The one tale an average man is usually ready to swallow is a cocktail.

Some people only believe half they hear, and others believe twice as much.

No one is perfect. Even a mule can learn something about kicking from a man.

Strong.

"It must be awful to have your nerves go back on you."

"Don't worry. Yours never will."

Counting the Years.

Mollie—They tell me that a ship's life is 25 years.

Chollie—Well, there are a lot of other "shes" with much riggin' that don't have a mate for long after that number of years.

Public Opinion.

Public opinion is what we think other people are thinking; or it is what we think other people think we think. When we think we are thinking like other people, then we think they are thinking as we think. That is what we think is public opinion.

When we meet someone who does not think as we think, then we think that is not public opinion. When we meet, or hear of, a number who do not think as we think, then we think that what they are thinking is something contrary to what public opinion ought to be, and, indeed, will be, as soon as they all begin to think as we think they ought to think.

Public opinion is of two kinds—what it is not, and what we think it is. On the other hand, what we think is public opinion may not be what we think it is.

Amusing Trait.

Lispenard Steward, at a dinner at White Lodge, his Newport residence, praised the self-made men of America.

"Quiet, reserved, dignified," he said, "our self-made men are not like those of England.

"'There's one amusing thing about our self-made men,' an Englishman once said to me.

"'And what is that?' said I.

"'You get,' he answered, 'a manufacturer's guarantee with every one of them.'"

Private of the Line.

Private Judkins was the newest of recruits on the Texas border. The corporal sent him back to the quartermaster for a rope. Private Smiffkins eyed him on his errand, and inquired what sort of rope he wanted.

"I don't know," answered Judkins.

"Well, I'll tell you," Smiffkins volunteered, and he did. Judkins went on and tackled the quartermaster.

"Corporal sent me for 40 feet of skirmish line, sir," he said.

At the Boarding House.

"Mrs. Scanthelp, are you much worried?"

"What about, sir?"

"That the government will put its probe into the hash."

Anyway, the road to happiness is always on the level.

ADVENTUROUS GOAT CLIMBS ON A CAR

Acquires Longing to Travel From Companion, But Lack of Fare Is Bar.

TACITURN AND SEDATE

Waited Politely Until the Women Had Boarded the Car, Then It Climbed Up the Steps Itself and Something of a Panic Followed.

Chicago.—Rameses is a sedate sort of a fellow. Zebedee is a bit less circumspect. He loves an occasional adventure.

Both are billy goats and eccentric.

They reside jointly and more or less peaceably in a relegated henhouse in the rear of George Talbot's home, 4019 West Twenty-second street. George is their master.

Until the other day Rameses and Zebedee lived lives in the most prosaic variety—for goats. They were content to stroll lazily about the neighborhood, undisturbed and undisturbing.

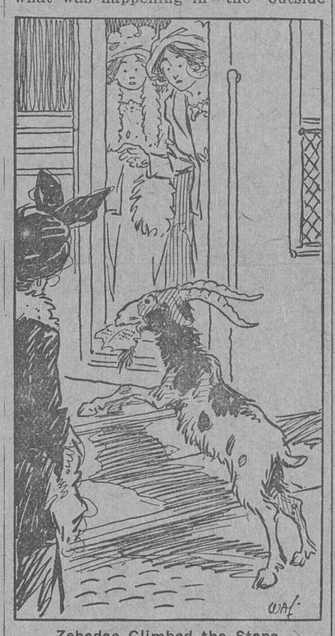
People know their queer habits, and sometimes do not even smile when one of the goats stroll into their place of business or appears on their front porch of a morning.

That is because Rameses and Zebedee have gained the reputation of being "intellectual goats." They have learned to discriminate between the new morning paper and the one of a week ago. For food they never were known to select the former.

Goats, to some people, may be goats; but "Ram" and "Zeb," to those who know them, are more. Also, according to George, who locks their hutch at night, "Ram" and its companion are somewhat different from each other. "Ram" can read, George says, while "Zeb" never has been able to daily long enough with a newspaper morsel to glance at the paragraphs. He doesn't even linger over the comic page.

But the erudite accomplishments of Rameses, despite the "goat education" they have gained for it, are held to blame for something that happened the other day.

The goat which couldn't read, so the story goes, was told so many stories of what was happening in the outside



Zebedee Climbed the Steps.

world, away from the Ogden avenue and Twenty-second street vicinity, that Zebedee, the illiterate and adventuresome, became inflamed with the desire to travel. "Zeb" suddenly decided it had been neglecting its education. It realized it knew little, even about Chicago, where it was born ten years ago.

So "Zeb" made a resolution, one morning, that it would "see the world," or, at least, its own city.

A street car stopped in front of a drug store on South Crawford avenue, where Rameses was in the habit of reading the day-before-yesterday paper, and "Zeb" had accustomed itself to eating the same fragments of news. The conductor had stepped forward to talk to the motorman.

Zebedee waited politely until a few women had boarded the car. Then it climbed up the steps itself.

There was something of a panic, and then the conductor came. Zebedee had no nickel and was ejected from the car.

As a result, "Zeb" has come to the conclusion that the only way for a goat to explore the world is in a geography. "Zeb" is just as taciturn and sedate a goat now as its friend, Rameses. Although it is somewhat late in life, it wants to learn how to read.

SAYS WIFE LOVED CATS BEST

They Got the Choicest Viands, He Declares, and He Had to Eat the Scraps.

Detroit.—Dr. John D. James appeared in domestic relations court seeking a divorce on the ground of cats. He testified that his wife kept so many cats and made such pets of them that they even usurped his place in bed, he being often compelled to sleep on the floor.

"She prepared delectable repasts for the cats, but wouldn't cook a meal for me," he said. "I was forced to eat the scraps left after the cats had had their fill. She even pawned her watch and wedding ring when her funds ran low to buy choice meats for the cats."

Doctor James weighs 102 pounds, his wife 180. She took the stand and accused him of cruelty in beating her. A titter ran around the court.

"I wouldn't be so thin if my wife treated me right," said the doctor.

The court held that the menagerie was not sufficient cause for divorce.

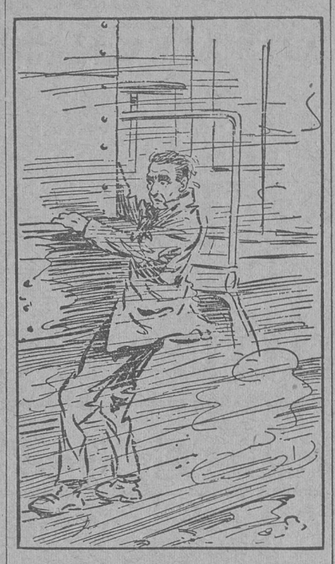
FROZE AS HE CLUNG TO SPEEDING TRAIN

Signal Stops Express and Ride-Stealer Is Rescued When About to Lose Hold.

Trenton, N. J.—As the New York to Washington Limited of the Pennsylvania railroad went tearing through New Brunswick the other day at 60 miles an hour the station telegrapher, glancing out of the window, saw a hatless man, his clothes encrusted with ice, clinging to the side of the limited's locomotive tender.

The telegrapher called up Trenton and notified the station agent there of what he had seen. Signals were immediately set to stop the train.

When the engineer of the limited brought his train to a standstill at



Clinging to the Side of the Tender.

Clinton street station the luckless rider on the tender was removed to the police station.

He said he is Harry Steele of Philadelphia and that while out of work he had been promised employment in New York. He made his way to that city, but found no work, and after several days of starving in the streets decided to steal a ride back to Philadelphia, where he has relatives and friends. He got as far as Newark, and then when the big express locomotive stopped there he scrambled up on the tender, determined to hang on until he reached Philadelphia.

At Elizabeth the locomotive, in taking water, wet him to the skin. His clothes soon froze to his body and he was on the point of losing his hold and falling to death when the train stopped at Trenton.

Police Judge Naar remanded Steele to the county jail, with a promise to permit him to communicate with relatives.

RED RIBBONS CAUSE MIXUP

Prospective Bridegroom Waiting for Bride-to-Be Is Hugged by Wrong Woman.

Los Angeles, Cal.—"Wear a red ribbon bow at your throat," wrote W. N. Lewis, sixty years old, to his matrimonial agency bride-to-be, Mrs. Lanina Johnstone, aged forty-five, back in Michigan. "I'll tie a red ribbon to my suitcase. Then there'll be no chance for a mistake."

On the trip down from San Francisso on the boat the new Mrs. Lewis-to-be confided that when she reached Los Angeles she would be a widow no longer. The red bow at her throat would fix it. The steamer arrived at the harbor. So did Mr. Lewis. So did Mrs. Johnstone. Also did four other women. These four women adorned themselves with a red ribbon fashioned entrancingly at their throats. Mr. Lewis stood waiting at the dock. Down the gangplank tripped a daintily clad woman. She was wearing a red ribbon at her throat. She spied a red ribbon fluttering in the breeze.

"Oh, George, is that you?" she gurgled and hugged Mr. Lewis. Here the clinch was broken when another woman with a red ribbon also threw her arms about him. There followed then still another woman with a red ribbon. She too, embraced Mr. Lewis. Then came the fourth. She was wearing a red ribbon, but—then came the children and the blushing-bride-to-be with a red ribbon—found her well nigh panic-stricken husband-to-be and they immediately boarded a car for Los Angeles where they were married.

HOG KILLS VALUABLE HORSE

Vicious Porker Was Attacking a Mule When Subdued by Men Armed With Clubs.

Wilson, La.—A large hog belonging to J. S. Smith ran amuck here and caused great excitement by attacking and killing a valuable horse and nearly putting to death a mule.

The hog is two years old and is noted for its vicious temper. It got out of the lot where it was kept and ran through the streets.

The horse, belonging to J. S. Singletary, was tied in front of a store, when the hog, whose tusks are long and sharp, attacked and lacerated it so that it died soon after.

The vicious porker then attacked a mule standing near, but a crowd with ropes and clubs finally overpowered the animal.

Policemen Warned Against Drinking.

Chicago.—Warning the members of the Chicago police force against drinking, Chief Gleason, who "carried a hickory for 17 years," said: "Keep your heads cool, your feet warm, your eyes and ears open and your mouths shut."

Will Wed Confessed Robber.

Chicago.—Miss Lou Aggen declared she would wed Harry Mallory, confessed robber, as soon as he is out of jail. Miss Aggen became acquainted with Mallory when her hatpin accidentally pierced his cheek during a moving picture performance.

KILLS A TIGRESS WHICH FELLS HIM

Armed Only With a Pistol, German Wins Fierce Battle in Siamese Jungle.

IT WAS HUGE BEAST

Had Infested a Village, One Day, Carrying Off a Sheep, Another Day an Ox, Besides Numberless Pigs, Fowls and Ducks.

Bangkok, Siam.—The description of a fearful fight between a white man and a tiger has just been brought in from a little district about a hundred miles away. This tiger had infested the village of Pakdah, one day carrying off a sheep, and another day an ox, besides numberless pigs, fowls and ducks.

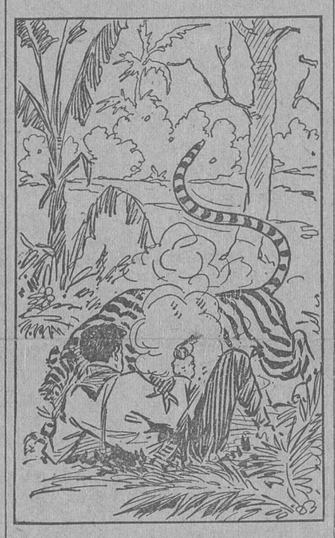
One sultry night in late October the beast, its eyes afflame, sprang into the yard of a bungalow occupied by a German engineer named Eschenbrenner, but was driven away by the house "boys." The following night Eschenbrenner and a friend named Spittel lay in wait for the beast, which made its appearance about two o'clock in the morning.

Spittel, who has a reputation as a hunter, fired as the tiger stood out plainly against the sky. It vanished, and in the morning a trail of blood was found. This was followed up the two white men, who were accompanied by a dozen natives, armed with spears, clubs, axes and nets, the idea being to corral the animal when it had been located.

On the way they were joined by a German named Altmann. He and Spittel carried guns, while Eschenbrenner, who is no hunter, had only a revolver.

The trail led into a jungle, and finally to an open space, in the middle of which was a heap of broken rocks. Suddenly the animal showed itself at the entrance to a cavity in these rocks. It was a huge tigress.

Spittel fired and wounded her. With one mighty spring she hurled herself into the thick of her assailants. She



Fired All Six Bullets Into the Body of His Assailant.

only grazed Altmann, but threw Eschenbrenner down and caught his left foot in her jaws.

He did not lose his presence of mind and snatched his revolver from his pocket, while the brute, leaving his crushed foot, laid hold of his left hand and crunched it between her teeth.

Tortured as he was, the engineer nevertheless succeeded in taking good aim with his revolver, and fired all six bullets, one after the other, into the body of his assailant, the muzzle of the revolver almost touching her skin. The last bullet entered the brute's head and killed it.

RABBIT GOES JOY RIDING

With Babies, It Hops on Fender of Trolley and Rides Till Car Stops.

Tarrytown, N. Y.—Joy riding on trolley cars by rabbits promises to be the rage in Glenville this winter, according to a story told by Patrick Powers, a motorman on the Tarrytown-White Plains trolley line.

Powers says that for a week as he passed Mrs. Finley J. Shepard's woods he has noticed a number of rabbits jump in front of the car and disappear. The other morning he determined to find out where they went. He climbed around in front and there sitting on the fender joy riding were a mother rabbit and three little ones. When Powers applied the brakes to catch them they hopped off and disappeared in the woods.

As there are hundreds of rabbits in the neighborhood, Powers thinks that hunting rabbits with trolley cars will be good sport if the joy riding craze continues.

ENGLISH WOMEN NOT PERSON

And So They Are Barred by High Court From Practicing Law In England.

London.—The appeal of Miss Gwyneth Marjorie Bebb from the decision of the Incorporated Law society against her admission to the bar because of her sex was rejected by the high court, which adhered to the view that a woman is not a "person within the meaning of the solicitors' act of 1843." Miss Bebb is a graduate of Girton college, Cambridge.

Will Stop Swearing.

Lyons, N. Y.—In an attempt to wipe out the oft-repeated phrase "he swore like a canal man," Erie canal boat men have organized an anti-profanity brotherhood.

Her Only Justification.

Senator Root's capture of the $40,000 Nobel peace prize recalls the Rooseveltian dictum that Root is the ablest man in America.

"It recalls also many stories of Mr. Root's brilliance at the bar. One of these stories is about a woman who sued a railroad company for $25,000 for the loss of her thumb, which had been destroyed in a rear-end collision.

Mr. Root—a young man then—opened the defense with the words:

"Twenty-five thousand dollars for the loss of a thumb. Well, gentlemen of the jury, the only justification I can see for so exorbitant a claim is that it was the thumb the lady kept her husband under."

His Guess.

Bacon—I see Kansas City, Kan., had $81 divorces in 1912 against 1,234 in 1911.

Egbert—I take it that some of the 1,234 divorced in 1911 didn't marry again, then.

Practical Effect.

"Can't that man get along in his talk without so many 'damns?'"

"I'm afraid not. He's a mill builder."

The man who wastes his time doesn't seem to realize that he will need it all before he dies.

There's Many a Way.

G. Roy Hill, secretary of the Automobile club of Minneapolis, has invented this:

A motorist was telling of a trip through the Red River valley. The party, he said, came to a stream, but the bridge had been washed away during a cloudburst.

"After we got on the other side we found ourselves on the finest kind of a road," he pursued.

"Yes," he was asked, "but how did you get your car across that stream?"

"Oh, we just sat down and thought it over."

Melting Aluminum.

While charcoal should be invariably used in melting brass and bronze, states the Brass World, it is not only useless in melting aluminum, but dangerous. Aluminum is so light that the charcoal is apt to become intermingled with it, and the castings made from it will have small specks and pieces in them.

Fewer people would have axes to grind if they were forced to supply the rotary power for the grindstone.

The one sure thing that comes to him who waits is old age.