TOPEKA STATE JOURNAL.

By FRANK P. MAC LENNAN.

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Better lay in a liberal supply of bandages and arnica along with your fireworks.

The Atchison Globe rises to protest against "the whiskey joke." Whiskey is really no joke.

The cause of vegetarianism continues to be encouraged by the advancing prices of meat.

An exchange remarks that many of the telegraph dispatches these days are really tell-o'-graft dispatches.

The chief ambition of the later witnesses at Boise seems to be to prove Orchard a liar—which he admits.

By barring consumptives from that state, Texas creates the impression that some health seekers really want to go there.

Just as a matter of observation, it looks more and more as though W. R. Stubbs would be drafted as a gubernatorial candidate.

W. R. Stubbs will also break into the Chautauqua circuit. He has been engaged to speak at the Clay Center assembly on July 20.

The stampede to the Fairbanks band wagon appears to have gone astray along with Roosevelt's apology to Nature Writer Long.

An eastern minister recently preached on "A Trip to Hell and Back." How to get back was what interested his hearers.

Victor Murdock thinks if that Medicine Lodge tornado had happened to Senator Curtis it would have been charged to the Lane succession.

For a few weeks the farmers will have to be excused from having political opinions. The wheat crop needs saving more than the country.

A Kentucky paper advises: "Kill a rat whenever you se one." "But," interposes the Leavenworth Times, "the trouble with Kentuckians is that they are always apt to see two." And not only that, but they are also apt to try to kill the wrong one.

Even if the entrance fee to the Sixth district primary is made $1,000, it won't scare the candidates away. Senator Young says he doesn't care; W. B. Ham's friends say it won't stop Mr. Ham, and certainly Congressman Reeder won't object.

Possibly if the Virginia judge, who is now on trial for murder, had not been drunk most of the time for four years, it would not have been necessary for him to appeal to the unwritten law to avenge the wrong done to his daughter. There might not have been any wrong to avenge.

There is some wonder why the telegraph companies do not accede to the demands of the operators for higher wages, especially as they have already collected much more than the advance from the public. People who are doing the wondering evidently do not know the telegraph companies.

The San Francisco Examiner, in a first-page editorial, demands that General Funston be removed from that locality because of his reference to "the unwhipped mob." Perhaps the Examiner is afraid the mob won't continue to be unwhipped if Funston stays around there. Incidentally the Examiner shows an exceedingly short memory. It credits the little general's promotion to the rank of brigadier to the story that he swam the Bag-Bag, when everybody who pretends to know anything about it at all, knows that his promotion was because of his capture of Aguinalde, which practically put an end to the Philippine insurrection.

Is there an ordinance regulating cab and hack fares in this city? If not, there ought to be, and all hackmen should be compelled to keep the scale posted in their vehicles. Here is a criticism in regard to this matter, which, if true, is certainly just. It appears in the Holton Signal: "The Topeka 'bus' line has quit, leaving the public at the mercy of the hack drivers of that town, who operate a thorough and up-to-date skin game. A Topeka hackman lately charged a Holton woman $2.50 to drive her from the Rock Island depot to Stormont hospital about a mile. Topeka has grown so rich and great in the last few years that it could afford to take a little time, and compel its hackmen to be decent." Probably all Topeka hackmen are not that grasping, and none of them should be allowed to be.

THE CHAUTAUQUA SEASON.

The growth of the chautauqua assembly in Kansas during the past few years is something marvelous. At the same time, it is a splendid indication that Kansas people are seeking knowledge and recreation that will improve them.

A few years ago there were only two or three chautauquas in Kansas. The one at Ottawa has maintained a high standard for many years, and one or two others survived the hard times of a decade or more ago. But while these assemblies were usually well patronized, their patronage came from the class sometimes referred to as the High Brows. If the ordinary individual could afford any sort of recreation, he or she sought it some place else than at a chautauqua.

But with the coming of prosperity and opulence in Kansas, chautauqua assemblies have sprung up all over the state. They are supplementing the street fair and that class of amusements. The programs include not only art and literature, and other things to attract the High Brows, but also popular economics, politics, subjects of interest to the farmer and beneficial amusements. Thousands of people patronize them, where hundreds did a few years ago, and the results must necessarily be of a helpful and uplifting nature.

Some fear has been expressed that the chautauqua business is being overdone. Some parts of the state have several. At least two counties have two each within their boundaries. But practically every one of the fifteen or twenty assemblies in the state is on a paying basis, and most of them close the season with money in their treasuries.

RECKLESS BICYCLISTS.

The city officials appear to have been somewhat lax about keeping bicyclists off the sidewalks for a few weeks, and already some riders are becoming extremely reckless in tearing along the walks at a terrific speed.

To ride a bicycle on a sidewalk is not inherently wrong, and there is no necessity in being extreme and foolish in enforcing the ordinance against it. But habitual riding on the walks or riding at an excessive speed at any time ought to be promptly stopped.

The trouble seems to be that if bicycle riders are given an inch, some of them take a mile and a half. This has been particularly noticeable on West Fifth street recently. Perhaps it is just as bad in other localities. Bicycle riders out there go in bunches of from three to five, crowding pedestrians off the walk. Twice within the past week the writer has seen a bicyclist ride on the walks as fast as he could make his wheel go, and that, too, in the darkness without a light and with no bell. A pedestrian could neither see nor hear the wheelman two seconds before he whizzed by, and if a pedestrian had been struck by the wheel the results would probably have been serious.

Such recklessness should certainly be punished, and that with extreme measures, if such are necessary to stop it. It is the reckless rider that causes all the trouble. It is because of the reckless rider that all bicycles are ruled off the walks. The man who rides a few feet carefully on the walk to reach his own yard or to get around a muddy place in the street needs no ordinance to make him be careful, but the reckless wheelman who rides for blocks on the walks or who speeds at all on sidewalks needs to be made to feel the force of the law.

Let the bicycle ordinance again be enforced before some one is badly injured.

MEN WHO GO WRONG.

Among many people the belief is gaining headway that wrong-doing—or some forms of it, at any rate—is the result of a species of disease. The disposition to go wrong has been lessened in some cases by treatment of the nerves. Persons with an unaccountable mania for stealing, for instance, have been made honest by an operation relieving certain pressure on the brain.

Such instances are rare, of course, but they prove the fact. In almost every case the disease is brought on himself by the victim.

In discussing this subject of men who unaccountably "go wrong," Harper's Weekly says:

"A Long Island Episcopal clergyman lately abandoned his wife and children and eloped with a young girl. The bishop of his diocese, Dr. Burgess, has been criticised for saying in a sermon treating of the occurrence that 'the priest always takes his color from the people to whom he ministers.' He seemed to suggest that the lax morality of society in these parts was partly to blame for the clergyman's fall, and that suggestion he intensified by his further remarks. No doubt it is true, as a rule, that when a society is rotten its rottenness in time penetrates more or less into its priesthood, but no reflection of that sort seems to us to touch such a case as that of Mr. Cooke, the runaway Long Island rector. When a man in his position and of his general standing goes the way Cooke has gone, the degeneration of which his fall is the evidence is not social, but purely individual. A few years ago an Episcopal clergyman, after a remarkable church career in Buffalo, came to New York as rector of a parish. Here he preached brilliantly for a time, but presently changed his religion and became a Roman Catholic (somewhat to the dismay of that body), and after a time left his wife and ran away with some other woman. But long before these final eccentricities had developed it had been said of him by an observant physician that his mind was unsound, and that he was certain in time to come to some sort of a break-down. So in the case of another young clergyman in New York, who was a fire chaplain for a time, but who left his wife and went off with a trained nurse—his eccentricity was very noticeable long before he ran away. Such cases as these are not produced by bad conditions of society. They happen in all callings, and it is no more significant when the culprit is a minister than when he is a bank officer, a doctor, or a lawyer. A certain amount of bad timber gets into all the professions. Defective character is often joined to very good abilities and sometimes to great talent. Sometimes, too, men of good aspirations degenerate, become irresponsible, and come to calamitous smash. All there is to do in such cases is to clean up and go on."

In one sense, all sin is the result of disease. It is bound to bring trouble on the sinner. Yet the diseased person, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, is responsible for his condition and should be held accountable for his wrong-doing.

JOURNAL ENTRIES

Some medical crank advises people to gargle after every fifth kiss. What some of them do is to giggle after every fifth one—when they take enough time off for anything.

* * *

Some people are so touchy that they would get mad even if the assessor slighted them.

* * *

No, Alphonse, you cannot hold the lumber trust entirely responsible for the increase in your board bill.

* * *

If those politicians who have an overwhelming desire to save the country will turn in and help save the wheat crop, they will really be accomplishing something.

* * *

Trade note:—It is expected that the arnica market will be brisk during the next few days.

* * *

It appears to be good baseball ethics to lick the umpire once in awhile, but to muff a fly with three men on bases and the score a tie in the ninth inning, is naturally an unpardonable crime.

JAYHAWKER JOTS

A two-column, four-page daily paper, called the Herald, has been started at Strong City. "Great oaks from little acorns grow."

During a hailstorm at Lincoln 42 panes of glass were broken in a hotel. The stones went through a window into the hotel parlor and battered one side of the piano.

Augusta is liable to get into trouble with the state labor bureau. It proposes to work its vagrants on the rock pile ten hours a day, when the law says that no laborer on public works shall be required to work more than eight hours a day.

It is noticeable that the Leavenworth papers are now getting considerable advertising from Stillings, Mo. Stillings, Mo., is just across the river from Leavenworth and is where the wholesale liquor dealers went when they had to quit on this side of the river.

One of the topics discussed at the postmasters' convention at Salina was, "How Should a Postmaster Treat His Patrons?" That ought to be easily answered," says Charles M. Harger. "It seems as though a box of ten cent cigars on one side of the stamp window and a collection of ice cream soda on the other would be about right."

Tom Cordry reads the riot act to the Parsons police force in fine shape in the Parsons Sun. "The Sun," he says, "has always stood for a clean city in every respect, with its streets free from profanity, vulgarity and rowdyism, but in order to do this it is necessary that the police force charged with establishing this order and maintaining it should be free from those vices. It is just as much in violation of the city laws for a policeman to swear at those who offend him as it is for a citizen to use profane language, and it degrades the city to have a man on the force who is constantly proposing that he will 'take off his star and lay aside his club and have it out,' with someone whom he believes has offended his dignity or refuses to bow to his strut.

GLOBE SIGHTS.

[From the Atchison Globe.]

We've quit betting! we always lose.

All that can be said of some people is that they are "good company."

Some men look very much out of place in a buggy drawn by a family horse.

It is said of an Atchison girl that she has a very gentlemanly handshake.

If the day goes slow to you, take a pill every hour, and see how fast time will appear to fly.

Some people seem to want their horses to scare at automobiles, so they will have a grievance.

A dull period is approaching when you will think you have lost your business and your friends.

Go into any neighborhood, and the first talk you hear will be about the Worst Boy and the Best Boy.

Entirely too much attention is paid to the affairs of the heart and not enough to the affairs of the liver.

Ever know of a brewer who was a poor man? But you have known plenty of beer drinkers who were poor.

A sane man knows he doesn't know it all. It's the crazy man who knows everything, and knows he knows it.

When a country girl finally falls in love, she is fiercer than a town girl, and makes more fuss over opposition.

The only time the average family horse shows off to advantage is when it is taking part in a funeral procession.

If you run into a stone wall, go 'round it; don't back off and butt it, and keep at it as long as you can stand.

Flattering a husband, and then asking him for money, is like taking a man up in a balloon and throwing him out.

An Atchison politician says you can't get next to a man by simply slapping him on the back; you must also pull his suspenders.

The princess who is the daughter of a poor man may dream that she is the daughter of a king, but she is really the offspring of a male rabbit.

The men are so easy to fool that every woman flatters herself she is a natural born actress and would have made a great hit had she gone on the stage.

Somehow when a girl appears on the front porch and spreads out a hammock, it suggests a spider, and every one wonders if a fly will come along.

KANSAS COMMENT

VERGING COUNTRYWARD.

It has been a source of comment for some years that Kansas farmers have bought homes in town in order to give their children better school and social advantages. In fact census statistics show a more rapid growth in cities than in the rural districts in recent years.

On the other hand a few rich men have been known to buy farms and to spend a part of the season in rural delights. They are not accused of making money out of these farms, but are jokingly twitted of increasing their business income in order to maintain this horticultural luxury.

But the time is at hand when city people will seek the country because farm life can be made more profitable than ordinary occupations in the city.

This line of thought is strengthened by an incident that came to the attention of the writer recently. Two young ladies who were earning more than the average school teacher, clerk or stenographer, suddenly quit their positions. It appears that a brother owns a farm near Wichita and he made the young ladies a straight business proposition. If they would make their home with him, adding their domestic skill to his establishment he would give them his poultry yard and dairy which they could manage and the profits should be theirs.

The young ladies looked over the situation and concluded that there was more profit, more pleasure and more real independence in this scheme of life than to continue their work in Wichita.

While this is an exceptional case as few girls would find a bachelor brother ready made and provided with a poultry yard, it must not be overlooked that a five acre tract of land in the country will yield tremendous profit when managed as a poultry yard and dairy. The investment is less than a single lot in town would demand and the profit is certain barring negligence or some extraordinary disaster.

Kansas farmers today are richer, more comfortable and decidedly more independent than denizens of the city, and it is inevitable that the trend instead of continuing cityward will reverse itself and start countryward.

Trolley lines, gas mains passing along the country road, telephones, graphophones and electricity applied at country homes, cause life in the country to be less lonesome than formerly. Then there are the automobiles and the rural delivery to kill time and distance and it is not a great stretch of the imagination to foresee the time when the country residents will be the aristocrats and the city people the less fortunate class.—Wichita Beacon.

GOOD SERMON.

We are very much impressed by something we saw and heard while passing along the street a few evenings since. A young girl was standing in front of a store, and near her, with a hang-dog expression on his face, was a young stripling of a youth. As we passed the two, the girl said to the boy: "Anyone who speaks of my father as 'the old man' is not worthy of my respect." From the tone of her voice, we knew that the girl spoke from the impulse of a moment, but there was a whole sermon 'n her utterance. We don't know the girl, but if she lives she will develop into a noble womanhood, and the world will be the better for her having lived in it. And the boy, if he has any redeeming qualities in him, will profit by the lesson given him in that one sentence.—Burlington Chronicle.

EXTREMES MEET.

The fattest man and the tallest man in the government met at Leavenworth yesterday when Secretary Taft was dined by Congressman D. R. Anthony.—Hutchinson News.

FROM OTHER PENS

NOT WORTH NOTICE.

It is stated that Mr. Stead is much dissatisfied with the manners of American men and that Henry James deplores the bad manners of American women. Between these eminent censors it would seem to be evident that we have little really good manners left. It is quite possible that if Mr. James turned his expert attention to the manners of our men and Mr. Stead was equally attentive to the manners of our women the two would sweep away every mannerly vestige we may have fancied we possessed. We would revert back, as it were, to the social amenities of the cave man and to the courtesies of the age of stone. But we mustn't take this insular Englishman and his quondam American too seriously.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

RESPECT THE UNIFORM.

Jamestown exposition is in imminent danger of losing one of its chief attractions and will suffer that loss unless proper respect is accorded the uniform of the United States navy. The warning sent by Secretary Metcalf to Governor Swanson leaves no room for doubt about the sentiment in the navy department. Its justice, too, must be conceded. Respect is due to the uniform of the army and navy, and should be accorded the wearers thereof until they prove by individual acts to be unworthy. Then they may be dealt with as individuals.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

THE OKLAHOMA CONSTITUTION.

The truth should be known precisely about the Oklahoma constitution. It does not contain 100,000 words. Far from it. It contains somewhat more than 50,000 words, however, making it the longest of state constitutions. Still, it should be explained that much of this amplitude is due to the necessity of quoting the prohibition clauses of the enabling act and to the unavoidable details of a technical description of the 75 counties into which the new state is to be divided. If the constitution works well, all criticism as to its length will be forgotten.—Springfield Republican.

WHAT A DIFFERENCE.

A week ago weather-wise, self-appointed prognosticators were proving—so they thought—that the summer of 1907 would be practically a very cool one—"no warm weather in sight." Now from east and west came reports of prostration from heat, sunstrokes, and "insufferable heat." "What a difference a few hours makes!"—Buffalo Commercial.

NOT THE SAME.

The newspaper headline, "Daniel's Comet Seen Again" has no reference to Senator John B. Daniel's presidential boom.—Atlanta Georgian.

CAN TALK ONLY SHOP.

The man who knows nothing outside of his own business may have a good income, but he is mighty uninteresting.—Chicago Record-Herald.

HAPPY THOUGHT FOR THE DAY.

Steam heat is losing its popularity as a summer attraction.—Toledo Blade.

WISDOM.

Once more the sweet girl graduate
Comes forth with zeal intense
To tell us how to regulate
This planet so immense.
Vast theories will she define
And show how each applies
To human needs like yours and mine;
For she is wondrous wise.

But when she has impressed the throng
With knowledge strange to see,
She straight forgets her phrases long
And laughs with girlish glee;
And to the youth who calls each night
Makes simple, frank replies,
She would not seem too erudite—
For she is wondrous wise!

—Washington Star.

Cruelty to Hens.

"The meanest trick I ever heard of," said a poulterer, "is now being played on a certain family of New Jersey hens. This trick comes under two heads. It comes under cruelty to animals, and under the head of giving intoxicating drinks to minors. It should be taken up and put a stop to by our female societies. Let the sex stand by one another all the way down the line."

"But I thought you were talking about eggs."

"I am talking about eggs. That is the point of my story. You know how hens only want to set at certain times, after they've laid a couple of dozen eggs running? Well, on this New Jersey hen farm I speak of, they feed the hens alcoholized grain, and while the poor, unprotected creatures are under the influence they place them on top of nests of eggs, and when they come to themselves the past is a blank, they think they laid the eggs beneath them, and for many days squat there dutifully till the chicks are hatched out.

"It's a money-making trick, but it ain't right. To make a poor hen drunk—to deceive her, besides, in so important a matter as that of offspring—no, sir, it ain't right, and it ought to be put a stop to."—Exchange.

How Lincoln Managed Stanton.

To expressions of a natural impatience Mr. Lincoln opposed a placid front. More than that, he was placid. He knew Secretary Stanton's intense, irritable nature. He knew how the excitement of the time tried men's tempers and shattered their nerves. He himself, apparently, was the only one who was not to be allowed the indulgence of giving way. So Mr. Stanton's indignations passed unnoticed. The two men were often at variance when it came to matters of discipline in the army. On one occasion, I have heard, Secretary Stanton was particularly angry with one of the generals. He was eloquent about him. "I would like to tell him what I think of him!" he stormed.

"Why don't you?" Mr. Lincoln agreed. "Write it all down—do."

Mr. Stanton wrote his letter. When it was finished he took it to the president. The president listened to it all.

"All right. Capital!" he nodded. "And now, Stanton, what are you going to do with it?"

"Do with it? Why, send it, of course!"

"I wouldn't," said the president. "Throw it in the waste-paper basket."—Col. W. H. Crook, in Harper's for June.

They Don't Stutter.

"Did you ever see a woman who stuttered?"

"No; now I come to think of it, I never did."

"They are very rare," said the physician. "I think it is safe to say that the average person passes through life without ever meeting a stuttering woman.

"There are two reasons for this: First, woman naturally—I don't know why—is less liable to the disease of stammering than man. Second, if she develops this disease, she sets out with determination to cure herself, and she succeeds; whereas careless man, rather than take the trouble of a cure, will go stammering on to the end."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Watchful Wife.

The agent stepped briskly up to Mr. Howard's desk and laid a small article down close to his busy right hand.

"I have here a new letter-opener," he said, "a handsome article, to be put on the table in your library, and——"

"I have the best letter-opener and the quickest," interrupted Mr. Howard, without turning his head.

"How long have you had it?" persisted the agent. "You know there are constant improvements."

"There's no need for improving mine," responded the writer. "I've had her about two years—anniversary comes next month."—Youth's Companion.

An Unqualified Story.

An African hunter once found a large crocodile hanging in the fork of a tree about ten feet from the ground. As the place was fully half a mile from any water, it was difficult to account for the crocodile's strange position. When questioned upon the subject, the natives explained that it was put there by an elephant. It seems that when the elephants wade into the Lake Ngami to bathe the crocodiles are in the habit of worrying them and biting their legs. Sometimes when an elephant is annoyed beyond endurance it picks up its tormentor in its trunk, puts it among the branches of a tree and leaves it there.—Tit Bits.

Nothing Moving.

Two men were coming into Denver from a near-by town on a local train the other day. The train stopped every five minutes, it seemed, and one of the men became impatient. Finally, when the train halted for the engine to get up steam, the man's impatience overflowed.

"Now, what do you think of this train?" he said to the other.

"It isn't making much progress," replied his friend.

"Progress! I should say not," said the impatient man. "It would be a fierce job to take a moving picture of this train."—Denver Post.

A Charity Worker.

A crowd of richly dressed women and men were coming from the Charity Ball, says the Chicago Journal. It was 3 a. m. A young woman stands at the outer door, asking alms. A lady appears, attired in a white satin wrap, and quickly enters her carriage.

"Would you be so kind as to give me a trifle?"

The lady pulls up the window. "Impossible! I have been dancing for you the whole night!"

A Human Fiend.

"The meanest fiend I ever knew," said a member of the Century club, "was a fellow who used to belong to this club. He used to bore us for hours telling of the smart sayings of his children. It was something fierce. Finally he left town, and we discovered that he had no children—he was an old bachelor. He'd been springing that line of stuff for years, just to watch us writhe!"—Cleveland Leader.

Same Thing.

"Did you mean," thundered the flowery orator, "by your recent statement that my veracity was not impregnable to the assaults of categorical verification?"

"No, I didn't," replied the plain citizen. "I just meant that you was a liar."—Baltimore American.

THE EVENING STORY

"Beggar My Neighbor."

(By Martha McCulloch-Williams.)

"Five —nine —eleven —thirteen," Miss Gatty counted anxiously, surveying her flock of hens. "I can't make out any more—but, dear me, the creatures fidget so—then they're all exactly alike."

Again she counted, again, yet again. The tale was still the unlucky thirteen. Miss Gatty looked worried. Well she might. The hens were not her own, but held in trust for her absent sister.

That, however, was less disquieting than the potentialities behind possible runaways. Since the missing three had not come to the feeding call, it was clear that they were either dead or in duress. Either state meant the same thing—trespass upon the Lalor lawn and strawberry beds. The Lalor establishment loomed big and imposing two hundred yards away, but that was no distance at all to active foragers, such as white leghorns. Moreover there had been trouble before—trouble which had left a residuum of strained relations between the big house and the cottage. The cottage was almost the Gatty's sole possession, albeit there had been a time when everything in sight had been Gatty land.

"I don't know what to do. Susanna would go look for them," Miss Gatty said to the clothes-post, her sole support and confidant. "I suppose I ought to do it—but then how can I? Those Lalors are so new and so rich, they'd insult me—why, they weren't even afraid to be nasty to Susanna. Actually the woman told her she had no business to keep hens if she couldn't afford wired runs for them. As though we hadn't a right to keep anything we please on our own place. But I do wish they'd stay at home. And I wish Susanna were here. That's selfish—she is having a fine time at quarterly meeting, and, patience knows, she goes seldom enough anywhere."

Miss Gatty was slender and pale and pretty, if she had turned thirty. She had appealing brown eyes, and slim hands, taper-fingered in spite of house and garden work. She loved the garden. Indeed, it had been her salvation, after she had worn herself to a shadow wrestling with primary scholars. She did not in the least mind hens there. True they scratched and pecked, and wallowed mightily, and her garden was, in fact, chaotic. Flowers grew indiscriminately cheek and jowl with vegetables.

Notwithstanding she understood how aggravating vagrant hens might be to more orderly gardeners. Also that with strawberries ripe, the flock was a besom of destruction. Those at her feet, having eaten their breakfast to the last grain, began straying lightly, and, as they walked, preening themselves. Watching them narrowly, she saw suspicious scarlet flecks upon more than one white breast. They had certainly been at the Lalor berries. She put her hands up over her head, thinking hard.

It was 8 o'clock of a lovely June morning. Birds sang riotously all about. Miss Gatty listened to them, and said, nodding her head toward the hens: "I do believe all this comes of going against nature. If you had broods, like the birds, you'd be too busy feeding them to go hunting mischief."

"Humph! They'd be worse than ever. I say thank the Lord there are no squalling keepers to whoop them up. If there were—well, I'd have to move that's all," a gruff masculine voice said behind her. Miss Gatty turned as though shot. What she saw confronting her evoked a strangled cry of dismay. A tall man stood glowering at her, and swinging militantly a bunch of headless white hens. "I've brought back your property—not being a thief," he went on. "Now—let me pay you for—the satisfaction I had in wringing their necks. Let me also warn you the rest will go the same way as sure as they cross my fence. Here! Take the money! If five dollars is not enough——"

"Will you please to go away—instantly!" Miss Gatty said, actually stamping her foot. "Keep your money—keep the poor chickens, too—maybe they will pay some part of your damages——"

"Thank you. But I'm not in the poultry line—neither restaurants," the man said, flinging the dead hens at her feet. A fleck of blood flew upon Miss Gatty's faded frock. Noting it, the man said awkwardly: "Please excuse me! I've been acting the brute. But those berries were my pride——"

"You had a right to—do as you did," Miss Gatty panted. "Only—please go away! Go quick!"

She spoke stooping over the hens. The man looked at her—close enough to see two tears plash down on the corpses. He ran incontinently from the sight, but not altogether cravenly. Inside five minutes he was back, with a basket of fine, dewy, scarlet berries. Miss Gatty had vanished. So had the slain. He walked around to the back door, searching for her without finding. Being a determined person he stepped boldly inside. Miss Gatty sat in the prim dining room, her head buried in her arms beside the old mahogany table. She was sobbing—hard dry sobs. The intruder half turned as though to run away again, but thought better of it, stepped forward and set down his basket in front of her, with a resounding thump. As she sprang up startled, he said in an embarrassed voice, "Maybe you don't know who I am—my name's Lalor——'

"But I did know it. You should not be here," Miss Gatty panted. "Your wife——"

"Thank you—but I haven't got a wife—not yet," Mr. Lalor said with a grin. "You must be thinking of my sister-in-law. Fanny keeps house for me, but she hates the place and wants to leave. I think I'll let her—and see if I can't have peace—and neighbors. Don't you think we ought to be neighbors? I do. So I've brought these," pointing to the berries. "Won't you give me some radishes to take home for my luncheon?"

"To be sure! I'll be so glad," Miss Gatty cried, springing up, quite forgetful of tear stains, and darting toward her dear garden. She meant to go alone, but Mr. Andrew Lalor was right behind her. Long before the radishes were chosen they had buried all grievances, past, present and to come. Before he left she had told him all about Susanna—Susanna, who was the youngest, but had so much a wiser head on her shoulders. All unconsciously she had told him many other things—things that set him meditating and smiling all the way home. Once or twice, too, he blushed and gnawed angrily at his mustache, muttering: "Lord, to think that I offered her money! Took her for a quarrelsome old maid! It's going to take time to live that down—but I'll do it as sure as I'm six foot two!"

Susanna stayed on, for a whole week—quarterly meeting had turned out to be the beginning of a revival, but Miss Gatty did not mind in the least.

"You must not worry thinking I am lonely," she wrote: "I am quite too busy, keeping the hens as they should be kept. And really, I am finding out that we have very good neighbors."

Susanna puzzled over that last sentence, at least until she came home to find Mr. Lalor established in the privilege of keeping ward over the foragings of the white leghorns. Her eyes twinkled comprehension as he shook hands on presentation. He caught the twinkle and answered it boldly with: "Please, may I have your sister Helen? I knew it would do no good to ask—before you came home."

"Why—yes, I think you may," Susanna said, the twinkle deepening. "But do you think it is quite fair—this way of playing beggar my neighbor?"

"You're really responsible—your hens have taught me to take what I want regardless of bounds," he flung back at her. Susanna laughed outright, and answered honestly: "If they really did it, I'm mighty glad."—(Copyrighted, 1907, by Homer Sprague.)

HUMOR OF THE DAY

Suburban Host (to unexpected supper guest)—Now then, Miss Hobson, will you have a little of this rabbit pie or—er—or (looking round and discovering there is no other dish)—or not?—The Tatler.

"Why did you tell your husband that there would be three parts to the concert? There are only two."

"Yes, I know, but he will be so pleased when it leaves off sooner than he expects."—Fliegende Blatter.

Young Doctor (watching his only patient, his tailor's son, go by the window)—How that youngster does grow!

Servant (sarcastically)—Yes, our practice is certainly getting bigger.—Tit-Bits.

Farmer (engaging new hand)—All right, you can go and attend to the animals. I hope you'll suit me.

New Hand—That's all right, sir; I've had a lot to do with pigs.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Jones—Smith says that it is the hills that make the echo.

Brown—So they do.

Jones—And here I've lived all these years thinking it was the holler.—Columbus Press-Post.

"What's all this rejoicing about?"

"You know Uncle Goshall Hemlock?"

"Of course."

"He says the backbone of spring is broken."—Washington Herald.

"Everybody has more or less trouble."

"Yes," answered the observing woman. "If a man can't find anything else to worry him he goes to a ball game and gets highly indignant at the umpire."—Washington Star.

Father—My wife wanted to call the baby Hans and I wanted him to be Fritz, but at last we made a compromise.

Friend—What did you call him?

Father—Hans.—Wiener Salonwitzblatt.

Knicker—So Jones is between two fires?

Bocker—Yes. If he doesn't flash he is a mollycoddle and if he does flash he is a liar.—New York Sun.

"Didn't I tell yer that Bill was too slow to live?"

"Why, wot's 'e bin and done now?"

"He's gone and got run over by a hearse."—Tit-Bits.

Lady (engaging new cook)—Well, I suppose you can do clear soups and savories and that sort of thing?

Cook—No, mum, I can't say as I can. But I'm a Blue Ribbon; I'm pufflckly sound in wind and limb, and ain't got nobody depending on me.—Punch.

Miss Withers—You are blushing, Coyal! What was that clumsy partner of yours saying?

Miss Knisely—Oh, nothing; only that before he met me life seemed a desert to him.

Miss Withers—That is no reason why he should waltz like a dromedary, is it?—Town and Country.

Visitor (to artist's young wife)—Whatever were your two laughing over so just now?

Wife—Oh, it was such fun! My husband painted and I cooked, and then we both guessed what the things were meant for.—Tatler.

"That boy of Smith's who is just home from college is a wonder."

"In what way?"

"Somebody asked him the other day about the earliest and quickest way of settling the pressing problems of the time, and he said he didn't know."—Baltimore American.

Wise—Poor Burroughs! he's worrying a great deal about debts.

Newitt—Non-sense! You'll never catch him worrying because he can't pay his debts.

Wise—He's not worrying about old debts he can't pay, but about new ones he can't contract.—Philadelphia Press.

"I'm so happy," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "My son is to get his bachelor's degree this year."

"Is he?" replied her hostess. "Well, I can't blame you for feelin' as you do about it. I never thought much of that snippy Wilson girl he's been goin' with. How did you get the match broken off?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

[From the Chicago News.]

The good die young and the old sinners die hard.

A short walk daily will benefit any man in the long run.

This world is willing to tolerate lazy men who have money.

Generally a man who attributes his poverty to his honesty can't prove it.

It is easier to get engaged to a girl than it is to marry a widow.

Egotism is the principal ingredient in the self-made man's composition.

It takes a lot of courage to enable a woman to admit that she is homely.

Look to the foundation of the ladder of fame before attempting to climb it.

When a woman insists upon her rights all a man has to do is to stand from under.

Even the prima donna finds it advisable to employ a press agent to sing her praises.

It's a queer coincidence that mosquitoes and peekaboo shirt waists appear about the same time.

QUAKER REFLECTIONS.

[From the Philadelphia Record.]

Straw hats come out ahead.

Time flies, also its fly time.

"All hands around"—the clock.

People who live in glass houses shouldn't go into politics.

The airship inventor feels that he is on the high road to success.

Many a millionaire doesn't seem to know he is alive, but his heirs do.

Money is the root of all evil from which springs many a family tree.

Success never comes to any man who stops promptly when the whistle blows.

He—"You are really nice enough to eat." She—"That's just like you men. We always have to reach your hearts through your stomachs."

Wigwag—"I hear your novel is one of the six best sellers. What is the motive?" Scribbler—"The principal motive was that I needed the money."

Chollie Saphedde—"But last winter you told me you loved me quite as much as you loved oysters." Miss Pert—"Yes, but oysters are out of season now."