

HER GIFT TO HER FATHER

And How It Was Received By MARTHA A. HART

Mr. Waukenfelt, father of a family...

Whether the leaving of his family...

But this story has nothing to do with...

"What's your name?" asked the sergeant...

"I'll leave him with you, sergeant," said Mr. Waukenfelt...

"Yes, I'll be here, don't worry," Mr. Waukenfelt went home...

"What did you bring me, pop?" asked his youngest son...

"And I've got something for you, papa, dear," guessed everything...

"A son-in-law," said the girl, hiding her blushes...

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"He's perfectly splendid, papa," I long fast...

"What time did he go?" asked the father.

"About a quarter to 12," "Oh," "Why do you say 'Oh'?"

"I had an adventure when I came in I opened the vestibule door...

"Good gracious!" "But I got him."

"Got him? Didn't he kill you?" "I wouldn't be here if he had."

"What kind of a looking man was he?" asked Mrs. Waukenfelt.

"One of those fellows who go about committing burglaries with crissantums in their buttonholes...

"Did he look very wicked?" asked Eunice.

"Very." "What did he say when you turned him in?"

"Oh, the sergeant began to question him, asking him first his name..."

"What name did he give?" "Mendenhall or Mendenhorn or some such queer name."

"Oh, heavens!" exclaimed Eunice "Are you sure it wasn't Mendenhall?"

"That's it—Mendenhall!" "Oh, father! He's my Tom!"

"Your Tom! How did your Tom—" "It's that abominable outside door!"

"As soon as Eunice could get on her hands she hurried away with her father for the station..."

"We have met before, I believe."

When Stars Collide. There is good reason to believe that the bodies in space...

A Story of Henry of Navarre. The following well authenticated anecdote will serve to show what manner of man Henry of Navarre was...

Papyrus Books. Early writers made use of linen or cotton fabrics...

Snakes Are Great Fasters. Snakes, though at times they gorge themselves, are great fasters...

A Hawk and a Hymn. Charles Wesley, brother of John Wesley, who founded the Methodist church...

Interested. Boswell, when his first biography of Johnson first appeared, met Lord Thurlow...

Their Opportunity. Miss Phyllis I made quite an impression at the reception...

Too Many of Them. Blossie, do you think Miss Antiqua would appreciate a birthday present?

Chronic Case. "Has your wife complained very long?" asked the doctor.

Courage consists not in blindly overlooking danger, but in seeing it and conquering it.—Richter.

A Robbery

By EDUARD L. PARDE

"Mr. Murdock," said the president of the Second National bank of East Berwick...

Mr. Murdock took the bills, varying from \$100 to \$1,000 in denomination, and left the bank for his home...

When the bank messenger boarded the train he sat waiting for the man with the gun...

At the first stop a man with a red necktie got into the same car with Murdock and, taking a seat by himself, pulled his hat down over his eyes...

Murdock began to feel very nervous. He turned and looked at the man and saw a gleam at the corner of his eye...

Then Murdock took up the suit case again, opened it and took out a cigar, setting the case down beside him...

When the trainman called "Waterford" the two observant men set up in their seats. The next station was West Waterford, half a mile distant...

"Stop that!" called Murdock. "You late!" The fugitives were gone and the suit case with them...

"Did you carry it in the suit case, as I told you to do?" "No, I carried it in my pocket. I fooled two robbers with the suit case."

SNAPSHOTS AT CELEBRITIES

Dr. Gerhard A. Bading, New Mayor of Milwaukee.



Photo by American Press Association.

Dr. Gerhard A. Bading, the newly elected mayor of Milwaukee, won a decisive victory over Emil Seidel...

As a result of the election it is probable that every national political party will be eliminated from participation in future municipal elections...

The new mayor was health commissioner under the two administrations that preceded that of Dr. Seidel.

Major General Frederick Dent Grant, U. S. A., commander of the department of the east...



Photo by American Press Association.

Major General Frederick Dent Grant, U. S. A., commander of the department of the east, is the oldest son of the great civil war commander...

From 1855 to 1856 he was minister to Austria and for four years subsequent was joint minister to the Netherlands and Belgium...

Piqued His Constituent. Congressman Matthews of Pennsylvania sent a neatly typewritten reply to a letter from a man in his district...

The Flimsy Part of It

By AMELIA GILES

A party of youngsters were at the seashore. The men were graceful scamps and the girls were as full of mischief as flies not broken to harness.

Two of the party were "spoons." The word spoons is of indefinite meaning. Possibly some future archaeologist digging down into the ruins of an American city may translate it...

Any way, Dolly Tinkham and Billy Woods were spoons and known to be such by the rest of the party. Consequently they were a target for all sorts of jokes, pranks and innuendoes from their friends.

One day one of the young men came to Dolly with a bottle corked and sealed with her address pasted on it, telling her that he had picked it up when out boating.

"I have long loved you, but it is impossible for me to woo you. Learning that you are staying at B I have sailed out in a boat past the beach and have taken this means to advise you of my love."

"Did you find it on the beach, honey?" asked Dolly, looking up innocently.

"Honest?" "She dropped her eyes to the floor. Evidently she was affected by this unknown lover who was worshipping her from a distance."

"Going to tell Billy about it?" asked the pretended flinder of the bottle. "I don't know."

"The rumour did not wait for her to make up her mind about the matter. He told Billy himself. The same afternoon when Billy met Dolly on the beach he looked out at the ocean, Dolly with that evening Dolly was sitting on the beach looking dejected."

"What's the matter about this fellow that's tossing bottles overboard with love letters in 'em?" "He's a fellow at all."

"A noble, good man?" "What you going to do about him?" "Nothing."

"What you going to do about me?" "I haven't done anything, and I haven't any idea of doing anything."

"But you're going to wait for the rooster in the bottle to come?" "I didn't say that."

"What's he say in his letter?" "Oh, he says he loves me, but can't woo me."

"Well, then, what's the use of his saying it?" "I don't know. I suppose it's a relief to him."

"Is he going to keep on being relieved this way?" "I don't know."

"Well, Dolly, since he's stepped in and taken possession of the field I'm out of it. Good evening."

"He sailed away with his nose in the air."

The next day Tom Wilmarth, who had made up the first bottle, came to Dolly with a second. It contained a note telling her that her unknown lover would be on the beach the next day. He would wear a red ribbon in his buttonhole and in token of his bleeding heart...

"See here, Dolly," spoke up one of the older girls, who was standing near. "This has gone far enough. Dolly, he's been fooling you. He has written these notes and put them in the bottles. Don't you see that the paper bearing your name on the outside hasn't been wet?"

Dolly looked half dazed from the girl to the bottle, then at the scamp who had joked her. Then she got up and went away. The next morning the spoons made up. It wasn't an important episode in their lives, but it might have been. They now have six children, and the flimsy romance of youth has turned into the great absorbing romance of family life.

A Curious Punishment. The Dutch settlers in the early days of what is now New York city administered a curious punishment to disorderly persons. In the records of the colony there appears the following item:

"Oct. 14, 1638, for drawing his knife upon a person, Guybert van Begerland is sentenced to throw himself three times from the sailyard of the yacht Hope and to receive from each sailor three lashes at the ringing of the bell."

Those Dutchmen were believers in the efficacy of cold water and counter-irritation to cool the angry passions. The bell was rung every morning and evening to call persons to and from their labor and at 9 o'clock at night to announce the hour for going to bed. Guybert, therefore, received not only three duckings, but also three lashings, and doubtless ever after that kept his knife in its sheath when his temper was bad. He was the court messenger, the grave digger, the chorister, and sometimes the schoolmaster. When the minister was absent he read a sermon to the congregation.—Harper's.

Mining Camp Fare. Those who cannot eat without a carefully folded napkin, spotless china and silver will do well to avoid the spreads described by E. Ecob in Outing. The author says:

"Eating at a temporary mining camp is altogether attractive. The array of blackened lard pails steaming about the hearth and the ribs of beef, picked nearly bare, on the table, may not at first sight seem alluring. But you'll find that the frijoles (strong red Mexican beans) and the cold sour doughs, flaked with black from the pan, and the strong tea don't taste so bad, after all. Maybe you think you couldn't eat from battered tin plates with battered black forks that taint the food amid a litter of saddles, soiled mattresses, rifles and tobacco juice. But then, perhaps you thought you couldn't eat the scraps from which you had picked out flies and ants. All that's really necessary for perfect enjoyment is a good appetite."

Ancient Inoculation. The practice of inoculation against smallpox is usually supposed to belong to the eighteenth century. The supposition is true enough so far as Europe is concerned, but it was no more than a rediscovery of facts well known ages ago. Inoculation was practiced by the ancient Brahmans, and their method is fully described in the Vedas. They rubbed the skin of the patient until it was red, then scratched it with a sharp instrument and laid upon it a piece of cotton soaked in the variolous pus obtained from smallpox vesicles of the previous year. Such reappearances of ancient knowledge are common enough, indeed far more common than is usually admitted. Among the major scientific theories and discoveries of today there is scarcely one that can sustain a claim to originality in the face of our increasing knowledge of oriental literature.

Uncle Sam's Expansion. The stages of our territorial expansion have been as follows: Louisiana, area 875,000 square miles, 1803; Florida, area 70,000 square miles, 1819; Texas, area 255,000 square miles, 1845; Oregon country, area 288,000 square miles, 1846; the Mexican cession, area 623,000 square miles, 1848; Goddard purchase area 35,000 square miles, 1857; Alaska area 590,000 square miles, 1867; Hawaiian Islands, area 4,700 square miles, 1897; Philippine Islands, area 113,000 square miles, 1898; Porto Rico, area 3,600 square miles, 1898; and a few other little islands such as Guam, Pine Island, etc., making a total added area to original territory of 2,437,000 square miles.—New York American.

The Difference a Letter Made. In the first edition of St. Matthew in Micmac for the Indians of Nova Scotia the translator found when he came to revise it that in chapter xxiv, 7, instead of "nation shall rise against nation," he had written "a pair of snowshoes shall rise up against a pair of snowshoes." But there was only one letter misprinted, naoktakumikiskik (a nation) having been displaced by naoktakumikiskik (a snowshoe).—St. James' Gazette.

In This Rapid Age. "A mamman's good little boy ready to have his bath now?" "Oh, maw, cut out the goody-goody apple. When a chap's six years old it's time to take him out of the kindergarten class. I'll take my splash in the tub when I've had a smoke."—Chicago Tribune.

An Educated Bird. The McKeesport man was telling the minister about his educated parrot. "Ask him something," he urged. "Polly want a cracker?" asked the parson. "Now Gimme three cards."—Pittsburgh Post.

To Be Precise. New Cook—When I serve dinner should I say "Dinner is ready" or "Dinner is served?" "Missus—if it be as bad as last night just say "Dinner is spoiled."—Satire.

Woman's Logic. "My dear, these are excellent cigars, but they are awfully strong." "Yes I got the strongest I could find. They won't break so easily in your pocket."—Judge.

Real worth requires no interpreter. Its everyday deeds form its biography.—Chamfort.