great curiosity.

"Yes—immensely," she said. "I begin to see—possibilities—in that movement."

"My future is fairly reeking with possibilities," he announced contentedly.

When they rounded the head of the island again, a little later, a tiny column of pale blue smoke became visible on the right, toward the convent. It was mounting almost straight upward against the amber glow of the late afternoon sky.

The man pointed out the little campfire on the yellow sand by the water's edge. The figure of a man was bending over it, and a woman in a scarlet golf jacket was moving about at a little distance. Two children were whooping joyously in the foreground.

The girl stood up in the boat to look, in spite of his remonstrance. "They're cooking supper!" she said. "Oh, how perfectly darling!" She looked around at the jewel-world about them. "It just completes the picture!" she said. "It humanizes the landscape!"

The man grinned self-consciously. "Something smells mighty good," he admitted.

She turned upon him, arrested by the remark, and looked at him for some seconds. Then she clasped her hands. "Oh, my prophetic soul!" she gasped. "It's ham! He likes the smell of it!"

"Don't jump up and down," said the man. "You'll drown us."

"That irrational dimple was in full play as she looked down at him. 'I think we can get along,' she said, nodding at him. 'You're nothing but a man, after all. It won't take a serpent to beguile you; you'll just say, 'The woman tempted me, and I did—' and add convincingly."

A Medical Paradox. "There is one thing paradoxical about a doctor."

"What is that?" "He is one of the few men who can be excused for being most angry and irritable when he realizes that he must have patients."—Baltimore American.

His Own Consideration. Friend—Go easy or you'll have a smash-up first thing you know. Motorist—Don't worry, old chap. The firm that sold me this machine guaranteed to keep it in repair for a year.

Stood by His Word. Customer—The hair-grower which you sold me lately is a swindle. You guaranteed that it would help me after I had tried all other remedies. Barber—Well, have you tried all others?

Not Interesting. "What is there to the latest murder?" "Nothing much," replied the reporter. "I don't find anything scandalous about the dead man's reputation."—Cleveland Leader.

She does not know who Caesar was. Nor when Columbus sailed the seas. She may, for all she says or does. Think Botticelli is a cheese!

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She'll tell you socialism's cute Because a friend who rather plain Is lecturing from here to Butte And has so many in her train; She cannot tell you what is meant By the philosophy of Ibsen, But her's is beauty that is blent— A Fisher-Gibson.

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