

JOLLY JOBBERNOWLS HAVE A BOAT RACE

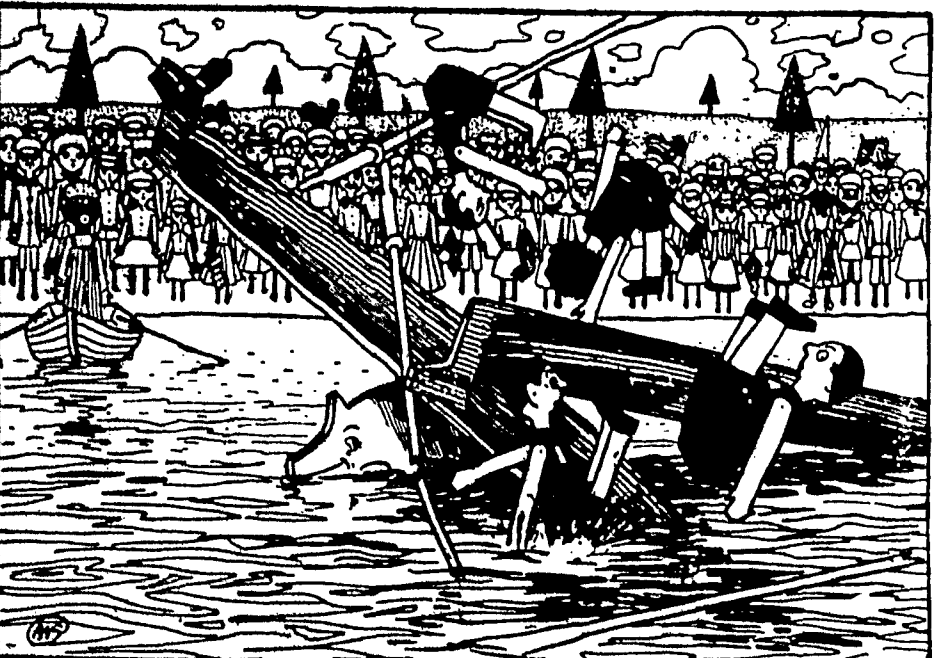
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The Jobbernowls, since at the shore so gay a day was spent, in hope of still another treat, were strangely diligent. This was to be a boat race on some smooth and quiet stream. With lots of flags and horns to trot and chance to yell and scream. Two boats were bought, the Hare and Hound, to run the water race. For Wong and Ole were the Hare, while Hans and Pat found place within the low built, slender Hound, and Sambo merrily was chosen by the Jobbernowls to act as referee.



They practiced every day their stroke. Their diligence was fine. Each oarsman boasted blistered arms and dislocated spine. Old Master Chips was coach for all and scolded long and loud. When any one would drop his oar or his skill seem proud. The Pig in this had naught to do and greatly felt aggrieved. He took to crime, for while they worked he in the gardens thieved. Poor Mother Goose's cabbage patch the wicked Pig uprooted. 'Twas only when she got her stick he changed his mind and scooted.



The evening of the race came round, and on the river shores the Jobbernowls and all their friends, dressed fine as commodores, were gathered to applaud the sport and wave their pennants gay. As, speeding swiftly to the goal, the racers made their way. Alan, the Pig, with envy filled, resolved to spoil the race. And, making in the water smooth, swam out a little space. He met the racers in midstream—the boats were both sped. The doctor came and dosed them all for fear a cold they'd get.

A Doll's Hospital.

Perhaps the most remarkable hospital in Chicago is conducted in the four upper floors in a little frame building in Wells street. Judging by the number of patients that are treated there it is the largest institution of its kind in the city, there sometimes being over 200 individuals waiting for treatment. Strange as it may seem, however, the only living persons about the place are a young German and his wife. The patients are all dolls. The most important medicine used for curing the bodily ills of the patrons of this novel institution consists of glue. Dolls of all conditions and descriptions are gathered there for repairs. One of the most delicate operations is giving a new complexion to the haughty French doll who has passed through a season in a fashionable lake shore nursery and whose waxen features have suffered from the pranks of baby hands. Then there are broken noses, smashed porcelain cheeks belonging to some little girl's favorite. Dolls of this kind come to the hospital by the dozens in spite of the fact that new ones could be purchased for less money than the doll physician charges to make the repairs, but of course any little girl will tell you that the newest doll in the world isn't quite as good as her old battered playmate. Dolls that have been scratched, baldheaded, are important patrons of the hospital, and in one of its little rooms there are hundreds of wigs of all colors and varieties, dressed some day to grace the head of a doll of high or low degree. You may be sure that the doll doctor's wife is favorites with the little ones. Her nursery darlings have the same beauty and beauty in

A Wild Beast Farm.

A novel farming scheme is on foot. Its object is to raise wild animals in captivity, so that circus managers may not have to scour foreign lands to procure them. Wild animals in tropical countries are fast decreasing in number, and it is feared that hunting and the increase of population will soon exterminate them. The idea is to provide a regular farm for the raising of animals that hitherto have been procured only from hunters. More than two years ago a thousand acres of land were purchased in southern Florida for the carrying out of the scheme, but the whole country round was roused to indignation at the thought that ferocious wild beasts were to be turned loose in the neighborhood. The scheme was consequently abandoned so far as that location was concerned, but negotiations were entered into for the purchase of several small islands not far from the Florida coast.

The war with Spain delayed the completion of the purchase, but eventually three islands of about 6,000 acres each were secured. They are ideally located for animal farms. There is no fear of the beasts crossing over to the mainland, and the islands are far enough apart to deter the inhabitants of any one island from paying an unwelcome visit to another. It will thus be easy to divide the animals into three classes, according to their ability, to get along together and to give each class an island to itself. Parts of the islands are wooded, and in some there is thick undergrowth that will make a fair imitation of a jungle. An animal hospital is part of the scheme. Already expeditions are being sent out to search for animals.

JIMMY BLUNT, HERO.

Though "Too Little to Be Hit," He Gave His Life For His Friend. "One of the most touching incidents of the Boer-English war came to my knowledge just as I was leaving for America," said a missionary delegate from South Africa to the ecumenical conference. "Of course there have been many brave deeds and many acts of self sacrifice on both sides, but none has seemed to me so affecting as that of the little 10-year-old lad who gave his life protecting the man who had befriended him.

"It was during the siege of Ladysmith, and the British army had its base at Spearman's camp—perhaps I should say General Buller's base was at Spearman's camp—when one evening a little boy straggled into camp and when questioned by the soldiers said he had come from Ladysmith. He was of English parentage and said that his father had been killed at the very beginning of the hostilities, his mother had been buried the week before, and he had left Ladysmith determined to join the English army. How he had managed to slip through the Boer lines was the question which most puzzled the English soldiers, for at that time it was not thought possible for a bird to pass unnoticed, so strict was their watch. The child said he thought he had been shot at, but he must have been 'too little to be hit.'

"He was such a wizen faced slip of a child that the soldiers, recognizing the truth of his surmise, dubbed him 'Too-Little-to-Be-Hit.' Blunt—his real name being Jimmy Blunt—he knocked about camp and finally attached himself to Major English of the Second Dublin Fusiliers. He became the major's shadow—eating, sleeping and moving about with him on any and all occasions. It became a joke among the soldiers the way 'Too-Little-to-Be-Hit' followed the major.

"Finally came the action of Venter's spruit, when the major, leaving his company, walked a short distance ahead to see 'how the land lay.' He was shot down, and a deadly fire from the Boers who had been in ambush followed. The firing was so hot that no attempt was made by the soldiers to go to their officer, and when they saw 'Too-Little-to-Be-Hit' making the attempt he was ordered back. He did not obey the command, that much the soldiers knew, but he was forgotten until the close of the engagement, when, on collecting their wounded and dead, they found he had managed in some way to drag his wounded friend from the open to the cover of some brushwood. 'Too-Little-to-Be-Hit' was lying by the major's side apparently asleep, but when the soldiers lifted him up they found that he was dead. He had bled to death from a wound in the fleshy part of the arm. So, after all, he was not too little to be hit."

Bobby and the Matches.

Bobby was unhappy most nights. He knew that in the afternoon visitors were coming and that his very dirty little face would have to be washed. This worried Bobby to such an extent that he became quite sad at the prospect.

"Do you know, Bobby," said the nurse, "you remind me very much of some matches I have seen? The more they are rubbed the more they burn away."

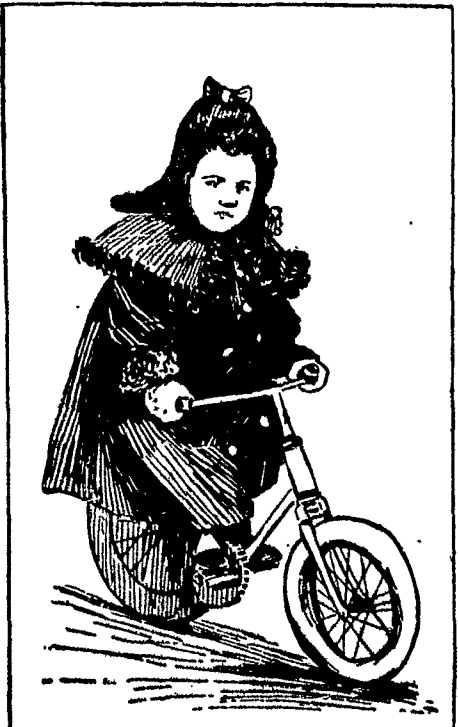
Bobby was interested and begged to see them. So a shallow pan was filled with water, and the matches about a dozen of them placed in the middle, points to the center. Then nurse poked the corner of a cake of soap among them, and they all floated away as far as they could.

Bobby was delighted and perhaps det us whisper it a little ashamed. "But they love soap," said nurse, and sure enough, to Bobby's astonishment, he saw the matches coming back again as nurse held a piece of sugar in the center of the pan.

Bobby's face is being washed now, so while he is away nuntly will tell you the secret. The matches were ordinary ones, and you can do the same thing yourself as nurse did, but I think it would be well to cut off the ends of the matches before you experiment.

A Young English Cyclist.

It is interesting to note that the youngest bicyclist rider of the day is undoubtedly Master Clarence House, a Bradford child who demonstrated his ability to pedal a bicycle when only 17



months old, says The Sketch of London. The machine was made specially for him and is probably the smallest rideable safety bicycle in the world. The wheels consist of a diameter of ten inches, while the total length of the cycle is 26 inches. It is so small that the wheels can easily go under an ordinary chair, while it is possible for our baby cyclist to take excursions under a medium size table.

FARMER BROWN TO PROF. JONES.

Professor Jones: I supposed that when I sent my boy to college I'd make a scholar of himself, and add unto his knowledge. An' that, some day, he'd graduate and gain a lastin' name. An' by reason of his intellect go boundin' into fame. Fer Jim was allers smart, 'y know, and he'd the sand and grit. And once he started on a thing, was never known to quit.

He writ us from the college, and it wa'n't to our surprise. That he had gone in trains' for a little exercise. His studies, they had kept him close, he wanted recreation. We wa'n't full afforded by the summer's short vacation. He said the exercise was this,—I disremember all,—A-kickin' round upon the ground a little leather ball.

Well, he's come home to us at last—at least, I guess it's Jim.—He looks as if a cannon ball'd been sportin' round with him. We've tried in every way we could to save his constitution. And ailed him full of stitches fer to hinder dislocation. Why, sir, I fit at Gettysburg, have marks on every limb, but I'm a reg'lar beauty show compared along with Jim!

I don't know what you care to do to 'all the matter square. They tell me there is no precedent that's quoted anywhere. He has got a broken finger, and has got a splintered nose. He's got a leg so swollen that he can't sit in his clothes. His head's so badly battered that you can't no outline trace. He's even lost the freckles off from what was once a face.

The only thing fer you to do, as I am on my mettle, is to figure up the damages and send me check to settle. Fer when Jim went to college he was stylish pert and trim, and wasn't no such image as you've made outen him. So I am in fer damages and expect a goodly sum. As slaughter wasn't mentioned in your named curriculum.—S. H. Gray, in Truth.

THE SECOND WIFE

The French have a habit of filling their railway carriages too full for comfort, and when my friends and myself reached the station in Paris to take the express for London, we found nearly every place occupied. Twice we waited the length of the train, but without seeing a spot available for two. I asked one of the officials if they intended to put on another carriage, but he replied that there was room enough for all who wished to go. "Them," said I, "we shall be obliged to you if you find us two seats in the same compartment." The official shrugged his shoulders and said that we could easily find them if we looked for them. This was about as much satisfaction as one can get out of a French railway official, who doesn't know, much, anyhow, and cares less.

Again we walked the length of the train and I noticed one compartment out of the door window of which leaned a very stout elderly gentleman. The curtains on the two side windows were drawn, and we could not see whether there were vacant places there or not. My friend, who is a very suave and polite gentleman, said to the elderly man, "Will you excuse me a moment?" and he proceeded to open the door. "All the places here are taken," said the elderly individual curtly. "That's just what I want to see," said my friend, and gently, timidly but politely, he opened the door, to the great danger of the old gentleman falling out. A lady of perhaps twenty-five sat in one corner seat, all the other places were vacant, but piled with portmanteaux, valises and what not.

"Ah," said my friend, "there seems to be some vacant space here." "I tell you," replied the elderly gentleman getting red in the face, "that all these places are taken. There is a party of us, and I'm looking for the others, who may arrive at any moment. You will miss your train if you wait here, for you will undoubtedly have to get out."

My friend glanced up at the big clock placed in the center of the arch at the end of the huge station, and said: "The train leaves in two minutes, so it seems to me your party is cutting it a little close."

"The party is all right," observed the old gentleman, testily. "They know that I am reserving places for them, and will be here in plenty of time."

The lady in the corner smiled sweetly at my friend, and he with some reluctance closed the door, for there was nothing more to be said, without calling the old gentleman a liar, which we knew very well that he was. Once more we walked the whole length of the train.

"I wouldn't stand it," I said impatiently, for I always get angry when I see a man monopolizing a whole compartment, except when I do it myself. "I should have gotten in and taken a place in the corner. He is evidently waiting for no party."

"Gently, gently," said my friend, "all in good time. I will leave them half a minute to come, and then we will quietly wander back to the old duffer's carriage and step in."

We did this, and my friend once more opened the door in spite of the protestations on the part of the occupant, who got redder and redder in the face as he saw the attempt to force the position. "I tell you," he said, "that it's no good. My party will be here, and then you will have to get out and you will miss your train."

"We made up our minds to chance it," said my impetuous friend, as he proceeded to remove the impediments from the two corner seats, and, speaking with the utmost respect, he continued: "If your party arrives even while the train is moving over we will jump off and hold the door open for them to enter. I don't much mind missing a train myself. I could do with another day in Paris. It's a most charming city." The old man grunted, and the lady smiled across at us. It was quite evident that she was his second wife, and that the honeymoon was drawing to a close. It was also evident that the lady was just a little tired of the old gentleman, and welcomed an accession

to the party, but the old man was mad clear through; any one could see that. He muttered to himself that it was an outrage and ought not to be permitted, and wouldn't not be permitted in any civilized country. A man had a perfect right to a carriage taken for his friends; this was always recognized in England, and no gentleman, nor any one calling himself a gentleman, would force his way into a compartment where he was not wanted.

"I quite agree with you," said my friend as smoothly as sweet oil. "It is an outrage. I asked the officials, or rather my friend did, whether they would not put on an extra carriage, and they refused to do so. In England we do these things very much better, for such over-crowding of carriages would never be permitted on any first class line."

"I was not addressing you, sir," said the old man peevishly. "Oh, then, I beg your pardon; I thought you were. I hope you will excuse me, for I know how annoying it is to be waiting for a party, and then have the party turn up too late."

The lady smiled again at the polite young man, and the old gentleman kept on muttering, but not so loud that we could hear what he said.

A gong clanged, and the porters ran hither and thither shouting to the passengers to take their seats. My friend put his head out of the window and called to one of the railway men; a porter came to the window.

"I see, sir," said my friend to the old gentleman, "that your party is going to be left behind. Now if you will tell me which articles belong to them, I will give them in charge of this porter, who will return the articles to them when they arrive."

He picked up the portmanteau which had been in the place he now occupied, and thrust it through the window to the porter, telling him in French that a party was coming who would be left behind.

"Will you leave that alone?" cried the old gentleman, rising and snatching the baggage.

"But, my dear sir," said my friend protestingly, "you are surely not going to carry the other folks' luggage with you? Think of them left in Paris with none of the comforts of life."

"They will come by the next train," said the old gentleman, placing the portmanteau up in the rack again. "They may have made up their minds to stay a week," said the young man.

The lady put the book she had been reading up to her face and laughed outright. Her husband looked at her with an expression of disgust on his highly colored face.

"It is no trouble to me at all," continued the young man blandly, "to put out the luggage and give it in charge of a porter. It will be all right. I have seen it done a hundred times, and the train is just about to depart."

"Will you oblige me by attending to your own business?" exclaimed the old gentleman.

"Oh, certainly," said the young man setting back into his place as the train moved slowly out of the station. There was a look of baffled benevolence on his face that was most touching.

"But, you see, I know what it is to be left without luggage and I merely wished to be of service to your party."

"Hang your service! I don't want any of it."

"No, probably not; but those that are left behind, sir, you should think of them; you should indeed, sir, but that it must be a consolation for you if you know that through your kindness my persons have obtained places in this train; many another man who had a party coming would have bundled it bodily out of the compartment."

"It is what should have been done," cried the old gentleman.

"Oh, don't say that. I beg of you," said the young man, looking inexorably hurt, but the old man was not to be drawn out any more. He took the English paper that he paid three times the London price for, and began reading it. The young man after several fruitless attempts to engage him in conversation and learn some of his opinions on the news of the day, noticed that the second wife was reading a book whose pages were uncut, so he took from his inside pocket a small ivory paper-knife that he always carried with him and sitting opposite he offered her the use of it. She thanked him, and gratefully to the old gentleman's annoyance, talked in a friendly manner with him until we came to Cajal, here the young man insisted upon shaking hands with both of them, and again mentioned his deep regret that the party had been left behind, but his expressions of sympathy were entirely thrown away, for the old gentleman took his second wife under his wing and ordering all the luggage to be taken on the boat, departed. The second wife looked over her shoulder and smiled at the young man, who had helped to beguile a tedious railway journey—Luke Sharp, in Detroit Free Press.

New York's Busiest Corner.

"Something terrible to look at, isn't it?" said one woman to another, looking back as they reached the sidewalk after crossing Broadway at Fourteenth street. Maybe she didn't actually mean exactly that, and then again perhaps it struck her in just that way. Certainly that corner at this busy season, with its throngs of pedestrians and many passing teams and cable cars rounding at speed presents easily the most exciting street scene in New York. People halt on the sidewalks to look at it.—New York Sun.

The Difference.

Senator Everts, when asked once or one not initiated if there was a difference between a canvas-back and a red-head duck, and if he could tell the difference, quickly replied: "I can, very readily; it is simply in the size of the bill."

Old Posters.

Posters took their name from the fact that in former times the footways of London streets were separated from the drives by a line of posts, on which advertisements were displayed.

A Quaker Epitaph.

The following epitaph is found in an English churchyard: "Here lies J. S. who for forty years lived in conjugal happiness with his widow, who survives him."—Harper's Magazine.

Telephone Charges in France.

Hereafter telephone charges in France are to be 5 cents for three minutes within a radius of fifteen miles.

PAULIST MISSIONS.

Work of the Eloquent Father Younan, and Other Members of the Order.

Rev. Elias P. Younan, C. S. P., director of the Paulists' Tennessee house at Winchester, also will be director of the Paulists' missions this year. Rev. Michael Otis, C. S. P., who has been at the Paulists' houses in San Francisco and Washington for several years, has been assigned to the Tennessee house, as Father Younan, necessarily will be absent on the missions. Father Younan will give missions in the following places: St. Rose's, Hastings, Mich., where he is now engaged and will be until October 4th; St. Mary's Cathedral, Cowling, Ky., October 5th to October 27th; St. Thomas' church, Chicago, Ill., from November 1st to November 24th, and St. Patrick's church, Baltimore, Md., from December 1st to December 22nd. Rev. P. J. O'Callaghan, C. S. P., who was director of the missions last year, resigned from the office, but will continue as a missionary.

Father O'Callaghan and Rev. John Burke, C. S. P., opened a two weeks' mission in a Rochester church, last Sunday. Rev. Thomas F. Burke, C. S. P., and Rev. T. A. Daly, C. S. P., opened a mission in Greenville, Pa., last Sunday.

For the first time in twenty years a mission will be conducted in St. Raphael's Cathedral, Dubuque, Iowa. Father Tomey announces that three Paulist Fathers from New York will begin a three weeks' mission next month. The first week will be devoted to women, the second to men and the last week to non-Catholics.

Rev. Francis B. Doherty, C. S. P., and Rev. Bertrand L. Conway, C. S. P., opened a two weeks' mission in St. James' church, Rockford, Ill., last Sunday.

Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan of Toledo at an ordination of Rev. Michael Carey, C. S. P., in the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, Columbus avenue and 60th street, last Saturday morning, September 21st.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

An Irish priest, Rev. David Fleming, has been just elected head of the great religious Order of St. Francis.

The Queen dowager of Italy, Margherita, has lately caused to be returned to the Capuchins of Rome a convent of their order taken from them in 1871 by Victor Emanuel I.

Six Cubans are expected at St. Mary's seminary, Baltimore, this year in addition to the one who has been pursuing his studies there. Four more to Ricans will be among the students.

Rev. William P. Clark, private secretary of Archbishop Elmer, and assistant to Rev. J. M. Mackey, Ph. D., at the Cathedral, Cincinnati, O., will leave shortly for Washington, D. C., to enter the Catholic university there.

Rev. John McLaughlin, of Cortland will accompany Bishop Ludden to Ireland on the 24th inst. The bishop is going over to consecrate the new church in his native town. He will remain only a few weeks in Ireland, as he has confirmation arrangements in October.

The new statistics for the Swiss republic report 1,918,191 Protestants and 1,331,135 Catholics. This, compared with the last general census of twelve years ago, is a decrease of twelve per cent for Catholics.

Rev. Timothy P. O'Keefe, who has been recently appointed as an army chaplain, has reported at Fort Sam Houston, having been assigned to the 12th Cavalry.

The U. S. Secretary of the Treasury, Lyman J. Gage, has received from a soldier in the Philippines a conscience contribution of \$270. The money was sent to Dr. Conaty, rector of the Catholic University, for transmission to Secretary Gage.

The 6,000 Polish families comprising the congregation of St. Stanislaus church, Chicago, at a special meeting adopted resolutions expressive of their grief, sorrow and abhorrence over the attempt on the President's life.

Godless schools are responsible for many of the wanton outrages perpetrated all over the country. The unfortunate wretch who attempted the life of President McKinley is a product of these institutions.—Michigan Catholic.

Reason knows that man becomes dwarfed the moment he loses hold of God, and that the bond between him and God—religion—ceases to be religious if it discards its sovereign attributes. If it declines from doctrinal truth and becomes but literature, philosophy or art, it can do nothing more for man.

The exodus of the French religious orders is now beginning in real earnest. A Paris letter states authoritatively that the Benedictine Fathers of Solesmes, and the Benedictine Sisters of Saint Cecile, quitted France, September 15, and hereafter will continue their work on the Isle of Wight, England. The Carthusians, moreover, began departing for Belgium and the United States.

WHITE BIRDS OF THE GOOD GOD. The white cornets of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul are seen all over the city of Jerusalem, where the order has had a hospital for the last twelve years. In fact, they have been placed in charge of the city hospital there by the Turkish government. The Bedouins call the quaint head-dressed Sisters of Charity "the White Birds of the Good God."