

Fads of the New York Girl

A House Party in the Adirondacks With Shooting and Poker

The New York girl is just back from a Thanksgiving house party, a two weeks affair up in the Adirondacks with some shooting and a good deal of shooting and poker.

It was her own party, given in her beautiful watauga hunting lodge high up in the mountains, with shooting so good that most were willing guests, and with so many men assured that women took the long, cold trip uncomplainingly.

The men came and went for three or four days at a time. It required no little manipulation to get just the right girls, exactly the dates that would make a man declare enthusiastically "By Jove! it's all to the good! Even the girl I mind eat at a shooting party is here."

And it's not a bit easy to be that girl. She must have the enthusiasm to want to shoot at 5 of a frosty morning when the camp is over easy ground, and the wisdom to decline a cheery invitation when she would really like a moonlight hunt, because the trail is difficult and she would be in the way.

She must know how to convince a man who adores her that her happiness depends upon his leaving her for a bird that flies low in the storm. She will be radiant when he returns, and will not revenge herself by flirting with his best friend who, after all, bagged the most birds.

She will like things she doesn't like to please her hostess and have no thought but to make herself charming enough to adorn the prettier lodge for all the days of her visit. Her reward will be great popularity and many invitations for the future which she may not have the chance to accept.

The New York girl has an ideal where house parties are concerned. She believes that they furnish an opportunity for the most perfect companionship between men and women, if only the exact proportions of comradeship and formality are established.

So she provides a judicious mixture of Bohemia and the Faubourg, of sweaters and décolleté gowns, of roosting about and being chaperoned, to give every day a pleasant variety of emotions and events.

Her two cast iron rules for this particular party were evening dress for dinner for man as well as maid, and no bridge whist. After dinner every evening a vote was taken for poker or a dance. Most of the men would feel in their waistcoat pockets and vote for dancing, and many of the girls would indignantly watch the pantomime and vote eagerly for poker.

And usually it was poker, for the New York girl is just learning to play and has a beginner's luck, and poker is smart. Now even at house parties men don't thirst for cards because a game is smart, or their hostess a novice, which accounted for the waistcoat pockets and the bridge whist. Poker is the price they pay for outdoor days of unrestricted joy and freedom from social demands.

The tables were always drawn up in front of the huge open log fire, and parties made up carefully to kindle eyes and curve hips. For women play at the tables where their lovers are, no matter where they are seated.

It is an odd thing about women that you can never tell just what sort of poker game they will put up. The man who has not seen women play is very likely, if he's a husband, to hazard the opinion: "Now my wife'll play a pretty straight game as soon as she wakes up to it. She's as keen as a steel trap to see through things. Never can't bluff her."

And when the game is on so that the chips are jumping up and down like sand in a windstorm this lady of universal concentration and perspicacity is deciding upon her winter bonnet.

The lover most enamoured with the fiancée whose ways are gentleness and light will tell you the emphasis of a woman's judgment. "There's one woman who won't lose her head." And the sweet fiancée

wheeps audibly when three of a kind displays her two pair as guardians of a large jackpot.

A churlman who likes the New York girl and is interested in human nature—as ever this always means the absurd side of it—said to his hostess at the start: "It's a risk to start poker here. It may break up your house party, and it's bound to break an engagement or two. It isn't the loss of money that plays the mischief. They're all game enough for a few dollars. But lovers get peevish about their idealized sweethearts and men who have spoken for their wives on every occasion for twenty years suddenly find they have missed their cue."

"Oh, I just love the game," mused a girl with reddish hair and steel blue eyes, the best sports woman among the women. "I don't find it a scrap exciting—but how you can fool the woman you would just as leave wouldn't you! If you play just to beat one person you can't fail, and it's great sport."

She finished the sentence with her eyes slightly, but the amiable sweethearts who had watched her the night before when the red-haired girl had held three of a kind.

"I don't believe," from the gentle one, "that any nice game is intended just to give others a chance to be mean. I think games are to cultivate our minds. And tempera!" suggested the steel eyes girl.

And just then the lover, who had been shooting in the lovely mountain dawn with the red haired girl, came in and sat down with her and wondered whether she was more beautiful than the first he had met, or whether the freights in her wonderful hair and softening her eyes.

Then the hostess intervened and returned the kind but bewildered lover to the lady of his original choice, and started the games.

"My dear," from the chaperon, "it's no use at all trying to play with this hand. Why, my dear, I have nothing but little cards, starting with a nine and running up to a king, so it's all right. I don't see how you could win. I'm coming in. Who said I wouldn't? It was just at first I didn't see that I had a full—that is—yes, I raise it a blue chip! I mean two."

"Well, I call that a miserable little pile to win with these cards, and no one played against me at all. When Miss Morton had a full hand she won a new ermine set. I think luck's with some people. And just those you wouldn't expect to be, too. Well, just a minute, I'll give you a hand. I suppose it's hopeless to try to get one more of the same color."

Then the red haired girl and the hunter-her hostess and the amiable sweethearts "hoped for one that the chaperon would get the card. It would serve some one else right."

And the lover caught half the remark and apologized to her for laughing, as he realized her intrinsic worth.

The girl who knew how to lag her game won a huge pile with a pair of kings after frightening the sweet little maid into throwing away a flush and saying hysterically that she had a blue chip! It's at honest game where low things could win more than higher ones. And she for one wouldn't play!

The amiable girl always spoke as though she limited herself numerically by choice. At this point in the game—a double one—the hostess declared upon a dance, and as soon as the other hands were played out the tables were taken away and the music brought in, mandoline and guitar and one rich-toned cello, for the New York girl believes that people dance more merrily if there is piped music to be heard, not a bare of music impossible to whisper through.

The amiable sweetheart had intended to leave the room in tearful solemn reproach as soon as the dance began, but she recalled that her rival danced as well as she shot at dawn and won at cards and so she stayed to be a part of the winter holiday. And the subsidiary flirtation was delayed until the deer hunt at sunrise.

Since her return to New York the hostess has heard of every where of the lover's devotion to the red-haired girl, and she speaks with some morbidity of poker as a lottery where women are concerned, and forgets then her remorse in Christmas buying.

DOES A BONNET MAKE A WOMAN LOOK OLD?

Once, at Any Rate, That Was Not the Case—The Feminine Prejudice That Has So Far Prevented the Bonnet's Revival.

Occasionally fashion publications print designs for what they are pleased to call middle aged women, as if there were such persons nowadays and as if they would wear anything different from other folks if they existed. In a recent page of such designs there was noted this significant fact, that not a single middle aged lady exhibited wore a bonnet, although one had some small, apologetic strings attached to her toque.

This points to the true reason why bonnets have been as unsuccessful as ever this season, in spite of a really earnest effort to introduce them again. Women have in some way got bonnets and age inextricably mixed in their minds, and however pretty a bonnet may be, age is nowadays a thing not to be mentioned in polite and well groomed society.

Theoretically, there are no more old figures, because of skilful corseting; no more wrinkles, because of facial massage. A deceptively walk and carriage cannot be nowadays, because of outdoor sports and exercise. So why should woman ever grow old?

Then, a word of warning to the milliner. Charm she never so wisely with spectacular coal scuttles and early Victorian pokes, she will never induce the votaries of perpetual youth to wear sober, serviceable bonnets until she can rid their minds of the fancy that bonnets make them look old.

That the relation between age and bonnets is only imaginary may be asserted, because for many a long year bonnets were considered the only proper headgear for a genuine lady and were thought to be mighty becoming. An occasional broad-



IN THE OLD TIME BONNETS DIDN'T MAKE PEOPLE LOOK OLD.

ened with prim coquetry under the chin, and it was never thought by any chance to make a woman look old.

That was a discovery left for the twentieth century woman to make. She is so absorbed in sweeping age from all his old lurking places, much as the housemaid hunts the unfortunate spider with a broom, that perhaps she was unreasonably suspicious of the bonnet.

She feels that she has engaged in a good

fight, but though it can't be denied that she has gained in many ways by ignoring the flight of time, she has lost something in no longer having the benefit of contrast.

In the sentimental past there were lines drawn between the youth and age of dress which it would be shameless to overstep. If you met madame and her daughter in the street, though both wore bonnets, you could tell easily at a distance which was which by the style and color of their garments.

Nowadays these things are so perversely mingled that you often have to be very close before you can tell mother and daughter apart. There is no more setting apart of the bright and delicate tints and textures for the springtime of life, no more reserving the rich fabrics and glowing colors for the matron, and, saddest of all, there are no more genuine old ladies who know how to



LONG AGO YOU COULD TELL A MOTHER AND DAUGHTER APART, BUT NOW IT IS DIFFICULT.

flat, drooping hat with strings was allowed in the country, and was accompanied by a careful warning that it was "designed expressly and only for the country, where it will be found very useful."

But the bonnet in many different shapes was practically a universal fashion from about 1835 to 1857, when an American women's journal marveled at what is called "the most daring innovation which has been attempted for years, the introduction of round hats, already indulged in to some extent by Parisian belles and the exclusive few in our own cities who order their bonnets directly from Paris. They are at present worn only in the carriage or at the opera or in the concert room, as their appearance upon the street until the eyes get somewhat accustomed to the novelty would attract too much attention.

If the freak survives till autumn, it will doubtless be the reigning style."

That this prophecy was only partly fulfilled we know, for it was many years before the bonnet was quite laid on the shelf. In

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dress the part to perfection, with their dainty black gowns and their filmy, hand-embroidered muslin caps and kerchiefs.

There may be one or two of these very rare and valuable treasures hidden away in some quiet corner yet, but soon they will be an extinct species, for there is no material left from which to make more of them for the future.

ANTIQUES FOR SUMMER TRADE. Maine Men and Women at Work on Next Year's Supply.

LAMOINE, Me., Dec. 10.—As soon as the last summer visitor has gone away those of the natives who are artistic in any way begin to make fantastic and antique articles of household utility to sell to the crop of summer visitors who will arrive next June.

There are a score of men and more than two score women who will pass the winter in such employments. Two years ago there was organized a society of women who devote their time on winter evenings to embroidering tidies, scarfs, neckties and other articles, all of which are sold to the city dealers at high prices.

The custom is to secure cheap crocheting silks that have been damaged, and with these to work out antique patterns of flowers and motives of various kinds on unbleached linen. The articles are then smeared with dabs of oil and spatters of anything about the house. Then the unsightly spots are taken out by applying benzine and the goods are folded while still damp and put away in old chests and sprinkled with floor sweepings and other forms of dust, all of which is done to give an indication of great age to things which are new.

Try a Safe for a Christmas Present

"Yes, I know," said the safe manufacturer, "the general idea of a safe is that it is something for bank and store and office use, but if you will stop to think a minute you will realize that a good many safes are used for one purpose and another in houses, too, and nowadays plenty of such safes are sold for holidays presents."

"Next week we shall clear all the big commercial safes out of our show window and fill it full of holiday good safe and strong boxes, and for two or three days before Christmas all our trucks will be busy delivering safes bought for Christmas presents."

"No, people don't buy bank vaults, and 30-ton safes and that sort of thing to give away for Christmas presents, but what they do buy is, principally, jewel safes. A sturdy safe may be a safe at all times, but as far as Christmas presents go, a beautiful and artistic cabinet, forming a part of the room's fittings."

As a matter of fact we have long sold such cabinet jewel safes for presents to some extent, but the freer purchase of them for such purposes began, I should say,

about ten years ago, and since that time we have had the best of them every year. Now we should not consider it in any way remarkable to have a man come in and select a jewel safe and have his card put in it and order it sent home at a particular time, just as he might any other gift.

"Such safes are not bought by very wealthy people alone by any means, but they are not so costly as might be imagined. Unmounted, this safe sells for from \$50 to \$100; in such form it might perhaps be had in that closed, mounted cabinet form for from about \$100 to \$200."

And then we make jewel safes in other forms than that of the cabinet. There are smaller safes, fitted into cabinet work, but in appearance more like closed desks, and having, perhaps, mirrors on top. Then we make safe tables and narrow chests with cabinet work about them, so that they will fit into niches, or in any place, as in a closet, out of sight."

Large household safes for home use, safes for silver, which are made in a variety of styles, are commonly bought like any other articles of the house equipment, but sometimes we sell such safes as these, too, for presents. For instance, a man might order, as a present for his wife, a safe which would be a fireproof for the preservation of silver, this safe containing within it a compartment, burglar proof, for the safe keeping of jewels."

So you see, that the first and last, many safes are sold for gifts, and we expect to sell more of them to be given away for holiday presents this season than ever before.

An Oregon Story of Bird Life

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—"There is a woman in Morrow county in my State whose fondness for the genus Avis is so great that during a somewhat varied experience in matrimony she has remained a bird-lover. A prominent politician from Oregon, who is in Washington, 'Born to the name of Bird she was christened Elizabeth."

"When the time came to leave the home nest she mated with Bud Martin, and the union was blessed with one little Martin, who remained to console the mother after the untimely demise of Papa Martin. With her baby, Mother Martin changed her nest to that of Edward Crow, whose cornfields doubled his ability to provide handsomely for the addition to his family."

"In the course of time two little Crows were added to the happy home, and then the father passed away. Making matters falling due, Elizabeth Crow, two little Crows, and one Martin entered the nest of one William Buzard, who they remained for a time. A little Robin joined the interesting family and added his cheery chirp to the chorus of other birds."

"The poor Cock Robin! He soon joined the departed Crow and Martin who had gone before. Bereft of her beloved Robin the widow found solace in the society of William Buzard, a widower of attractive and charming personality, who finally persuaded her once more to change her habitation."

"Into the large Buzard nest she carried one little Martin, two little Crows, and one little Robin. One little Buzard was already there to welcome the other bird."



SHE WON'T BUY A BONNET BECAUSE SHE THINKS A HAT MAKES HER LOOK YOUNGER.

all those years, whether it was a vast coalition of the Leghorn or a close shape with flowers cuddling between the brim and the face, or a dainty, drawn capeline, it was the same lovable, coy, demure bonnet,

IF A GIRL ISN'T TALL ENOUGH,

HERE IS A PLAN BY WHICH SHE MAY GAIN IN HEIGHT.

She Must Stretch Her Muscles by Gymnastic Exercises, She Must Eat the Proper Foods and She Must Resort to Massage—Course of the Little Ladies' Club.

The Little Ladies' Club meets every Wednesday and Saturday at 3 P. M. The members are young women, and some older women, too, who are trying to grow taller.

"We are tired of being short," said a member of the club. "Hearing that one's height could be increased, we formed the club to try to grow taller. Applicants for membership in this club must be wealthy. No others need apply. And this is true for several reasons."

"In the first place, the tuition is expensive. The instructor gets \$25 every afternoon. Then the apparatus must be constantly bought or provided. This, with the change of costume required, the rental of the hall and the refreshments, which are a part of the régime, make the course an expensive one."

"Besides these things there must be malds and rubbers, and there must be a fine supply of the best massage oils, color creams and all things that will plump out the body."

"The idea is that to increase the height even a wee bit the body must be provided with the necessary fuel. This includes massage oils containing all the elements which are provided for a growing child."

"Then girls who want to grow taller must take a great deal of moist food. Moisture makes the body grow. An experiment to prove this was recently made upon two growing girls in Vienna."

"One was fed on dry food and was allowed to eat without drinking if she chose to do so. The other girl ate moist cereals and creams and sauces and all kinds of moist foods. The result was that the girl fed on moist foods grew much taller than the other."

"In the Little Ladies' Club nothing is neglected that might make its members grow. All are eligible up to the age of 50. Over 50 they will still join, but they are told that they will grow no taller."

"On the contrary every effort must be made to keep the woman of 50 from growing shorter. She must constantly take the stretching exercises."

"It is a fact that women begin to grow shorter after the age of 50. The muscles grow softer, the flesh gets flabby and the body shrinks. To make it worse the carriage is less erect and the short woman by the time she reaches 60 will be a full inch shorter than she was at 40 or 50."

"In the club there is a special dietary and a set of exercises for the woman who has begun to get shorter. But it is the women who want to be a little taller who are compelled to do the hardest work."

"The club calls its members together at 3 o'clock, when a light luncheon of predigested food is served. The members then put on bloomers and jackets and get to work."

"For half an hour they stretch themselves. One of their favorite stunts is upon a stepladder or an apparatus which greatly resembles a stepladder, save that it is anchored firmly and is heavier and less liable to break down than the ordinary working by the hands. They pull themselves up hand over hand, working backward, until they are at the top step. It is fine exercise and brings the muscles into active play. It is hard work and at first there are few who can do it."

"Then there follow many stretching exercises, such as crawling through the ladder, hanging from the top with the feet not quite touching the ground, suspending oneself by the arms from the ladder, and if the back were strong enough they could carry themselves better and would be taller."

"Next comes a rest exercise. The members are required to lie flat upon a couch and to stretch themselves out as much as possible. There are iron rings into which the feet are slipped and the hands are pulled to stretch the muscles. But the members have daily exercises to practise at home."

"One is to reach upward as far as possible with the right hand and then with the left hand. This strengthens the spine. Little women are often weak in the spine. And if the back were stronger they could carry themselves better and would be taller."

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"The members stand in line in front of the ladders, then at the signal they endeavor to crawl through the ladder, working by the hands. They pull themselves up hand over hand, working backward, until they are at the top step. It is fine exercise and brings the muscles into active play. It is hard work and at first there are few who can do it."

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is appropriate in the very first thought. The purity and beauty of the best glassware, glistening with the brilliancy of diamond harmonizes with the spirit of the holiday season.

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Cordial, Wine, Whiskey and Water Sets attract special attention. A Decanter or Water Bottle surrounded by appropriate glasses, and all on a glass tray. From \$5.00 to \$12.00.

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We have them in elaborately or simply cut bottles of various sizes, and handsome oak cases that contain the contents of the bottles, securely locked in, cannot tempt any eye.

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The dressing table finds no richer adornment or more useful addition than our richly cut Toilet Bottles. They are made of the finest glass, and are so made that they are not only very attractive but also very durable. From \$1.00 to \$2.00 each.

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We have a specially attractive assortment of Quarets, Silver Mounted Decanters for wine and whiskey. Just suitable for water, lemonade or claret. From \$1.00 to \$1.50.

Silver mounted Decanters for wine and whiskey. From \$1.00 to \$1.50. Silver mounted Bowls, \$2.00 to \$2.50. Silver mounted Glasses, \$1.00 to \$1.50.

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Imported Glass

Bon Bon Bottles, \$2.00. Candiedsticks, \$2.50. Vases, \$2.00.

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OPPOSITE PLAT IRON BUILDING.

LONG WHALER OF NANTUCKET.

Reports Five Takings for His Ship in the Arctic—Last of a 2,000 Man Industry.

NANTUCKET, Mass., Dec. 10.—A despatch received in this town by relatives of Eugene Perry, engineer of the steam whaler William Bayless of New Bedford, reports the ship at Marshfield, Ore., with 15,000 pounds of whalebone on board, besides the oil extracted from seven whales.

This is by far the largest catch of the Arctic fleet this season. The ship Alexander and the auxiliary Jeanette took ten and seven whales respectively, but their yield was far short of that from the seven taken by the Bayless.

Engineer Perry is now the only resident of this town actively engaged in whaling. Half a century ago more than 2,000 sailors from this port were scattered over every ocean in search of whales. The Bayless has stocked about \$100,000 in her four months trip.

Misport Girls to Carry Pistol.

Japan correspondent carries this pistol. A number of young ladies of Misport are forming themselves into a very unique club, the purpose of which will be to protect themselves from maulers, with which the town is overrun. The club will have its headquarters at the home of one of the most beautiful women in town.

The girls, profiting by experiences they or their friends have had recently, are intending to carry pistols, which they will use at night unattended, and in the future when some fair one has a hand shoved deeply into her coat pocket or beneath her jacket she may be clapping the pistol in the hand of one so strongly determined to learn how to use the most modern of the new club.

The club is composed of girls who are employed in stores, business and telephone offices. The members who are forced to be out late at night.

An Auction in Japan.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal. A San Francisco man last night was telling of various customs of the Japanese which had come under his observation.

"One of their peculiarities is shown in their method of conducting an auction. They have auctions in Japan just as we do in America, but they go at it in a little different style."

"The auctioneer exhibits the article which he proposes to sell and asks for bids upon it. He does not shout or cajole, and there is no excited clamoring of bidders. Lawyer Marks would be impossible in Japan, for each man who desires to make a bid draws from his pocket a slip of paper, writes upon it the highest figure he will pay, and deposits his slip in a box. After the bids are all in the auctioneer opens the box, reads the bids and promptly awards the article to the man who has offered the greatest sum."

Problem as the Girls Understood It.

From the Woman's Home Companion. Not long ago, apropos the humor of the lecture room, Dr. Woodrow Wilson told of an instructor in astronomy at Vassar College, who, in elucidation of a certain point, made the following observation: "In astronomy, to determine the motions of three bodies that attract one another is admittedly difficult."

"At this juncture the lecturer was annoyed by half suppressed laughter in the rear of the classroom. 'May I inquire,' remarked the professor, sarcastically, 'what notorious humorist has been here?'"

"The beg garden," exclaimed the first student who was responsible for the interruption, "is merely struck up that the difficulty was nothing compared with the same problem in love."