

Legal Notices

STATE OF NEW YORK, OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE, Albany, July 25, 1908.—Pursuant to the provisions of section one of article fourteen of the Constitution of the State of New York...

AMENDMENT NUMBER TWO. Concurrent Resolution of the Senate and Assembly, proposing an amendment to section seven of article six of the Constitution of the State of New York...

Section 1. Resolved (if the senate concur), That section seven of article six of the Constitution of the State of New York be amended to read as follows: Article six...

Section 2. Resolved (if the senate concur), That section seven of article six of the Constitution of the State of New York be amended to read as follows: Article six...

Section 3. Resolved (if the senate concur), That section seven of article six of the Constitution of the State of New York be amended to read as follows: Article six...

Section 4. Resolved (if the senate concur), That section seven of article six of the Constitution of the State of New York be amended to read as follows: Article six...

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Section 7. Resolved (if the senate concur), That section seven of article six of the Constitution of the State of New York be amended to read as follows: Article six...

Section 8. Resolved (if the senate concur), That section seven of article six of the Constitution of the State of New York be amended to read as follows: Article six...

Section 9. Resolved (if the senate concur), That section seven of article six of the Constitution of the State of New York be amended to read as follows: Article six...

Section 10. Resolved (if the senate concur), That section seven of article six of the Constitution of the State of New York be amended to read as follows: Article six...

With the Assistance of the Waitress

While Marjorie waited for her order she glanced shyly at the young man sitting opposite her at the table, and her blue eyes beamed approval...

The waitress had been bustling about the table, and Marjorie, looking down suddenly, noted to her surprise that a plate containing two orders of rolls, had been set directly between her place and the young man...

Marjorie acquiesced shyly. After a few moments her difficulties were away and she suddenly found herself chatting with him in the most un-conventional way. He had taken no advantage of their strange meeting...

One evening about a month later Marjorie decided that she would go to see Grace Lincoln, a girl acquaintance who lived out of town. In the course of the evening she related her strange experience, and when she had finished Grace laughed immoderately...

Marjorie smiled unconcernedly. As she entered the library a tall figure who had been sitting before the open fire, rose and came forward. Marjorie could hardly believe her own eyes...

Richard was pleased when Richard Young offered to see her to the train, and as they walked along together she felt as if she had always known him. "I'm coming to call on you tomorrow evening," he announced somewhat boldly...

ANIMALS' SENSE OF HUMOR.

They Pull Tails, Make Up Faces and Play Mischievous Tricks. Apologies with a sense of humor, or signs of one anyway, are described by a writer in the Strand. He tells of a female baboon that delighted in teasing a certain watch dog.

As soon as the dog settled himself for a doze the baboon would steal up and give the canine tail a vicious tug. Of course the dog would go for her, but she would simply wait till he got close enough, then leap over his head and from behind give his tail another pull.

A Siamese monkey was being brought to Europe on a steamer with several other monkeys, who, for some reason, would have nothing to do with him. This ostracism exasperated the Siamese and whenever he got a chance he would grab one of the others by the tail, drag him all over the deck and finally climb into the rigging and drop his victim with a dull thud.

Darwin tells of a female orang-utan that took hold of a dish in which her food was served and put it on her head as if it were a hat. Thus adorned she provoked roars of laughter, to her evident gratification, from the crowd around her cage.

Another naturalist saw a baboon get even with an officer who had often teased him. Seeing the officer approaching the baboon poured some water into a hole in the ground, mixing it with earth so as to make mud. When his enemy came up he splashed the muddy water on the officer's uniform. For a long time after this every time the animal saw the officer he indulged in what had every appearance of being laughter.

Saville Kent declares that dolphins are fond of teasing other fish by seizing their tails and dragging them through the water. He once saw two dolphins attack a big skate swimming near the surface of the water. The skate tried to escape them by raising its tail out of water, but the dolphins got hold of it and dragged the skate in every direction.

Foals will often tease human beings by galloping toward them, as if intending to run them down, then stopping short within an uncomfortable short step or two. Gross, the naturalist, relates several amusing instances of a similar nature about dogs. He had once a dog who when given a piece of bread that he did not care to eat, dropped it, and then, lying upon it, pretended to look all around with the most innocent air, as if wondering where it had fallen.

Another case he speaks of is that of a terrier whose greatest pleasure it was to catch flies on the window panes. Nothing annoyed the animal more than to be laughed at when he missed his prey. "In order to discover what he would do," says Gross, "I purposely laughed immoderately each time he was unsuccessful, and the more I laughed the clumsier he grew."

"At last he was so unmistakably annoyed that in his despair he pretended to capture a fly, and made the appropriate movements of tongue and lips, finally rubbing his neck on the ground as if to crush his victim, after which he regarded me with a triumphant air."

"So well had he played his little comedy that, had I not seen the very fly on the window, I certainly would have been taken in by this trick. When I called his attention to the fact that the fly he had chased was still at large and that there was no dead fly on the floor, he perfectly understood that his hypocrisy had been discovered and was so ashamed that he slunk away and hid under a couch."

Weird Tales From Salton Desert. Weird and wonderful are the stories which have come out of the great Salton Desert in California. It was there on the Lower Colorado River, that "Captain Smith" found the lame turtle, and so won its gratitude by healing it that it returned in later years and offered its services as an animated ferry when the Captain was on an island threatened with a rising flood.

MEMORIES.

She sat gazing far out over the water at the golden sunset as the boat chugged away from the harbor for two weeks she would be free. When she had closed her desk at the office she had ceased to be a stenographer, a machine. She belonged to herself for 14 whole days, and she would enjoy every hour of every day of them all.

But she soon forgot her surroundings in the enjoyment of the sunset as she built castles rivaling in splendor those in the glowing west. Suddenly she was startled by a voice at her elbow. "Pardon me, does this cigar annoy you?"

She looked up quickly into a pair of laughing brown eyes, set in a clear-cut, honest face. "No, indeed," she answered. "I didn't notice it at all. I was trying so hard to find the fairies in those castles in the west and was so undecided as to whether the violet or the gold one belong to the queen that I had forgotten I was not the only person in the world."

With a blush she remembered that she was speaking to an entire stranger, and she turned quickly away. But the young man was persistent. "I have letters of introduction from two well-known and perfectly respectable people," he said, "and I promise to be very good, and perhaps I could help you about that royal castle if you'll let me."

"The girl smiled. 'I'll take your word about your respectability,' she said, 'and as I can't monopolize the sunset and can't prevent your sitting here, if you want to, I may as well say 'yes,' though I warn you I shan't talk much.' 'I can make up for both,' he smiled back at her. 'I've been watching you for some time, and have wanted to say a penny for your thoughts,' but even I hardly dared that."

"I don't mind telling you what I was thinking about," the girl said with a laugh. "It was really very commonplace and unimportant. We city people so seldom have time for sunsets, and I am sorry a very dear friend is not here to enjoy this with me. She would fully appreciate it."

She was interrupted by a very profound sigh from her companion, who, seeing her surprised expression, explained, "That's the relief I felt when you said 'ah.' Of course I can't take her place but I will do the best I can."

She smiled and continued, "There is something about a sunset, or it may be a vacation, that makes me reckless. But don't throw away your cigar," she added, "I don't mind it in the least."

"But it was already over the rail," "I'm afraid I must make a confession," he said in reply. "That cigar was perfectly vile—those you get on a boat always are—but there didn't seem to be any other way to approach you. Will you forgive me? I won't do it again."

"I ought not to, for you really deserve some severe punishment, such as banishment; but I will be lenient and return you to favor."

Thank you, and now that preliminaries are arranged we can have a good chat, though I am still a little jealous of that friend of yours."

NOTED NOVELISTS' WIVES.

They Entertain Magnificently in Magnificent Mansions. Our great novelists are exceptionally fortunate in their wives, says London Sketch, and it is quite curious to note how very rarely the world hears of disensions between those married couples who are connected with imaginative literature. Feels have been proverbially unlucky—not so novelists. At the present time the great masters of the novel are, with perhaps one or two exceptions, all benedicts, and what is more gratifying, all happy benedicts. Perhaps it were well to take them seriatim. Sir Gilbert Parker, though the chosen novelist of Canada, went to the states for his wife, and Mrs. Parker, who was a Miss Vantine of New York, has conquered a considerable place among the political hostesses. She entertains the statement of the day in one of the most magnificent mansions in Carlton House Terrace, while at the present moment her husband and herself are at one of the prettiest places near Dorking, where the novelist is hard at work on an important new story yet another Canadian writer who has made his home in this country, Robert Barr, also chose his wife in the United States. Mrs Robert Barr, who is as breezy and cheerful as are so many of her husband's books, was Miss Eva Bennett, and next year she and the author of "The Countess Telka" will have been married thirty years. The love romance seems to lead men ahead when courting. Mrs. Jerome K. Jerome, the popular "better half" of the writer who is one of our comparatively few humorists, was the daughter of a Spanish officer. She is immensely proud of her husband's popularity and shares his many outdoor recreations. Rider Haggard, himself a Norfolk man, married a Norfolk lady, and the mistress of Ditchingham, where her husband's many interesting agricultural experiments have been tried, was the only child of a well-known Norfolk magnate, the late Major Margitson. This year the popular couple celebrate their silver wedding, and it is significant that not till he married and settled down to home life did Rider Haggard begin his career as an author, while "King Solomon's Mines" was published six years after he became a Benedict. Mrs Coulson Kernahan is quite as prolific a writer as her husband; they have both paid a pretty compliment to a fellow novelist by naming their seaside home Thrush.

Generals and the Flowers. When Gen. Nodzu, the last of the four chief generals of Japan to return to Tokyo after the war, was welcomed to the capital recently, a poetic writer likened Kuroki, Oku, Nogi and Nodzu to the "four flower symbols" used by classical Japanese artists—the plum blossom, orchid, chrysanthemum and bamboo. Gen. Kuroki, who won the first victory of the war, is compared to the wild plum, the mumei flower, that puts forth its petals earliest in the year, even against winter's frost and snow. The writer carries the simile so far as to allude also to the sour-sweet fruit, which is noted for its healthy acid qualities; the general is likened to it because his early successes served to inspire the men of the other armies with courage and confidence, and stir them up in a spirit of emulation.

Gen. Oku, leader of the second army, is likened to the orchid. He is declared to be brilliant in his movements, having particularly to his credit the smallest casualty list, but he bears his honors with the modesty of an orchid, that fills a sequestered glen with its fragrance. As to the hero of Port Arthur, Gen. Nogi, no floral emblem can be so fitting as the chrysanthemum, uplifting its corolla against the frosty air of the autumn. As the flower undergoes a whole year's careful culture, through the cold of winter and the heat of summer, so had the stout heart of the general borne all the vicissitudes of the campaign; and, above all, the inconsolable sorrow of losing his two sons. In the end he appears as glorious as the imperial flower.

Gen. Nodzu, the writer says, can be likened to the sturdy bamboo. His bravery has been tested and proved undaunted in all the wars of the Meiji era, and has shown at its best in the face of ill-fortune; just as the enduring, unbreakable bamboo, under the weight of the heaviest snow, still remains evergreen, fresh, hardy and vigorous, to bear up through everything.

The New Age of Clothes. It is apparent to every eye that this is the new age of clothes. Dress has always been a passion with some; now it is a cult. Women go down on their knees before it; men bow to it; it is what "makes the world go round." Love as a motive power takes off his hat to the plumage of superior woman, including inferior man's. At least it looks this way to the vivisectionist of modern society. The value of clothes, supremely artificial and enticing clothes, is understood by the theatrical syndicate to the least in their employ. Human has it on the brain—this belief in the sovereign power of the "exquisite dresser"—and it becomes doubly interesting, for those who hitherto haven't known a frill from a tuck to sniff out the effect it has even on the most important events of the hour.

Franklin—"Brown is wondering if he will be some kind of an animal in the next life."

Penn—"There is no reason why he shouldn't be; he is a street car hog in this."

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