

Drivers of aeroplanes should keep to the right.

Clean streets and alleys mean better public health.

Help the summer charities to help the poor ward off disease and death.

Orville Wright rose to the occasion.

Only a very deaf man does not hear the call of the summer resorts at this time of the year.

Very soon the days will begin to grow shorter, like the funds of the man on vacation.

A lemon ramble is threatened, it is said. Perhaps this is due to the frequency and number with which they have been handed out of late.

Poison ivy adds nothing to the general joy of a Sunday school picnic. Let the management bear this in mind.

If the scorching automobilists blew up their dust in front instead of stirring it up behind they would go more slowly.

Free and independent America has 100,000 hay-fever victims. They should take the matter to the supreme court, as it is clearly unconstitutional.

As no word has been received from Peary for a good while it is no more than polite to assume that he has discovered the north pole.

When you go on your vacation take along a little something to keep off the mosquitoes and then a little something to cure the bites.

In this age of realism why not renovate some of the old saws? How about "The typewriter is mightier than the repeating rifle?"

Here is a powerful argument for the more-daylight plan: It would give the human race two extra hours in the afternoon to see the baseball game.

With the capable flying machine cutting high jinks the Dreadnoughts are beginning to wonder if a more modest name would not be a better fit.

Baseball was never before so big a business, and it was never so big a task to keep the business going just right, but there is never a hint of crookedness in that sport. No wonder it is the national game!

In various European and American magazines and other publications we see a great many articles under such titles as "Why England Fears Germany," "Why France Fears Germany," etc. It seems that there is hardly a nation in Europe that doesn't fear Germany.

New York continues the good practice of letting poor people sleep in some of the parks these hot nights. An extra police guard is detailed and everything is orderly. Some of the victims in stuffy hotel chambers must be filled with longing to be poor "for one night only."

If you see a rattlesnake in your summer peregrinations, do not run to the faithful flask. Modern science declares that those who recovered through its agency in the past must have owed their lives to a lively imagination, as the remedy is without merit.

There are dried apples—why not dried potatoes? Germany is trying practical experiments in the direction of the latter economy, and several potato drying plants are in operation. In different sections of the empire, it takes 830 pounds of potatoes in their normal condition to make 220 pounds when dry. A brisk market is found for the product, owing to the advancing price of grain.

How wealth may be piled up quietly and amazingly is instanced in England, where the death of a comparatively unknown resident of Reading, where he lived practically as a recluse, reveals that he left an estate of \$50,000,000 to \$75,000,000, from which the government will collect about \$10,000,000 in death duties and succession taxes. The most successful men are not always those who make the greatest stir in the world.

The German company which is building a non-rigid dirigible balloon with a lifting capacity of 54 persons has evidently not been frightened by the fate of the big non-rigid California dirigible which broke under the weight of a large load of passengers and dropped them to the earth. Unless the weights beneath a non-rigid airship are carefully adjusted the strains are apt to be dangerous to the envelope when the ship is driven through the air by her propellers.

One of the Zeppelin airships is to be permanently stationed at Metz. That town is a fortress in Alsace-Lorraine, which Germany acquired from France at the close of the Franco-Prussian war. The German government gets its supply of war balloons from Zeppelin, and there are a few. France has been indulging freely in airships for military purposes, but a glance in the direction of Metz, once a French stronghold but now a German possession, will be sufficient to show that there are others.

Smugglers are now to be dealt with severely, without regard to age, sex or present condition of wealth. In fact, the first victim of this new vigilance is a wealthy woman of Boston, who, the authorities say, should be made an example of and who has been indicted. From this determination the virtuous part of the feminine population, who cannot afford to go to Paris, are hoping for more bargain sales by the government of expensive imported Paris gowns, such as recently took place.

IN HALL OF FAME

STATUES OF WASHINGTON AND LEE TO BE PLACED THERE.

NAMING THE BABY

By G. VERE TYLER

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Characters — Mrs. Westmoreland, young mother; Mr. Westmoreland, young father; Edith Chamberlain, young sister; Robert Chamberlain, young brother; Baby herself; nurse. Scene—Parlor in Mr. Westmoreland's house; time, evening. Mr. Westmoreland, Edith and Robert seated around a table reading.

(Enter Mrs. Westmoreland.) Mrs. W.—Upon my word, Frank, I can't stand this an hour longer! Here you sit perfectly calm and composed and the baby no nearer being named than she was three months ago, when she came into the world! Our horses and dogs and even our cat has a name, and my poor little baby—

Mr. W. (seriously)—Now, see here, Carrie, I think we've had about enough of this! For three months there has not been a single subject discussed in this house but naming the baby. For my part, I've made up my mind to let it go at "Baby" and end the whole business.

Mrs. W.—And let it go at "Baby" when she is twenty, thirty, even fifty years of age, I suppose. How absurd!

Mr. W.—Well, it's your fault, my dear.

Mrs. W.—My fault! Of course, I knew you were going to say that! Positively you will drive me crazy! I don't sleep at night! I just lie there in the dark, while you snore away, and call over every name on earth, in the family and out of the family, and it is not that nothing suits me, but nothing suits her. You see she is such a different baby, so entirely different

names in the world we can find one to suit. Since you don't like fancy names, let's think of some fancy ones. Flora—Lucette—Camille—

Mrs. W.—Camille! And send my child out into the world in the very start without a character, and perhaps to die of consumption! Why, Frank, I'm ashamed of you!

Mr. W. (shrugging his shoulders and taking his seat)—Well, I'm sure I don't know what we are going to do.

Mrs. W.—I'll tell you what let's do: Let us not go to bed until we have decided upon something!

Robert—Good gracious, sis, I've got to go to work in the morning!

Mrs. W.—Of course, Mr. Selfish! Edith (rising)—Suppose you let me make a suggestion? Let me go and bring the baby here—

Mrs. W. (indignantly)—Wake her up?

Edith—Yes, certainly, anything! She never cries when she wakes up, and she can go to sleep again. Listen, now! Suppose I bring her here and we all sit and stare at her until the name comes.

Robert—But suppose it never comes?

Mrs. W.—Oh Robert! are you bound to be pessimistic?

Mr. W. (doggedly)—Yes, do go, Edith, and let's try it, anyway. (Exit Edith, running.)

Robert—I will always say the first baby in the family ought to be named for mother.

Mrs. W.—Robert, do you want to kill me?

Mr. W.—Don't say anything, Robert. Can't you see that your sister is almost ill?

(Enter Edith, followed by nurse with the baby.)

Mrs. W. (taking the baby)—Oh, my precious darling, did they wake you up—mother's little one? How could they be so cruel! Let mudder feel its little hands—is it cold? There now! (Seats herself and arranges baby in her lap.) Now, Frank, draw your chair up there! Edith, you sit here, and Robert, (I know you are going to break the spell), you sit over there, not too close, and just shut Eliza out of your mind!

(Seat themselves and stare in silence at the baby.)

Mrs. W. (springing to her feet in great excitement and placing baby in the nurse's arms)—I have it—I have it! It has all come like a flash of lightning, just as I thought it would. (Jerks the baby from the nurse and kisses it.) My poor little one, you are no longer a wretched little waif on the face of the earth, you are now somebody with a name! (Returns baby and jumps up and down, clapping her hands, and then embraces Edith.) You dear girl, I shall never cease to adore you, your plan acted like a charm!

Chorus—For heaven's sake, tell us what is the name?

Mrs. W. (blankly)—Why—what—what is it?—

Chorus—You haven't forgotten it!

Mrs. W. (tearfully)—I have, I have! You all excited me so! Oh! this is too cruel! It was Bob; he simply leaped into the air! (Bursts into tears. Excitedly: Oh! but I have it, I have it, after all! It's Eliza, Eliza backwards!)

Chorus—Eliza Backwards!

Robert—Backwards! Great heavens! where did you get that? It's awful!

Mr. W. (emphatically)—It is!

Edith—Why—

Mrs. W.—Do stop, all of you. Can't you see there is a point. Spell it! Chorus (they spell)—E-l-i-z-a (B-a-c-k-w-o-o-d-s).

Mrs. W.—Not woods—wards! Oh! are you all insane? I said spell Eliza Backwards.

Edith—But, Carrie—

Mr. W. (tenderly)—My dear, you must compose yourself. This thing has preyed upon you until your mind is unstrung.

Mrs. W.—Oh, but you don't understand or you won't! Spell Eliza backwards, and it is Azile! The greatest writer in the world would not be ashamed of such a name!

(Chorus of laughter.)

Bob—By Jove, that is good! Sis, you've got a great head. Eliza Backwards, it is. Come, here, you rascal! (Takes baby and jumps it.) Eliza Backwards!

Mrs. W. (aghast)—But you won't call her that?

Bob—Certainly!

Mrs. W.—But her name is Azile!

Bob—Well, isn't that Eliza Backwards?

(Mrs. W. nearly faints; is borne from the room by her husband, and Edith and Bob drop exhausted in chairs.)

SAT IN EXECUTIVE SESSION.

Jerry Mathews, Washington Press Representative, Once Enjoyed Unusual Distinction.

REPORTERS are not allowed to be present at the secret sessions of the United States senate. Some of the difficult work which newspaper men go up against at the capitol is gathering the details of some outbreak after the doors of the senate chamber have been closed to all except senators and one or two sworn employes who keep its records. One newspaper man recently sat through a part of a secret session and left of his own free will. He is Jerry A. Mathews, a representative of one of the three press associations which during the open sessions of the senate are given the privileges of the floor.

Coming down the corridor one afternoon Mr. Mathews pushed through the senate doors and took his usual place below the clerk's desk. A treaty was being read. After looking about him it dawned upon the newspaper man that he was being closely examined by two or three senators. One moved over to a group and pointed at Mr. Mathews, and together they seemed to be discussing him. Things seemed dull, and after a short stay on the floor Mr. Mathews left the chamber and joined some friends in the press gallery.

"What is that they are reading down there, Tom?" he asked the representative of another press association.

"Why, I don't know," was the reply. "They are in executive session."

"No, they are not," hastily put in Mr. Mathews. Then the situation dawned upon him. There had been no doorkeeper at the entrance when he passed in to warn him and he had unwittingly enjoyed a part of an executive session.

SENATE CHAIRS AS KEEPSAKES

Upper House of Congress Refuses to Depart from Rule Not to Give Seats Away.

Washington.—It is not strange that the relations of the late Senator Allison should have made repeated and strenuous efforts to obtain the chair in which he sat until he became the nestor of the body. Such trophies make heirlooms of the most intimate interest, but in spite of the apparent reasonableness of the desire the senate refuses to break its rule in such cases.

It is stated that the one man who was allowed to retain his chair was Vice-President Hamlin, permission being given him, not by the senate, but by two or three committees controlling appropriations. Their action was criticised by the main body, and an understanding reached that there should be no repetition of it.

Chairs wear out in time, but the desks put into the senate chamber when first occupied are still there, though, of course, new ones have been necessarily added as new states have been admitted. Efforts to get possession of those occupied by famous men of the past have been frequent, that at which Jefferson Davis sat being most in demand.

Perhaps it would be a profitable venture of the government to make a clearance sale of senate desks and chairs. Doubtless enough could be realized not only to stock up anew throughout, but have a comfortable surplus. It is stated, however, that the desks with the most famous associations are known to but few, though a record is kept. This is to guard against the irresponsible relic hunter.

"CHICKEN RUNS" ARE USEFUL

Roofs Adjoining White House Fine Place for Dinners—Roosevelt's Dutch Supper.

Washington.—"I'm glad to realize at last that those chicken runs hitched to the east and west ends of the White House are good for something," said a member of congress the other evening, during the course of an after-dinner stroll up the avenue. "It was Mr. Tat's guest at dinner a few nights ago and we all sat out there on the roof of one of those runs. Colored paper lanterns furnished the only light and there was a fine and dandy breeze. It was the most enjoyable evening I've spent in Washington since the hot weather came along. Also, the president is a splendid host, easy and comfy and entertaining, and makes everybody feel at home."

The member chuckled a bit in a reminiscent sort of way.

"Did you ever hear," said he, "of the time that Prince Henry went up to the White House for a Dutch supper effect? The Roosevelts were a trifle short of steins for the beer feast of this international compliment and rented some from a downtown German restaurant, so that this inter-bang up in all its details. That was all right, too, except that the prince, as he finished his stein, nearly choked to death. In black letters in the fabric of the stein appeared the startling notice, 'Stolen from Pilschnitzels'—or whatever was the name of the restaurant. They do say that Prince Henry is telling that story to this day."

Moving Pictures to Aid Irrigation.

Senator Francis C. Newland of Nevada, whose pet hobby is the reclamation of arid lands, has introduced the moving picture feature into Washington dinners. At a dinner party to which had been invited Attorney General Wickersham, Postmaster General Hitchcock, Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, Speaker Cannon, a number of senators and representatives and the members of the Gridiron club, a stereopticon screen was stretched on the lawn and beautiful pictures displayed. Director F. H. Newell of the reclamation service supervised the display, which was, of course, scenes in the far west and pictures of the reclamation work in progress.

Khaki Uniforms Discarded.

The United States army has discarded khaki. The service uniform in the future will be an olive drab cotton cloth. Nine hundred thousand yards are needed each year. The khaki was intended particularly for use in the tropics, but it has been found too warm. The war department said that it could get in England the kind of khaki used by British troops in India and Africa, but the government refused to purchase material abroad and decided on the American made cotton.

Valentine's Statue of Gen. Lee.

rather shabby cast of the "Father of His Country" got into the hall at all, and it is only now that it is about to be replaced with a fine bronze copy of the original statue by Houdon, which stands in the rotunda of the state capitol at Richmond, that inquiry has been made.

The original statue by which congress in 1846 set aside the former chamber of the house of representatives as a national statutory hall provided that each state of the union should have the privilege of selecting two of its deceased citizens, "illustrious for their civil or military services," to be commemorated therein by their statues in marble or bronze.

In response to the invitation of the statute the Virginia legislature, January 18, 1908, passed a bill, offered by Don P. Halsey, providing that one of the statues to be presented by Virginia should be that of Gen. Robert E. Lee.

This decision was arrived at not without lengthy discussion and extended comment. While the bill was under consideration some members of the legislature expressed the fear that its passage might be the occasion of a great storm of disapproval in the north and thereby rekindle sectional feeling. This fear led two members of the senate and seven members of the house to vote against the bill. These votes were for the most part cast by former confederate soldiers, to whom the memory of Lee was too sacred for criticism in the proposed presentation of his statue to the nation. The two senators eventually realized that their fear was not justified, and not only withdrew their opposition to the bill, but accepted membership on the commission having the presentation in charge.

When the bill was passed the discussion was at its height and Gov. Montague declined to sign it and allowed it to become a law without his signature.

The Lee statue was designed and modeled by the eminent Virginia sculptor, Edward V. Valentine of Richmond, Va., the same artist who made the famous recumbent statue of Lee which rests over his tomb in Lexington. It is a splendid life-size likeness of Lee as he was in life, having been made by the sculptor to conform exactly to measurements and photographs which were taken of him personally during and after the war. The very uniform, sword and boots worn by Gen. Lee during the war were copied in their minutest details, and the statue is not only a notable work of art, but undoubtedly the very best portrait of Lee as he was that has ever been made.

Chapman, John T. Denton, G. H. Hodges, Fred H. Quincy, Charles S. Huffman, E. E. Anderson.

There were yelps of laughter, and the senate went on as if nothing had happened.

When Overfield was setting up the cigars after the adjournment he explained the cause of the excitement. "Why, that doorkeeper out there has a long set of whiskers, and every time I pass by him to come into the house those whiskers strike me in the face. I don't like their color, and happened to mention it to Senator Carey. That was all."—Kansas City Times.

Thaws Explosives Economically.

An electric heater for thawing explosives is used at the Roosevelt drainage tunnel in Cripple Creek, Col. It is successful operation. The cost of this method of heating is about 16 cents for 24 hours, and is said to be far more economical than coal.

TRouble IN ROYAL PALACE.

Tidings Borne by Amateur Actor Sufficient to Lead Hearers to Expect the Worst.

The Shakespeare club of New Orleans leans used to give amateur theatrical performances that were distinguished for the local prominence of the actors. Once a social celebrity, with a gorgeous costume, as one of the lords in waiting, had only four words to say: "The queen has swooned." As he stepped forward, his friends applauded vociferously. Bowing his thanks, he faced the king and said, in a high-pitched voice: "The swoon has quenched."

There was a roar of laughter; but he waited patiently, and made another attempt: "The swoon has cooned."

Again the walls trembled and the stage manager said, in a voice which could be heard all over the house: "Come off, you doggone fool."

But the ambitious amateur refused to surrender, and in a rasping falsetto, as he was assisted off the stage, he screamed: "The coon has swooned."—Success Magazine.

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.

Unselfishness in Life is the One Thing That Will Transform All Things to Gold.

The moment we set about the task of making every human being we come in contact with better for knowing us—more cheerful, more courageous, and with greater faith in the kindness of God and man—that moment we begin to attain the third purpose of life—personal happiness.

"Would you possess the magic secret of the alchemist which transforms all things to gold?"

It is unselfishness—or, to use a better word, selflessness.

He who goes forth bent upon being always kind, always helpful, in the little daily events of life, will find all skies tinted with gold, all his rights set with stars, and unexpected flowers of pleasure springing up in his pathway.

And all his tears shall turn into smiles.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Severe.

Samuel Gompers was talking in the smokeroom of the Baltic about a recent newspaper attack on a rich corporation.

"It was a cruel attack," Mr. Gompers chuckled. "It was as cruel as the Jonesville Clarion's paragraph about old Deacon Hiram Ludlow."

This paragraph headed the Clarion's obituary column. It said: "Deacon Hiram Ludlow of Frisbie township, aged 82, passed peacefully away on Thursday last from single blessedness to matrimonial bliss after a short but severe attack by Maria Higgins, a blooming widow of 37 summers."—Detroit Journal.

The Newer Way.

Many ideas in regard to women have entirely changed, and among the better and wiser changes is that old thought that the women who were given to good works must needs be dowdy. It is undeniable that "good" women used to wear dowdiness as a sort of hall mark of virtue. As a matter of fact, dowdiness is merely a mark of bad taste and a sign of some lack in the mind. Women are no longer lacking in the wisdom that chooses pretty rather than ugly clothing, and those who do not make the best of their appearance are losing a golden opportunity of giving pleasure.

Prepared for the Worst.

"How long had your wife's first husband been dead when you married her?"

"About eight months."

"Only eight months? Don't you think she was in a good deal of a hurry?"

"Oh, I don't know. We had been engaged for nearly two years."

Her Intentions.

"Do you think your sister will marry me?"

"If you keep coming."

"Have you heard her say anything about it?"

"I heard her tell me that if you didn't stop comin' here so often she'd make things unpleasant for you."

Getting at the Root.

Fair Patient—Oh, doctor, I'm positively all run down and I'm so miserable, I have that tired feeling all the time.

Physician—No doubt. Let me see your tongue.—Cleveland Leader.

Resiliency of Language.

"I say, we are down on our luck!"

"Yes, we certainly are up against it!"

Well, What?

"Pat!"

"Johnny, leave me alone and don't ask me another question!"

"Aw, jest one more an' then I'll keep still."

"Well, what is it?"

"What relation is a cousin german to a Dutch uncle?"—Cleveland Leader.

A Green One.

"Do you look for news of Howard's hunting trip in the sporting column?"

"No, in the obituaries."—Life.

Ready Cooked.

The crisp, brown flakes of Post Toasties

Come to the breakfast table right, and exactly right from the package—no bother; no delay.

They have body too; these Post Toasties are firm enough to give you a delicious substantial mouthful before they melt away. "The Taste Lingers."

Sold by Grocers.

Made by POSTUM CEREAL CO., LIMITED.

BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN.

Objected to the Whiskers

Grave and Dignified Kansas Senator Explained the Reason for His Antipathy.

The dignified Kansas state senate indulged in a little hilarity the other afternoon. Everything was going along placidly, all brows were serious and complete peace reigned, when Senator Brady of Douglas arose and introduced a resolution.

"The clerk will read," said the chairman. The clerk read: "Whereas, Senator Overfield has objected to the color of the whiskers of the man who stands at the door of the entrance of the senate; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the afore designated employe be instructed to change the color of his beard so as to satisfy the taste of the senator from Montgomery."

(Signed) Emerson Carey, Fred Robertson, J. A. Milligan, S. M. Brewster, W. W. Glenn, J. L. Brady, G. L.

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