

SIRENS AND SONS.

John Clark, aged eighty-two, has been placed in charge of the national botanic gardens, Washington, a job he declined fourteen years ago.

Don Carlos Morla Lynch, minister of foreign affairs of Chile, has been presented with the cross of the Sacred Treasure on behalf of the emperor of Japan. The honor was conferred owing to his services in the approachment between the two nations.

John MacVicker, the specialist in municipal government, is a native of Canada. He served two terms as mayor of Des Moines, where the "Des Moines Idea" originated, and is now member of the city council and superintendent of the department of streets and public improvements.

General Carlo Caneva, on whom the Austrian emperor recently conferred a high decoration, commanded the first expedition of Italian troops in Tripoli in 1911 and was the first governor of the new Italian colony on the northern coast of Africa. He holds the highest rank in the army after the king himself, that of "generale d'esercito."

Pen, Chisel and Brush.

Senor Gamboa, Mexican minister of foreign affairs, is not only a diplomat, but an author of distinction. He is a novelist, publicist and writer of memoirs, and one of his best known works is his extensive memoirs of his diplomatic career.

Charles Grafly, selected to model the statue to the pioneer mother as the central figure of the fine arts department of the Panama-Pacific International exposition, is a native of Philadelphia and has been awarded numerous exposition medals for his work.

A. C. Wyatt, the distinguished British painter, is a medalist of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Color. His recent painting, now in the possession of the Duke of Portland, last year won the diploma of honor, open to all Europe, for the best pictures of flower gardens.

Town Topics.

A million for Baltimore! That's the talk.—Baltimore American.

Boston has some original ways of boasting. Now she is exulting in the fact that she has grand opera every year and invariably loses money by it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

We are advised to choose dress so as to match our souls. Alas, too many are hardly well enough acquainted with their souls to know what these look like.—Chicago Record-Herald.

If what the New York papers say is true we infer that burglary in New York is an industry of almost as much consequence as the silk business is in Paterson or shoemaking in Brockton.—Houston Post.

Sporting Quips.

Football is distinguished for its knockdowns as well as touchdowns.—Baltimore American.

Sir Thomas Lipton, however, refuses to be discouraged by the recent events in international sports.—Detroit Free Press.

If John Bull wants to know what being beaten really is, however, let him tackle Uncle Sam at poker.—Pittsburgh Post.

This is assumed to be a nation of nervous men. But observe that from golf and polo to prizefighting—up or down in the world of sport—it is the Americans that win. And they win because of their cool, steady nerves.—Kansas City Star.

Train and Track.

Nuremberg, Germany, is to spend \$762,000 next year for street car lines and extensions.

Electric street cars are superseding the old compressed air cars in the streets of Paris.

The Pennsylvania has completed its new automatic signal system between Harrisburg and Altoona, on the middle division. The work cost the railroad about \$650,000.

It plans for standardizing the gauge of the railways of Australia as recommended by the chief engineers of the different lines be carried out it will mean an expenditure of \$180,000,000.

Fashion Frills.

Who, looking upon the season's hats for men, can doubt the fullness of personal liberty.—Chicago News.

"Skin" of mouse" gowns are the latest novelty in women's attire, which no doubt explains why the hem of the garment continues to go up.—Washington Post.

Triple skirts are announced for the coming season. The world quarreled with La Belle Americaine because her skirt was too diaphanous, and now she wears three!—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Industrial Items.

The United States employs 7,500,000 persons in 275,000 mills and factories. There are 5,187 steam laundries in the United States, employing 109,484 persons.

Thirty-one women are employed as railway brakemen and ten as baggage-men in the United States.

A peach pitting machine perfected in California is expected to save much labor in handling the dried fruit. It is said to handle even the softest fruit without damage.

"I wish I had money enough to get married," he remarked.

She looked down and blushed. "And what would you do?" she asked, looking very hard at a little design on the carpet.

"I would spend it travelling," he replied. And the thermometer fell 10 degrees.—Lippincott's.

I am not forty, as you say, but mark the lines upon my brow. Our cook this morning went away. And I must wash the dishes now.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The One—Who is the girl that just passed?

The Other—That's Miss Nutt.

The One—Hazel!

The Other—Ches.—Illinois Siren.

A man acts in a funny way Behind a girl; that's flat. He'd rather see a dollar play Than her ten dollar hat.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Hibbs—I'm thinking seriously of re-suming business.

Gibbs—Why, I thought you had retired permanently.

Hibbs—I thought so, too, but I need some excuse for not attending my wife's afternoon teas.—Boston Advertiser.

One sweetly solemn thought I bless with soul serene— I'm safe from leap year accidents Until nineteen sixteen!—Judge.

"Walter, bring me an infinitesimal portion of cheese."

"Ain't got any of that kind in the house, sir."—Baltimore American.

I met her in her bathing suit. Somehow I've never felt the same. She'd always seemed so plump and cute. Met her in her bathing suit. Returning from a dip, to boot. And then the diabolical came. Met her in her bathing suit. Somehow I've never felt the same.—Lippincott's.

Bacon—How long have we been married, dear?

Mrs. Bacon—Three years, love. "Is that all?" I thought I'd been wearing the suit longer than that, dear.—Yonkers Statesman.

Mary had a little lamb With sauce and mint and peas. And I was set back, two-fifteen For little things like these.—Philadelphia Press.

"That man is constantly talking," said the carping observer.

"Well," replied Senator Sorghum, "maybe that is less dangerous than writing letters."—Washington Star.

Man wants but little here below. But it gets him real sore. When hair restorer gets his dough And it will not restore.—Exchange.

"My husband's younger brother," said Mrs. Twickenbury, "is a reactionary in a life insurance company."—Christian Register.

When stopping at a grand hotel The stiffest man unbends. He takes their stationery swell And writes to all his friends.—Kansas City Journal.

Hank—Three thousand of us must write to Blunkville this week. Wacker—Why, what for?

Hank—That's the way a correspondence school holds an annual reunion.—Pittsburgh Post.

They never had met Before and yet She sat upon his knee? You think her bold? You must be told. "That he was fit?" she was three.—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

"I never say all that I think," she remarked.

"Then," he replied, being unwilling to miss the chance, "you must think an awful lot!"—Judge.

The man went in the shoeman's shop His feet were long and wide The shoeman said, "to try them on You'd better step outside."—Yonkers Statesman.

He (bitterly)—I suppose you consider it quite a triumph to make a fool of a man.

She—Oh, dear, no! A triumph is something done that was difficult of achievement.—Brooklyn Life.

He was seated in the parlor. And he said unto this light "Either you or I, old fellow, Will be turned down tonight."—Cornell Widow.

She—Nothing is more depressing than a silent woman.

He—I never had the luck to meet one.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Time's flight will frequently dismay. With changes gradual but immense. The letter that you write today May startle you a few years hence.—Washington Star.

Miss Holliday—Weren't you in when George called you on the phone and proposed?

Miss Winn—No; but when I did get in I returned his ring.—Chicago Daily News.

Their packets once looked very neat. But now look where they've got 'em. They've moved 'em down from waist to feet.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"You look forlorn, old fellow. Where's your wife all these months?"

"Telling how to make home happy on the lecture platform."—Washington Herald.

Politicians' lives remained us. We can make our lives sublime. And, departing, leave behind us Footprints, not a trail of slime.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Mrs. Jeanette Tixler is resident surgeon and head of the Tours School of Medicine. She is the first woman to hold such a position in France.

Miss Ruth Sorenson, who was born in 1877 and who passed her examination as a lawyer in 1900, has been appointed to be a judge at Hammerfest, Norway. She is the first woman judge in Norway.

Mrs. Percy Elam of Chicago will be one of the workers for a cleaner city, now that she has the vote, since she is the woman who recently had her clothes damaged to the extent of \$300 by a cloud of soot.

Mrs. Sinks-Ixonovitch, a social leader and wife of the minister of public instruction of Serbia, has been nursing in the General Military hospital, Belgrade, where over 500 wounded men were housed recently.

One of the walking canes for women has really been seen, carried by a Philadelphia woman. Mrs. Charles Henry Hart. The cane is a tall, slim, graceful thing, as high as Mrs. Hart's shoulder and topped with a gold crook.

English Etchings.

The Bank of England destroys about 350,000 of its notes every week.

The traffic over London bridge averages daily 100,000 pedestrians and 20,000 vehicles.

More than 40 per cent of the people of Great Britain could not write their names when Queen Victoria ascended the throne.

Bronchitis is the most fatal disease in England; next comes consumption and then heart disease, pneumonia and scarlatina.

According to an English publisher, there are at least 2,000 plays licensed every year in England by the lord chamberlain. Of these only a small proportion—perhaps 200—are actually produced.

Pert Personals.

John Lind can say less to the square inch than any other diplomat.—Chicago News.

Queen Mary is rapidly gaining a reputation as a highly moral but very meddlesome old lady.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The prince of Monaco never gambles. He is one of those who balks in letting others work for him.—Washington Star.

Sarah Bernhardt has opened a hotel for tourists in Paris. This means that it will be entirely unnecessary for her to make another "starell tour" of dear old America.—Los Angeles Times.

Income Tax Tips.

Won't it surprise the tax collectors to find how many thousands of married couples are pegging along on incomes of \$3,000 yearly?—New York American.

Representative Hull says the income tax will be a national blessing, but it will take him a long time to prove it to the people who have to pay.—St. Louis Republic.

The object in taxing bachelors whose incomes are more than \$3,000, while married men are exempt up to \$4,000, is not to penalize bachelors; it is to establish an eligible list for matrimonial agencies.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Short Stories.

The chimney of antiquity was a hole in the roof.

Among persons over eighty years of age one in fifty is blind.

At Göttingen university there is a Bible written on palm leaves.

Two hundred and twenty-four gallons of fresh water weigh a ton.

The 206 bones of the human body are worked by 522 voluntary muscles.

Until the year 1821 the word "donkey" was only seen in slang dictionaries.

Current Comment.

Congress has been asked to establish a new holiday called "fathers' day." On that day father will probably be expected to pay nobody's bills—but his own.—New York Tribune.

A French engineer files to announce that the Panama canal is too small and yet it proved too big for the French company which tackled the job and gave it up.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Recent Inventions.

A concrete keg, said to be almost indestructible, has been patented by a Wisconsin inventor.

A patent has been recently issued covering the manufacture of dog biscuits made in the shape of a bone.

A pocketknife in which the blade is locked shut by a steel ball in the handle until the knife is held in one certain position is the invention of a New York man.

Aerial Flights.

The reckless aviator Pegoud is the world's most terror inspiring example of a man who cannot take a hint.—Washington Star.

One must hope that nobody will be killed in attempting M. Pegoud's feat by which he proves that the aeroplane is perfectly safe.—Chicago News.

Just because an aeroplane flight across the Atlantic is not feasible is only the more reason why some chap will insist on trying it.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The National Game.

Whoever a statesman of today Desires a reputation wise And thinks of nothing else to say "He should 'We must economize!"—Washington Post.

And when he wishes to insure In politics another trip He says your Uncle Sam's too poor To build another battleship.—Denver Republican.

And, though he wants to make a hit You'll never hear him loudly say: "I want to serve my country free! I must refuse to take my pay!"—Yonkers Statesman.

The Art Critic.

The artist's woman friend was being shown around the studio.

"Oh, perfect!" she exclaimed, looking at a picture. "Those outlines are simply superb. You should never paint anything but birds."

The artist winced under the blow. "These are not ostriches," he said; "they are angels."—St. Paul Dispatch.

The Bright Side.

An optimistic lay in the ditch; His auto was a wreck. Beside him was a thorn bush which had badly scratched his neck.

His left ear hung by but a thread; His ankles had been sprained; From many wounds he bled; His clothes were torn and stained.

He looked upon the wreck with glee And, gasping, felt severe, "I'm making money now," said he, "By saving gasoline."—Chicago Record-Herald.

No Difficulty There.

Her Father—Grace is too young to marry yet. She knows nothing about the world and could not manage servants.

Suitor—Oh, there'll be no difficulty there, sir; we shan't have any.—Boston Transcript.

The Portrait.

"Paint me a picture of you, I hold dear," "Yes," said the artist, "I'll paint it right here."

Then he drew angles and oblongs and all, Squares without number and lines short and all.

Rhomboids for eyeballs and cubes for the cheeks. "There," said the artist, "the face fairly speaks."

I looked at the portrait—don't mind what I said; I seized it and fractured its cubical head.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Sure Loss.

Mrs. Johnson—Jee! hide yourn money in a Bible, Mis' Jackson. Nobody evah looks in a Bible—you know.

Mrs. Jackson (with a gasp)—Oh, Lawd! I'd lose it suah!—Mah ole man's vey' religious an' reads de Bible twice a day.—Puck.

The County Fair.

The county fair looms everywhere. Each farmer takes his rig And goes to see the blooded bee.

Also the fatted pig. The mammoth squaw evokes a "Gosh!" The farmer moves along, Inspecting cakes or patent rakes.

Amid a happy throng, Ere long he seeks the fisheswim freaks. The dancers have much charm, Such things as these not only please, But help a fellow farm.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Wuff.

Lady Godiva, garbed in a smile and her hair, mounted her white charger. "And just to think," she mused, "in 1915 people will not pay a bit of attention to a stunt like this. What are fashions coming to?"—Pittsburgh Gazette.

Hot and Heavy!

Poor Nuvud should be happy. But gossip says he's not. "His wife," they say, "is crust." We pity his hard lot.

"When he got home the other night His wife had him dined. He got it hot and heavy!" (A blacuit she had made).—New York American.

Doubtful Case.

Harold—Why don't you marry me, dear? I am an honest man and am making an honest living.

Ethel—Yes. But, Harold, when I get married I want autos and other luxuries.—Kansas City Star.

Wanted—Uplift.

I wrote a clever lyric. 'Twas not a panegyric. But morbid and satiric. It simply wouldn't sell. I made it optimistic, serene and eulogistic. And, though 'twas less artistic, It paid me passing well.—Corning Rockwell again in Lippincott's.

Obligations.

Mamma—Johnny, you're a naughty boy. You can just go to bed without any supper.

Small Son—Well, mother, what about that medicine I've got to take after meals?—Life.

No Curfew Ring.

The fellow's name was Curfew. And he had a Curfew belle. He called upon her often But his love he didn't tell. At last he called one evening. She thought the time was right. He left her disappointed—Curfew did not ring that night.—Yonkers Statesman.

Annual Affair.

"Is it hard to learn to swim?" asked the sweet young thing.

"Dear me, no," replied the more experienced sweet young thing. "I learn every year."—Detroit Free Press.

Good Dope.

Advice is but a bubble. But we all should learn when young. The way to dodge old troubles is to always hold your tongue.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Proving the Contrary.

"A man can't do two opposite things at the same time."

"Can't be run for office and stand for his party too?"—Baltimore American.

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