

FARMER'S GAVOTTE

(LANDLICH-SITTLICH)

As played by the Cavalry Band of Washington, D. C.

The musical score is presented in two systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system includes a tempo marking 'Allegretto' and a dynamic marking 'mf'. The second system includes a 'D.S.' (Da Capo) marking. The score concludes with a 'FINE' marking. The music is in 2/4 time and features a simple, rhythmic melody characteristic of a Gavotte.

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Farmer's Gavotte.

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CHINESE CUNNING.

An Official's Subtle Scheme for Securing His Prisoners.

One of the funniest stories about Chinatown is not really Chinese. It was told by a British consul at one of the treaty ports. He arrested nine delinquent Chinese, intending to turn them over to the tender mercies of the native magistrates. Meantime he gave them into the custody of a Chinese policeman, telling him to look them up, though there was no jail at the consulate. But the policeman was equal to the emergency. He solemnly saluted, saying, "I obey," and marched his men off. Soon he returned and announced that they were safely caged.

The consul was curious to see how and where. He followed his police man to the yard. There he saw the nine prisoners dancing round the consulate flagpole, jeeringly chanting the Chinese equivalent of "ring around a rosy." Whenever the dance showed signs of flagging the policeman stirred them up with a long pole. They seemed at first sight to be holding each other's hands, but looking closer, the consul saw that they were handcuffed together.

"Walk," said the consul, "if they are chained in a ring around the flagpole they can certainly not get away. But why do you make them dance?"

"Ah," answered the Chinese policeman, with infinite cunning, "so that they cannot climb up the pole and get away."

The consul broke out into a loud British laugh and tried to explain to the Chinaman that the white policeman could certainly not all climb up the pole at once, but the Chinaman had his idea and held to it. So the dance went on.—*Harper's Weekly.*

AWED THE STUDENTS.

Jean Richpin's First Lesson as an Instructor in Literature.

At the age of twenty-two Jean Richpin, the French poet and dramatic author, accepted a place as instructor in literature in a school which prepared students for the military college of St. Cyr. His employers warned him that the future army officers took very little interest in belles-lettres and that their principal occupation in class was raising chaos.

Richpin's first lesson began amid a storm of whistling and catcalls. But the young instructor's voice boomed out above the uproar and imperiously commanded silence. "Gentlemen," he said, "I am not here because I like it. I am here for my living. Is any one of you going to stand in the way? If there is, I should be obliged if he will tell me so face to face on the Place du Faubourg, where I am ready to meet him at any time. And inasmuch as you

are all of us about the same age, you understand, of course, that the interview will be with bare fists."

And so saying, young Richpin through the window had thrown upon the desk, and the desk broke in two, and he and his pupils lived happily ever afterward. Thus runs the official legend.—*Argonaut.*

Crafty M. Blanc.

Blanc, the founder of the Monte Carlo gambling resort, was well aware of the desperate character of many of his customers. Knowing that they included the scum and riffraff of the world, he took precautions against them. He never carried any money, which fact he announced so frequently and publicly that it was known everywhere along the Riviera that the millionaire Blanc never had a penny on his person. But he carried in a pocket-book a draft on red paper for seven hundred thousand francs, payable to the order of the bank.

He feared kidnapping as much as robbery, and in case of an accident he intended to ransom himself with this draft. But the instructions at his office were not to cash a red draft with his signature unless a telegram was received from his employer to do so.

A Painful Process.

I was quite surprised one day when upon telling my little five-year-old girl, who was of a saving disposition, that I would put her pennies in the bank to have her educated to find that she must not be violent weeping and shouting, "I won't be educated; I won't."

"Hush!" I queried. "What do you mean?"

"I know," she sobbed. "They take a knife and scrape your arm and it swells up. I won't take my money to be educated."—*Delineator.*

Friends in Need.

"I don't put much faith in proverbs," said Brown to Jones. "But instance look at the oft quoted one, 'A friend in need is a friend indeed.' Now, most of my experience with friends in need has been that they wanted to borrow. Give me the friends that are not in need."

The Other Way.

"When you don't want to leave footprints upon the sands of time?"

"Yes," answered the politician guardedly. "All I want is to cover up my tracks."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

The Noise Explained.

She (sternly)—I heard a noise very late. He (facetiously)—Was it the night falling? She—No, it wasn't. It was the day breaking.—*Baltimore Americans.*

The Glory of L.Hs.

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