

THE FORUM.

Down to Hicks' grocery store... Tariff's all a settled score...

But we can't agree at all... Where to build the city hall

Down to Hicks' grocery store... Africa ain't dark no more...

But we ain't got aggered out... Who gets mail on our new route!

Down to Hicks' grocery store... I allow we've settled more...

As he says to Treadwell Few... "Who'll I charge them herring to!"

-J. W. Foley, in Saturday Evening Post.

Booth The Second By Katherine L. Grey.

When Davis, the theatrical booking agent, arrived at his office just a bit before 5...

"What's the story, Billie?" one was saying. "Oh, I've framed up a single, 'came Billie's reply..."

"Specialty!" The two boys in undisciplined horror and repudiation brought a scarlet flush to the questioner's face...

"Horse That Was 45 Years Old." The extraordinary age of 45 years and 9 months was attained by a horse owned by Col. Heath...

Writing Obituaries. One morning when the late Joel Chandler Harris was at work at his editorial desk he had a visitor who briefly stated his business as follows: "I've seen print obituaries in the poetry line!"

The following Thursday, Billie, armed with his 'excess' (one grip rather than the worse for wear), landed at Weston and looked about in disgust as the train pulled out of the station.

street to the shining white building with a big sign over the door... The unsuspecting public that moving pictures would be exhibited there...

"Warrington," was the brief reply. "Warrington-what!" "Nothing, just Warrington-humorist and storyteller—one of the old school actors, but now he's down and out—booked here for an entire week...

Just then Warrington made his exit, accompanied by feeble and unenthusiastic applause. He looked at Billie in haughty indifference, then a gleam of recognition shone in his eyes.

IT COMES HIGH.

Cost of Beautiful Toys to T. W. Lawson and Sir T. J. Lipton. Yachting in its advanced form is a millionaire's sport. One of the most modern steam yachts costs about \$300,000...

At last the entry door opened wide, and with measured step and slow a man entered—tall, with brightly burning eyes; hair a little thin and curling. A silk hat (a relic of better and more prosperous days) reposed in an imposing grandeur on the iron-rod crutch...

Lake 8,000 Feet Above the Sea. Nine thousand feet above the sea near the gashed and jagged summit of Mount San Jacinto, Supervisor H. E. A. Marshall of the Cleveland National Forest has discovered an extensive lake...

Horse That Was 45 Years Old. The extraordinary age of 45 years and 9 months was attained by a horse owned by Col. Heath which has just died at the Colonel's farm at Apollo Bay, Victoria.

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Landor, the poet, was at the same time the most violent and brutal and most delicate and sensitive of men.

ARMIES AND NAVIES OF THE NATIONS



COST OF THE WORLD'S GREAT ARMIES.

These illustrations are of special interest at this time when there is a suggestion that some agreement should be reached by which the ever-increasing expenditure of the powers might be lessened.

SAVING THE BODY.

May Be Accomplished on the Other Side of Your Outer Door. There are folks who annually exclaim: "We simply must go somewhere! The idea of staying home all summer! Why, we'd die!"

Diagram Shows Manner in Which the Instrument Enabled Cook and Peary to Tell the Way to the North Pole. The sextant, whose service in polar trips has been reported by the explorers, is an instrument small enough to be conveniently held in the hand...

SICK MAN ON WALL STREET.

Effect of Jay Gould's Illness and Death on the Stock Market. Jay Gould was a man of frail physique. In the evening of his career the state of his health became a matter of intense speculative interest in Wall Street.

Donald Understands. Donald is a faithful collier. He is not only a competent and capable workman, but also a thoughtful and intelligent one.

THE CABIN BOY. William Shillaber, the secretary of the newsboys' summer camp on Staten Island, was praising newsboy character.

Accustomed to It. "Yes," said Rivett, "I went to a five o'clock tea with my wife yesterday." "Crucious!" exclaimed Chumley, "didn't it nearly drive you crazy?"

Faith and Hope. Doubts may fill around me, or seem to close their evil wings, and settle down; but, so long as I imagine that the earth is hallowed, and the light of heaven retains its sanctity on the Sabbath...

National Differences. "Chinamen are very different from us in one thing, ain't they, pop?" "In a great many, don't wats' your one?"

For the Little Folks. Mother says she's awful bad, Gets so cross it makes her mad; Wants to know if I can't do something, little girl, 'tho you; Thinks I better whip you well; Says you're good and bad a spell; And I'm not at home to see; Just how naughty you can be; But I couldn't bear to whip her; When I see her sweet lips curl; For she's such a very, very, Very tiny little girl!

AT SUMMER SCHOOLS. I go to summer school and I enjoy it very much. The girls make bracelets out of reed. We have sewing flanked. The boys have manual training, bent iron work and hammered brass.

People who think they are good-looking support the photographers.



COST OF THE WORLD'S GREAT NAVIES.

must change from time to time. In a particular year, for instance, the United States spends on her navy far more than say, Germany may spend on hers in the same time, although the navy of the latter is larger than that of the former.

HOW THE SEXTANT WAS USED BY EXPLORERS.



Diagram Shows Manner in Which the Instrument Enabled Cook and Peary to Tell the Way to the North Pole. The sextant, whose service in polar trips has been reported by the explorers, is an instrument small enough to be conveniently held in the hand...

Arabian astronomers are credited with having used a sextant as far back as the year 995, with a radius of 59 feet 9 inches.

SIXTY YEARS A HARPISIT. Rosalie Spohr a figure in Berlin's Musical and Social Life. One of the most interesting characters in the musical life of Berlin is Rosalie Spohr, the harpist, who is a friend of the great violinist Louis Spohr...

Buried Treasure. For me is buried treasure, By many a misty coast; Long his tale and measure, Long ago I lost.

Whereof a cloudy token, Across my memory drives; But no spell lifts my vision, My many sunken lives.

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For the Little Folks

A TINY LITTLE GIRL.

Mother says she's awful bad, Gets so cross it makes her mad; Wants to know if I can't do something, little girl, 'tho you; Thinks I better whip you well; Says you're good and bad a spell; And I'm not at home to see; Just how naughty you can be; But I couldn't bear to whip her; When I see her sweet lips curl; For she's such a very, very, Very tiny little girl!

"Wouldn't mind a word today!" "Spect that's what her ma will say; 'Just as bad as bad could be,' 'cept in little spells, you see; Mother tells me that her child Sometimes sets her almost wild. Won't I punish her a bit? Thinks she's better after; But I couldn't bear to whip her; When I see her sweet lips curl; For she's such a very, very, Very tiny little girl!"

Thinkin' of her all day long, With her laughter and her song; But your mother says it's true, Bad man's got hold of you; How about the milkman and the boy; With the rosy lips to kiss? Couldn't punish her a bit, If I had to die for it; No, I couldn't bear to whip her; When I see her sweet lips curl; For she's such a very, very, Very tiny little girl!"

AT SUMMER SCHOOLS. I go to summer school and I enjoy it very much. The girls make bracelets out of reed. We have sewing flanked. The boys have manual training, bent iron work and hammered brass.

I have three pets, they are kittens. They are only five months old and are the smartest little things you ever saw. In the morning they know enough to listen to the milkman and when they hear him approaching they run to meet him.

She was interrupted by the front-doorbell ringing loudly; then, in general, informal fashion, the library door was pushed open, and a brisk voice called out cheerily: "I can't see, but isn't Mrs. Briggs here? No, I won't sit down, thank you, Mrs. Gilbert. I'm not calling on you I just ran in to ask you, Mrs. Briggs, if you wouldn't help me at the tea this evening Saturday; I want you to pour the chocolate, and I want to tell you, too, that I've tried and tried to get you on the telephone, and called ceaselessly, but you're never at home. O popular little lady of many engagements! Will you help me, please, Mrs. Gilbert, and now I must fly. I've a thousand things to do in the next few days!"

FRISKY LEARNS A LESSON. I have a very cute little kitten, whose name is Frisky. Frisky is a good kitten, but he has one fault, and that is making mischief. One day my mother made some jelly and after putting it in the glasses she put it on the pantry shelf to cool. After it had been there about ten minutes along came Frisky and jumped up on the shelf and went up to the jelly. At first he just nosed at it, and then, I suppose, wanted to see what it tasted like, so he put his nose into it. Just at that moment I heard the most awful crying and after running downstairs quickly, to my surprise I found Frisky trying to eat the jelly. At first I was just about to get the hot jelly off his nose. When at first I tried to pick him up he scratched and bit, but after much difficulty I succeeded in getting the jelly off. This little incident has taught Frisky a lesson, and since then he has minded his affairs. Agnes Nichols, in the New York Tribune.

RIDING PIG-BACK. There are not many girls who enjoy being called a tomboy, but it never mattered in the least to Ethel Stirling. Her cousin Jim was her companion on the pig-back, and it was his adventurous spirit that dared that Ethel was not his admiring follower. On some occasions she even led in rank, and Jim brought up the rear.

All sorts of mishaps had befallen her, from the day she had started out late to see the "horse doctor," and came home grieving because she had found him a mere man, to the time when coasting, face downward, she had run between the wheels of a grocery wagon and came to an abrupt stop between the four legs of a second-hand horse. On this last occasion she gave way to tears, and was taken home to her mother in a state of alarm quite unusual to her.

Portland was a good place to live, but it was when she visited her grandmother's farm that she realized the fullness and freedom of life. Among other products on the farm was one Ethel was never tired of watching, and it appeared to hold the same fascination for Jim. Grandfather had raised pens full of pigs, and fenced about them was a copious ground which Ethel called her summer garden.

One day an original thought came to her. "Jim," she said, "you are afraid to take a ride on one of the pigs." "I'll do it, if you do it first," said Jim. Ethel was rather taken back, but in no wise daunted. She was younger than Jim, but just as brave, if not more so. She gathered her skirts closely about her, sprang from the fence where she and Jim had been sitting, into the pigs' summer garden, and selecting the largest one she sprang astride his back, and grabbed his ears for support.

To say there was surprise and consternation in the pig-garden is to express it mildly. The rest of them all stood back, and Ethel and her gallant steed had a clear track. Round and round the space they went, Ethel clinging on for dear life, and the pig's snout and tail to his displeasure in high spirits. There had been nothing said as to how long she should ride, but she concluded she might as well continue as long as she stuck on. Jim was bending double on the fence, his legs dangling in the air, his shrieks of laughter mingling with the squeals of the pig.

In the mad chase Ethel had not had much time to take in outside surroundings, but she suddenly became conscious that she had an audience. The pig's snout and tail to his displeasure in high spirits. There had been nothing said as to how long she should ride, but she concluded she might as well continue as long as she stuck on. Jim was bending double on the fence, his legs dangling in the air, his shrieks of laughter mingling with the squeals of the pig.

Ethel was rather taken back when she found that Jim was not to be allowed to take his turn, but if there was any disappointment felt in Jim's part he succeeded admirably in concealing it. He was known to say to the boys that his cousin Ethel was too girly by half to be a girl, so that it is certain that he appreciated her, even if he did not always dare to follow her footsteps—Sara Virginia DuBois, in Christian Intelligence.

The most artistic coin made in the United States mint is pronounced to be the new Philippine centavo.

"What's the matter, captain?" the first officer to reach the collier asked breathlessly.

"Why, nothing's the matter," the captain answered, in a surprised voice. "Then why's your cabin upside down?"