

wife goes to the same church the professor's wife attends, came up to him.

"Why, professor," he said, cordially, "I'm sorry to hear that you are going to leave us."

"I am leaving you with the greatest regret," said the professor, benignly, "but it is an inconvenience not to have a bank account in our home town, and in order to open one there I really need the money I have deposited here."

"Of course, of course," the president acquiesced, "a man cannot have his money lying about in different banks. Mr. Smith—calling to a clerk who was passing—"are you attending to Professor B—'s matter? Are you getting his balance for him?"

"Yes, sir," said the clerk politely. "It will be ready for him in a moment."

The two men conversed amiably about the Russo-Japanese War for a time, and presently the clerk approached.

"Here is your bankbook, Professor B—," he said, "and your balance. I think you will find it correct."

He tried to slip the money into the professor's hand in a private kind of way, but the amount was plainly visible not only to the professor, but to the bank president. It was \$111.

The president, with great tact, hastily asked the professor regarding the exact location of a Manchurian town which the Japanese were reported to be fortifying, and which he had not been able to locate on any map. The professor absently pocketed his bank balance, and forgot all about it in the interest of the geographical discussion. It was only when his wife asked him that evening if he had gone to the bank that he remembered to tell her of the incident, and he was troubled to find that she seemed much annoyed about it.

A MUSICAL ARGUMENT.

George Kennan, the writer, was talking about the naïve and childlike minds of sailors.

"Two sailors," he said, "once attracted my attention in London. They were lunching in a restaurant and I took a table near them, so as to hear their talk. It was plain that they had just returned from a long voyage.

"Hark! Hear that!" one of them suddenly exclaimed.

"All I could hear myself was a very harsh



Tommy—Let's play Zoological Gardens, Nellie. Nellie—All right. How's it played? Tommy—I'll pretend I'm a monkey, and you feed me with your cake!—(Comic Cuts.

voice raised above the traffic of the street in a hideous bellow; but the sailor said:

"Ah, Jack, it's many a day since we've heard that song!"

"What song?" said the other.

"The one that chap is singin' in the street—"The Banks o' Doon."

"Go on," returned the second sailor. "That ain't 'The Banks o' Doon.' I been a-listening to it for some time. It's 'Darling, I Am Growing Old.'"

"They argued the matter a while. Then they told a waiter to go out and ask the man in the street what it was that he was singing.

"That walter hurried forth, and on his return said:

"The feller ain't singin' at all, gents. He's hawkin' fly paper."

SHY, BUT NOT STUPID.

At a dinner given to Sir Alfred Harmsworth in commemoration of his recent knighting one of the editors of "The Daily Mail" said of the guest of honor:

"Our friend Harmsworth, as a schoolboy, was shy and quiet. One day, to his horror, an inspector called him up before the class.

"You appear to be a clever lad," the inspector said. "What do five and one make?"

"The little fellow made no answer.

"Come, now," said the inspector. "Suppose I gave you five rabbits, and then another rabbit; how many rabbits would you have?"

"Seven," said Harmsworth.

"How do you make that out?"

"I have a rabbit of my own at home."

FAVORITE BOOKS OF CRIMINALS.

Fiction is the favorite form of literature for the criminal mind, according to a careful record kept by the librarian at Sing Sing State Prison. In the last year 40,500 books were read by the 1,200 convicts there, and 29,381 of the books were fiction. Travel and adventure were subjects that ranked second in popularity, and yet only 1,575 volumes devoted to these themes were read in the year. Other kinds of books,

WITH THE PROFESSIONAL HUMORISTS.



THE LINE OF LEAST RESISTANCE.

BARBER (to absentminded old gentleman who has called for a shave)—CAN'T SHAVE YER, SIR, UNLESS YER 'OLD YER HEAD UP. OLD GENTLEMAN—NEV'R MIN', MAKE IT A HAIRCUT.—(The Tatler.

and the number read, were as follows: Biography, 1,227; essays, 1,028; history, 953; religion, 792; poetry, 205. Of books in foreign languages German led, with 1,686 volumes; Hebrew was next, with 1,259; Italian was third, with 1,067, and French last, with 545.

Among the writers of fiction Dumas is twice as popular as any other author, and 1,413 volumes of his works were read by the convicts in the course of the year. Other authors, as represented by the number of their books read, ranked as follows: Charles Reade, 720; Collins,



APPEARANCES ARE DECEPTIVE.

HE—WHO'S THAT? SHE—JACK ANSTRUTHER AND HIS BRIDE. HE MARRIED EVER SO MUCH BENEATH HIM. HE—DOESN'T LOOK LIKE IT!—(Punch.

649; Corelli, 596; Doyle, 584; Dickens, 567; Haggard, 481; Crawford, 415, and Henty, 402.

The convicts are absolutely free to choose what books they please, and, accordingly, their selections, as recorded by the librarian, afford a wholly unreflected light for the student of criminology.

CAMPS WITH IMPROVEMENTS.

Ten or twelve years ago, when New-Yorkers first began to camp on Upper Saranac Lake, they were content with simple little cabins in a small clearing on the lake shore. They really camped and enjoyed the rough life. Gradually the cabins have been disappearing, and in their places have come substantial houses of two or more stories each. Hardwood floors took the place of rough boards, and enamelled bath tubs, with hot and cold water and shower attachments, made their appearance. The camps began to have an average of one servant for every guest; the dinners were served in many courses on fine linen with silver and cut glass. The "camps" were camps in name only.

The advent of electric launches made dynamos necessary, and it was little trouble to wire the "camps" and put in electric lights. They replaced the camp lantern and brought the places almost to the same level of comfort as a city house.

"I don't like these electric lights," said the wife of one camp owner, a woman with some sense of the artistic and the eternal fitness of things.

"What's the matter with them?" asked the husband, who was proud of his electric plant.

"It does not seem like camp," she said, ignoring the fact that she was dressed for dinner in a most expensive evening gown.

After much thought the husband hit upon a scheme of pleasing his wife's sense of the artistic and at the same time keeping the electric lights. He had the lanterns cleaned up and in them the electric lights were strung. The wife was satisfied and "camp" seemed more like camp.

DEACON PORTER REMEMBERED.

President Woolley was speaking recently of the struggle of Mary Lyons in founding Mount Holyoke College. "She was ably aided by Deacon Porter, of Monson, Mass.," said Miss Wool-



Wife—How do you like my new hat, George, dear? Hubby—Oh, I suppose I've got to like it, or else buy you another.—(Comic Cuts.

ley, "and he will never be forgotten in the college. We not only have a dormitory named after him, but our favorite dessert is called 'Deacon Porter's Hat.'"

FASHIONABLE.

Singleton—I'm in a box. My wife's dress-maker has sued me.

Doubleton—You're in a dress suit case, you mean.—(Cleveland Leader.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

For Hot, Tired, Aching, Swollen Feet.



Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Makes tight or new shoes easy. The distinguished English medical authority, the London Lancet, says: Analysis discloses in Allen's Foot-Ease ingredients suitable for treating the feet. The powder is well adapted for the purpose intended, since it is fine and impalpable, with a slippery, velvety feeling to the touch. It, moreover, contains an antiseptic. We have received a list of testimonials in favour of this powder.— It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe stores, 25c. Don't accept a substitute. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., U. S. A. Genuine bears above signature.