

A PRUDENT MAID



Miss Dorothy Dot before going to wade Takes her little tin bucket and little tin spade, And Bobbie and she work away with a vim...

—Harriot Brewer Sterling in St. Nicholas.

OBEYING THE RULES.

That was How Mayor Johnson Got His Start in the World.

The mayor of Cleveland, familiarly known as Tom Johnson, when at the age of fourteen lived in Louisville, Ky., and secured employment as an office boy at \$2 a week in a foundry.

B. Du Pont, who was part owner of the foundry, saw the industrious office boy rush one day into the street, pick up a bit of iron and, returning, throw it on the scrap heap inside.

Why did you do that, my son? Why, sir, said Tom, a bit embarrassed, there was no use wasting it. They can put it in the furnace and use it over again.

Well, I just think I can use you, young man, in the street car business. How would you like to come at \$7 a week?

Young Johnson accepted the \$5 raise with alacrity. Mr. Du Pont controlled the Fourth avenue and Walnut street lines.

One of the rules of the company was that as each bag of money was drawn the drawer must carry it into the office, put it into the safe and close the door.

Mr. Du Pont was seldom at the drawing station during the day, and in time the drawers grew careless. No one had access to the room but the drawers, and knowing one another to be honest they formed the habit of carelessly throwing the bags of money on the floor and piling them all into the safe in a heap at the end of the day.

One day, the chief drawer was ill, and young Johnson, the office boy, was sent by Mr. Du Pont from Eighteenth and Walnut streets to Fourth and Main to help out. Johnson read the rules, and in drawing the bag of money from the first car he bounded up the steps to the room, opened the safe, threw in the money and slammed the door.

What did you do that for? demanded the bookkeeper. The rules say so, answered the subdrawer over his shoulder as he ran down the steps to meet another car.

The same thing was repeated a dozen times. Then the bookkeeper wheeled around and demanded: Don't you think I'm honest? Do you think I want to steal any of that money?

Dunno, answered Johnson, but the rule says, 'Put the bag in the safe and shut the door,' and that's what I'm going to do whether you like it or not.

The bookkeeper jumped off his stool just as Mr. Du Pont stepped in. What's all this row about? he asked. This young fool is acting as if he thought I was trying to steal your money, the bookkeeper replied.

I was just obeying the rule, Mr. Du Pont, spoke up young Johnson. Here it is. And he showed the president of the company the rule. All right, my boy, said Mr. Du Pont. Since you obey the rules so well I'll make you chief drawer right now.

Two years later, when he was seventeen, Johnson was superintendent of the road.

A TWILIGHT GAME.

You Mention a Thing and Count Ten For the Next Player.

It had been raining all day. It was almost dark, and the children were getting dangerously tired of each other when Miss Lambert came up into the nursery.

What is it? questioned Alice, feeling very happy all at once. The world is so full of a number of things, I think we should all be as happy as kings, quoted Miss Lambert.

That's all, replied Miss Lambert, still smiling. But the children, sure that something nice was coming, settled themselves, each on an arm of Miss Lambert's chair, and waited.

Well, we'll play a game, said Miss Lambert. I'll mention one of the 'things' and then commence to count ten. Before I have finished Alice must mention one, and so we'll go round and round.

Count, dear, reminded Miss Lambert, for Elizabeth had forgotten present duties.

One, two, three, four, five, six, said Elizabeth solemnly. Count, dear, reminded Miss Lambert, for Elizabeth had forgotten present duties.

One, two, three, four, five, six, said Elizabeth solemnly. Count, dear, reminded Miss Lambert, for Elizabeth had forgotten present duties.

A stone wall, shouted Alice, with all the things growing side of it: wild roses, hardback, grapevines; one, two, three, four, five.

Babies, said Elizabeth, beginning at once to think up for next time and forgetting to count, as usual. Mamma that sing softly to the babies, said Miss Lambert, following Elizabeth's lead.

Uncles that tell stories, shouted Alice, springing into the arms of a big man who suddenly appeared in the doorway. Oh, Uncle Jack, you play, too! cried both the children at once, and then such fun as followed!

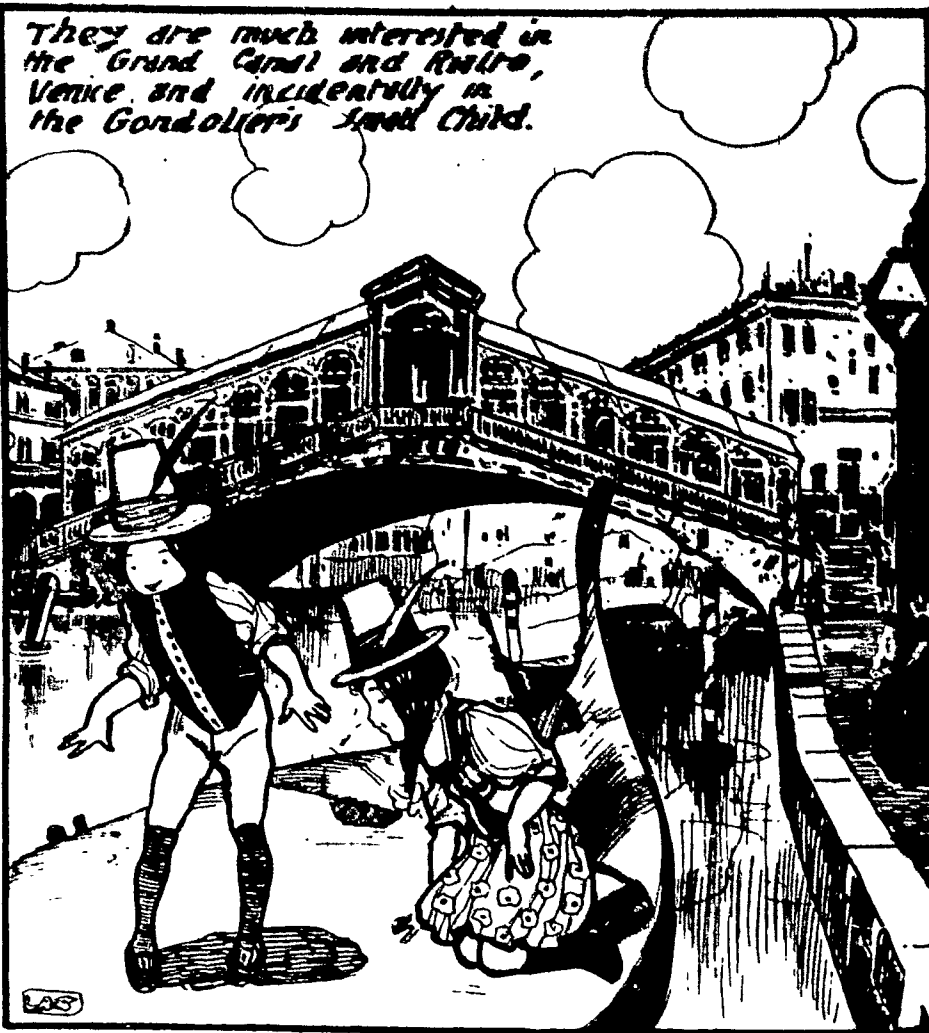
Uncle Jack had to pay a forfeit because he couldn't think quickly enough, and then after that he was thought of lots of jolly things—gulls' eggs and full rigged ships and big waves that dash over boats and the American flag and everything—Outlook.

The Straw and Coin Trick. Show five pieces of straw or five thin sticks of wood and a coin and ask the audience to try to lift them together in such a way that the performer holds only one of the pieces of straw or wood in his hand.

Betty Botter's Butter. Betty Botter bought some butter. 'But,' she said, 'this butter's bitter. If I put it in my batter, It will make the batter bitter. But a bit of better butter Will make my batter better.' So she bought a bit of better Butter than the bitter butter. And made her batter better. So 'twas better Betty Botter Bought a bit of better butter.

Often Mistaken. In a public park at Calcutta are several birds of the adjacent species. They are the storks of the East Indies and average about six feet in height. These birds parade in a stately way and at a distance look so much like soldiers that strangers often mistake them for grenadiers.

THE WEELITTLES IN VENICE.



They are much interested in the Grand Canal and Rialto, Venice and incidentally in the Gondolier's 'Jest Child.'

FIND THE GONDOLIER AND A LADY.

THE WEELITTLES IN POMPEII.



Among the ruins of Pompeii. A visit is paid to the Temple of Jupiter.

FIND THE THREE BEGGARS.

THE WEELITTLES IN SWITZERLAND.



Their Guide-book tells them all about the famous Willard Tell Chapel. They see nothing of him however.

FIND THE CARETAKER.

THE WEELITTLES AT LAKE LEMAN.



After a charming trip up Lake Lemman they ought to investigate the Castle of Chillon.

FIND THE LORD OF THE CASTLE.

MISS ADDAMS TALKS.

SHE POINTS OUT DEFECTS IN THE MODERN CHURCH.

Invited by the Ministers of Chicago She Gives Her Views—No Sympathy With Those Who Denounce the Theatre—Must Teach Morals and Ethics.

A short time since the Methodist ministers of Chicago invited Miss Jane Addams of Hull house, the well-known social settlement of that city, to address them. Miss Addams is one of the broadest minded women on the continent. The ministers asked her to point out what in her opinion were the defects in the working machinery of the modern church. She confined her attention to the Protestant church and to its lack of success in reaching the masses.

People who do not care for religion in the abstract, says Miss Addams, are attracted to the country church. In the city, however, the situation is different. The city houses people of all degrees and life is more complex. The church is compelled to compete with theatres, music halls and social organizations of every kind.

Equally courageous was Miss Addams attitude upon the theatre. She has no sympathy with those who denounce the theatre as wholly bad. Indeed she defends in a measure the cheap theatres which are located in the vicinity of Hull house and makes the wide distinction that they are immoral rather than immoral.

I would not, says Miss Addams, make the church a theatre, but you have got to teach morals and ethics along more attractive lines. I believe if Christ came to earth again and he found the church steeple or the long sermon or the music and singing needed changing he would not hesitate to change it if by so doing he could reach men.

Miss Addams again told the ministers that they did not sufficiently try to understand the point of view of the workingman. From the point of view of the church they have souls to be saved. That is true, but the pressing problem of millions of working men is not how they may save their souls, but how may they get a little more physical and mental comfort out of the present life.

It is a radical statement for a Methodist minister to make, but one present did make it and he voiced the sentiments of the majority of the ministers at the meeting when he said: 'I believe all Miss Addams said to us is true and more. I know the church is not reaching the masses. Only last week I stood watching a crowd of men building a sewer near my church. I wanted to reach them and say something to them, but I couldn't. It seemed as if a great wall was built between myself and the men in the ditch. We as a church are not reaching the people. There is more brotherhood in the saloon and the theatre and the mutual benefit society, and I mean to try to have a brotherhood spirit in my church.'

Would be Popular Here. In the island of New Britain a man must not speak to his mother-in-law. Not only is speech forbidden to his relative, but she must be avoided, and if by chance the lady is met the son-in-law must hide himself or cover his face.

Besides a soap trust and many other trusts recently formed we are now to have a brick trust. Of the new trusts 'Mina wants but little more to be' work alive in these trusts. It says he'd have to modify his words a little, or else go out of the business entirely.

NEW YORK CENTRAL

THE FOUR-TRACK TRAIN LINE

Trains leave from and arrive at Grand Avenue Station, Manhattan, N.Y.

Trains arrive from the East

Trains arrive from Auburn Road

Trains arrive from West

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