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THE OLD SCHOOL EXHIBITIONS.

O, the old school exhibitions! will they ever
come again,
With the good, old-fashioned speaking from the
girls and boys so plain?
Will we ever hear old "Iser" with its rapid roll
and sweep,
And "Pilot, 'tis a fearful night; there's danger
on the deep?"

Sweet Mary doesn't raise her lambs like Mary
did of old:
Their fleece is not "as white as snow;" they're
wandering from the fold.
The boy upon "the burning deck" is not one-
half as fine—
He was not "born at Bingen, at Bingen on the
Rhine!"

The girls don't speak in calico, the boys in cotton jeans:
They've changed the old-time dresses 'long with
the old-time scenes:
They smile and speak in ancient Greek; in
broadcloth and in lace;
And you can't half see the speaker for the collar 'round the face!

O, the old school exhibition! it is gone forever
more!
The old schoolhouse is deserted, and the grass
has choked the door;
And the wind sweeps 'round the gables, with a
low and mournful whine
For the old boys "born at Bingen—at Bingen
on the Rhine!"

—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

A WHITE KITTEN.

The Important Part It Played in a Pretty Romance.

Miss Lucia Marsh was walking down to the gate, between the beds of bright pinks standing stiffly erect on each side of the path. Their spicy fragrance scented the air, and she plucked one and stuck it in her belt.

As she reached the gate, a man passed carrying a basket from which issued faint mewing sounds. He looked aside hastily, and as for Miss Lucia, she cast her eyes quite the other way. He went by, and entered the iron gate next door, shutting it with a clang. Miss Lucia looked after him with a scornful sniff of her small nose.

"He could as well have gone round the other way instead of coming past here," she said.

A shrill mew came over the fence, another and then another wail.

"Come, kitty," she heard him call. "Here, kitty, kitty!"

Miss Lucia was listening intently.

The calling ceased, and she heard the sound of his footsteps walking briskly on the planks laid around the house.

"I suppose 'twas a cat he had," she mused. "And what will he do with a cat?"

Miss Lucia picked up her skirts daintily and tripped down the street to her grandmother's, giving her neighbor, Reuben Spofford, and his new pet not another thought.

It was evident that Miss Lucia Marsh and Reuben Spofford were not the best of neighbors. The ill-feeling dated back to her father's time and his father's time, and now both fathers were dead, and Miss Lucia's mother, also, yet still there was no cessation of hostilities. Miss Lucia remained in the old homestead quite alone save for the two old servants, Martha Spinks and her husband. Reuben Spofford's sole living relative was an invalid aunt whom he cared for as gently as if she had been his mother. And if Reuben Spofford had been asked the cause of the unneighborliness on each side of the high division fence, or if the same question had been propounded to Miss Lucia Marsh, they would have looked at you in wonderment; for the cause of the feud was an old tale.

Miss Lucia was not especially young. She was younger than Reuben Spofford, and they both had been children when the courthouse was built. But they had never played together, and there were no merry cries across the high division wall, no games of ball nor blackberrying together like other neighbors' children. And they grew up in this fashion, and had been girl and boy, and now were maid and man, yet the division fence was as high and uncompromising as ever.

When Miss Lucia stood at the kitchen door next morning she was humming a snatch of a hymn and shaking the tablecloth at the same time. Fat old Aunt Martha stood laughing in the yard.

"Does yer see him, honey?" she said. "Jes' look at dat!" She pointed to the fence, which was running over with gay morning glories, their blue and pink and white cups spread like trumpets. And likewise running along the fence, and balancing himself by the tangle of vines, was a roly-poly white ball of a kitten. He grabbed one blossom after another in his sharp claws and doomed it to destruction. To and fro he scampered, sometimes tumbling, anon catching his feet unawares and nearly going headlong.

"He's ruining my vines," cried Miss Lucia. "Oh, Martha, how can you? Do chase him away—horrid little creature! Hurry, Martha!" Miss Lucia wrung her hands.

"Shoo, he can't hurt 'em," Martha answered, laughing. "But I'll chase him. Scat, you—scat!"

She waddled toward the fence, her fat sides shaking, and away went the kitten over the other side.

"Now that's bad," said Miss Lucia. "He's going to be a nuisance."

The white kitten seemed to regard that fence as his special play-ground. He enjoyed the vines very much, and finally destroyed their beauty completely. Then he began making short sorties into the enemy's camp, i. e., scampering across Miss Lucia's back yard and then home again. The first few times Miss Lucia assisted his departure. She impressed upon Aunt Martha the fact that he must be sent home. And yet, one day, what did Aunt Martha do but catch her mistress in the very act of giving the white kitten a saucer of milk!

"I don't think, Martha," she said, explanatorily, "that he gets very well fed. See how he drinks that milk!"

"He's a shore little scamp," said Martha, chuckling. In her big black body beat a very tender heart for all dumb creatures, four-footed or feathered.

When Miss Lucia sat sewing, next day, on the latticed porch, the white kitten walked demurely up the steps and sat down before her and began to wash his face.

"Go home," said Miss Lucia, severely. "Go home, sir!"

The white kitten curled over and kicked up its feet, and played with the hem of her dress.

"You ought to go home," said Miss Lucia, faintly.

Presently he found her ball of yarn, and rolled over it and tangled it into a hopeless snarl. Miss Lucia leaned back and laughed at him softly. She gave him some milk and sent him back over the wall.

The next morning she came out to the porch, and there, curled up sound asleep in her rocking-chair, lay the white kitten.

Miss Lucia looked at him helplessly. Then she sat down on the steps and fell to thinking. Reuben Spofford would be very angry if he knew where his pet spent most of its time. And it should not—a soft furry body came creeping up over her shoulder and rubbing itself against her soft pink cheek. A small paw caught a fallen tress of hair.

The white kitten declined to go home at all. He enjoyed himself at Miss Lucia's for two days. Then one morning his master came around to the side porch and there he saw the white kitten climbing up over Miss Lucia's shoulder. The morning sun shone upon her head, turning the stray tendrils to golden. She was laughing merrily.

Reuben blushed and stammered something unintelligible. Miss Lucia turned quickly and the crimson surged up in her face also. She felt as if she had stolen the white kitten.

"Yes," she said, hurriedly, "he—he would not go home. I tried to make him."

She held out the kitten to him, and Reuben Spofford thanked her and went away.

The kitten stayed at home for a week. Miss Lucia knew he must be shut up in some room, for the piteous occasional wails she could hear went to her heart.

"Perhaps, Martha," she said, "perhaps they forget to feed him sometimes. It's too bad."

The white kitten escaped at last. He came back to Miss Lucia. When next she saw Reuben Spofford pass, she ran out to him and handed him his pet.

But it was of no use. It came to pass that nearly every evening Reuben Spofford was obliged to come over to Miss Lucia's and take home the kitten. The white kitten was a larger ball of furriness than ever. He had not any name except Puss, but he did not seem to mind about that. And by degrees it began to seem quite natural that Reuben Spofford should call for his pet, and sometimes tarry a little. After awhile the two even joked a little, in a half embarrassed way, about the preference of the white kitten for Miss Lucia.

But Puss did not remain a kitten always, and when he became a big, soft, contented cat, lying upon the rug in front of Miss Lucia's fire, and just at her feet, it was not so easy to take him home, for he decidedly objected, and mentioned the fact quite loudly.

Then Reuben Spofford offered him to Miss Lucia, as he had done several times before.

"You might as well take him," he said, looking at her very earnestly. "You see he won't stay with me."

"Oh, I could not rob you of your pet," she said. "You—you think so much of him."

"Yes," he said. "But, see now, Miss Lucia, you had better take him. He is only happy with you."

She looked at him with troubled eyes. She knew it was true.

"I don't know what to do about it," she said. "I don't want you to give him up to me."

Reuben Spofford suddenly forgot about the old feud, and how long they had been at war.

"Well," he said, "there is another way. You—you can take me, too—if you will."

Miss Lucia turned her head aside with a little startled movement. He was regarding her so earnestly.

The movement awoke the white cat at her feet. He rose, stretched himself and arched his back, and in his own audacious fashion climbed right into Miss Lucia's lap, and curled himself up to sleep again.

And of course that settled it.—Times-Democrat.

—Hardly an Advertisement.—Sinnick—"Did you hear about poor Kindley?" Quidney—"No. What about him?" Sinnick—"Why, only twelve months ago he invested all his money in a new invention and built a large factory, and last night a fire broke out and burned it to the ground, walls and all." Quidney—"Poor beggar! By the way, what line was he in?" Sinnick—"Patent fireproof building materials!"—Yankee Blade.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The forests of Germany cover about 34,350,000 acres, or one-fourth of the whole area of the empire, of which about 12,000,000 acres are crown property. 4,000,000 acres belong to communities and corporations and 17,000,000 acres are owned by private persons.

—American pig irons are gradually displacing the English and Scotch products in central and western Canada. At Montreal, where the foreign irons are landed, they have the advantage in price, but when the cost of land transportation is added it becomes impossible to sell it in competition with American iron made in Ohio and Pennsylvania.

—"The Greenland whale never has teeth but once, and that is when it is born," said a New Yorker who was formerly a whaler. "Those teeth are milk teeth, and when the young whale is weaned they do not fall out like a baby's milk teeth, but disappear by absorption in the jaw, and instead of being replaced by permanent teeth, plates of beleen, or whalebone, are substituted for them."—N. Y. Sun.

—Japan produces an average of 13,000,000 bushels of wheat from 1,000,000 acres every year. Though it imports very little wheat, yet the quantity is gradually increasing, while the exports are diminishing. The annual production of barley averages 30,000,000 bushels, the imports in this case also showing a tendency to increase and the exports to decrease.

—It looks almost as if the export of frozen meat from New Zealand had reached its limit, at any rate for the present, because in 1892 the shipments were 12,500,000 pounds less than in 1891. The reason assigned in the colony is that there has been such an unusual demand for live stock, to stock new land that is being opened up, that this trade has paid better than shipping for export. If this be the case, then we may look for even heavier shipments within a few years.

—A learned German scientist makes the astonishing announcement that among women mustaches are commoner in the present day than they used to be in the past. In Constantinople one out of every ten women have unmistakable evidences of down on their upper lips. A similar proportion of mustached women is to be noticed among ladies in Madrid. And in Philadelphia a physician in cold blood has observed that fully three per cent. of the women are mustached. What do these facts indicate? A certain Mr. Mott thinks they indicate the improvement of the human race, for, according to his theory, the race is destined eventually to be completely covered with hair.

—Some extraordinary experiments are reported from Berlin of the explosive which is to replace the powder at present in use in the German army. The new explosive is a greasy substance of a brown color, of the consistency of frozen oil. It does not explode by blows or shocks and if thrown on the fire burns slowly with a bluish flame. It only explodes by the introduction of a certain substance, which is the secret of the inventor. The report is not very loud, but the ballistic effect is said to be nine times that of powder. A quantity not larger than a poppy seed of the substance which causes this explosion is sufficient, and it is inserted into the cartridge by means of a needle.

—It has often been proved that dogs are able to track their masters through crowded streets where it would be impossible to attribute their accuracy to anything except the sense of smell alone. A naturalist once made some interesting experiments as to this power as exhibited in his own dog. In these tests the naturalist found that his dumb friend could easily follow in the tracks of his master, though he was far out of sight, and that, too, after no less than eleven persons had followed, stepping exactly in the tracks made by his master, it being the deliberate intention to confuse the senses of the dog, if possible. Further experiment proved that the animal tracked the boots instead of the man, for when the naturalist put on new footgear the dog failed entirely.

Co-operative Farming.

It is said that while the system of co-operative farming by village communes, or "mirs," is rapidly being abandoned in Russia as obsolete and not in keeping with western progress, it is being adopted in Italy, and that with great success. Some six years ago an association was started by thirty peasants in the province of Creona for the purpose of cultivating a farm of about three hundred acres and has reaped excellent financial results. Their example has been widely copied, and to-day the larger number of the farms in the province of Milan are held by peasant associations of this kind, one farm alone of one hundred acres being held by thirty-two peasant families, who were able to pay their last year's rent out of the produce of silk cocoons alone, their agricultural produce being all so much profit. This method of association has the advantage that it admits of the acquisition of perfected agricultural implements, seed, manures, etc., which would be beyond the means of any single peasant family.—Chicago Tribune.

Setting the Time.

Dashaway—Miss Palisade told me to ask you to call on her to-morrow night.

Cleverton—But I heard that she was going to be out.

Dashaway—She is.—Judge.

MONSTERS OF THE DEEP,

Hideous Creatures Found at the Bottom of the Pacific Ocean.

The survey of a lane three hundred miles wide over the floor of the Pacific Ocean between the coast of California and the Hawaiian islands has been one of the most interesting scientific tasks ever undertaken by the government. Up to date nothing has been allowed to be published respecting the results obtained. The purpose of the work was to determine the best route for a submarine cable. Two lines of soundings were run by the United States Fish Commission's steamer Albatross, from Monterey Bay to Honolulu. This path has been decided on as preferable to a road connecting Point Conception, Cal., and Hilo Bay, Hawaii, which was laid out with soundings by the steamer Thetis, U. S. N. The way selected will require the smallest length of wire. It will pass over an even bottom of soil favorable for the protection and preservation of the cable, avoiding submarine mountains.

Incidentally to the soundings observations were made of the bottom temperatures. Below half a mile in depth the water of the ocean is intensely cold, remaining both winter and summer at a point only slightly above freezing. The contents of a trawl hauled up from the floor of the sea at the equator will be found to include mud and ooze that is nearly freezing. All of the life in the vast waste of waters called the Pacific is either near the surface or at the bottom. The abyssal fishes cannot live except under the enormous pressure of water—amounting to over two tons to the square inch at three miles down—to which they are subjected. In order that they may be able to endure this the tissues of their bodies, and even their bones, are very loose in texture. Though solid enough under the conditions to which they are accustomed, they are soft and pulpy when dragged up to the open air. Their eyes protrude, and sometimes they actually burst open.

Such fierce carnivorous fishes as exist in the depths of the ocean are unknown at the surface. There is the "black swallower," which devours other finny creatures ten times as big as itself, literally climbing over its victim, first with one jaw and then with the other. Another species is nearly all mouth, and, having almost no power of locomotion, it lives buried in the soft ooze at the bottom, its head alone protruding ready to engulf any prey that may wander into its cavernous jaws. There is a ferocious kind of shark resembling a huge eel. All of these abyssal monsters are black as ink. Some of them are perfectly blind, while others have enormous goggling eyes. No ray of sunlight ever pierces the dark unfathomed caves in which they dwell. Each species is gobbled by the species next bigger, for there is no vegetable life to feed on.

The surface of the grayish ooze, over which the cable will run, is an interminable desert where nothing grows. There being no sunlight to support vegetable life, not a blade or sprout of any sort of vegetation is to be discovered—not even a sea weed. Here and there are creatures called "crinoids" which counterfeit plants in their appearance, with waving stems and what look like flowers, but are not such. Also there are seaworms, which live in tubes and resemble the most brilliant blossoms. Spiny sea-urchins are plentiful, and over the bottom are crawling shrimp-like crustaceans of bright scarlet and vivid orange hues, some of them of great size. There are numerous species of mollusks as well. They and the crustaceans, when hauled to the surface, are so disorganized by the removal of the pressure to which they have been accustomed as to look as if they had been boiled.

The ocean floor across which the cable will be laid is fairly well populated with living species, most of which are unknown to science at present. This remark especially applies to the larger fishes, which could not be fetched up with the trawl. Some day perhaps a more effective method will be devised for capturing them. Nobody can tell what monsters and chimeras dire may inhabit the abyssal regions of the Pacific. It was only a few years ago that Capt. George Hope of H. M. S. Fly saw an extraordinary creature in the Gulf of California. The sea being perfectly calm and of a glass-like transparency he beheld swimming over the bottom a few fathoms down an enormous animal with the head and general figure of an alligator except that its neck was vastly longer and instead of legs it had four flappers like a turtle. It appeared to be pursuing some prey and moved in a serpentine fashion. The description given in all respects fitted the extinct plesiosaurus so exactly that some naturalists were confident that it must have been a surviving specimen of that mighty reptile.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

A Difference of Opinion.

The nice young man who had applied to the city editor for a place on the reportorial staff was more or less independent, because his folks had money.

"I don't have to work, don't you know," he said, rather patronizingly to the city editor.

The city editor looked him over carelessly.

"You bet your life you will, if you expect to keep your job on this paper," he said sharply, and gave the youth an assignment that was kept on hand for the purpose.—Detroit Free Press.

AGAINST ACCIDENTS.

How to Prepare Fully for All Emergencies in the Country.

The summer outing should be a season of rest and recuperation, but to the mother of a family of young children it is too often a season full of alarm and anxiety. The capacity which romping children possess to get hurt seems to be doubled when they are out of the pent-up Utica of their city or town houses. A good deal of this worry on the mother's part could be lessened if she were familiar with common, easy remedies for these childish accidents. When a country boy is stung by a hornet or wasp, and there is no greater delight to his half-savage nature than to try to enrage these insects, he hurries to pick the leaves of the plantain, a common door-yard weed. He crumples them up in his hands till the juices start, and then lays them on the smarting spots. The same weed is made useful when the bites are the work of the nimble mosquito. So show the boy and girl the plantain, and they will be proud to doctor themselves. Some children are more severely poisoned by insects' stings than others, and in that case the stings of bees, wasps and hornets should be removed if possible. A magnifying glass will enable one to remove them with a fine needle, or a small key, whose stem is hollow, pressed over the spot will drive the sting out where it can be readily seen and removed. Cover the wound then with powdered bluing moistened with water, or with a poultice of cracker or bread and milk. When the poison of mosquitoes is great there is nothing better to bathe the spots with than a weak solution of ammonia. Salt and water or cooking soda is not strong enough. When these swellings do not yield to this remedy there is danger erysipelas, and then sugar of lead should be used. This is a violent poison and should be kept in a plainly labelled bottle, set apart from common medicines and applied by the mother's hand alone.

Show the children as quickly as may be the difference between the three-leaved poison ivy and the five-leaved Virginia creeper or woodbine. The virulence of the former plant is largely spent by midsummer, but it is always a good plant to keep away from. If a child gets hold of it unexpectedly, tell him he is to run home quickly and wash his hands in salt and water, and by no means to touch his face. If the flesh begins to swell, salt or soda and water may relieve it, but sugar of lead surely will. When applying this latter to the face keep the eyes closed till the solution has dried into the skin. The blotches caused by poison ivy look like raised burns, and are often bordered with little tiny water blisters, which, if neglected, will run into large blisters and be exceedingly painful. When the poisoning is severe the hands and parts affected will often swell at intervals for many months without any apparent cause. This swelling will gradually lessen and at length disappear, without any special medication beyond the bathing of the spots with the mentioned remedies.

When a country boy cuts his hands or feet he hunts around for the little brown fungi which he calls puff-balls, and squeezes the fine dust of one right into the cut, where it helps form a clot and so stops the flow of the blood. When the cuts are deep, it is best to wash them out carefully with warm water, to remove any foreign matter, and then, pinching the lips of the wound together closely, put on strips of adhesive plaster, leaving little spaces for the pus to run out, which comes naturally in the healing of such a sore. Sometimes the blood flows so rapidly that you cannot do this. If so, tie a bandage tightly above the wound before you attend to the wound itself. Ten cents' worth of waterproof adhesive plaster and calmness will rob such occurrences of their terror.

For sprains and bruises there is nothing better than hot water for bathing the places. This should be followed with bandages wet in tincture of arnica or witch hazel, and if you have forgotten to put vials of these in your trunks, the farmer's wife or the village druggist will give you wormwood. Steep this in vinegar and apply hot, remembering that the poultice is liable to stain, and using old cloths for the bandaging. Bare feet are apt to get stone bruises which are painful, although the average boy will prefer them to shoes and stockings. Soaking the sore feet in hot water before going to bed, and bathing the bruises with tincture of arnica are the best aids to time itself for this ailment.—Harper's Bazar.

Fighting Flickers.

On a Pennsylvania farm a pair of flickers had a nest in a hole in the trunk of a dead elm tree. A large hawk had the habit of alighting on a stub of the tree to eat its prey, and, once it did so, the flickers came piping out of their domicile, darted viciously at the hawk and drove it from its perch. The hawk soon forgot the defeat, for next day it settled there again, and once more the flickers gave battle and made it take to flight. But the hawk was persistent, and would return in spite of repeated thrashings. So one day the farmer hid in some bushes and shot it with a rifle. The big bird lodged in a crotch, forty feet from the ground, and the flickers darted at it from side to side, and kept constantly squalling, until the farmer sent his hired man to throw it down. The hawk was alive, but both of its eyes had been put out by the angry flickers while it lay fluttering in the crotch.—Golden Days.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Not Polite.—He—"Truth is stranger than fiction." She (insinuatingly)—"It is to some persons."—Boston Transcript.

—Cholly—"Chappie's awfully sick." Penelope—"Cutting his teeth?" Cholly—"No — cutting his mustache."—Brooklyn Life.

—"What is a house without a baby?" asked a lady writer, and an old bachelor editor replied: "It is comparatively quiet!"—Tit-Bits.

—"There's Ralph Botolph and his fiancee—isn't she a stunner?" "Yes, she holds herself elegantly." "Not half so well as Ralph holds her."—Harvard Lampoon.

—His Motive.—Harry—"Didn't I hear you breaking in on Miss Pruyn's conversation by complimenting her on her voice." Jack—"You did; I was vainly striving to dam her with faint praise."—N. Y. Sun.

—Figg—"Do you believe in second marriages?" Fogg—"Yes, for women. A widow is a perennial danger to society until she is married again."—Boston Transcript.

—Police Commissioner—"Officer Mularkey, you are charged with being asleep while on post and on duty." Officer—"Not guilty, sir. I was off post at the time."—Raymond's Monthly.

—Rustic Endeavor—"What are you trying to raise here?" asked the traveler. And the farmer looked up from his work just long enough to reply: "A mortgage."—Washington Star.

—A boy who could not understand what conscience meant was at last asked: "What is it that gives you an uncomfortable feeling when you have done something wrong?" "Dad's cane," was the reply.

—Hicks—"I guess I'm square with Dix. I gave his boy a mouth-organ last night." Mrs. Hicks—"But you're not square with me. Mrs. Dix sent him over here to spend the day."—Vogue.

—Papa—"Well, Johnnie, you went to church this morning?" Johnnie—"Yes, papa." Papa—"How did you like the sermon?" Johnnie—"The beginning was good and the end was good, but there was too much middle to it, papa."

—Squareman—"Do you think it just right for you to be working to get him out of his office? Apply the golden rule to the situation. Put yourself in his place." Seeker—"Put myself in his place! Blame it, what are you talking about? Ain't that just what I'm trying to do?"—Buffalo Courier.

—A Case of Pressure.—"Gertrude," he said, fixing his intense gaze upon her downcast brow, "would you object if I should pass my arm about your waist?" "Yes, George," she replied, gazing archly at his manly feet. "I should object, but I might yield to pressure."—Springfield Republican.

—"Look at me, ma'am," said the man who was asking for something to eat. "Ain't I the picture of despair?" "I don't know anything about yer bein' a picture," she answered, glancing at the ax, "but unless you're in the wood-cut line you can't get anything to eat here."—Washington Star.

—Prof. Potterby—"Any letters for me?" Delivery Clerk—"What name, please?" Prof. Potterby—"Why-er—blessed if I have not forgotten it. I am always forgetting something. If my wife was here—Mrs. Socrates Potterby, you know—she could tell you in a minute, but I can't think of it to save my life."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Mr. Freshleigh—"In asking for your daughter's hand, sir, I feel that I ought to tell you of my faults. I occasionally play the races." Mr. Quiverful—"Well, well, that's bad, but still excusable." Mr. Freshleigh—"But only when I get straight tips." Mr. Quiverful (sternly)—"You can never marry my daughter, sir."—N. Y. Herald.

WHAT A MAN SAYS.

Some Masculine "Don'ts" That Deserve Feminine Attention.

Don't be sorry you're a woman. The feeling does you no good, and it's not generous to us.

Don't hate other women so. Think of the way you look at one another on the street. Don't keep all your politeness for us.

Don't keep smoothing the wrinkles out of your waist. A few wrinkles will keep you from looking hideously smooth, like a fashion plate.

Don't have your skirt badly fastened at the back so that your underskirt becomes visible. You can't see this, and no woman seems to tell you.

Don't get off a car with your back to the horses. Men get a great deal of fun out of your persistency in doing this. But you are not bound to amuse them.

Don't stand at the door of a street car and worry some man near at hand into giving you a seat when there are empty seats at the head of the car. You all do this.

Don't leave your handkerchief and pocketbook in your lap when you are riding in a street car. Some man will pick them up for you as you are passing out, but they will get muddy.

Don't try to have a long waist. For three thousand years the artists—the professors and conservators of beauty—have been saying that a short waist is the more beautiful. At least please take the hint.

Don't wait until you get in front of a ticket office window before taking out your pocketbook. The wives of the eight men who are patiently waiting the opportunity to buy tickets are wondering why they are so late at home.—Chicago Times.