

Iowa State Bystander

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DES MOINES, IOWA

WOKE TO NEED OF EDUCATION

Father in Story of Man of Forty-Five Who Realized What He Had Missed in His Youth.

"Can I get something for you?" The girl rested her hands on the counter and looked across at the customer. He was a middle-aged man. His hair was beginning to turn gray, his hands were work hardened, and the nails were shabby and broken. His clothes were shabby and he wore a short, unkempt beard.

"I want a 'rithmetic, please.'"
"What kind?" The girl turned toward the shelves.
"What kind, please?"
"I don't know."

The girl turned back. "We have two kinds, you know," she explained, "one for the town and one for the country schools. Is the child going to school in town or in the country, and what grade will he be in?"

"He ain't going to school!" The man flushed, then looked up into the girl's eyes. What he saw there caused him to lean across the counter toward her.

"I'll tell you the truth. I'm going to study it myself. I ain't got an education, and I'm going to get one. When I was a boy I didn't think learning amounted to nothing, and I wouldn't go to school what little chance I had. But when I grew up I seen what a fool I was, and how I couldn't be nothing 'thout I knowed something; and so I thought it was too late then, and so I fooled along for 20 years more. Now I know it ain't never too late and though I am going on forty-five I'm going to have an education if it can be got. I don't have much time to learn, for I have to keep hustling to make a living for six children; but work or no work, I'm going to learn something. So if you'll tell me what 'rithmetic to get, and what other books I'll need to start on, I'll be thankful."

The girl, with a little lump in her throat and her eyes smarting, turned back to the shelves.—Youth's Companion.

Not Liable.

Senor Travieso Jr. of Porto Rico was visiting a few days ago in the office of his friend, Senor Rivera, who represents that island in congress. Travieso is a young lawyer and tells a story of a client in San Juan who was thrown out of the window of a tramcar during an accident and so badly smashed up generally that he looked as if he had been to an Irish wake.

Travieso sued the company for damages. Imagine his surprise when the verdict was rendered that no damages could be awarded, on the grounds that "the law allowed competition for hurts received by being thrown off the platform, but did not mention anything about damages when a passenger was projected through a window."

Needed Rest.

Harry Maynard used to be a member of the house of representatives until political misfortune overtook him. The last time he was in the national capital he was explaining in a jocular manner, that an extra session of congress would be necessary.

Congress reminded him, he said, of a pianola of which he had heard. A man was preparing to go on his vacation and was unfolding his plans to his neighbor in the next apartment.

"We will be gone a long time," he said, "and we are thinking about taking our pianola with us."
"I would," replied the neighbor.
"The Lord knows it needs a vacation."—Popular Magazine.

Sockdologer.

A sockdologer is a slang word, at one time often used for a knock-down blow, a settler or coup-de-grace, or generally "that which does the business" effectually and once for all. According to Mr. Lowell, the United States people among whom it originated, have always taken it to be a conscious perversion of the "dologer," standing for dologer, the "dome of a Psalm, and so a triumphant close or ascription of praise. The connection is not easily traced, but it is doubtless the sense of finally about the dologer, which led to this rather irreverent origin of the term.

Many Old-Age Pensioners.

It has recently been stated officially in parliament that at the end of March, 1913, there were 907,921 old-age pensioners in the United Kingdom, for whom there is a provision in this year's estimate of \$61,016,200. In England and Wales, since 1906, the number of out-of-door paupers over seventy has declined 94 per cent; in Scotland, since 1909, the decrease has been 53 per cent.

Meal Nearly Ready.

Two girls were taking a walk on the country road and after having walked a long distance they began to feel the effects of the long way and the hot sun, when one of the girls said, "Heavens! I am almost starved."
"Never mind," said the other, "I am nearly baked."

Prints Full Editions.

"Has Jack ever kissed you?"
"Never once."
"I know that. Jack isn't given to taking single kisses."

Lay Criticism.

"Don't you think Miss Screecher sings with a great deal of expression?"
"I certainly do. I don't think I ever saw another human being make such faces as she makes when she sings."

Courting Days.

"Would you mind resting your head on my left shoulder, dearest?"
"To be nearer your heart?" murmured the beautiful girl.
"Yes, and to be farther away from the cleans I have in my right pocket."

NEW PLAN ADOPTED

Department of Agriculture Revises System of Publications.

More Popular and Practical; Matter for Scientists to Be Circulated Only Through the Journal of Research.

Washington.—The secretary of agriculture announced the other day the new plan of publication work of that department. There has been an independent series of bulletins and circulars in each of the 13 publishing bureaus, divisions and offices of the department. These have been discontinued and will be superseded by the Journal of Research for printing scientific and technical matter, and by a departmental series of bulletins, written in popular language for selected and general distribution. By this plan the confusion that has resulted from the multiplicity of series of publications will be avoided, and the saving of a considerable sum will annually be effected.

Under the new plan the department will discontinue the general distribution of matter so scientific or technical as to be of little or no use to the lay reader. It will supply technical information only to those directly interested and capable of using scientific analyses, and of understanding the results of research work couched in scientific terms. A larger amount of information in popular form which the average reader can immediately apply to his own direct advantage, and thereby increase the agricultural productivity and the health of the nation, will hereafter be distributed.

The highly scientific matter heretofore published indiscriminately in bulletins and circulars will hereafter be published only in the newly established Journal of Research, which will be issued about once a month. It will be royal octavo, of the scientific magazine type, from 75 to 100 pages, 12 numbers to constitute a volume. Such of the matter in the Journal as seems to merit additional circulation may be issued in the form of reprints or separate. The Journal, for the present at least, will be limited to the publication of the results of research made by the



David F. Houston, Secretary of Agriculture.

various bureaus, divisions and offices, but it may be extended to include the scientific research work of the state agricultural experiment stations, in which event two editors representing these stations will be added to the editorial committee. Extensive scientific articles, embodying a complete report of research investigations, will be considered as monographs, and may be published as supplements to the Journal.

Permission will be given to specialists to publish technical reports or even monographs in journals of scientific societies or technical magazines specializing in highly restricted fields of scientific endeavor.

The Journal will be distributed free to agricultural colleges, technical schools, experiment stations, libraries of large universities, and certain government depositories and institutions making suitable exchanges; also to a restricted list of scientists. Copies of the Journal will be sold to miscellaneous applicants by the superintendent of documents, government printing office, and possibly an annual subscription price will be affixed, as is done with the Experiment Station Record.

The Monthly Crop Reporter will no longer be published. The crop statistics will be collected as heretofore, and telegraphic and news summaries of these statistics will continue to be issued to the press. The printed Crop Reporter was discontinued because it did not bring the information into the hands of the recipients until from 10 to 17 days after the really important news had been circulated by telegraph and printed in the daily press throughout the United States and Europe, the statistical information, therefore, reaching the actual crop correspondent and through him the local producer too late to be of practical service.

As a partial substitute for the printed Crop Reporter, a Weekly News Letter to crop correspondents will be issued in typewritten or other form. This can be prepared and put into the mails sooner than was possible with the Reporter.

The Experiment Station Record, the Weather Review and North American Fauna will continue to be issued with certain modifications.

The Yearbook will be restricted to articles of the magazine type, which

Spoiled Her Trip.
"Then your wife didn't enjoy her trip to Niagara."
"No; the minute she saw that rushing water she began to wonder if she hadn't come away from home and left the bathtub faucet running."

Hence the Delay.
"Why doesn't she sue for divorce if her husband is as bad as all that?"
"She's going to. But he has just bought a 1913 model car and she wants to get some use out of that first."

More Expensive Than Throne.
Mabel—I see that the czar of Russia has a throne that is worth \$20,000.
Adelaide—Pooh! What of that? It cost a great deal more than that for his seat in the senate.—Puck.

It is believed, will add greatly to the popularity and value of the volume, of which 500,000 copies are printed and distributed annually.

The series of farmers' bulletins will be continued. The object of these bulletins is to tell the people how to do important things. The bulletins will contain practical, concise and specific and constructional statements with regard to matters relating to farming, stock raising, fruit growing, etc. Under the new plan the bulletins will be reduced in size to from 15 to 20 pages, and will deal particularly with conditions in restricted sections, rather than attempt, as heretofore, to cover the entire country.

Much of the information calling for immediate circulation will be issued heretofore in the form of statements to the press instead of being held back as heretofore for weeks until a bulletin could be printed and issued.

The publication of bulletins dealing with foreign crop statistics will be discontinued. Material of this character when deemed important will be furnished to the press for the information of the public.

Consideration is being given to the discontinuance of certain annual reports of bureaus now required by law to be printed, with the belief that much of the matter therein contained is unnecessary, while certain portions could be more advantageously and more promptly printed as bulletins of the department. All executive reports of chiefs are to be reduced with the object of confining them to business reports strictly.

The secretary of agriculture has designated three experts in veterinary science meat inspection and public health to inspect and report upon meat-packing establishments operating under federal supervision at various points in New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Missouri and Illinois. It is the purpose of the secretary to extend this work, and to secure for these inspections the leading authorities in the country, with the idea that such action will foster confidence of the public in the meat inspection work. These already authorized are as follows:

Dr. W. T. Sedgwick, professor of bacteriology and sanitary engineering, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston, to inspect the federally inspected establishments at Boston, Worcester and Brightwood, Mass., and New Haven, Conn.
Dr. V. A. Moore, professor of pathology, New York State Veterinary College, Cornell University, Ithaca, to inspect and report on conditions in the meat-packing establishments at Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Buffalo and New York.

Dr. J. W. Connaway, Missouri Agricultural College, Columbia, Mo., to inspect and report on conditions in the meat-packing establishments of Kansas City, St. Louis, and St. Joseph, Mo., and National Stockyards, Illinois.

The secretary's instructions to each of these experts reads as follows: "With a view of safeguarding public health and maintaining the highest degree of efficiency in the meat inspection service of this department, it is my desire that you report directly to me fully and frankly the conditions as you find them at the various packing establishments, together with such recommendations looking to the improvement of the service as in your judgment may seem best."

This new inspection of meat-packing establishments by outside experts, under temporary assignment by the government, will in no way supersede or lessen the work now being done by the bureau of animal industry. The idea, according to the secretary, is simply to have the inspection and regulatory work checked up by competent authorities who will report directly to the secretary.

Fewer penitents, tortured by the "still small voice," confessed and rendered "conscience money" to the federal government during the fiscal year 1913 than for many years. The "conscience fund" received during the twelve months ending June 30 totaled only \$2,814.44, the lowest amount since 1901 and comparable with a hundred-year average of \$4,200.

That fund is the only official index to scruples, but no treasury official attempts to explain the decrease in restitution of money received from the government by fraud or error.

During the last hundred years the government has received conscience contributions aggregating nearly a half million dollars, the exact figures up to June 30 last being \$434,615.69. The remarkable fund was established during President Madison's administration in 1811, when the first contribution of \$5 was received. The largest amount ever received in one year was \$385,868 in 1902, and the greatest individual contribution of \$18,669.60 was made to the collector of customs in New York more than a decade ago by an unidentified person, who probably had defrauded the government of tariff duties.

Treasury officials surround the fund with a certain degree of sacredness. Usually the penitent sends his contribution anonymously, but if he signs his name his secret is locked in the archives of the government. It is the one place in the federal establishment where a contrite sinner may make confession and amend without the slightest danger of prosecution.

They Mean Nothing to Him.
One good thing about a man is that he never judges a woman by the price of the curtain she has at the windows.

More Solacing.
Woman (in cigar store)—I wish to get a box of cigars for my husband.
Clerk—Here's a new brand I think would suit him.—The Suffragette.

Woman—Oh, dear, no! He prefers a mild domestic!—Judge.

Not That Rich.
"How rich is he?"
"I don't know. But he's rich enough to worry about the income tax."
"That may be, but is he rich enough to have to lie about it?"

ILLINOIS SOCIETY GIRL TO TEACH IN LABRADOR

Miss Mildred Armour, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Cochrane Armour of 1608 Ridge avenue, Evanston, Ill., who made her debut in society only two years ago, has forsaken social joys to teach a kindergarten in Dr. Whiffel's mission at Battle Harbor, Labrador.

Miss Armour, who was a Smith college student, called a few days ago on the famous mission schooner, George B. Cluett, which left the old gashouse in Boston amid the cheers and shouted good wishes of many Boston society folk.

With Miss Armour as a fellow teacher is Miss Carolyn Woolley, a Hartford (Conn.) society girl and a classmate at Smith college.

Others on the little craft are Dr. and Mrs. John Mason Little, Jr., and their year-old baby, John Mason Little III., known as "Snow Baby Little" because he was born in Newfoundland; Miss Louise Little, a sister of Doctor Little; Miss Jessie Luther of Providence, R. I., and a dozen other society and professional folk.

"Of course I cannot help feeling just a little anxious about Mildred going away off to that cold country," said Mrs. Armour, "but I understand that the Cluett is a very good vessel and they have very skillful officers and crew on board."

"Mildred, you know, was in Smith college and Doctor Grenfell has all ways obtained volunteer teachers there. My daughter will teach a kindergarten class in the mission at Battle Harbor, which is attached to the big hospital Doctor Grenfell maintains there. I am sure she will enjoy the life and will get the best of care."

The Cluett, it is said, will touch first at St. Anthony's, Newfoundland, where Baby Little was born, and then will proceed to Battle Harbor and Indian Harbor in Labrador.

SENATOR AN ADEPT IN HEAD WAITER'S ROLE

Senator Lewis of Illinois has been having some novel encounters with the women suffrage advocates taken to Washington by the demonstration a few days ago.

When the flood of petitions urging the passage of a constitutional amendment poured in upon the senate Colonel Lewis quickly capitulated. But his surrender, which was abrupt, did not take him beyond the battle lines, and he has had several extremely interesting experiences with suffrage leaders.

At a hotel near the capitol, where he had gone for a hurried meal, Senator Lewis paid the waiter and called for his hat and cane. There being some delay, he walked to the dining room doorway, and had taken the post usually occupied by a head waiter when a suffrage advocate from

New England approached him. In tones of imperious authority she addressed the senator:

"I want you to seat me over yonder in the corner by the window," she said, pointing to a vacant seat.

"Certainly," responded Colonel Lewis with a courtesy and grace never equaled by the best trained head waiter. Deftly through the maze of tables he conducted the lady to the seat she had selected.

Idly twirling the menu, she demanded, addressing Colonel Lewis, still playing the role of head waiter, "Now what do you advise me to take?"

"Well, madam, under ordinary circumstances," responded the smiling senator, "I would advise you to take me; but as I am married that would cause both of us embarrassment under the law. The man who has just entered the room and is now standing at the door is the head waiter of this place, and I am certain he will recommend you food. I will send him to you."

Senator Lewis withdrew with several profound bows, not divulging his identity, but thoroughly enjoying the experience.

DISSATISFIED WITH EMBASSY; PAY TOO SMALL

"If the United States can't maintain embassies and legations abroad as they should be our diplomatic service had better be abolished," said Judge James W. Gerard, recently appointed American ambassador to Germany in Berlin the other day, adding:

"Under existing conditions, and until our people see the necessity of properly providing diplomatic living salaries and embeasment buildings it is a sad and absurd to talk about the post of ambassador."

"I am beginning to doubt," he continued, "whether this ambassadorship business pays."

WILD BEASTS ARE NOW HER FAVORITE PETS

The pampered lapdog has had his day. His aristocratic nose, what there is of it, is sadly out of joint. He may live in a hygienic kennel and frequent bench shows, where he wins—or doesn't—for his mistress; but he no longer peers from underneath her arm or sits beside her in the limousine, for he has been supplanted by another.

Imagine his feelings, if you can, upon learning that his rival in his lady's affections is a common wild animal.

Titled English women have recently taken to adopting as pets baby beasts

from the jungle. The duchess of Sutherland, who was known, until the recent death of the late duke, as the marchioness of Stafford, has a tame infant leopard, which she brought back with her from a recent hunting expedition upon which she accompanied her husband.

Another member of the aristocracy affects a tiny lion cub as a pet: The tawny coats and lithe, sinuous movements of these forest animals are strikingly becoming to tall, graceful women, and the fad is an interesting one.

For the same reason, perhaps, greyhounds seem to be coming back into fashion. In fact, it begins to look as if majestic brutes were going to supersede toy dogs as personal attaches.

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AFTER MANY YEARS

Justice Sent in Her Bill, and, as Usual, It Was the Woman Who Paid.

Khirona, at the age end of her youth, woke up one morning to find that her lover had departed in the night, leaving her destitute. She found that, in all the thirty-eight years of her life she had not even made one person her own, nor earned the right even to the corner of a home in which to live and die. She realized that life had no pity upon her and would relax none of its claims, which must be attended to down to the smallest detail, and she rolled on the floor beating its hardness with her forehead in an agony of despair.

Evening came, and it grew dark. Khirona had not the heart to tidy the room, nor to light the lamp. Her hungry child cried till it could cry no longer, and fell asleep. A knock came to the door and a man's voice called out "Khirona, Khirona." Khirona flung open the door and rushed out at him who stood there with her broom, putting the youth to precipitate flight. Then, convulsively clutching the child to her bosom, she went out of the house and jumped into the well.

The splash brought the neighbors hurrying to the spot and the bodies were fished out. The mother was unconscious, but the child was dead. Khirona was brought round in the hospital and was committed to the sessions by the magistrate.

Mohit Datta was the sessions judge. He sentenced Khirona to death. Her advocates tried their utmost to get some mitigation of the sentence, but without success.

There was some reason for this severity of his attitude toward feminine frailty, as a glimpse into his earlier history will disclose.

Mohit in his undergraduate days lived near the house of an elderly couple with a young widowed daughter, Sasi. What little of the world Sasi used to see from behind the barrier of her lonely widowhood seemed to her like some golden land of mystery, where happiness stalked abroad. Unsatisfied longing cramped the beatings of her heart.

In the intervals of her domestic duties Sasi sat at the window watching the crowd on the public road. She thought to herself how happy were the passers-by, how free were the hawkers in the comedy of life, and morning and evening saw the well-groomed Mohit strutting past in the fullness of his self-conceit. To her he was a demi-god, far above the mortals she saw around her.

Perhaps Sasi could have cheerfully spent all her life playing with her demi-god in the heaven of her fancy had not her evil star made the demi-god smile upon her and materialize the heaven within her reach. It is needless to relate at length when Mohit's covetous glance first fell upon Sasi, how he began to write to her under the false name of Binode, when the first trembling, ill-spelt reply reached him; how, at last, the whole of the poor little widow's world was turned topsy-turvy in the whirlwind of ecstatic surprise.

Late one night Sasi left her father and mother and got into a carriage brought by Mohit, alias Binode. When her demi-god, with all his tinsel showing, got inside and sat close beside her, a sudden inrush of remorse bowed her to the dust. And when the carriage actually began to move she fell at his feet, crying: "For pity's sake, let me go back home." But the carriage rapidly drove away.

To narrate all the episodes of Mohit's early career would grow monotonous. This will serve as a sample. Today there was no one to remember the escapades of young "Binode." Mohit Datta was quite a reformed character. His reading of the sacred books was incessant; he even practiced austerities.

A few days after passing sentence on Khirona, Mohit happened to be in the prison garden, with a view to securing some nice, fresh vegetables for his own table. He heard from inside the jail the sound of high words, and entering, found Khirona in the midst of vigorous bickering with the warder. Mohit smiled a superior smile. She would dispute, thought he, amused at his conceit, even with the doorkeeper of Hades!

As he drew nearer Khirona, with clasped hands, addressed him, saying: "Mr. Judge, for mercy's sake, tell him to give me back my ring!"

On inquiry he found that a ring had been hidden in the loops of Khirona's hair, which the warder discovering, had appropriated. Mohit was again amused. This denire for a bauble on the steps of the gallows! Oh, woman, woman! "Let me see the ring," said he to the warder, who handed it over to him.

Mohit started as if it had been a piece of live coal. In the ring was set a miniature portrait on ivory of a young, beardless youth. In its gold rim was engraved the name "Binode." He raised his eyes from the ring, and for the first time looked Khirona keenly in the face. He seemed to see there the fresh, fond, tear-bedewed countenance of 24 years ago. But, ah! what a difference.

Literally.
"My young friend who went west paid some harmless attentions to a girl out there, and was immediately roped into matrimony."
"How was it managed?"
"I believe in the usual western style—with a lariat."

Rebuke.
"So Dr. Pounder officiated in the pulpit this morning?"
"Yes."
"And what was the theme of his dissertation?"
"I would rather tell you the text of his sermon."

His Status.
"My partner is a very paradoxical man."
"What is the matter with him?"
"He says he is going to take a stand against the running expense."

CUBS "MIXED IT UP"

Party of Campers Enjoyed Antics of Topsy Youngsters.

Prompt Punishment Meted Out by Mother Bear Ended Situation Which Must Have Been Very Amusing to Onlookers.

As old she bear with her two four-month-old cubs had snooped around the camp of a party of anglers in the "wayback trout region of Pike county, Pennsylvania, until the campers began to think they would have to move out and let the bear family move in, as the law protected the bears against gun or trap.

One evening the cubs came waddling along on the edge of the camp alone, having evaded the watchfulness of their mother. The camp guide believed he knew enough about bear nature to get some fun out of the cubs. There was New England rum as well as other snake bite antidotes in the camp commissary. The guide mixed a quart of rum with a sufficient amount of molasses to make the combination effective, put the mixture in a big tin basin, and placed it on the ground near where the two little bears were inspecting the possibilities of the camp.

The cubs sniffed around a while, and then with some caution sampled the rum and molasses. The sample suited them so well that they instantly got busy sopping it up out of the basin by the pawful.

By and by one of the cubs, evidently feeling the moving influence of the insinuating stuff, hauled off and swatted his mate across the face. This roused the temper of the smitten cub, and he rose on his haunches with an angry growl and fire in his eye, and a determination to pitch into his companion. But the rum and molasses had gone to his head, and over he went to the ground, all in a heap.

Then the cub that had started the fuss made a dab at the one on the ground and fell on top of him. Then the fun was on. The two tipsy cubs bit and scratched and pawed and clawed and tumbled around, snapping and snarling in a mixed ale party way. The fun was paying the campers back for all the annoyance the bear family had given them, when suddenly the old she bear appeared on the scene.

For a few seconds she stared at the fighting cubs and then seemed to come to an understanding of the situation. She dashed forward, grabbed the cub each by the scruff of the neck, and shook them until their teeth all but rattled. Then she cut off their ear soundly, while they whined and wriggled under the chastisement, and, giving an ugly growl at the campers, who were doubled up with hilarity over the situation, she marched her inebriated offspring away from there on the double quick.

The camping party remained there a week after that, but that bear family did not come near the camp again.

His Obituary.
Sam Polk was editor of the Polk town Clarion. Horatus F. Johnson, as befitted his name, was running for public office. Sam said some things about Horatus in his paper and Horatus announced in the court house square that he intended to go down to the Clarion office and end the early existence of the mud splutter coward who wrote it. These things were reported to Sam. He went down to the office to compose a fitting reply.

"That soundred and miscreant Horatus F. Johnson," he wrote, "announces that he will cease the business of degrading public office by longing himself up as candidate for nothing to come down to the Clarion office and ram this sheet down our throats. He will also leave a wife and four children."—New York Evening Post.

Future of Baseball.
"Well, dear," asked the ball player's wife, "who won the game this afternoon?"
"We did," said the star batsman of the home team, "and I tell you I had a mighty profitable afternoon. I was at the bat four times. The first time I up I made a two-base hit. A little bit higher and it would have been over the fence; but as it was, it hit the elephant on the Elephant Cigarette sign square on the right tuck and I got \$50 for that, besides 1,000 cents tipped cigarettes."
"Fine!"
"Yes, and the second time up I hit