



The Lions and the Roses.
 "An admirer in my younger days," said a woman lion tamer, "once sent me a bouquet of red roses, and I wore them in the ring to do my act. They came near doing for me. I had got my eight lions arranged in their pyramid when the lion at the top saw the red roses in my corsage. He mistook them for meat—lions have poor sight—and down he leaped. He came for me open mouthed. Though I fired a blank cartridge in his face, he made with his paw a sweep at the roses that ripped me open from chin to waist. The other lions bounded forward. They weren't angry. They were hungry. I had intelligence enough to perceive that, and just as they were leaping on me I tore off my roses and threw them across the ring. The big brutes left me at once, and while they sniffed the roses with disappointed growls I staggered out of the iron door. I was young at the time, young and light headed, or I'd have known better than to wear anything red among hungry and nearsighted lions."—Buffalo Express.

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A Big Difference.
 "Don't be unscrupulous in a small way, son."
 "All right, dad."
 "There's a big difference between watering milk and stocks."—Washington Herald.

Woman.
 "Woman has been defined as 'an essay in goodness and grace in one volume, elegantly bound.' But she doesn't like to be put on the shelf all the same."
 "Fire in the heart sends smoke in the head."—German Proverb.

Among Those Present.
 Commenting with light irony on the pretensions of a certain nouveau riche, a contributor to Paris Figaro questions whether men of this type are any sillier than those of a past generation who belonged to well known families of long descent.
 "There was one of the family of Croy," this contributor writes, "who was fond of showing an old painting of Noah entering the ark and crying out:
 "Sauvez les papiers de la maison de Croy!" (Save the records of the house of Croy.)"

An Old Alarm Clock.
 At Schramberg, in the Black forest, there is a respectable alarm clock that warned sleepers it was time to get up when Charles I. was king of England. This was made in 1680, and it is deemed a remarkable piece of workmanship. In form it resembles a lantern wherein is a lighted candle, the wick of which is automatically clipped every minute by a pair of scissors. The candle is slowly pushed upward by a spring, which also controls the mechanism of the clock, and at the required hour of waking an alarm is sounded, and at the same time the movable sides of the lantern fall, and the room is flooded with light.

A Spurned Gift.
 A charity expert was discussing promiscuous almsgiving.
 "Promiscuous giving," he said, "is money thrown away. Nothing should be given to beggars except work. A friend of mine said the other day to a beggar:
 "I can't give you any money, my poor fellow, but if you call at my house I'll give you plenty of work."
 "Thanks," the beggar answered. "I've got plenty of that at home."

Conscience.
 "On what grounds do you desire to withdraw the plea of 'not guilty?'"
 "On the simple ground that we are guilty. However, we must call the attention of your honor to the regrettable fact that the statute of limitations lets us out. Too bad we were not asked about this matter earlier."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Very Good Man.
 "He's forever prating about what his conscience tells him. What does his conscience tell him, anyway?"
 "It usually tells him apparently what awful sinners his neighbors are."—Philadelphia Press.

A Deep One.
 Doting Mother—Tell me, professor, is my son a deep student?
 Professor (dryly)—None deeper, ma'am. He's at ways at the bottom.
 Gravity is the ballast of the soul, which keeps the mind steady.—Fuller.

PAGOPAGO NAVAL DEPOT
STRATEGIC POINT IN WAR.
 Government Occupies Landlocked Bay of Pacific Island.

Pagopago is undoubtedly the finest island harbor in the Pacific, either north or south of the line. Ages ago the bay was undoubtedly a huge crater occupying the center of the island. One day the water must have broken through into the lava, causing an explosion which, in addition to settling the island a thousand feet or more, blew out a big slice of the crater's rim and dropped it out of sight somewhere in the deep sea.
 The place where the slice blew out is the present entrance to the harbor, and it is wide and deep enough to hold the capitol at Washington without interfering with navigation.

So completely landlocked is the harbor, and so smooth are its waters in all weathers that from anywhere in the inner bay, except for the tropical vegetation which clothes the mountains, it might pass for a Swiss lake.

The high mountain walls cut off the rays of the morning and evening sun, and the velvety green of the wonderful tropical tapestry which covers them, reflecting scarcely any light and heat, makes the harbor several degrees cooler than any other place of similar latitude, either north or south of the equator.

At noon on the warmest day of a month spent there the thermometer registered 79 degrees F. The coolest day was 74 degrees at noon and 72 degrees at midnight, while the water held around an even 80 degrees all the time.

The naval reservation, with its dock, coal pile, lee plant and warehouses, occupies the only extensive piece of level land on the bay.
 Above, on a jutting promontory which commands the entrance to the bay and every foot of the harbor line, is the residence of the governor of the island, a position usually filled by the commanding officer of the naval station. At the end of the bay, half submerged in a forest of coconuts, breadfruit, bananas and mangoes, is the village of Pagopago, the most important native settlement on the island.

Her Sick Friend.
 "I didn't get to bed until midnight."
 "Sitting up with a sick friend?"
 "Well, yes, with a lovesick friend," answered the girl.—Kansas City Journal.

Hygiene can prevent more crime than any law.—Munsterburg.

The Famous Rayo

The Lamp with Diffused Light

should always be used where several people sit, because it does not strain the eyes of those sitting far from it.

The Rayo Lamp is constructed to give the maximum diffused white light. Every detail that increases its light-giving value has been included.

The Rayo is a low-priced lamp. You may pay \$5, \$10 or even \$20 for other lamps and get a more expensive container—but you cannot get a better light than the Rayo gives.
 This season's Rayo has a new and strengthened burner. A strong, durable shade-holder keeps the shade on firm and true. Easy to keep polished, as it is made of solid brass, finished in nickel.

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Maple in the Days of Old.

Scarcely any wood was considered more valuable in the "days of old" than maple wood, tables constructed from a mottled variety being particularly favored. Such a table, according to Evelyn, was Cicero's, costing 10,000 sesterces—about £2. Another was estimated at 1875, and yet another, belonging to one of the Ptolemies, is said to have been sold for its weight in gold. There was, in fact, such a craze for tables of the rarest maple among the male sex in Rome and so wildly extravagant were they in this respect that when they reproached their wives for lavishness in pearls and other valuables the ladies would remind them of their costly maple hobby, thus "turning the tables on them," hence the phrase "Virgil represents Evander, who was a provincial king, as receiving Aeneas seated on a maple throne. Chaucer speaks of the maple as forming a bower for the fair Rosamond. In Evelyn's time the wood of the maple was much esteemed for all kinds of turnery."—Westminster Gazette.

Insulting a Humorist.
 "Did you write this joke?"
 "I did."
 "Ha-ha-ha!"
 "Well, what are you laughing at? Ain't it a good joke?"—Toledo Blade.

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Deaf as an Adder.

The expression "deaf as an adder" is from the Psalm of David, where it appears in the following form: "Their poison is like the poison of serpents. They are like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear, which will not hearken to the voice of charmers, charming ever so wisely." East Indian travelers tell us that there is a widely prevailing superstition in the east to the effect that both the viper and the asp stop their ears when the charmer is uttering his incantations or playing his music by turning one ear to the ground and twisting the point of the tail into the other.

His Favorite.
 "Which is your favorite Wagnerian opera?" asked the musician.
 "Lemnie see," said Mr. Cumrox, appealing to his wife. "There are several that I never heard yet, aren't there?"
 "Yes."
 "Well, I reckon it's one of them."—Washington Star.

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Poor Little Goose!
 "Seems as if I can never find a decent quill in the house," growled the eighteenth century author.
 "I think it would pay you to keep a goose," sharply retorted his wife.
 "You mean one that would be of some help to me, don't you?" chortled the brute.—Detroit Free Press.

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