# Fables of Ophelia; or, Wunst Upon a Time

By Clare Victor Dwiggins

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# Cured While You Wait.

By Hutchison.

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# S'Matter, Pop?

By C. M. Payne

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# "Cheer Up, Cuthbert!"

## *What's the Use of Being Blue? There Is a Lot of Luck Left.*

By Clarence L. Cullen.

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GENIUS is Half Insanity—but there's nothing in Being the Foolish Half!

C. L. CULLEN

There's Little Merit in Being a Slave to the Morning Cold Tub Habit if you only do it to Take the Fever out of the Regular Morning Left-Over!

*The Liar must Remember the Thing as It Is and the Thing as he Tells It—which is a Lot of Work for a Non-Paying Profession!*

Don't Wait till you Get a Big Down on the Under Dog before Sympathizing with him!

You don't have to Stand for the Elbowing of the Crowd when you Stick to the Straight and Narrow!

*Turn the Obstacle into a Stepping Stone!*

The Path Down Hill is Pretty Slick, but it isn't Half So Greasy as the Way Up Again!

The Hawss-Race Itself is Always a Dead-Sure Thing—it's only Our Bet that Goes Astray!

The Periodical Jamboree Man is like the Mule that Stays Good for Six Months just to Get a Chance to Kick Somebody—only the Jamboree Man Kicks Himself!

Money doesn't Exactly Mean for Virtue—yet None of us Breaks any Blood Vessels Striving to be Poor for the Sake of Being Good!

We've Kept on the Right Side of a Whole Lot of Folks by not Permitting Them to Get on the Wrong Side of Us!

The Trouble about Becoming Known as a "Breezy Man" is that your Friends learn to Avoid the Wind!

Eyes Front—and Keep up your "Front!"

The Experience that Costs us a Few Woozy Ideals also Keeps us from Getting Mired Twice in the Same Swamp!

*Trouble Always carries a Measuring Tape—but we don't have to Let Him Put it On us!*

The World May "Owe us a Living"—but we've got to Get a Judgment First!

If you Profess Reason, don't Plot Revenge!

Here's to the Horses that've Helped us Foot the Flood—and none of them Ever had More than Two Legs!

We Feel a Little More Wistful than Sore when we Reflect that we had to Wait till we were Forty before we Began to Take our own Advice!

There's a Wide Market for some kind of an Alarm Clock that will Really Awaken the Self-Kidder!

After you've Lived for a Long Time in a Place where the Skies are always Sapphire you Begin to Long for Overcast Days!

*The difference between Gall and Nerve is that the Latter Fights Noiselessly.*

Better to Chastise yourself Before you're Found Out than to have the World do it Then!

The Lonesomest Man in All the World To-Day is "the Good Fellow When he Had it!"

The Trouble about Taking the Easiest Way Out is that it Takes such a Long Time to get Cleaned Off after we Emerge!

## Did You Know

Progress has been made during the year on the Ichang-Wanhsien Railway, China, and there are now thirty thousand men employed on it. Construction trains are running for five or six miles from Ichang, and the embankment is almost completed for about thirteen miles. The first tunnel, which occurs at this point and is some one thousand feet long, was successfully pierced several months ago, and work is being vigorously carried on at another tunnel, six thousand feet long, as well as on the earthworks up to Kueichow, about one hundred miles. The work is progressing even more rapidly than was expected.

Tom—Did her last husband die? Jack—No; he resigned.—Boston Transcript.

The earliest record of a total eclipse of the sun is given for the year 610 B. C. by the historian Herodotus.

The tank was not a winner. It did not gain support. The manager's name was Skinner And the cashier's name was Short.—Boston Transcript.

# The Record Drop in Figures

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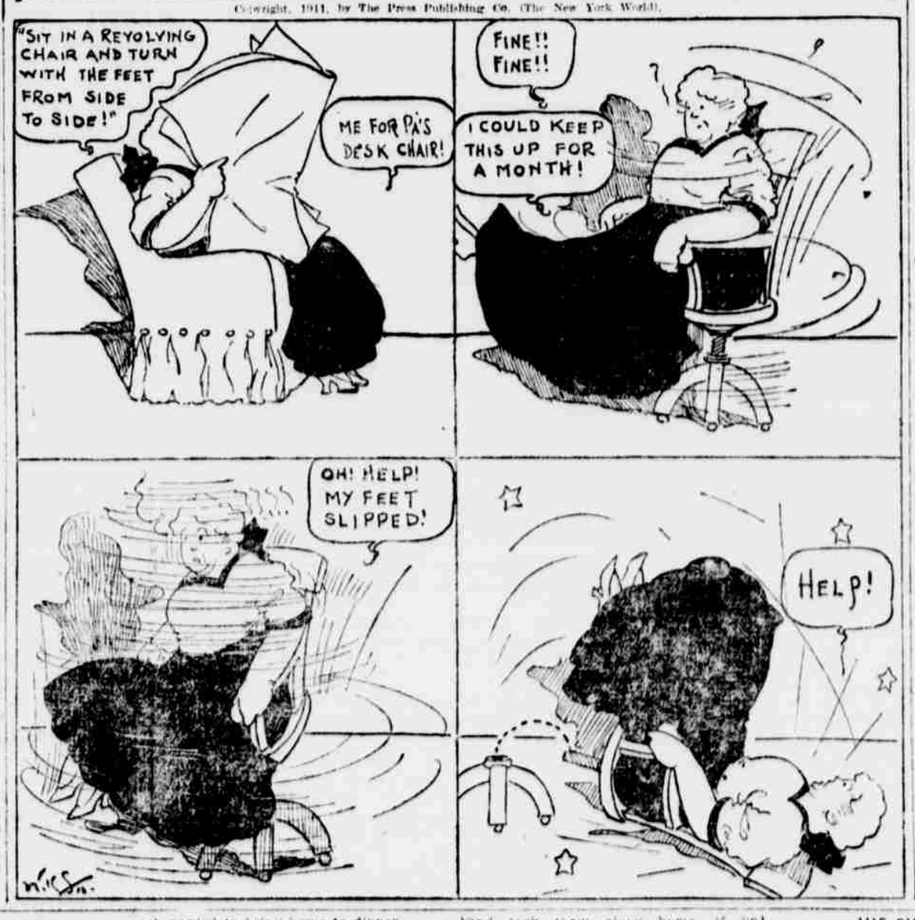


## Odd Facts.

It was at Bristol College, Oxford, that coffee was first drunk in England, and there not by an Englishman, but by an embryo Greek bishop. John Evelyn writes in his diary: "There came in my tyme to the college one Nathaniel Conopios out of Greece who, returning many years after, was made bishop of Smyrna. He was the first I ever saw drink coffee, which custom came not into England until thirty years after." Evelyn apparently considered the coming of coffee to have been the most important episode of his undergraduate days next to the quarrels between his tutor and the quantankerous master.—London Chronicle.

Wife (complainingly)—You never praise me up to any one.

Hub—I don't, eh! You should hear me describe you at the intelligence office when I'm trying to hire a cook.—Boston Transcript.

Chinese wild silk is said to be practically indestructible. It can be buried for over a year without great ill effect.

# The Day's Good Stories

## If Words Were Gems.

"MARY," said a man to his stenographer, who was gifted with a rapidly moving tongue, "did you ever hear the story of the precious gems?"

"No," she replied. "What is it?"

"It's a fairy legend that my grandmother told me when I was a boy," the husband continued. "It was about a woman from whose lips fell a diamond or a ruby at every word she spoke."

"Well!" said his wife as he paused.

"That's all there is of it, my dear," he replied. "But I was just thinking if such things happened nowadays I could make my fortune as a jeweller!"—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

## True Courtesy.

A REGIMENT of soldiers were at camp and a young Scotch recruit was put on sentry outside the general's tent. In the morning the general rose, looked out of his tent and said to the young man in a stern and loud voice:

"Who are you?"

The young man turned round smartly and said:

"Fine! an's yerself!"—Tit-Bits.

## "Pamsy."

THE daily laundry woman attached to the household of Henry N. Cary of the St. Louis Roseville showed up with the announcement that there was a new girl baby at her house.

"What did you name it?" inquired Cary.

"Pamsy."

"What did you say?"

"Pamsy."

"You mean Pansy, don't you? Spell it."

"No, only I mean Pamsy—Pamsy."

"Why did you call it that?"

"Cause she was born on Pam Sunday."—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

## Preventing a Disturbance.

COL. SCOTCHEM was weary. He had had a very arduous day retreating from the enemy, and he wished to warm his strength in order that he might retreat still further on the morrow.

"MacPherson," he said to his new servant, "I'm going to snatch forty winks' sleep. Stay by my tent, and see that I'm not disturbed."

Mac assented. Five minutes later the snores of Col. Scotchem were cut short by the loud report of a gun.

"Great Scott!" cried the colonel. "Are the enemy upon us?"

"No, three feet," replied Mac, inserting the rod reasonably through the tent flap. "It was only a fine mouse. But as I thought he might wake you up I shot him."—Answers.

## Sleep and Let Sleep.

IT was in the small hours of a muggy morning. From a seat near the Midham docks, where he had spent the night, Pat watched the Mooly Mary Ann as she loomed out of the fog.

"Want a job?" asked the foreman, suddenly appearing.

"Sure, it's only 6 o'clock," continued Pat.

"Never mind that," retorted the foreman, "We want a man to help us unload that ship."

"What's the cargo?" asked Pat.

"Sleepers," said the foreman shortly.

"Sleepers, begad!" exclaimed Pat with his fingers in his lips. "Sure, didn't O'i tell yer it was too soon to start work? We mustn't be wakin' 'em up so early in the mornin'!"—Answers.

## The Significance.

IN a little settlement on the outskirts of Chicago two houses stand out more boldly than the rest. These are the domiciles of two Italians of means, who, although being very ignorant men, vied with each other for the social leadership of the locality.

One day a newcomer, in search of temporary lodging, attracted by a conspicuous sign in the window of the first of these two houses, stopped to the door to make inquiry.

"I see you have furnished rooms here?" he said to the swarthy man who answered his knock.

"Yes," replied the foreigner, pointing to the furnished room sign, "dere's da sign."

"Well, if you have one that's suitable I'd like to rent it for a while."

"We no rent da rooms," was the bewildering declaration. "I got my family in here, and dey take so all da house."

"Then why put up rooms? Why, then, have you that sign stuck in the window?"

"I'll tell you, Lasso wa dat fellow next door hung such a sign in his front window, an' wen I see dat I put one of da same kind in my front window, just to show da people dat he ain't da only man in da place dat have his rooms furnished!"—Judge.

## Not Suited to His Trade.

THE common idea of an artist is a slight, pale checked little person with a flowing tie and an anaemic disposition. Herman Dudley Murphy, the Boston artist, stands six feet and some inches high. His shoulders are broad and his muscles hard from continued exercise in his manly and valid. A woman entered his studio the other day and asked to see Mr. Murphy.

"That's him, standing over there," the attendant said.

The woman looked where Mr. Murphy stood, towering like an ancient Viking, and gasped:

"Why," she exclaimed in surprise to the clerk, "he's big enough to work, isn't he?"—Boston Transcript.

## "Unexpected Company."

ON "The Good Idea Page" of the Woman's Home Companion a woman managed the "unexpected company" annoyance—that is, the unexpected company that the husband wanted to bring home to dinner.

They agreed on Wednesday evening as "unexpected company" night. On that evening the wife regularly prepared for two extra at dinner in the little flat where they lived, should they appear. The husband then picked up a couple of extra people on Wednesdays and took them along home, if he wanted to.

"I always chuckled inwardly as my placid smile and well-set table met the approving gaze of some Wednesday guest whom Tom had perhaps invited at the door of the office less than twenty minutes before."

## HIS SYSTEM.

"Why do you always tell people to give up things they most enjoy?"

"Because," replied the physician, "I am pretty sure they won't do it. And then if they don't recover they can't blame me."—Washington Star.


## "THE STRANGLER."

"THE STRANGLER," Albert Boissière's great mystery story, which has been for months the sensation of Paris, will begin serial publication in Monday's Evening World, being printed for the first time in English. It tells of the weird adventures that befell an American aviator in the French capital and of his dealings with the mysterious "Monsieur X." The story is unlike any other you have read.

Don't miss it.