

Changing Weather Ideal from the Salesman's Point of View.

"Naturally," said the umbrella salesman, "we sell more umbrellas when it rains than when it doesn't, but ideal weather for the retail umbrella trade would be found in a constant succession of days that started bright and clear and wound up stormy."

"To be sure we sell more or less umbrellas all the time, on clear days as well as on rainy. In time of peace prepare for war, you know, and that sort of thing, and there are people who buy their umbrellas and have them ready; but it is on such a day as I have described that we sell the most umbrellas."

You take a bright and sunny and lovely day that promises to stay so and that holds so well along in the afternoon, a day on which the streets and the stores are filled with shoppers, and then let a storm come up, taking people unawares then we sell umbrellas."

On such a day we have customers here standing along the umbrella counter perhaps two or three deep people buying umbrellas on such a day we sell hundreds of umbrellas in one afternoon. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, don't you know? The rainy days in the bright days in the umbrella business."

A Good Qualification.

The mystery of the negro might be illustrated by a story which the Philadelphia Record prints. John, the colored applicant for the position of butler in a family living in one of the fashionable suburbs of Philadelphia, strove to impress his would-be employer with his entire fitness for the place.

"Oh, yes, sub," he said, "I'm sholy well educated, sub. I's passed a civil service examination."

"Indeed," responded the gentleman, "that is very fine, I'm sure, but I can't say that will be of any particular value to be in a butler."

"Not?" said the surprised applicant. "It shore is strange how gentlemen's stastes do diger. Now Mr. Williams, naming his former employer, he say, 'John, one thing I demand is civil service to mah guests, an' he done gave me a examination of' there, sub, an' that's the truf'."

Then the gentleman saw a great light. He replied:

"Yes, you are quite right, John. Civil service is a very important and rather unusual virtue, so if you have passed that examination, I think we'll consider you engaged."

Cat and Mouse Pillar.

In Lichfield Cathedral the central pillar of the chapter house and the clustered shafts and vaulting ribs which spread from it are very fine specimens of early English work. One of the pillars contains the quaint design of a cat with a mouse in its mouth. It is supposed to have been executed in a humorous spirit by one of the masons, who, so far as the stone permitted, made it quite realistic.

A Biblical Query.

Why did King David tell his servants who had lost half their beards to tarry at Jericho until they had grown again? Was the wearing of the beard among the Jews in those days a universal custom? Statutes show ancient Egyptians who were close shaven.

He Apologized.

Henry, aged three, was left alone with his three-months-old brother. His mother, hearing the baby cry, returned to find out what had happened. "Oh," said Henry, "I choked him a little, but I asked him to 'scuse me.'"

Electrical Mining.

Electrical mining is now considered the most improved method of mining in America as well as in Europe, and up-to-date mining engineers are adopting electrical power wherever possible.

Objecting to Acting as Valet.

One of the grievances of Mrs. Clark Black of Chicago, who sued for a divorce, was that she was compelled early every morning to curl her husband's long, silky mustache.

Criticism of Nature.

"It has always seemed to me that Nature is at fault," observes the Philosopher of Folly, "when she gives a man a mouth capable of biting off more than he can chew."

Cheap Labor in Ceylon.

The wages of the coolies who raise tea in Ceylon vary from 8.33 to 11.66 cents a day. They are, however, housed free, and get rice at cost price.

Certainly Something Wrong.

"Oh, mamma," exclaimed little Nettie one day, "there must be something the matter with the baby; he isn't crying!"

First English Regatta.

The first English regatta took place upon the Thames, between London Bridge and Millbank, June 23, 1775.

Within and Without.

Live with men as if God saw you; converse with God as if men heard you.—Seneca.

Osgood.

Whenever a critic wants to say something scathing about a play he calls it melodrama.

An Instance Showing That Hospitality is Not Always Appreciated.

Southern hospitality is proverbially generous. In "The Old Dominion" Mr. Thomas Nelson Page recounts an instance showing that this hospitality was not always appreciated. A guest asked the loan of a horse to carry him to his next stopping-place, a town which lay at a considerable distance. The host accordingly lent him his horse, and sent along a negro boy—it was before the war—to bring the horse back.

After several days the boy was still missing, and some one was sent to hunt him up. The messenger found him at last and demanded why he had not returned with the horse.

"Cause dat gert'man done sell de horse," was the reply.

"Well, why didn't you come back and say so?"

"Hi! He done sell me, too," said the boy.

Calling the Deaf.

"To wake a deaf person who wishes to be called at a certain time in the morning is about the hardest proposition a hotel clerk runs up against," said a member of that fraternity. "To ring the telephone is useless because the man can't hear. Knocking, for the same reason, is futile. Now and then a guest who has lost his hearing suggests that he leave his door open so we can walk right in and shake him, but even if he does appear to be dead game there are so many chances of somebody less guileless than ourselves walking in ahead of us that we can't consent to that simple expedient."

"It seems to me the man who can patent a device for waking the deaf is sure of fame and fortune, not to mention the gratitude of the brotherhood of hotel clerks."

A Substitute.

Irish wit is as excellent as it is proverbial. A writer in the Mariner's Advocate tells the story of a ship doctor on an English liner who noticed the death-watch steward, a Hibernian that a man had died in stateroom forty-five. The usual instructions to bury the body were given. Some hours later the doctor peeped into the room and found that the body was still there.

He called the matter to the attention of the Irishman, who replied:

"I thought you said room forty-six; I wint in there and sen was of thin in a bunk. 'Are ye dead?' says I. 'No,' says he, 'but I'm pretty near dead.' So I was getting ready to bury him."

A Few Things Worth Knowing.

Cork will not rise if sunk twenty feet below water.

The negro republic of Liberia has twenty-two species of rubber trees.

Korea, with a population of 29,000,000, consumes \$40,000,000 of cigarettas yearly.

Sixty years ago the use of tin and steel to produce a fire was not wholly unknown.

Vegetarian experts assert that one acre of land will comfortably support four persons on a vegetable diet.

Original New England.

The original New England was on the Pacific, and not on the Atlantic coast. When Sir Francis Drake landed on American shores in 1579, he took possession of the country for Queen Elizabeth, calling it "Nova Albion," meaning New England. The States of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Maine, Connecticut, Rhode Island and Vermont have, therefore, appropriated the name which should belong to California.

Third Class Express.

One of the most popular trains in India is a third-class express on the East Indian line. First and second-class passengers are not admitted to it. Its success lies in the fact that it is strictly a third-class express. The train is the pride of the general manager, and pays well. It is always crammed full, though no passenger has a ticket for a journey shorter than 200 miles.

A Queer Fish.

The mud-skipper is one of the queerest fishes alive. It really is a fish and lives in the water, but it can climb out on to the shore and crawl. It likes to clamber up on to roots of trees and perch there. Another funny thing about it is that it breathes with its tail. The skin there is very thin, and the fish breathes through it quite easily.

The Barrister's Back Pocket.

Old-time barristers in England did not openly receive fees for their services. An early method of collecting fees was the pocket which in medieval times a barrister used to have placed in the back of his gown, into which the solicitor would surreptitiously slip the fee.

Bad Memory.

"It must be nice to be a hero," remarked the quiet man. "It is for a minute," replied Senator Badger. "After that the hero wonders at the world's bad memory."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Protection Against Rabbits.

Australian farmers imported last year, as a protection against rabbits, 1,500 miles of wire netting, which costs \$122 to \$145 a mile.

Oyster Shell Records.

The British Museum contains books written on oyster shells, bricks, tiles, bones, ivory, lead, iron, sheepskin and palm leaves.

WHEN THE TABLES TURNED

Willie Walker was a little 12-year-old chap with red hair and a "crooked" eye. And Willie Walker's father was just a poor carpenter, whose family lived in a simple cottage with unpretentious surroundings. Therefore, Willie, being a poor boy and not of very pronounced good looks, fell under the ridicule of most of his fellows at school and about the streets. Wherever Willie went he was sure to hear some boy's voice call out to him: "Hello, Brick-top!" or "Hello, Sandypate!" or "Hello, there, Crooked Lamp!" And, again, some tormentor would yell out to him as he went along: "Say, does the world look on the bias to you, Sandy Kid?"

And Willie, being but a child, had not learned to turn a deaf ear to his tormentors. In fact, he was very much hurt by the epithets hurled at him and was quite unhappy by being the object of ridicule.

But in the town where Willie lived were two brothers—Syd and Tom Jackson—who felt the kindest sympathy for the carpenter's little crooked-eyed son and who braved the jeers of the other boys to play with him. To be sure, Willie was not entirely ostracized by his fellows, but was so often made the butt of their ridicule and coarse, painful personalities that he felt he had no genuine friends save Syd and Tom Jackson. And often he refused to go on a picnic—where he had been invited by Syd and Tom, knowing that some of the boys would surely spoil his day by poking fun at his red hair and crooked eye.

One day Willie was lying on the grass under a tree, watching the clouds floating overhead and wishing that both his eyes were straight like other boys' eyes, when he heard a man's voice call from the gate:

"Is this the home of William Walker, carpenter?"

Willie quickly rose, and replied that it was and that his father was William Walker but was at his shop in town busy with some work.

"Well, I can wait till he comes home for dinner," said the man, leaning in through the gate. "And while I'm waiting I'd like to speak with your mother."

Willie called to his mother, who came upon the porch. And as soon as her eyes fell on the stranger she cried out in a happy voice: "Why, if it isn't my dear brother Jim!"

And then Uncle Jim took Willie in his arms and really kissed his rawny red head, declaring that he was a fine boy and worthy of his relationship. But that day, after dinner, Willie heard his parents in earnest conversation with his Uncle Jim and heard his uncle say: "Of course it can be done as slick as a ribbon and no harm done. And I've got the money to pay for it, too."

It turned out that it was Willie's crooked eye of which they were speaking, and on the following day they took him to the doctor's office, and, after being there a little while, Willie came away with two straight eyes. But, of course, he could not use his eyes that had been operated on for some days, and had to have it closely bandaged. But when the bandage was at last removed by the doctor Willie was the happiest boy in town, for now he had two eyes exactly alike and as fine and straight as any other boy's eyes, too.

As for his red hair—bah, he didn't care a fig about that. And, to cap the climax, good, jolly Uncle Jim bought the finest pony for Willie you ever saw and a saddle and bridle to go with it, or, on it, I should say.

Then you should have seen the way all those ugly, tormenting boys did try to get into Willie's good graces, for they coveted a ride on the pony. Besides, the report had been circulated about town that Uncle Jim was a very rich man (which was true) and that he meant to give his nephew all sorts of schooling and travel (which was true, also).

And to do Willie justice—for he was not a bad boy at heart—he did not resent the way the boys had treated him in the past; but he never quite trusted any of them save Syd and Tom. But he treated even his former tormentors with kindness and made them feel quite ashamed of themselves. And to this day they regret having made fun of the kindest and most generous boy in the world, Willie Walker.—Washington Star.

Author's Names.

For a man of letters, a strong name of striking originality is a precious possession; it is a pearl beyond price, the attainment of which is well worth a resolute effort. An author is fortunate if it is given to him by decent and by baptism—John Milton, for example, or Francis Parkman, names combining vigor with a certain distinction. He is lucky if he can achieve it by arbitrary suppression of a superfluous given name, as Bret Harte did and Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

Mexican Canal Open.

More than one-half of the 120-mile canal which is to connect Tampico with Tuxpan has been completed by the Mexican government; boats are running as far as Tambula. The soil of this region is exceptionally rich, but has remained undeveloped for lack of transportation facilities.



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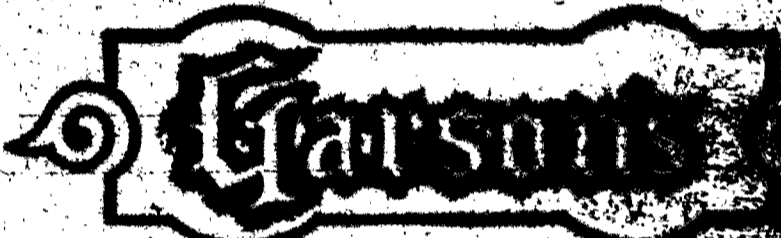
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