

THE TEMPTER

Adam Didn't Wait For Eve to Offer Him the Apple.

By KEITH GORDON.

The girl on the porch laid her book face downward beside her, a faint, skeptical smile visible about her mouth. "How do you go about it?" was the question that her eyes asked of the radiant landscape. "It's all very well to say that a woman, if she has not a lump upon her back, may marry whom she will, but how would she go about it?"

The scratching of a match broke the stillness, and her meditations were suddenly precipitated from the general to the concrete. She glanced where a man's form bulked in one of the huge wicker chairs. With his hand forming a screen he was lighting a fresh cigar, seemingly oblivious to everything in life except that and a journal on engineering which lay in his lap.

His was her brother's best friend, and she had known him for years, not with much satisfaction, it must be confessed, since he was notoriously a "man's man," living in a man's world and regarding the rustle of feminine skirts with something of the same feeling that he did the humming of a mosquito.

But he was good to look upon—so good that a sudden, quick resentment shot through her heart at his indifference. It assumed the likeness of a personal affront, a sort of insult to her sex. It would serve him right if some girl should just make up her mind to marry him and do it, too, before he knew what he was about.

Meanwhile he had tossed away the match and picked up the journal again as imperturbably as if he were alone, a pair of half-indignant eyes watching him with a combination of pique and amusement.

It certainly would serve him right, her thoughts ran on, if some lady should just wind him round and round her finger, make him fetch and carry at her beck and call, reduce him to a perfect man of straw. Something in her steady gaze caused him to move uneasily, then look up.

"Did you speak?"

He had the perfunctory manner of a person who knows he must keep guard over himself or he will be guilty of some remissness. A heroic resolution to do his duty was visible in his face.

"No," she drawled, "I didn't speak. But if you don't mind very much I think I will. I'd like to ask you, for instance, if you have ever had a ladies' day?"

"A ladies' day?" he repeated helplessly, shaking off his eyelashes with a characteristic movement, while his tormentor watched him as if he had been some sort of specimen that she had impaled upon a pin. Then a light dawned upon him.

"You mean such as they have at the clubs—a day when the place is given up to your sex and other matters go to the wall? Well, no. I don't know that I ever had."

"Don't you think it is time?" she ventured.

"Possibly," he admitted, but he still held the journal in a way that suggested a well-learned, unconquerable desire to return to it. She stretched out her hand. Reluctantly he handed it over.

"Did it ever occur to you," she asked blandly, "that the creature who tempted Adam so successfully, who is at the bottom of everything, as it were, must be as—well, as intricate as your old engineering problems?"

"I have always considered Adam weak, very weak," was his evasive answer. "Men aren't like that nowadays."

At these banal words a resolution that had been taking form in her mind became full fledged. She was inspired with the sense of a mission. Her neglected sex should find an avenger in her.

"You think you wouldn't have eaten of the apple, then?"

There was a new note in her voice. It was at the same time a challenge and an appeal.

As if it were something absolutely new it came to his mind that girls were delicate, helpless creatures, and a wave of tenderness for the sex swept over him. Still he was very positive that he wouldn't have eaten the apple, and something in the soft, babyish, yet dependent way in which she looked at him caused him to explain at great length why.

"Has talked fifteen minutes by the clock," she was thinking in high glee, but outwardly she was all deferential, honey-sweet attention.

"I'm sure he wouldn't have yielded if he'd been like you," was her earnest comment when she finished speaking and at the words he was conscious of a pleasant expanse, a carefree sense of satisfaction as delightful as it was unusual. It was as if he were growing taller, broader and more severely strong before her very eyes.

"Go back to your reading, I'm not going to bother you another minute." She jumped up and, laying her hand on his arm, finished ingenuously: "You don't mind my bothering you, do you?"

A girl gets so tired of woman talk! A chat like this is like a plunge in a cold stream." And she vanished into the house and scurried to her room, where she threw a kiss to her image in the mirror, with the remark, "You're doing well for a beginner, my love."

Down on the broad piazza the man

Two Italians, Maria Pappa and Stanialso Paternaz, convicted of kidnapping, were sentenced by Judge Fawcett in Brooklyn to an indeterminate period of from 25 to 49 years.

Raymond Gennett had the ends of two fingers taken off while working in the factory of G. H. Griffin and company in Rutland.

had returned to the closely printed columns before him, but after a half hour he gave up.

"I'm stale," he murmured, throwing the paper on the table. "Wonder where she's gone. Never before realized how interesting she is for a girl. And I was funny." And he smiled at the recollection of it.

For the next two or three days she avoided him as much as possible. "I must give him plenty of line," she decided craftily, "and never let him suspect that he's taken the bait."

On the third day he proposed a long tramp to her.

"You don't want a silly thing like me," she protested, with modest self-depreciation. "I can't talk about bridges and buttresses and caissons and all those interesting things that you know about. I shall only bore you."

"What was it you said the other day about the creature that tempted Adam?" was his laughing reply. "Perhaps I want to take up a new line of study."

"I just made him think I was the most dependent thing that ever lived," she confessed shamelessly to her mirror that night. "My timid little feet could scarcely get over the ground without help, and as for climbing fences—"

She went off into a peal of laughter as she remembered how solicitous he had been about her getting over a fence that was in their way—and she who could turn in a handspike as well as either of her brothers!

"Of course I couldn't do it if I really liked him," she murmured. Then the girl in the mirror averted her face quickly. "I'm just going to give him a much needed lesson, you know," she went on. "This time the girl looked into her eyes for a moment. After that she threw herself on the bed and buried a hot face in the pillows.

As the weeks went by the startling conviction that there was one girl in the world who never bored him, never made him long to escape and get back to his own kind, came to be a certainty to the man. With the coming of a brighter, livelier place.

The idea of marriage, which had hitherto seemed as remote as that of suicide, came and lodged within his brain as if it were an old friend. He thought, with some scorn, of his former views.

They were standing under the big apple tree in the back garden. From the ground she picked up one of the round, smooth apples and began to eat it. Something in the action brought back to him the conversation they once had about Adam, and he wondered how he could ever have been so cross, so dense. He held out his hand.

"Please, Eve," he beseeched. "But you are not like Adam," she began archly.

"No," he said meaningly. "He waited for temptation, I don't intend to wait!"

And that night she whispered to the girl in the mirror, "What Thackeray says is true!"

The Dispute. A rabbit went out walking one day, and when he came home he found his burrow occupied by a weasel. He was greatly astonished at finding a stranger in his house.

"See here, Madam Weasel," he said, "what are you doing here? This is not your home. Please get out of my burrow."

"Your burrow, indeed!" cried the weasel. "I'll do no such thing. I am perfectly at home."

"Well, now," said the rabbit gently, "let's take the dispute to Grimaltin."

Now, Grimaltin was a cat, the judge of all controversies that came up in the forest, and so the weasel could do nothing less than consent to do as the rabbit suggested. They set out together and soon arrived before the judge.

"Come near to me, my children," said Grimaltin. "I am deaf."

They obeyed, not dreaming of any harm that might come, and the cat, casting out a clawed foot at each side, gripped them both and settled the dispute by eating them one after the other.

Moral.—People often ruin themselves by lawsuits. It is better to come to an agreement out of court.—French of Perrin.

Loading. "I loaf and invite my soul," sang Walt Whitman in one of his "barbaric yawsps" that has sounded "over the roofs of the world." And it is no doubt the best, profoundest and highest thing ever said or sung about loafing.

The soul—if we may be so fortunate as to have one in the real and high significance of the word—will hardly come to our mundane aid, no matter how often we may invite it, unless we loaf. We do not in our ordinary business of living give it a chance to visit us. Like the virtues of art, it demands a large leisure and far horizons. That is why the poets and thinkers possess "soul" and our ordinary mortals do not. Our life is too narrow, too "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd." Soul escapes or shuns us while we grope in our huddled and cluttered existence. We must "loaf" and invite it.

Loading is good for us—now and then. As a habit it is very bad, but even a "good custom," as Tennyson assures us, would "corrupt the world" were it not for wholesome change and variety. And an occasional loaf, whether voluntary or enforced, may be salutary.—Columbia State.

A straight line is the shortest in morals or in mathematics.—Edgeworth.

While Secretary Wilson's suggestion about buying direct from the farmer is very good, it is still rather embarrassing to stop a man in his automobile and discuss butter and eggs when the fellow may be on the way to the opera.—San Antonio Express.

Three trainmen were killed Tuesday morning when the "Red Humber" express on the Chicago and Alton railroad ran into a freight train near Barber, Mo.

THE CONVICT GUARDIAN

Love For His Ward Impelled Him to Crime.

"No. 140, you are discharged from this prison and may go where you like. I hope you'll live an honest life and not have to come back here again."

As the warden spoke the prisoner stared at him as though his mind were upon other matters, then, without a reply, hastened out into the world.

Several years before this Henry Tracy was a young business man of such marked ability that when Manning Brightman, an intimate friend, though fifteen years his senior, died it was found that Tracy had been named sole executor of his estate and guardian of the only heir, Edith Brightman, a beautiful young girl.

One day Abel Barnicourt, who had once been Brightman's attorney, produced papers transferring the whole estate to Sarah Parton, who claimed to be the second wife of the deceased. These papers disappeared, and there was such strong evidence that Tracy had stolen them that his incarceration followed. While he was in prison the estate remained in litigation, and Edith Brightman, being deprived of her income, was forced to earn her own living.

On the evening of his discharge he stood on a street corner waiting for the clock to strike 10. At the first stroke a man crossed the street and looked him.

"The shovels?" asked Tracy. "On the place." "All right. You go ahead, and I'll follow."

Tracy followed the man out of town to a deserted house standing beside the road, and the two entered the grounds. A pick and a shovel were found under a porch, and Tracy, leading the way to a large tree in a corner of the lot, began to dig. Coming to a small sheet iron box, they moved it and returned with it to the city.

"We'll go to your room, Brown," said Tracy. "You've got the documents there, I believe."

"Yes." A few minutes later Brown scratched a match in his room, lit the gas, locked the door, pulled down the shades, and the two opened the iron box, taking out a bundle of papers. Brown meanwhile unlocked a desk and brought forth an envelope containing documents. Tracy seized them eagerly and scanned them one after another till he came to one at which he uttered a cry of joy.

"This is the key to the situation," he exclaimed. "Without this the others are worthless. I'll take care of this myself. You look out for the others."

It was 11 o'clock at night when Tracy left the detective and walked rapidly to a house where there was but one light burning. He rang the bell and when a servant came asked for Miss Brightman.

"Never mind that, I must see her tonight."

"Who shall I tell her wishes to see her?"

"Never mind that either. She'll approve of your calling her up."

When Edith Brightman entered the room and saw her guardian, the convict, she caught at the doorknob. His imprisonment and the mystery attending it, together with the loss of her property, had not only been a puzzle but a horror to her.

"Edith," said Tracy, "your estate is saved to you."

She stared at him wonderingly as he proceeded:

"When your father asked me to be his agent he told me of the woman who claimed to be his wife and that he also suspected Barnicourt, when I die, he said, 'there'll be some rapscallion practicing on my little girl, Fraimalee, my you will see that she is not robbed.'"

"I promise on my honor and my life," he replied.

"When the blow fell I knew the papers were fraudulent, but could not prove it. The court was about to turn over the estate to this woman, who would at once turn it into cash and leave the country. I deliberately stole their papers and buried them in my yard. While serving my term I employed a detective, who has only recently unraveled the case. Here is a contract between Abel Barnicourt and Sarah Parton, wherein she agrees to divide the estate with him in case he secures it for her, and below her confession that she was never married to your father and the documents are all as to have one in the real and high significance of the word—will hardly come to our mundane aid, no matter how often we may invite it, unless we loaf. We do not in our ordinary business of living give it a chance to visit us. Like the virtues of art, it demands a large leisure and far horizons. That is why the poets and thinkers possess "soul" and our ordinary mortals do not. Our life is too narrow, too "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd." Soul escapes or shuns us while we grope in our huddled and cluttered existence. We must "loaf" and invite it.

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Substitute for The Age, \$1.00

BALLOON AIRSHIPS.

Sport of the Winds, but Safe With Sea Room, Says Wellman.

"Men who thought there was danger that the America might be torn to pieces by a storm had not reflected well upon the physical conditions surrounding a ship of the air," says Walter Wellman in Hampton's Magazine. "A steamship or sailing vessel is buffeted by the wind and wave, but it is partly immersed in an ocean of fluid which offers great resistance and subjects it to violent shocks."

"An airship is completely immersed in a medium which offers so little resistance that shocks are impossible. It is not an easy fact to grasp, but it is a fact, that the only resistance an airship offers to the wind, the only strain or pressure upon her parts, is that which she herself creates with her engine and propellers."

"To understand this principle imagine the America in the air far out over the ocean. It is calm; no engine is running; the crew, perchance, is asleep. Up springs a gale, fast gathering force till it reaches a velocity of fifty miles per hour. Nothing happens in the motion of the airship, the pitching or rolling of the ship alarms and awakens the crew. The America bears a free balloon, because no engine is turning, simply because a part of the wind, offers so resistance to it, flows past peacefully as if it still were at a calm. A member of the crew awakes, rubs his eyes, goes to his post, but if it is night and he cannot see the ocean he has no idea whether the ship is standing still or moving fifty miles per hour. If he strikes a match to light his pipe the flame curls straight upward, precisely as if he were in a closed room—an ordinary suburban ballrooming."

"Suppose now the crew be roused. An engine is started, a pair of propellers set in motion. Then, and then only, does the ship offer resistance to the wind, and the measure of her resistance is the energy exerted by the propellers—just that, no more, no less. Nor does it make any difference whether the velocity of the wind be ten or a hundred miles per hour yet any difference whether the ship be headed into the wind or with it—the result is the same. Obviously, as long as the ship has no stern—could never herself could hurt her. But it makes a tremendous difference as to the course and destination of the ship from what quarter the winds come and with what force they blow."

Rats and the Plague. The bubonic plague has killed 100,000 people in the last fourteen years in the city of Bombay alone, the highest mortality being 30,000 in 1903 and the lowest 5,000 during the past year. The reduction of the mortality can be traced very largely to the number of rats killed in the city, which are the industrious carriers of the disease. In that city alone, of which number 500,000 were examined by the bacteriologists of the health department, and 9,000 of them were found to be infected with the plague. The wholesale destruction of these rodents was accomplished by the most careful method of plan and co-operation of health and police departments, which scattered bread smeared with poison certain hours each day in all parts of the city and furnished thousands of disinfectant traps to the inhabitants, who caught tens of thousands of them.—Christian Herald.

Ten Largest Cities. Of the ten largest cities in the world, the United States has three. These are New York, Chicago and Philadelphia, which rank respectively as second, fifth and ninth in the world list. No other country has as many as the United States, and only Russia has more than one, St. Petersburg and Moscow ranking eighth and tenth. The largest city in the world is London, which has 7,500,000 population, or nearly 1,000,000 more than New York, which is second in size. Paris is third on the list and is one of five cities that have between two and three millions each. Fourth in order is Tokyo, and then after Chicago comes Berlin, while the seventh and only remaining city of the ten is Vienna.—Kansas City Star.

Won by a Word. Sol Gage, superintendent of transportation, recently recommended a man in the Lake Shore's employ for an increase in pay. Mr. Gage and this employee engaged in some correspondence over a technical detail of some transportation problem. In reply to Mr. Gage's third letter this latter came:

"Instead of clarifying the situation, your letter of yesterday serves rather to obfuscate it."

"Any servant of a great corporation who can use the word 'obfuscate' and use it right, deserves more than \$100 a month, and I am going to see that he gets it," says Mr. Gage.—Cleveland Leader.

Superstitious Hungarians. In many countries superstitions in Hungary are still very prevalent. One of the latest evidences of this comes from Grosswarden. In the communities of Faskoch and Bared severe earthquake shocks were experienced, and in the former place the church bells were started ringing. A "witch" living in the neighborhood persuaded the peasants that the devil was hungry and was shaking the earth in his anger. Thereupon they collected a number of oxen and goats and drove them into a cave where the devil was supposed to be dwelling. After this they set fire to the forest in two places to drive out the devil living there.

Entitled to Them. After the new arrival had registered the hotel clerk looked down the page and read "Jeremiah Great Chap, XXXX, Spaxville."

"What do all these X's mean after your name?" queried the officer.

"That means a lot," explained the new arrival. "I'm ex-school director, ex-township trustee, ex-thirty commissioners and ex-mayor, sir."—Exchange.

Physician examination of candidates for governor with a view of testing their digestive apparatus and banquet endurance will next be in order.—Omaha Bee.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Birthday Surprises.

The little girl who liked to sew But couldn't bear to read—no— Last birthday found, strange to relate, A row of books beside her plate. Instead of a new workbox—dear! She thought it was so very queer And cried a bit. At last she took The very smallest, thinnest book. And, though she thought her heart would burst, She read it through for mother's sake. And then she read it all, and lo, She liked to read as well as sew!

The little girl who liked to read But couldn't sew—oh, no, indeed!— A lovely workbox she received Upon her birthday. How she grieved At this, the neediest case and thread! She turned picture books instead And thought she surely never could Say "Thank you!" for them and be good. And so she sewed and did not shrink, Till many a clothes her dollies need. She liked to sew as well as read.

The Loving Cup. There are a great many stories told of the origin of the loving cup, and perhaps the following is the most interesting.

In the eleventh century Margaret Athelney, the wife of Malcolm Kenmore, became disgusted with the way in which the Scotch nobles left the dining table before her chaplain had time to say grace. So she promised all those who could be induced to wait for this ceremony a draft of the choicest wine from a large gold cup, which was passed from man to man around the table after grace had been pronounced. The bride offered by the beautiful young queen was too inviting for the nobles to refuse, and they all stayed in consequence. The custom of passing around the "grace cup," as it was called at first, became so popular that it was observed all over the country, and every year of importance in the Middle Ages could boast of being the owner of one.

A Life Saving Elephant. A few years ago two children were bathing in the sea at a little town on the coast of France when suddenly, for some reason or other, they were carried out of their depth. In a few moments their cries as they struggled in the deep water aroused attention, but before any one could reach them they were rescued in an altogether unexpected manner.

An enormous elephant belonging to a traveling circus happened to have been led down to the sea that morning to bathe, and as he was enjoying his bath close at hand he heard the cries of the children. Plunging through the water toward them, he lifted them very gently one at a time and carried them to a place of safety.

This elephant, whose name was Gus, died long ago at Hereford, England, from the effects of a severe cold. He was said to be 135 years old.

About the Pelican. This bird is found spread over many portions of Africa and Asia and is also found in some parts of southern Europe. The wings of the pelican are very strong and powerful.

The pouch of the pelican is enormous, large, capable of containing two pints of water, and is employed to carry the fish which it has caught.

The pelican is a good fisherman, hovering over the water watching for a school of fish near the surface. Down swoops the bird, scoops up a number of fish in its capacious pouch and then generally flies off homeward. In its homeward flight it is often robbed by hawk and eagle, and it is said to be very cunning. Once the pelican's mouth is open the hawk snatches the fish out of the bird's pouch.

Very Curious. Among the czar's possessions are some ancient coins which came to him in a curious manner. Some years ago a certain man dreamed three times that the spirit of the Czar Alexander III appeared to him and told him that some coins which he owned and which had been procured from a wonder-working minister had the power of shielding any one from all evil, and begged the man to give them to Nicholas II. The old man was greatly impressed by his visions and at once sent the coins with an account of his dreams to the Russian ambassador at Vienna, who had them conveyed to Nicholas.

Clever Johnny. Teacher—Why is a field of grass like a person older than yourself? Johnny—Because it is past your age (pasture age).

Teacher—What is the best way to judge strawberries? Johnny—With a spoon.

Teacher—How can a person make his coat last long? Johnny—Make his pants and vest first.

Teacher—When is a man dupliated? Johnny—When he is beside himself.

Teacher—What is it that occurs twice in a moment, once in a minute and not once in a thousand years? Johnny—The letter M.

Earth, Sun and Moon. If the earth is represented by a large marble, an inch in diameter, then the moon will be a small pea, two and one-half feet away, and the sun a nine foot globe at a distance of 320 yards. A hollow globe as big as the sun would leave plenty of room for the moon to revolve at her usual distance.

Mother's Cares. My dearest child is a care. The doctor said she must have air. And so, in spite of wind and weather, She and I go out together. She's looking better, I can see, But it is rather hard on me.

An Economist. "Of course," said Mr. Sirius Barker, "I want my daughter to have some sort of an artistic education. I think I'll have her study singing."

"Why not art or literature?"

"Art spoils canvas and paint, and literature wastes reams of paper. Singing merely produces a temporary disturbance of the atmosphere."—Washington Star.

Not Yet. Though Nellie is a suffragette, She hasn't stung a copper yet.

There is a project afoot to dam the waters of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, erecting a dam 700 feet high and developing 1,500,000 horse power. The site for the dam is in Arizona near the Colorado, and the project will require \$20,000,000.

Two of the largest electrical generators ever built are now being erected at Nexaca, Mexico, by the General Electric Company. Each generator will carry a load of more than twenty thousand horse-power.

Newbury is planning to observe the 150th anniversary of the settlement of the town August 13, 1913.

THE REFORMATION.

I feel it wrong to stroll about— The idle path of pleasure— And wish to say that I today Renounce a life of leisure.

My mind's made up, and I'll not sup On dainties fair no longer. But have instead a crust of bread (This coffee should be stronger).

Expensive dress spoils wickedness; I've come to that decision. I'll wear a sack or something black (My new pink frock's a vision).

Through rain and snow, though winds may blow And roads be rough and billy, I'll take my way from day to day (Please shut the door; 'tis chilly).

Thus on I'll tread with lifted head And footsteps brave and steady. For luxury is wrong, I see (Goodbye! My car's ready).

So we must part. When do I start My pilgrimage of sorrow? Oh, well, 't is late! I think I'll wait At least until tomorrow.

Willing to Help. "How much for pulling a tooth?" "Fifty cents without gas, dollar with."

"How much where I furnish the light?"

The Irony of Fate. "Pa, what's the irony of fate?" "I'll try to explain it as well as I can. I once had a strong desire to save up something for a rainy day. I denied myself many pleasures so that I might put by a little from time to time, and at last I had quite a neat little pile."

"What happened then?"

"One night your mother became possessed of a foolish idea that she smelled smoke, and when she stuck her head out of the window one of our neighbors turned in an alarm. The department quickly responded, and before I could get my trousers on they had knocked a hole in the roof and absolutely ruined everything I had saved up for the rainy day by pouring water on it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Set Up Job. "Are you the man from Soder & Co.'s to do the repiping of the water pipes?" asked Mr. Subbus.

"Yes," replied the plumber, "and Mr. Soder says it'll cost you \$500."

"What? Why, he hasn't seen the job. He doesn't know how much I want done."

"Nebber not, but he told me how much to do."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Then They Fumigated the House. Mrs. Parvency-John, that Mrs. Cager who was just here said she'd been having a bad attack of onguee. What did she mean?

Parvency—Something catchin', perhaps. Why didn't you look it up in the dictionary?

Mrs. P.—I did. I went through all the o's, but can't find no such word.—Boston Transcript.

Commandable Cars. Uncle Ezra—How's your daughter doing in business college?

Uncle Eben—Fine. She can't spell very good, and she ain't very fast on the typewriter, but I tell you she's keener. When she gets through writing a letter on that machine every "I" is dotted and every "T" is crossed.

A Country Advantage. Mrs. Crawford—How is your set more rest since you live in the suburbs?

Mrs. Crabshaw—I don't have to get up all night for my husband. When he doesn't arrive by the last train I know he won't be home till the next day.—Judge.

No Forgetting. "But, dad," pleaded the son, "she's a nice girl. What's your objection to my marrying? You were young yourself once."

"Don't remind me of it," said the father, overcome with emotion. "It was then that I met your mother."—Cleveland Leader.

Dramatic Criticism. "How'd you get into the show the other evening?"

"Passed a counterfeit quarter at the door."

"How was the show?"

"Well, I got my money's worth."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Fact and Fiction. "He vowed he would traverse raging seas just to look into my eyes." "When—last night?"

"No; last night he telephoned me that it was raining too hard."—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Household Hint. By taking one hobble skirt and sewing up one end of it a very respectable bag may be made in which to put the others.—Washington Star.

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