

ITEMS MORE OR LESS INTERESTING

If the secret of success is really hrd work, it isn't much of a secret.

Any small boy knows the difference between having all he wants and all he can eat.

A man's conscience is always on the job bright and early the morning after the night before.

People who live in glass houses are not the only ones who should not throw stones.

Some people never tell the truth because nobody would believe them if they did.

When a man is the architect of his own fortune he doesn't figure on any exits.

There can be no greater mistake than to suppose that the man with \$1,000,000 is a million times happier than the man with one dollar.

The world wouldn't be so full of kickers if we all had wooden legs.

One half the world is quite satisfied that the other half doesn't know how it lives.

The woman who isn't afraid of a mouse will have some difficulty in getting a husband.

The cigarette seems to have demonstrated that it is quite possible to live down a bad reputation.

There are always two sides to a story, but it never occurs to a bore to turn some of his.

The average person is imbued with the ambition to create something, even it's only a sensation.

One woman can take in another woman's hat in two minutes, and talk about it for two hours without repeating herself.

No man is really a fool unless he can be fooled the same way twice.

The girl who marries for money may discover that a rich lover makes a mighty poor husband.

A burned child dreads the fire, which doesn't indicate that one good burn deserves another.

Never threaten to kiss a girl unless you make good. Most girls hate a bluffer.

Some fellows can dodge an automobile almost as adroitly as they can a creditor.

Don't despise an humble beginning. To master the violin it is necessary to play second fiddle first.

A good motto for the fellow who tries to pick the winners is, if at first you don't succeed, don't try again.

WISE AND OTHERWISE

Drs. Brinkerhoff and Curry and M. T. Haliman of Honolulu have succeeded in isolating germs of leprosy. This means it is said, the ultimate discovery of a cure for the disease. The doctors are attempting to make toxine from the bacilli.

An advertising agent who knows commercial conditions thoroughly places the amount of money paid annually in Greater New York to seers, gypsies, fortune tellers, palmists, clairvoyants and psychics at a million

dollars. This represents a quarter of a dollar for every inhabitant of that great city.

The pastor of the Chicago Belden Avenue Baptist Church on a recent sweltering Sunday sprang a great surprise even in these do-as-yo-please-times, when he announced that the morning being so warm the men had the privilege of removing their coats, so as to make themselves as much at home as possible. The decree was taken advantage of by most or the men present.

Professor Morton Prince of Boston has been studying dreams. He says they are simply delirium and have nothing to do with any so-called subconscious state. One Freud, a German investigator, believed that every dream represented the fulfillment of a wish. Prince asserts that dreams represent the fulfillment of a wish or the fulfillment of a fear and believes that they can be traced to their connection by careful analysis.

One Dr. Lightner Witmer, chief of the department of psychology in the University of Pennsylvania can tell you whether you love Mary Brown or Susie Smith by registering your heart beats and your thought waves and your red corpuscle action when the name of the right girl is mentioned. This doctor would have to give his money away in order to die poor if he could only find out things without the gentlemen's knowledge and so prepare himself to answer that all-absorbing feminine question: "Does he love me?"

When thirty persons put aside their duties for the day and give pause in their responsibilities to themselves and their fellow men to attend the funeral of a dog it strikes that class of persons who value time and the welfare of humanity in general above the demands of a dog as being among the perverted ideas in the world of affection. The dog mentioned was the property of Charles Adams of St. Louis. His body reposes in the family lot. It was borne thither in a hearse and was buried in a white coffin intended originally for a baby. The dog was run over by a car.

AMUSEMENTS

For next week, the last week of the company's appearance at the Seattle Theatre, "Queen of the Outlaws Camp" will be the bill. It is a sensational drama, with scenes laid in the South, dealing with the White Caps, Moonshiners and picturesque outlaws of that section, and it is one of the best vehicles for a display of the stock company's talents that they have ever had in the way of a melodrama. Every member of the present company will be found in the cast, and the play will be given a sumptuous production. There will be several new faces in the company, when it is transferred to the Alhambra; the many admirers of the present players will be out in full force to bid those departing bon voyage.

The National Opera Company is at the Alhambra Theatre this



R. R. GEORGE

True and tried can be applied to Judge R. R. George, who has held the position of justice of the peace in Seattle for the past eight years. He has given the voters a splendid administration and has the work so well in hand at present that, it would take a new man months to turn off as rapidly as does he, but be that as it will or may, Judge George has made good and another turn at the wheel would do no harm. He served four years as police judge of Seattle which position he filled to the satisfaction of all. Judge George has been a resident of Seattle for so many years that he is classed among her pioneers.

"Give him hell, son; I have lost my jurisdiction."

"I acknowledge, your honor," said the prisoner, "that I punched this man in a moment of indignation."

"I wouldn't have minded the moment of indignation so much," put in the complainant, "had he not also punched me in the face."—Baltimore American.

A blushing young country girl went into a big city drug store to buy a bath sponge. She became so "fussed" when a good-looking young clerk asked her what she wanted, that much to the amusement of the other customers, she said: "Please give me a sponge bath."

Frank Klosterman, of Cincinnati, was down in Tennessee attending to some legal business and hunting up evidence for a client. He was anxious to get a statement from an old colored woman who was supposed to know a lot that she didn't want to tell.

"How old are you?" asked Frank.

"Lordy, I dunno I'se so old that I can't remember," replied the aged negress.

"Well, give a guess about how old you are," persisted Frank.

"Well," answered the negress, "I's been around here about a hundred years. I was here when the stars fell, and I knew George Washington and Adam. Now you can do the guessing."

"Yes, I was fined \$500 for putting coloring matter in the artificial butter."

"Well, didn't you deserve it?"

"Perhaps. But what made me so mad was that the judge who imposed the fine had dyed whiskers."—Cleveland Leader.

ALLEGED HUMOR

"What makes Gillet so sad?" "He has a subway income and aeroplane wife."—Life.

"We were rivals in a love affair." "And you were the victor?" "No, I married the girl."—Houston Post.

"Automobiling is a fine sport, isn't it?" "Yes, but it is the fines which make it expensive."—Baltimore American.

Cholly—May I have the next waltz? Widow—Yes, but I dance slowly, as I only recently went into mourning.—The Club Fellow,

"He knows all the best people in town." "Why don't he associate with them, then?" "They know him."—Cleveland Leader.

Model—I think I shall spend a week in Paris. Artist—How the dickens can you afford to do that? Model—I can't but I can afford to think I will.—Illustrated Bits.

Scribbles—Quiller tells me he has a great mind to write a book. Dribbles—I don't believe it. Scribbles—Don't believe what—that he can write a book? Dribbles—Oh, he may be able to write a book, but I don't believe he has a great mind.—Chicago Daily News.

Territorial (his first experience as sentry, going over his instructions)—If any one comes along, I say, "Halt! who goes there?" Then he says, "Friend!" and I says, "Pass, friend, all's well." But some silly ass'll say "Enemy" and then I shan't know what to do. Rotten job, I call it.—Punch.

"He seems to lack the sense of humor." "Why do you think so?" "I pulled his chair away when he was about to sit down and he treated me as if I had been totally unworthy of respect."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Shop Walker—Gloves, miss? Yes, you will find the kids' counter on the right. Rising Fifteen (witheringly)—Really! And where, pray, shall I find the ladies' counter.—Tid-Bits.

Madge—She said I put rouge on my face to deceive people. Wasn't that mean? Majorie—It was indeed, my dear. The way you put it on doesn't deceive any body.—Ally Sloper's Half Holidays.

"How much the baby looks like its father," said the visitor who meant to be agreeable. "It's only the warm weather," replied Mrs. Rasper. The child is usually right cheerful and handsome."—Washington Star.

Mildred—Since our engagement George has been perfectly devoted to me. Do you think he will continue to love me when I am old? Clarice—Really, dear, I can't say—but you'll soon know.—Chicago Daily News.

"You are constantly finding fault with our statuary," said the prominent citizen. "Well," answered the captious critic, "statuary is a hard matter to adjust. You are so likely to find either that the artist wasn't worthy of the subject or the subject wasn't worthy of the artist."—Washington Star.

"I think I'll spend my vacation on the lynx," said the first flea. "I'm fond of golf." "The giraffe for mine," said the second flea. "I need the highest altitude I can find."—Washington Herald.

Mrs. X.—The flat above us is unoccupied now—why don't you come and live there? Hrs. Y.—Oh, my dear! We've been such good friends, and I hate to start quarreling with you.—Cleveland Leader.

Cholly had put on his necktie and was looking over his supply of hosiery. "I wonder now," he said, turning pale, "whether the socks have to match the tie or whether the tie has to match the socks."—Chicago Tribune.