

At what age does a woman become an old maid? Not until she herself is willing to admit it.

And speaking of the prevailing fashions, there'll be no change in the Episcopal marriage tie.

Another New York woman has lost a \$100,000 necklace. They all seem to have them to lose down there.

The new minister of finance in Greece is called Calogoropoulo—that is to say, by those who can pronounce it.

"Are we a music-loving people?" asks the Traveler. Question. We get deadly tired of "Navajo" and "Hiawatha."

Pugilist Melody has been victorious over Pugilist O'Keefe. This is not likely, however, to bring up a new race issue.

Another industry that's picking up is watching the ticker. It still ranks high under the head of dangerous occupations.

D'Annunzio is writing a new tragedy for Duse. When it is imported it should be fumigated at the quarantine station.

To each Wagner his own accomplishment. One to leave us "Parsifal" and the Ring; the other to lead the National league in batting.

The revolution in Panama did not materialize. People living along the isthmus will have to look out for a different line of amusement.

A New York alleged expert says it costs only \$39 a year for a woman to dress properly. He probably refers to the little woman in the chorus.

One advantage about a pet dog is that he never smiles sardonically when a girl hits her thumb instead of a tack when she's hanging a picture.

The esteemed New York Tribune refers to an automobile which ran "through a fence and landed into a stable." Isn't this rather North Carolina?

The Princess of Wales says that it is vulgar for women to smoke. If the Anglomaniacs on this side follow the princess in this matter much will be forgiven.

Daniel Webster once said: "Wherever there is work for the hands there is work for the teeth." Daniel was probably reaching for the dentist vote at the time.

Prunes raised in California are sent to France, repacked, and come back to this country as French prunes. Their exquisite flavor is due to the higher price you pay.

William K. Vanderbilt is making preparations at Idle Hour for winter lawn tennis under glass. Winter baseball under glass has been found to be wholly practicable yet.

A bull moose paraded the streets of Foxcroft, Me., the other day, driving everybody indoors, and scaring some of the men so that next Sunday they will not venture out to church.

The Denver Post says: "Within three days a Denver couple have had a hired girl, admired girl and fired girl." We'll bet a dollar we can guess who did the hiring and firing.

A woman in New York has puzzled specialists by standing in one spot for twenty-four hours motionless. It is safe to assert that none of the stores had advertised bargain sales for that day.

The latest estimate of the total population of the world is 1,503,290,000, and yet rash young men continue to sing with sentimental feellur: "There's only one girl in the world for me!"

Lone Tree hill holds a prominent place in the dispatches about the fighting in Manchuria. What a comfort it is occasionally to read about a place with a name that we can all of us pronounce.

Mrs. August Belmont has lost a \$1,000 dog which wore a \$500 collar. Her faith in the nobleness of the human race is shown by the fact that she hopes both the dog and the collar may be recovered.

Perhaps you have noticed sometime in your long experience that while the transition from vacation to vacation is always as easy as slipping into sin, the change from vacation to vacation is never made without a bump.

Tolstol is perhaps the most vehement preacher of peace in the world to-day, but his sons have enlisted in the army for the war against the Japanese. It is now as of old: No man is a prophet in his own country, and sometimes not even in his own family.

"What is love?" asks a Philadelphia lady in a pathetic letter to one of the editors in that city. Where save in Philadelphia could a woman who felt the need of editorial help in such a matter be found?

# JEST NUTS

## A Wise Hen.

Rooster—Don't you know you're sitting on a litter of glass eggs?  
Hen—Sh! Don't mention it. As long as the hired man takes me for a fool he'll bring me my meals and I won't have to grub for a living.—Exchange.

## He Failed to Score.

Him—Will you share my lot?  
Her—Not me; I don't like the crop you will gather from it.  
Him—Crop of what?  
Her—Wild oats.

## Wanted His Assistance.

Young Man—"I have called, sir, to request your daughter's hand in marriage."  
Stern Parent—"Huh! Has my daughter consented to marry you?"  
Young Man—"Of course not. If she had I wouldn't be wasting any time on you."

## Between Acts.

She—The program says it is "taken from the German."  
He—Humph! I guess they were glad enough to get rid of it.

## TOO BAD.



Mrs. Dixon—She transferred all her property to her husband so that her relatives couldn't get it.  
Mrs. Hixon—Yes, and now she and her relatives are in the same fix.

## Probably Saw It.

An animal had escaped from a menagerie, and the keeper was in search of it.

"Have you seen a stray graffe?" he asked of the group on the platform at the suburban railway station.

"Now, that you mention it," said the red-nosed loafer sitting on the baggage truck, "I saw a tall step-ladder walkin' up the road past my house last night, but I didn't pay no 'tention to it. I thought I had 'em again."

## All Right for Nettie.

Jane—I wonder how Nettie got Fred to propose to her? She certainly isn't a bit attractive.

Gertrude—No, but she has such tact, you know. He asked her to lunch a little while ago; it was only out of politeness, you understand. But in giving the orders she managed to order just the things that Fred liked best. Naturally, he fell in love with her on the spot.

## Fooling Him.

Mrs. Ascum—Have you bought your husband's birthday present yet?  
Mrs. Newliwed—Yes, and I think it was real clever of me too. I bought a big cigar for 10 cents.

Mrs. Ascum—That looks rather cheap.  
Mrs. Newliwed—Yes, but wait, I found a price-tag marked \$2.50 and I pasted that on it.—Philadelphia Press.

## The Quantity He Wanted.

An Irishman, meeting another one holiday, invited him to the nearest saloon to have a drink.

"What'll ye have, Jim?" said the host.

"I don't know. What are you going to take?"

"I think I'll take a pale ale."  
"All right," said the other, "give me a pale, too."—Lippincott's.

## Really a Captivating Title.

Senior Partner—What title shall we give our new beauty book?  
Junior partner—How would "How to Become Beautiful" do?

Senior partner—Don't believe that would make a hit with most women.  
Junior partner—Then we'll call it "How to Continue Beautiful."

Senior partner—Ah, that's the stuff!

## One Thing Useful.

Green—Mixerly, the chemist, claims to have discovered an elixir that will make old men young.

Brown—He is on the wrong track.  
Green—How's that?  
Brown—He should proceed to earn the everlasting gratitude of a long-suffering public by discovering an elixir that will make some young men older.

## The Handicap of Marriage.

Wife—You'll miss half the fun of your life if you don't take me with you.

Husband (preparing for a little trip to Paris)—Perhaps, but I'll miss the other half if I do.—London Tatler.

## Sex in Questions.

"There is a sex in questions."  
"How so?"

"Why, 'Will she have him?' is essentially masculine, while 'Can she get him?' is the feminine of it."

## His Little Joke.

Jokeley—Of course you are interested in the cat show that is to be held next month?

Rimer (the poet)—I? Why should I be?

Jokeley—Why, it's got up expressly for people who cultivate the mews.

## 'Twould Never Do.

"The Rev. Mr. Pondrous has flopped over and come out for your party. Why don't you get him to speak at your rally?"

"He might forget himself and preach a sermon. We want the people to keep awake at our rally."

## Unacquainted.

Muggins—I understand your wife is financially interested in your business.

Gableton—Yes.  
Muggins—Silent partner, eh?  
Gableton—Huh! You evidently don't know my wife.

## Those Dear Girls.

Grace—So Tom is engaged to Ethel, is he?

Dora—Yes, poor fellow! I suppose he'll never know it now.

Grace—Never know what?  
Dora—That he could have had you for the asking.

## THE REASON.



Mrs. Jones—Your cousin didn't stay long.  
Mrs. Smith—No. She asked us to treat her like one of the family and when we did, she got angry and left.

## Just a Way They Have.

Say, conductor," asked the inquisitive passenger, "in speaking of the time which is proper, a quarter to six" or a "quarter of six?"

"Neither," replied the railroad man. "I always say 'five-forty-five.'"

## Satisfactory in Every Way.

Nell—You seem perfectly satisfied with your new gown.

Belle—Yes; it has been approved by the man I like best and condemned by the woman I hate most.

## Looked Suspicious.

"Is it so, pop, that there is so much water down in Wail street?" asked the broker's little boy.

"Why no, my son," said the man of stocks and bonds, laughingly; "that's only a newspaper joke."

"Well, pop, why do you turn up your trousers at the bottom every morning when you go down there?"

## Lots to Do.

The youngster had heard a facetious reference to the foolkiller and he was curious.

"Does the foolkiller have to work awful hard?" he asked.

"No; he doesn't have to my son, but he ought to," was the reply. "He'd have no time for sleep if he didn't shirk his duty most shamefully."

## Two of a Kind.

First Invalid—What's the matter with you?  
Second Invalid—Ague. What's your trouble?

First Invalid—Same thing.  
Second Invalid—Good! Let's go over to that saloon on the corner and shake for the drinks.

## Against Odds.

"Why didn't you send for me sooner?" asked the doctor of a patient who was almost due at the jumping-off place.

"Well, d-doctor," gasped the invalid, "it t-took me a l-long time to make up my m-mind to do anything d-desperate."

## Got back at Him.

"What!" exclaimed Groucherly. "You want a new bonnet? Why, I think the one you have is very becoming."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Groucherly, "and so do all the neighbors; they think it becoming very ancient and decrepit."

## Beginning of It.

"What was your first step in crime that led up to this daring forgery?" asked the judge.

"I began by changing the dates of my wife's letters before I finally mailed them," answered the victim of his own wiles.

## Little Too Slow.

Tom—"Old Biffkins caught me in the act of kissing his daughter last night."

Jack—"Serves you right. You ought to go slow about such things."

Tom—"I did. That's why I got caught."

## One on the Parson.

New Minister—"Deacon, I understand that you do not believe men are sufficiently punished here on earth for their misdeeds."

The Deacon—"Well, parson, I didn't believe it until after I heard you preach."

## In the Book Store.

Miss Kremey—Haven't you Moore's poems?  
Clerk—Yes, Miss; I'll get 'em for you. By the way, here's a splendid story called "Just One Kiss."

Miss Kremey (coldly)—I want Moore.

# Fought Japan in 1862

In 1862, the British squadron, under Admiral Keyser, in Japanese waters, was compelled to take measures of coercion against one of the Damos, or holy independent princes of Japan, which involved the loss of many lives. In September, 1862, a murderous assault had been made on an English lady and two gentlemen in the territory of the Prince of Satsuma, and a Mr. Richardson, who was riding with them, was slain. The English government demanded that the tycoon—the temporal sovereign of Japan—and the Prince of Satsuma should pay the sum of £100,000 as compensation. After much parrying, the tycoon agreed to pay; but the prince could not be brought to reason, so our squadron sailed to the prince's capital—Kagosima, and no answer being received by Aug. 15, 1863, three valuable steamers were seized by the British. About noon on the same day, as the vessels lay in line with springs on their cables, the shore batteries suddenly opened fire upon the Euryalus, which was the only ship within range. Just at that time the wind, which had been gradually growing stronger, rose to something like a hurricane or typhoon, and burst upon the squadron. Being unable to bring the Euryalus' broadside properly to bear while at anchor, the admiral, who had fortunately before ordered the steamers to get up steam, now signaled that the prizes were to be set on fire and the whole squadron to weigh and form in line of battle. Taking the lead, the Euryalus steamed slowly past the batteries, engaging them with great effect, the other vessels, following in her wake, doing the same. The batteries, for a time kept up a very heavy fire, in the heat of which Capt. Josling and Commander Wilmot were killed by the same shot, while standing against the admiral on the bridge of the Euryalus. Having come abreast of the last battery, and the weather continuing boisterous, the admiral signaled: "Discontinue the action," and ordered the ships to seek shelter. The gale continued all night, but the squadron rode it out well. On the next day, the town having been set on fire and mostly burned down the day before, the prince's palace or castle was bombarded and destroyed, and on the 17th the squadron worked its way out of the bay, and returned to Yokohama, having lost sixty-three men killed and wounded. Before the end of the year the Prince of Satsuma paid the compensation money demanded.—Spare Moments.

# Training of a Horse

Expert horsemen believe that a horse can be taught to do anything that it is possible for an animal so formed, and to be utterly fearless. Thus, of horses rushing into battle with a fearlessness that is magnificent, although in the beginning of their lives they may have been foolishly timid, shying at everything unusual that happened to be seen in their travels.

In order to teach a horse fearlessness he must be accustomed to all sorts of sights and sounds. He must come to know that because something that he sees or hears is unusual it does not follow that it is harmful. For it is the unusual things that frighten him. The horse is an animal of one idea at a time, and is not able to discriminate, so say the men who have made a study of the horse.

While he will travel along quietly close by the roar of a train he may tremble at the flutter of a piece of loose paper flying in the wind. It is not the frightfulness of the object that seems to alarm him, but the unfamiliarity of it. Horse trainers say that the mistakes made in "breaking" and training a colt is that it is too often done in the seclusion of some country road, instead of amid the sights and sounds that the animal must necessarily become familiar with later.

As soon as the horse becomes familiar with anything and has learned to believe that it will not hurt him, he will stand quietly or trot along peacefully, even though all sorts of noises and queer sights are about him. Thus the artillery horse will stand amid the roar of cannon, being used to the noise and not knowing that the sound predicts anguish and death. It is well to accustom a horse to unusual sounds as soon as possible after he is trained for riding or driving. It renders him safe and docile, even though he be a spirited animal.

A certain trainer of horses said that an ideal school for horses would contain thrashing machines, pile drivers, steam drills, electric, steam and elevated cars, a band of martial music and a gang of quarrymen blasting rocks. A horse that was drilled among such a bedlam as this would, indeed, prove immune to strange noises.

# Bulldog Was Not His

Placid but stern, a brindled bulldog sat in a bus. In the seat by his side was an elderly gentleman, says the Paris correspondence of the London Telegraph. The conductor came up agast, "Do you mean to tell me," he said to the passenger, "that you are unacquainted with the police regulations forbidding the presence of dogs in buses—especially bulldogs?" he added, eyeing the animal. "What of that?" answered the elderly gentleman. The conductor, naturally choleric, like all his colleagues, grew purple with rage. "Remove that dog instantly!" he shouted to the passenger, who, perfectly undisturbed, said: "Certainly not." "Then you get out and take the dog with you." "By no means." "I shall throw the dog out myself." "Do so." But the conductor did not, having caught the eye of the bulldog, who was beginning to show interest in the proceedings. "I shall call the police," the conductor went on. "If you like."

# Reason in All Animals

Lord Avebury, better known as Sir John Lubbock, the celebrated naturalist, writes: "If many are prone to exaggerate the intellectual powers of dogs and horses and elephants, others go to the opposite extreme. Descartes, we know, looked on animals as mere automata. Even recently Bethe, Uexkull and other writers have denied the existence of any psychic powers, at any rate, in invertebrate animals, which they explain as reflex machines. I confess, indeed, that I cannot understand how any one who loves animals, or ever has devoted any study to them, can doubt that they possess some power of reason. Many of their actions are unconscious and instinctive; so are some of ours, as we may see by watching a child, but practice enables us to walk or run almost automatically.

"Mr. Gladstone told me," continues Lord Avebury, pursuing his theme, "that once when he was forming one of his governments he had some difficulty in arranging the places. He and Mr. Gladstone wrote down the titles of the offices and the names of the liberal leaders on pieces of paper and tried all the evening, but in vain, to fit them together. At last they gave it up and went to bed. When Mr. Gladstone awoke in the morning everything was satisfactorily arranged in his head; his brain had worked it out for him during his sleep. This was not conscious reason and certainly was not instinctive. Dr. Carpenter gave to such action the name of unconscious cerebration."

In further proof that man does many things almost automatically Lord Avebury gives this incident: "I have been for over forty years a director or a company, which changed its offices twenty years ago, and I have not since had any occasion to enter our old house. One morning this summer, however, I was going to a committee in our present house, but thinking of other things, I walked past our door and two or three intervening houses and into the porch of our old office."

# Longings for Old Town

Wish I was back in our old town; I want to be where some one knows me. Why, I could meet a man I owed. As gladly as a man that owes me, I want some one to slap my back. An' say, "Well, how's old Bill this mornin'?" I want to meet some one that smiles. An' don't pass by with scowl an' scornin'.

I wish I was in our old town, where if you've luck they're sure to know it. An' if it goes the other way they've got some feelin' an' they show it. I want to stand and have the dogs come up an' sniff, with tails a-waggin'. I want to hear the roosters crow. An' hear Jack Wilson's jokes an' naggin'.

I wish I was back in our old town. I want to hear some people laugh. An' hear the kids say "Howdy, Bill!" An' stand again John Joslin's chaffin'. I want to see the girls I know. An' with Ike Walters go a-fishin'. Wish I was back in our old town—Ent, golly! what's the use o' wishin'! —A. W. Bellaw in New York Press.