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By FRANK P. MAC LENNAN.

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One of the perplexing questions which will confront the Washburn college girls who plan to have a real club house of their own will be a fair and equitable division of the parlor amongst themselves.

The tomato catsup of commerce has been investigated by experts and it is generally found to contain about three parts tomato. The other seven parts are made up of a variety of things which in the aggregate are probably the catsup.

It's a good thing for the railroads of Kansas that the army maneuvers at Fort Riley are sham affairs. An engagement between the "hostile" forces is not much of a success unless two or three extensive lines of railroad are ripped up and put out of commission.

If the actions of the most prominent affinities in the country, Artist Earle and his wife, are to be taken as examples it will be out of order in the future to refer to soul-mates as "two hearts that beat as one." Rather it will be two hearts that beat each other.

Governor Fort, of New Jersey, is looming up as a gentleman of considerable force. If the local officers continue to fail to do their duty he intends to call the state militia to clean up the cesspools and fleshpots of iniquity which flourish in Jersey's great summer resort, Atlantic City.

Some of the mental gymnastics being indulged in by Republican editors and others in trying to reconcile the stand taken by their party in the state in favor of the guaranteeing of bank deposits with the position of Mr. Taft and the national Republican leaders in opposition to this proposition are amusing to say the least.

Oklahoma is able to boast of many new methods of procedure in the administration of the affairs of a commonwealth, but new and modern as the state is in most things it nevertheless has a place among those who impose the death penalty for the crime of murder in the first degree. And it cannot brag much over this bit of anything but enlightenment.

Certain local theatrical managers seem to be working overtime these days in their efforts to "elevate" the stage. They are devoting their energies to exhibiting actresses who wear directoire gowns and are strong in promises of presenting a real "Salome dance," which jumped into sudden fame because King Edward of England was actually shocked by it.

Most people rather harbored the idea that the limit had been reached in the matter of injecting doodads of fanciful varieties into the curriculum of the common schools of the country. Not so it seems. It's now being urged that dancing be taught in the public schools as a means of promoting fellowship among the pupils and grace to their bodies. As might be expected the suggestion comes from a professor in the Chicago university.

Heretofore the matter of funds has not demanded much attention from the Republican national campaign managers. Gold used to flow from corporate and other sources into their treasury without any urging and until the coffers were full to overflowing. Now the question of campaign funds seems to be the most important one that the Republicans are wrestling with. At least that's the one which they seem to be paying their entire attention to these days. All other questions appear to have been eliminated for the time being.

One of the big incidents to the state wide fair to be held in Topeka soon will be the races for harness horses and runners. From the great number of entries for these events it is evident that the lovers of horse racing will have an opportunity of seeing the fastest horses in training in this part of the country work out in most exciting contests. But the horse races are only one feature of the fair, which like many others, will surpass anything of the kind that have been assembled together in an exhibition in Kansas in many years.

A SATURDAY SERMON.

He that despiseth his neighbor sinneth: but he that hath mercy on the poor, happy is he. Proverbs xiv:21.

One of the most interesting of the state campaigns this summer was the contest between Charles S. Deneen and Richard Yates for the Republican nomination for the governorship of Illinois. And, to the humanitarian, the most interesting phase of that campaign was the issue of kindness and mercy to the criminals and unfortunates in the penal, charitable and eleemosynary institutions of that state. Each man had been governor. One went before the public asserting that the other's administration had been neglectful of the welfare of the state's charges. The other retorted in kind. The list of people killed and maimed in the Illinois institutions during the administrations of both candidates looks grewsome. And yet, it is good to think that we have reached a stage of mercifulness in which the care of criminals, the poor and the unfortunate by the state looms up as an important issue in a campaign, and in which the voters can be stirred to horror at the cruelty and neglect of them.

It was not always so. History teems with stories of awful cruelty to the unfortunate. The thieves crucified on Calvary are but two of myriads. The blackened stakes of martyrs are few as compared with those on which were impaled men who broke the Draconian statutes of the past. The trees bore corpses instead of fruit. Felons were gyved together, the irons festering in rotted limbs. Children sneered at persons standing in the pillory, and hurled stones in their unprotected faces. Women like Hester Prynne, betrayed by those in whom they had trusted, were made to stand with their faces shut in by wooden blocks for men to leer into, with the mark of their shame branded upon them. Debtors were left to starve in prison in London, no later than the time of Dickens. While as to the man of proven guilt, he was one upon whom it was a virtue to cast contempt, and pity for him was a sin.

In "Foul Play," one of Charles Reade's novels, a young man who has violated his convict's parole, is cast away on an island with a young girl, the daughter of an officer in the British navy. For months the convict lives with her on the island, caring for her as for a sister, delicate, considerate, manly, chivalrous. Finally her father finds her, and learns of the fine manliness of the young convict toward the girl, under circumstances peculiar in their temptations. And the novel largely turns on the struggle which goes on with the father between his duty to give the convict up to punishment, and his gratitude toward him for saving his daughter from death, and preserving her from worse than death.

Now here's the mark of changed feelings. No novelist of today would think of such a struggle. It would be almost absurd. The officer would now be represented as protecting the convict and rewarding him, and readers would universally look upon giving him up as horrible and unjustifiable ingratitude and cruelty.

The quality of mercy, says Shakespeare, is not strained. It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath. And it comes late in the process of evolution. We Americans, as a people, may be a bit lax in our ideas of law enforcement. Doubtless we are too lax. But our mercy toward the erring does not arise alone from contempt for law. It comes from a deep-seated mercifulness in our hearts, such as never was seen in any past age—and from a doubt as to the real good arising from the punishment of one man by another. In the latter we may be in error. But for the rising tide of love in man's heart, let us thank God. Let us thank God that Yates and Deneen appealed to a constituency that care in their hearts for the welfare of "those sick and in prison." That constituency is no different in this particular regard than the constituencies in every state in the Union. The members of these constituencies are all the happier for the mercifulness of feeling toward the poor and unfortunate that is in them. And the further thought occurs that this is a good time and a good place to live in.

TOO MUCH KINDNESS.

It is extremely gratifying to note that while so many cases of neglect or abuse of criminals in confinement are reported, the prisoners in a certain Pennsylvania jail have been complaining to the general agent of the state board of charities and corrections because they are too well fed. According to the somewhat preposterous story a committee of the prisoners met the agent and told him they couldn't stand the prevailing diet any longer. It was too rich, too enervating, too injurious to any save an armor plated digestion. They repeated to the agent a long list of delicacies from which they were supplied, a list that included pretty nearly everything in the way of delicacies and strange dishes that a first-class hotel could supply. The prisoners added that if they were not afforded immediate relief they would starve themselves and thus bring lasting disgrace upon the state and its penal institutions.

When the agent investigated the case he discovered that the sheriff's young wife was a graduate of a cooking school and was simply practicing on the helpless prisoners. The sheriff himself was a plain eater, and so were his deputies and jailers. They could revolt against the luxuries, but there was no escape for the unfortunate lawbreakers under their care. They had to eat what was set before them in such appetizing profusion, or go without. Then the agent had a serious talk with the epicurean lady and a little later went back and told the prisoners that they would at once have the old diet of pork and beans and prunes on the side restored to them.

BREWERS STOP AT NOTHING.

Proceedings just instituted in a federal court at Atlanta by a Cincinnati brewing concern are marked by novelty and will be watched with general interest. The brewers ask the court to declare Georgia's prohibitory law unconstitutional in that it restricts public worship. The letter of the law—as was pointed out when Governor Hoke Smith signed it—seems to forbid the sale of wine for the Eucharist. That might not disturb religious bodies in which unfermented grape juice is thought to be as good—or better than—wine. But with Roman Catholics, Episcopalians, Lutherans and other Christians, who consider wine essential to the sacrament, the matter stands very differently. If the failure to make a special provision in the law for eucharist wine was an oversight on the part of the Georgia legislators, it was a serious oversight. "All men," says Georgia's constitution, "have the natural and inalienable right to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience, and no human authority shall in any wise control or interfere with such right of conscience." What an unexpected and queer turn in events it will be if, upon the petition of the Cincinnati beer-makers, Georgia's prohibitory law is adjudged void as an infringement of religious rights.

JOURNAL ENTRIES

Among the ships that generally sail the sea of matrimony are hardships.

* * *

In most cases of love at first sight it would pay both parties to take a second look.

* * *

Summer has many glories and decidedly prominent among them are the small gas bills.

* * *

Perhaps it won't be long now before the campaign phonograph has a handshaking attachment to it.

* * *

Every man is the architect of his own career, but most of them lack funds to make it a structure worth anything.

JAYHAWKER JOTS

In negotiating for Alaska seed wheat farmers will do well to keep in mind that Alaska is the place where the gold bricks come from, says Charlie Blakesley.

Every editor enjoys getting heart-to-heart letters from his subscribers. Here is one the Wichita Beacon received this week: "Unless you let up on your fool kicking about certain contractors now doing public work in this city, I am coming in to knock your block off."

In answer to the question: "If a peach tree grows so near the fence that the fruit hangs over the neighbor's yard, whose peaches are they?" the Chase County Leader hands down a learned decision as follows: "Solon, the great Athenian law maker, tried to answer this question before he began the making of laws, and therefore, to avoid the controversy, provided that whoever planted a tree should plant it five feet from his neighbor's ground, and if it was a fruit tree it should be nine feet from the property line. This law was made 600 years before Christ."

Sheffield Ingalls, editor of the Atchison Champion, is convinced by this time that an editor is of few days and full of trouble. He has been exposing a few time-honored abuses in the old town, and the people interested don't like it. Yesterday Jim Orr met Mr. Ingalls and invited him into a dark hallway, and there, with much superfluous profanity, volunteered to spoil the editorial countenance. After some heated discussion it was decided to submit the matter to the tribunal at The Hague. A few weeks ago an able-bodied citizen of the town invaded the Champion's editorial boudoir and pushed a gun about two feet long under the nose of Mr. Ingalls, and said something about pulling the trigger. It has not been recorded that the editor has ever quailed in danger's stormy hour.—Emporia Gazette.

GLOBE SIGHTS.

[From the Atchison Globe.]

No scheme pays as well as legitimate business.

Calling a little old restaurant a "chop house," is one form of culture.

Young men sometimes agree upon the belle of the town, but the girls never do.

In some houses, there is nothing thought of except to give the baby a chance to sleep.

As soon as an old fool acquires a little sense, a young fool steps up to repeat his mistakes.

Whenever we hear the telephone ring we are reminded that Job's afflictions were not so many.

If you receive an anonymous letter, don't regard your enemies with suspicion: watch your friends.

When a man laughs ten times a day, nine of the laughs were inspired by something he said himself.

The great difference between a mother and a father is that the mother still loves the baby when it cries.

When a schemer visits a town, and his scheme fails to go, he says it is the dullest town he ever visited in his life.

A woman will tell her neighbors that her husband is the best man in the world, and then abuse him by the hour in private.

Women's eyes in time, grow too dim for reading or sewing, but they never grow too dim to detect paint on a girl's cheeks.

It is always something of a shock to a new husband to hear his wife's private opinion of the women whom he has always regarded as her best friends.

For one reason, the women are to be envied: If there is anyone they hate they seldom see them. If a man has an enemy, he meets him sixteen times a day.

A man has never been truly loved until he has had some crochetted things made for him. He hates crochetted things but that makes no difference: as soon as a woman discovers a budding passion in her heart for a man, she gets out her crochet needle.

KANSAS COMMENT

A DULL CAMPAIGN.

Being a presidential candidate has at least this advantage: There is no inducement for a party's choice to waste his time keeping a diary, as the enterprising correspondents attend to that matter for him. All the news these days is padded with such important dispatches as these: "Hot Springs, Va., Aug. 3.—Mr. Taft arose early this morning at 9 o'clock, and, after a bath and breakfast, went for a drive with Mrs. Taft and General Corbin. The afternoon was devoted to an important conference with John Green, chairman of the Fairfax county Republican central committee." . . . . "Fairview, Lincoln., Neb., Aug. 7.—W. J. Bryan was greatly delighted today upon being informed that Swansea, Mass., normally Republican by a large majority, has just chosen a Democratic road overseer. This is regarded as an encouraging sign by the Peerless One." . . . . "New York, Aug. 4.—John Temple Graves, Independence party candidate for vice president, had his finger lanced this afternoon. The operation was successful, and attending physicians consider the patient in no danger."

And thus it goes down the list of candidates again and again. Some of the presidential candidates are very common men, and all do a lot of unimportant things which interest no one except the correspondents with political assignments, but they are handed out to the public as news.—Atchison Globe.

DISTINCTION IN JAGS.

Chicago audiences are just now being entertained and instructed by a temperance lecturer who, while opposed to jags of all descriptions, insists that some jags are worse than others.

He admits that he has some respect for the man who gets drunk once in three months, or so, and is carried home in a wheelbarrow by admiring friends; but words cannot express his contempt for the man who drinks every day, yet is never drunk.

And people actually listen to such flapdoodle as this, and believe that they are being improved by it! The temperance lecturer who goes forth making fine distinctions after this manner makes his cause absurd, and is bound to do more harm than good. The way to combat sin is to combat it in bulk, and not waste time arguing that a porch climber is a more respectable thief than a shoplifter.—Emporia Gazette.

A NOVEL USE OF DIVORCE.

The farmers of Kansas who are compelled every year to hunt for men to help them do their work will hardly be able to sympathize with the Connecticut woman who after years spent in trying to get rid of the hired man, finally accomplished her purpose through the divorce court. Long and earnestly had she tried to "fire" this helper, but always she found him at work the next day. He would not stay fired. He was an undesirable so far as the woman was concerned, but get rid of him she could not. Finally she hit upon a bright play and she lured the steady farm hand into a proposal of matrimony. She accepted when he proposed and they were married. Then she secured a divorce and secured a permanent injunction from the court, restraining the husband from visiting the premises. Now she can go her way in peace for the farm hand troubles her no more. So much for the oft abused divorce courts.—Salina Journal.

FROM OTHER PENS

GAVE IT BACK.

William Barr, for many years a leading merchant in St. Louis, died recently in the east. He made a large fortune, and made it all in that city. By his will he returns nearly all of it to St. Louis, the larger part to the Washington university, with handsome gifts to various charities. Benjamin Rose, one of the richest merchants of Cleveland, died recently. He, too, made a large fortune, and made it all in that city. By his will he leaves $5,000,000 of that fortune to help crippled persons, and to better the condition of those who have been unfortunate in that city.

The example set by these men ought to be followed by other rich men. This munificent disposition of their fortunes shows that they were possessed of strong local pride, and that they felt their careers were part of the history of the cities where they were passed. They recognized that the people of the cities helped them to amass their great wealth, and that it was their duty, and a grateful duty, to return a handsome share of that wealth for the general good.

Mr. Barr and Mr. Rose did not look upon St. Louis and Cleveland merely as places in which to do business, but as communities which had given them the opportunities and had done a large part of the work in piling up their possessions. They proved themselves loyal and devoted citizens, and acknowledged what their cities had done for them by doing something in return. They had helped to make their cities, but the cities had helped to make them—a view of municipal obligations not often taken by wealthy men.—Chicago Tribune.

IS THE WALTZ BEYOND SAVING?

France and Germany dispute as to the birthplace of the waltz. Did the three-time step originate with "La Volta," of Provence, introduced at the court of Henry II by the Comte de Saulte? Or was it born or the "Laendler," German national dance of the seventeenth century, taken up by Vienna, so the legend says, and thereafter by all the polite world? Here are questions perhaps that no authority can settle. There is but indirect testimony in the old English denunciation of the "insidious waltz, this imp of Germany, brought up in France."

However, it is in the distinctly German city of Berlin that the dancing masters in international convention, have now begun to consider means of preserving the waltz. That dreamy, drifty dance is in deadly peril, it appears. Is it beyond saving? The masters look toward America and shake their heads in apprehension. The galloping two-step, the antic cakewalk, the rompings of the barn-dance—have these done a fatal harm to the graceful movements of the one-and-a-two-and-a-three?

A grave issue is raised and the composers will have to bear their share of whatever blame is about. Who except the occasional man of the "Merry Widow" school writes in these days waltz music with the compelling charm of a "Blue Danube" Strauss or the sensuous lure of a Waldteufel? Besides, as a people sings so will it dance. We have nowadays no new good popular ballads of sentiment, but only concert hall slop with ragtime variations. "Waltz Me Around Again, Willie" inspires to no real waltzing.—New York World.

THE CHAUFFEUR'S COMPLAINT.

I drive a large red touring car
That once was new and smart,
But now with constant wear its looks
Would break a chauffeur's heart,
Because they never grant me time
To clean the poor machine,
Except to spray it with a hose
And give it gasoline.

I early rise and take the boss
To business in the town,
Am back and waiting at the door
When Madame marches down;
Then comes a long and weary round
Of shopping, calls, and rides,
And if I ask for leave to lunch
My appetite she chides.

I've only time to fill the tank
And take a hasty bite,
Before the son and heir requires
The auto for the night.
He loads it with all his college chums
And keeps it on the go,
'Till I'm asleep behind the wheel,
And dawn begins to glow.

'Tis thus they work me every day
For twenty hours or more,
And run the suffering old 'mobile
For all the twenty-four.
Until the motor jingles like
A bunch of rusty wires
And mud is caked upon the top,
The bonnet and the tires.

Some day the whole machinery
Will go upon a strike,
And leave us for the coroner
In pieces on the pike;
And all because some people think,
Upon this crazy star,
They get perpetual motion when
They buy an auto-car.

—New York Tribune.

THE EVENING STORY

The Blue Bowl.

(By Temple Bailey.)

Beverly really knew nothing at all about old china, but after he saw the lady of the blue bowl at the front gate, with a yellow rose tucked into her shining brown hair, he became at once a worshiper at the shrine of old china—and of Clarice.

"The Claibornes are as poor as church mice," his landlady informed him when he asked about the people who lived in the gray mansion on the hill. "The neighbors round about here don't think that Clarice and her aunt have enough to eat, and yet they won't sell a thing. And they've got some old furniture that they could get most any price for—and their china—why one man offered old Miss Claiborne two hundred dollars for a blue bowl and she wouldn't take it."

"I wonder if I could see it," Beverly asked, thinking of the girl at the gate.

"Maybe," said his landlady, doubtfully: "they don't care to meet many people. They used to have money, and now that they haven't, the old lady shuts herself up there and Miss Clarice doesn't see anybody."

But Beverly was not to be daunted, and three days later he knocked at the Claiborne front door.

Clarice answered the knock. She was even more beautiful than the first time Beverly had seen her, in a faded gown of pink gingham.

"I beg pardon," Beverly said, "but my landlady has told me of a bowl—a blue bowl—I am interested in old china, and hoped I might see it."

Clarice looked at him gravely.

"It's not for sale," she said, "and I am not sure that you can even look at it. I'll have to ask Aunt Matilda."

"Of course," Beverly agreed, promptly, "and if you don't mind, I'll sit on the porch while I wait and look at the view. It's wonderful. You must be able to see three states."

"We can," Clarice said slowly, "and that's the worst of it."

He looked at her in surprise.

"Don't you like the view?" he demanded.

"I hate it," she said, vehemently, "it's dreadful to look out into the world—and then to be shut up—here ——"

Then she blushed hotly.

"Oh, I beg pardon," she said, "I shouldn't have said that. I forgot I was speaker to a stranger."

"You are not speaking to a stranger," Beverly told her. "Just think for a moment that I am a long lost brother—or the Ancient Mariner, or anybody that you'd have a right to tell your troubles to. Why, I feel as if I knew you better than any girl I've ever met, and yet we have seen each other only ten minutes."

Clarice sighed. "I feel that way, too," she admitted, "but—now I'd better go and ask Aunt Matilda."

When she came down her cheeks were flaming.

"She says you can't see it," she said, mournfully.

"Oh, can't I?" Beverly's tone was stubborn. "Well, I shall see it—and you—as often as I wish."

Clarice shook her head. "You don't know Aunt Matilda," she said, hopelessly.

"I know her kind," Beverly stated. "I used to read about dragons and wicked stepmothers and godmothers in my fairy books, and of beautiful princesses shut up in castles. This will simply be bringing it up to date. And while I'm not sure that I will fulfill all the requirements of Prince Charming, I'll do my best."

Clarice gave him a flashing glance.

"Oh, I'm sure," she began, and then the smile froze, as a voice came from above.

"Clarice, Clarice," it said, "come up at once."

"It's Aunt Matilda," Clarice said in a frightened tone, and vanished.

Beverly bore himself jauntily as he went down the walk. What was a mere aunt to stand in the way of his intentions? He was 32, rich, and he had waited all these years to find the ideal woman. And here in this quiet town where he had come to rest and to fish he had discovered her, and he should marry her in spite of any old aunt dragon.

But as the days went on he found that it was not an easy thing to conquer Aunt Matilda. In the first place, he could not meet her. She was as invisible as a witch, and except for her voice calling Clarice from behind the window curtain whenever Beverly stopped at the gate, there was no tangible evidence that she existed at all.

"You see, it doesn't do a bit of good for you to keep coming," Clarice told him, desperately, one morning, when she met him on the way to the postoffice. "She always calls me away, and then she scolds and scolds. She says I haven't any pride," and her lips quivered.

"If I dared ask you to meet me somewhere," Beverly said, "but, of course, it wouldn't do."

"No," Clarice said, "I couldn't do that—and—you see Aunt Matilda gets crazier and crazier over her old china—and she ought to sell it. We haven't always enough to eat."

"Oh, by Jove," Beverly said, "I can't have her starving you, you know——"

Clarice grew a little pale.

"I shouldn't have told you," she said, "but I have thought of a way for you to help——"

"I am always at your service," said Beverly gravely.

"Oh!"—she looked up quickly—"I thought you might write to that man who wanted the blue bowl—I have his address, but I wouldn't dare write—and I could give you the bowl and you could sell it to him, and then—then you could bring me the money——"

"I'll buy it myself," said Beverly promptly. "I have never wanted but one thing in my life more than I want that bowl."

"What's the other thing?" Clarice asked, curiously.

Beverly looked down at her unconscious face.

"Oh, well," he said at last, "I won't tell you until I am sure I can get the bowl."

"The man offered us two hundred dollars," Clarice said, hurriedly, "but I shouldn't expect that now. I think—one hundred will be enough."

"We'll see," Beverly stated. "If you'll bring it, I can put a proper price on it."

"Come to the back door while I am getting breakfast," Clarice directed. "Aunt Matilda is always asleep then."

Clarice getting breakfast was wonderful. She wore an enveloping blue apron, and her sleeves were rolled back from her white arms. She was stirring the breakfast porridge as Beverly came in.

"I'd ask you to have some," she said, "but we haven't any cream."

"You wait," Beverly told her, and caught up a quaint pitcher. And presently he was back with a basket of strawberries, the cream and some rolls. Clarice protested.

"Oh, you shouldn't ——"

Beverly took both of her hands in his.

"Dear child," he said, "surely you will let me do such a little thing——"

The blue bowl was, even to Beverly's untrained eye, a thing of beauty. He insisted that Clarice should let him pay the full two hundred, but she would not, and at last he made out a check for one hundred and fifty dollars and handed it to her across the table, and just at that moment a sepulchral voice came from the doorway.

"Clarice, what are you doing with my blue bowl?"

And there stood Aunt Matilda, looking as which-like as possible in her black dressing gown, with her gray hair falling about her shoulders.

Clarice shrunk back. "Oh," she said, "I thought you were asleep."

The old woman took a step forward.

"I waked early," she said, "and went to look at my china. Something warned me. And the blue bowl was missing—give it to me at once——"

"But it is not your blue bowl," Beverly informed her. "Clarice has told me that it belonged to her father, and was left to her with other pieces, and now she has sold it to me——"

"What?" Aunt Matilda shrieked. "Did you dare?"

Clarice's head went up. "It was mine, Aunt Matilda," she stated.

"But it breaks the set," the old woman moaned. "Clarice, give him back his money and give me back my bowl——"

She clutched at the coveted piece, but Beverly's hand restrained her.

"There is only one way that you can have it," he said.

"And that?" she demanded eagerly.

"You must let me marry your niece. She will then give you all the china, and I will settle an income on you so that you can live comfortably and hire a woman to stay with you. And then Clarice and I will go out into the great world together—Clarice——"

He turned to the girl and his eyes pleaded.

"Oh," she whispered, "but I have known you such a short time."

"What is time to us?" he asked. "My mother will come to see you, my sisters, so that you may have no doubt as to my character—my circumstances—and as for the rest, surely you won't send me away, Clarice?"

He held out his hands to her, and presently she came to him, and he put one arm about her protectingly as he turned to Aunt Matilda.

"And now," he asked, "will you take the bowl?"

Aunt Matilda's eyes gloated over it.

"Yes," she flung out.

"And I will take Clarice," said Beverly, joyously, and, as Aunt Matilda hugged her treasure to her breast, he bent and kissed the lady of his heart.—(Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.)

Reforming the Head Hunters.

A curious development is in steady progress in the Solomon Islands, the group in the South Pacific which lies to the west of New Guinea, whose people have earned such unenviable notoriety as head hunters. The young men of the tribes in these fertile and beautiful islands are abandoning the historic pursuit which has made them dreaded for centuries in the South Seas and are taking to the copra industry. Copra, which is the dried interior of the cocoanut, is valued commercially for the oil which can be pressed from it, and some of the young Solomon Islanders are accumulating considerable wealth by extracting it, though the older generation, to whom head hunting is still the only profession for a gentleman, are said to look down upon them as being "in trade."—London Standard.

Few Thin People Have "Doubles."

"I have been told," said the thin woman, "that there is a woman over in Brooklyn who looks just exactly like me."

"If there is, it is an unusual case of a double," said a photographer. "Thin people very seldom have doubles. In my business I meet many pairs of people who look alike. In every case the most extraordinary resemblances are between persons who are stout. Scientifically I cannot explain the likelihood of heavyweights possessing the same chin, nose, eyes, and expression. Maybe it is because the flesh fills up all angles and hollows and destroys individuality of outline."—New York Sun.

QUAKER MEDITATIONS.

[From the Philadelphia Record.]

Playthings—Musical instruments.

Some fellows are too lazy even to indulge in guesswork.

Our credit is always good when we want to borrow trouble.

Some people repeat everything they hear, and a lot they don't.

As a rule the less a man has to do the longer it takes him to do it.

The man who accepts advice always has something to blame his failures on.

The modern girl is brought up to date, and yet she often impresses us as not having much bringing up.

When a woman wears a decollete gown the other women all notice what she has on, while the men notice what she has off.

The trouble with the man who succeeds in drowning his sorrows in the flowing bowl is that he continues to celebrate the event.

Blobbs—"A politician always reminds me of a piano." Slobbs—"How so?" Blobbs—"If he's square he's considered old-fashioned."

"Every man to his trade," observes the Manayunk Philosopher. "A hen can't lay the dust any more than a watering cart can lay an egg."

FOOLISHMENT

—BY HANS ZUPP—

Communications mit Looie Linkenfusser:

Mine dear Looie, (I calls you dear pecaus you iss sko eggpensif.)

Some dime ago, I ge-promised to led you know der resuldts uf der party coucil. I am pleased to remit dot der party coucil vas pulled ouf, as per timetable, und dot bot' uf dem vas pressendt. Dey ditndt haf a can obener handy, so dey pried der coucil oben mit Tomicneal. Afder dis operation, Choe Dolly blayed a tin-horn solo, und der show vas on.

"Vas iss der bleasure uf dis bunch?" sayss Tomicneal.

"I meof dot ve appoindt dot greadt stateman und friend uf der vorking beoples, Choe Dolley of Mable Hill, as chairman," sayss Stubbs. "Seggond der motion und moof der prefius kvestion," sayss Choe, und den dey gedts side py each und adoptions der blatform uf 1888. Der untire coucil vas harmonious, und der spirit uf Popfulness huffered over all, saying "bless you my twin-childers."

Id iss gread bitzness, Looie, dis politicianizing. Id iss siso gread spordt fer dose vot haf der sense to stay on der oudside und look in. In politics, you gommence mit der key notes. Thence you trafel sout' py vest undil you reach a kvarter-section uf der old Pop referendum, vere you camp und call der oder party a liar. You gollect a bundle uf segond-hand issues, und try to svipe some more from der opposition. Uf you haf any luck, you vin. Odervise you are der vile tool uf der corporationss,—und den you gedt id.

Since wrotening you lasd, Dafe Mulvane ge-appeared a feller's nose all ofer der speland floor. Dere vas no axe handy, so Dafe hit him mit hiss fist. A foreign invasion broke oop der show.

Ve are all vell egsept Chene Spotts, vich iss ge-suffering mit ofervork. Hoping dis vill find yu der same, Looie, I remain es efer, HANS.

The Prohibitionisds met, adopted vot vas lefd ofer py der oder parties, und adchourned midoudt any ge-special effordt. Rare intellichence is dis-blayed frequently, efen py a bunch of prohibitionists.

Uf course Misder Kern uf Indiana vas greatly startled py der noos uf his nomination.

Uf I vas a feesh, und had to bite ad somevone's hook, I choos to be a feesh

in der pond vere Misder Taft iss going to feesh.

Ven dey says dot "Fingy" Conners holds Noo York in der pallum uf hiss mitt, der Republicans alvays hope dot he iss holding id in der pallum vich iss trimmed, so dot von edge uf der state may hang ofer.

Sergeant Jenkins vas discharged py der chef uf bolis, und der mayer protem, mioudt valting fer der real mayer to come beck und order a unvestigation. From vich ve gadder: efen a chef uf bolis may show skiymtoms uf unteliigences vonce in a vile, und know enuff to use snap-chudgemendt on a wery doubtful case.

Der Chawcawgo feller vich vas alleched to haf touched der sub-treasury, iss charged mit dabbling in der egg market. A few uf us in Topeka remember a case vere a feller connectioned mit a bank had peen dabbing in eggs, but he got clear, und a honesd old man, who nefer stole a dollar, vas drifen to der asylum. Id vas nefer proofed on der Topeka egg-dabbler, but dere iss lods uf us vich vould be disqualified to squat on a chury in der Chawcawgo egg-dabbler's case, chusd der same.

Chon D. Rockingfeller's friendly letter to der Press Humorists, reminds me uf der cheap commedian, vot sayss: "I loaf my vife,—God bless her, und I loaf my moder-in-law, God— er-um— blesser."

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

[From the New York Press.]

The more temper a man has the more he acts as if it was his wife's.

A woman has about the same feeling for logic in an argument as for cockroaches in the kitchen.

No matter what lovely ideas a person has of the next world he is just as willing to put off experiencing them as the man who hasn't.

Either men complain because they can't afford to eat and drink what they want to, or because they can and have ruined stomachs from it.