

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Mrs. Eugene T. Senseney is assistant prosecuting attorney in St. Louis. Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., the New York society leader, is engaged in fighting the promiscuous traffic in drugs. Miss Nellie Deardorf has been appointed chief of the division of vital statistics in Philadelphia, a position formerly held by a man. Miss Theresa Hardy, sister of Thomas Hardy, until she resigned recently, had been organist of the parish church in Sturford, England, for forty-three years. Mrs. Cornelia K. Hood, who has a large legal practice in New York city, was one of the first three women to be graduated from the law school of the New York university in 1891. Mrs. Henrietta Nichols Smith, widow of Charles Emory Smith, former postmaster general and minister to Russia, and at the time of his death editor of the Philadelphia Press, has become a novice in the Institute of Our Lady of Christian Doctrine in New York.

Fippant Flings.

A physician says 1,000,000 germs can live for weeks on a one dollar bill. Lucky little germs!—Louisville Courier-Journal. With a second rate prizefighter filing a return on a \$28,000 income the baseball playing plutocrats need not put on so many airs.—Providence Journal. "Hard work," says a doctor, "is the best cure for neurasthenia." But what the most of us are looking for is a cure for hard work.—Philadelphia Inquirer. Additional appreciation might be won by it if the weather bureau would employ a few journeyman poets to put into rhyme its daily flights of fancy.—Chicago News.

Current Comment.

No higher compliment has been paid to the Panama canal than the decision to deepen its competitor at Suez from thirty-two feet to thirty-nine.—New York World. Will Punch of London please observe that the typical American impresario or business manager has ceased to wear a goatee, a slouch hat and trousers stuffed into tall cowhide boots?—Chicago News. Russia's tentative appropriation of \$30,000,000 for military uses in addition to the regular army estimates indicates a pretty complete recovery from the effects of the Japanese war.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Train and Track.

The total length of railways included in the Queensland state system is 4,266 miles. Chile plans to spend more than \$22,000,000 in the next four years reorganizing its railroads. A railway to be built between Reykjavik and the Ragnarvalla district, a distance of sixty miles, will be the first in Iceland. For the Russian governmental railroads some large purchases are to be made—17,000 freight cars, 1,400 passenger cars and 700 refrigerator cars.

Colored Wigs.

Let us be thankful that the multicolored wig does not have to match the wearer's hair.—Chicago News. Those new styles of rainbow colored hair are going to be trying to ladies who are not distinguished for their taste in colors.—Philadelphia Press. Speaking of the new fashion of colored wigs, the man who thought he was a spectacular figure when he put on an oilcloth cape and marched in a torchlight procession has long been extinct.—Washington Star.

Base Hits.

Our idea of opportunity is to be a big league ball player that the Federal league is anxious to get.—Detroit Free Press. What has become of the old fashioned baseball umpire who used to be killed several times a season?—Chicago News. Now there is talk in ball circles of a fourth major league. If this thing keeps up majors in the baseball world will be as numerous as colonels in Kentucky.—Arkansas Gazette.

Town Topics.

Boston men never flip heads or tails. They choose observe or reverse.—Louisville Courier-Journal. Chicago is no inconsiderable art center when it can point to a \$1,000,000 picture failure.—Chicago News. Press dispatches say that a man who recently disappeared from his home in the west has been found "safe at New York." Another example of journalistic inaccuracy. No man is ever safe at New York.—Exchange.

Tales of Cities.

New York will make monthly fire inspection of all but residence buildings hereafter. The French city of Grenoble plans to make itself a health resort by piping to baths curative water from a lake twenty-five miles away. A new communal bath is projected for Vienna. It will be over 800 feet long and will contain not only a large swimming basin, but also sand, air and sun baths. The hot water will be supplied by electrical means.

Jones—How did you come to have such an extraordinarily pretty nurse girl, my dear? Mrs. Jones—Because I want our child to have police protection when she is in the park.—New York Post.

My money melts right in my hand. It flies away from me. I wish I were a rumor, and I'd gain some currency.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Judge (to male witness, who is mumbling his words)—Speak to the stenographer! Witness—How do you do?—Philadelphia Ledger.

Outside the door the knocker holds a place. And now and then creates a thoughtless din. While some wise member of the human race Reaches the opportunity within.—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

"Did you ever notice one thing about ship?" "What's that?" "She can't make knots when she's tied up."—Baltimore American.

Now dints and rats and puffs a-curl Combine to make a woman. There is much padding to a girl. But some of her is human.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Gibbs—I tell you, no one can fool my wife. Dibbs—Then how did you get her?—Philadelphia Ledger.

No barroom has the legal right To have a shaky floor. I hurt my nose in one last night While going into the door.—New York Sun.

"I have a rare cook." "Then is everything she gives you well done?"—Baltimore American.

"Do robbers ever go to church?" "Asked innocent Miss May." "Oh, yes, quite often." "I replied." "They go to watch and pray."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"So you think there is yet a chance of selling Mr. Nuskads an auto?" "Sure! He used to say he wished he had one; now he's arguing he can't afford it."—Puck.

She sits and waits for hubby dear, Who's dippy on the tango. And when the bassoon season's on She sits and sees the fan go.—Judge.

"What is your idea of heaven?" "I imagine it to be a place where man won't be pestered to death by fool questions."—Detroit Free Press.

The villain dropped her o'er the cliff. The hero cried, "I'll kill her!" So he plunged his head first into space—To make a "movie" thriller.—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

"Faint heart never won fair lady." "I defest that proverb." "Why so?" "I consider it a slap at us brunettes."—Kansas City Journal.

His noisy eating makes me squirm. He smacks and gulps in haste. He's not exactly what you'd term A man of quiet taste.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"There's nothing new under the sun." "Nonsense! I know a girl who puts on a new complexion every day."—Chicago Record-Herald.

My boy may yet be president. For he is winning fame At golf, which we all know to be The presidential game.—Kansas City Journal.

Ambitious youths with baffly spoons Are quite a fancy bet. But what with golfing afternoons One term is all they get.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

"I can't see why you should throw me over because I have lost my money." "Can't you? Really, you are more of an egotist than I supposed you to be."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Year after year they changed the date With patience firm and fine. They could do naught but wait and wait For Huerta to resign.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Muchweid declares that women are changeable." "He ought to know. He's changed his wife three times."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A sufragette upon a hike Borrowed an anti's corset strings. "Really," they said, "we're much alike When it comes down to serious things."—New York Sun.

"Why don't you have a tombstone placed on your wife's grave?" "I want to wait a year or two. Then I'll not be likely to indulge in foolish extravagance."—Chicago Record-Herald.

About his canine he will boast. Of virtues he will brag. And yet for him he will not spend One dollar for a tag.—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

"When old Riechlegh died he left a request that his dust be scattered to the winds." "Well, his spendthrift son is attending to that all right."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Problems a-plenty are hard to solve. Let 'em alone is th' best resolve. 'Wise is th' bishop of Tennessee. "Women can dress as they please," says he.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"What do you think of eugenics?" she asked. "I don't know. I never tasted them." he replied.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A pickle tried to roll uphill. But gravitation always foiled it. "This was a fine world," sighed the pig. "The rank injustice up and foiled it!"—New York Sun.

She Missed Queen Victoria. Lole Fuller in her book tells us how she failed to see Queen Victoria, a misfortune due to the exigencies of theatrical contracts.

"One day at Nice some one came and asked me to dance before Queen Victoria." She had just arrived at the Riviera to pass the winter months, and she was accustomed to do every year. It may well be believed that I was flattered by such a request. I assented, naturally, and set myself to work making all my preparations for this important event.

"There was a knock at the door. A maid brought a telegram. It was signed by my manager and was couched in the following words: 'Take train this evening, to sail day after tomorrow, destination, New York.' 'I replied with a message pleading for a delay for the purpose of dancing before Queen Victoria. I received simply the following laconic telegram: 'Impossible. Leave at once. Time is money.' 'That's why I did not dance before Queen Victoria.'"

Rebuked. The Germans—as all extensively traveled persons know—are great sticklers for titles. One must not only say Herr Cancellarius Boiz, Herr Dr. Baron Meier, Herr Professor Schmidt; one must also say Frau Cancellarius Boiz, Frau Dr. Baronin Meier, Frau Professor Schmidt. Also there are fine distinctions in titles. If one title is higher than another by so much as a hair's breadth, the wayfaring man must not call the rightful owner of the higher title by the lower title. Never!

A certain public school teacher who already enjoyed the title of master was promoted to head master. Next day young Fritz, quite unaware as yet of the honor that had come to his instructor overnight, greeted him with his usual cheery "Good morning, master." "Perhaps," said the new head master with dignity—"perhaps you'd rather just call me Adolf."—New York Post.

Opposed to Knighthood. Coke of Norfolk, who eventually went to the lords as Earl of Leicester, was furious when threatened with knighthood. After an attack on the prince regent's life in 1817 Coke was chosen to present him with an address from the Norfolk Whigs. They congratulated him heartily on his escape, but concluded by beseeching him to "dismiss from his presence and counsel those advisers who by their conduct had proved themselves alike enemies to the throne and people." On learning the terms of the proposed address the regent, who knew that Coke valued his position as commoner above everything, declared, "If Coke enters my presence I shall knight him." When this threat was reported to Coke he replied, "If he dare try to knight me I swear I'll break his sword."—London Chronicle.

Eased Her Mind. Mrs. Simpson-Jones wanted to become a suffragette, but her husband objected. "But," she pleaded, "if you only knew what a lot one learns at their meetings—all about referendums and recalls and—" "I've said no, and that ends it!" snapped Mr. Simpson-Jones. "If you women want to find things out why don't you follow the advice of St. Paul and ask your husbands? You women are such fools."

"This was too much for Mrs. Simpson-Jones' long humbled spirit." "That's just the trouble," she returned. "Women have been asking their husbands for the last 2,000 years, and they're still fools."—New York Tribune.

Wen In Losing. She wanted to do some shopping and, as is the custom of wives, felt the need for more money. She went to her husband and asked for the loan of a sovereign. "But you'll never pay me back," protested the husband. "I've lent you money before." "I'll bet you 2 shillings I pay you in a month," said the wife. "Right," said the husband, leaping at this sporting offer.

The month passed. One morning the wife came sorrowfully to her husband. "Dear, I've lost that bet. Here's your 2 shillings."—Manchester Guardian.

Poeted on Blang. A Chicago boy who is in the eighth grade at school was speaking at the breakfast table the other morning about the stupidity of another boy. "Gee," he said, "his bean's solid ivory! I can hand him bull by the yard and he never gets hep that he's been conned at all."

A Game of Chance. "There's nothing more uncertain than a horse race," exclaimed the man with a tendency to talk loud, and the melancholy friend responded: "You never worked in a meteorological office, did you?"—Exchange.

Fame or Fortune. "If you could have your choice," she asked, "which would you take—fame or fortune?" "Fortune," he replied without a moment's hesitation. "Fame gets a man nothing on an automobile row."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Last Resource. Jinks—Would you marry for money? Blinks—Not until I've exhausted every reasonable means of getting it.—Yonkers Statesman.

Ready money works great cures. Danish Proverb.

The Surprising Lady. I saw a lady last night. Her hands were swung with languid grace. She stood as if about to fly. A stony look was on her face.

Her garb that swirled in wondrous curves With patterns curious was decked. She seemed to show a case of nerves That, were artistically wrecked.

Though sharp of elbow and of knee. Her lengthy style was neat and trim. Like a graffe beneath a tree She could pluck blossoms from a limb.

And yet this fantasy so fair Has not disturbed my mood serene. I never saw her anywhere Excepting in a magazine.—Washington Star.

Why the Baby Was Bounced. The new baby had proved itself the possessor of extraordinary lung power. One day baby's brother, little Johnny, said to his mother: "Ma, little brother came from heaven, didn't he?" "Yes, dear," answered the mother. "Johnny was silent for a moment and then he went on, 'I say, ma.' 'What is it, Johnny?' 'I don't blame the angels for slinging him out, do you?'—London Tit-Bits.

A Tip. The time to make love to a woman If you want her to listen, my lad, Is when she's a little bit weary And just a little bit sad.—Collier's.

The time to make love to a woman (Forgive us this masculine gall), According to those who have tried it, Is any old time at all.—Peoria Journal.

We may not be up to the fashions, But here take the time to remark. The time to make love to a woman Is any old time in the dark.—Yonkers Statesman.

Solid Geometry. Teacher (to a scholar)—Johnny, what is a cube? Johnny—A cube is a solid, surrounded by six equal squares. Teacher—Right! Willie, what is a cone? Willie—A cone? Why—a cone is—er—a funnel stuffed with ice cream!—People's Home Journal.

Applied Mathematics. I sometimes wonder what's the use Of squaring the hypothesis Or why, unless it be to tease, This subject should be taught. Of course I know that mathematics Are mental stunts and acrobatics To give the brain a drill gymnastic And make gray matter more elastic. Is that what you mean, my friend, To trap and trap and trap and trap? I wonder? Yet it seems to me That all the plain geometry One needs is just this simple feat: Whatever your line, make both ends meet.—Anna W. Young in Harper's.

His Forestry Course. Fond Father—Tommy writes us a real feeling letter from boarding school. Doting Mother—And what does the poor darling say? Fond Father—He says he's been whipped so often he can tell what kind of wood the teacher's switch is made of by the feel.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Various Glimpses. Jim loves a girl whose face is fair. John loves a maid whose figure's fine. Joe dreams of one with golden hair. But none of them for mine.

Fred cares for one of sparkling mind. Frank for a girl who dotes on art. But I went very far to find A lass who had a heart.

And Frank and Fred and Jim and Joe. Have found the ones they think divine. And I have found mine, too; but, oh, The only heart she has is mine!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

It Ran In the Family. "Has my daughter given you to understand that she loves you?" "She has told me that she will not care to live if she cannot be mine." "She inherits it from me. My father was an awful kisser, and I had a brother who was just as bad."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Notoriety and Fame. Said Notoriety to Fame: "You may be great, but, just the same, I am a bigger man than you. And make much more disturbance, too. Year after year you work away To do what I do in one day. I cut one of my startling capers. And get first page in all the papers. While you get half a line when dead in some old musty book unread."—Life.

Queenly Modesty. Elizabeth of England had just invented the collar bearing her name. "A mere trifle," she expostulated. "Necks nothing, in fact." Which confirms the historic assertion that her temper was also ruffled.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Her Charm. She's not much for looks, But her husband adores her. She's not great on books, She's not much for looks, But, oh, how she cooks! There's nothing floors her. She's not much for looks, But her husband adores her.—New York Sun.

Two Methods. "Ferd says he is unworthy of me." "My bean doesn't talk that way. He says I am the best girl in the world, and that the best is none too good for him."—Kansas City Journal.

Sex Determined. "Echo is a woman," says a writer. "Why that sex it's just to us occurred (Rarely have we had idea brighter). Echo always has the final word."—Boston Transcript.

Oh, Ethel. Maud—What a finely chiselled mouth Jack has! It ought to be on a girl's face. Ethel—it is pretty often.—Philadelphia Ledger.

May in the Middle Ages. Hay seems to have been little known in the middle ages. Stock was wintered mostly on straw and leaves. The serf, who wrote in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, gives much advice to the farmer as to the cutting and storing of green branches, which might serve as fodder when pasture failed. He is particularly as to the desirability of saving the beech, cutting for the milk cows, whereas for sheep anything would do. A miserable dependence it would appear to us now, but then it seems to have been looked on, if not as a matter of course, at least as a thing practiced by the more forehanded and capable. There must have been some natural meadows in England even then; but perhaps all their produce was saved for the horses of kings. As far as I can recollect, there is no mention of hay in Shakespeare, if we except Bottom's remark: "Good hay; sweet hay; bath so fellow; and even that suggests its rarity. By Milton's time, 100 years later, 'The mower whets his scythe' and the famed haycock in the mead' were familiar country objects.—From 'A Farmer's Notebook.'"

Strange Timekeepers. To ascertain the time at night the Apache Indians employed a gourd on which the stars of the heavens were marked. As the constellation rose in the sky the Indian referred to his gourd and found out the hour. By turning the gourd around he could tell the order in which the constellations might be expected to appear.

The hill people of Assam reckon time and distance by the number of quids of betel nut chewed. It will be remembered, however, according to Washington Irving, the Dutch colonial assembly was invariably dismissed at the last puff of the third pipe of tobacco of Governor Wouter Van Twiller.

A Montagnais Indian of Canada will set up a tail stick in the snow when traveling ahead of friends who are to follow. He marks with his foot the line of shadow cast, and by the change in the angle of the shadow the incoming party can tell, on arriving at the spot, about how far ahead the leader is.—Johnsburg Times.

Bessemer's Ill Luck. Sir Henry Bessemer was one of those inventors that ill luck pursued and from whose clutches he finally escaped by indomitable perseverance. In 1838 the British government was losing \$500,000 a year by the fraudulent issue of embossed deed stamps. Bessemer rendered this impossible by the use of perforated dies which dated the stamps. He presented the invention to the government, which forgot its promise of a permanent appointment; but thanked him. His great invention in the manufacture of steel so impressed the ironmakers that they paid him \$125,000 for licenses and "wanted their money back." He had forgotten the proportion of fools to wise men. It took him two years to render the process "foolproof," and he pressed his point home by the setting up of his factory in Sheffield.

Turned the Tables. In his reminiscences Henry Holt tells a story of a Londoner, "Romeo" Coates, who thought he was a born actor. Coates paid a large sum to be allowed to play Romeo at Drury Lane, where he appeared bedecked with jewels and was received with vociferous applause by a public who appreciated the joke. Some of the young men who were the favored associates of the prince regent concurred a practical joke at the expense of Coates. They got a sheet of the prince's notes paper and sent him an invitation to dine at the pavilion. The prince got wind of the trick, and when Coates was ushered in and the jokers were looking to see his discomfiture he turned the tables on them by receiving his visitor with great politeness and giving him a place of honor.

Can't Drink a Bit. When Young America sends a joke even the Humane society is not immune. A few days ago a boy rushed into a police station and demanded to see a Humane officer. He excitedly reported gross cruelty on the part of a driver. When he got his breath he explained that the man was watering his horse without removing the bit. "And why should he do that?" asked the officer. "Why," said Young America, "the horse can't drink a bit."—Indianapolis News.

A Spartan Youth. It was raining hard one Sunday and the little boy asked his mother if they weren't going to Sunday school. "No, not today, dear," she answered. "It's too muddy and it's raining too hard." "Well, mamma," said the little Spartan, "it was raining yesterday and we went to the circus." The mother immediately made preparations to go.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Didn't Feel Her. "Sorry I'm so late, my dear," began Tippler when he arrived home alone about midnight. "Couldn't get a car before." "So the cars were full, too, were they?" returned his spouse as a start-off.—Boston Transcript.

Fashion's Note. Wife—Any fashions in that paper, Jack? Jack (who has just settled a dressmaker's bill)—Yes, but they're no use to you, dear. It's yesterday's paper.—London Opinion.

Not Just What She Meant. Mrs. Whittier—What delightful manner your daughter has! Miss Moor (proudly)—Yes. You see, she has been away from home so much.—San Francisco.

How Matters Work. What's working like a sugar?—That's a sugar in South Africa, really. It has been explained by one who has seen this wonder. He says that the sugar is one of the sweetest and most luscious ever coined. A pane of glass, he said, were at work. They were leading rails on a track, and they did it as though they were hauling their dead. At the head of the track walked a sort of sugar chaser, the most ferocious drive ever known. All a crawling pace he led his men in the rails. Then came a long pause. This was to enable the sugar head man to finish the first rail. When the man got tired of waiting they bent down and picked up the rail then they moved on, keeping time with the sugar march. When at last the rail was hoisted on the men's shoulders the sugar changed the measure to a chant of triumph. As a matter of fact, two black laborers could really haul down all the work that was done by these sugar negroes.—Indianapolis News.

Holiness. The greatest moment in our career is when we awake to the shining truth that our life, to make of it, is wholly in our hands; that neither dark destiny nor grim fate nor the stern rule of the gods nor the calculations of men or devils can check us of that greatness of soul and serenity of mind which are the crown of real success.

The most terrible note in the domain of the despatching is the sound of helplessness. To feel that the universe is a huge machine to grind us at last to dust, that the odds of existence are against us and that we are borne down by the tramp of inevitable forces, this is the salt taste of failure.

But when a man has discovered that he himself is master and that he can side force can touch his lower triumph that discovery is as of a new world, the America of spirit, the opening years of limitless opportunity.—Dr. Frank Crane in Woman's World.

To Each Age Its Problems. It is not enough that we leave our institutions as our fathers shaped them. They know little or nothing of the conditions which we face. Antiquated into the age is the work thereof. It is not the right of any generation to project its will into the future, but it is the duty of each generation to adjust its institutions to meet its own needs.

Men need not wait until death to realize many of their ideals. They can have things here on earth which their fathers associated with the millennium. They need no longer expect nor go cold and hungry nor suffer from penitence or even famine. Machinery has provided the possibilities of a new life. When all of these possibilities are realized—when no one is overworked, cold or hungry, when all are leading purposeful lives—adjustment will be complete—welfare will be universal.—From "Social Sanity," by Scott Nearing.

The Girl and the Artist. A young woman sat for a crayon portrait and was not entirely pleased with the result. "It looks like me, of course," she said reluctantly to the artist. "And yet I think there are some things about it that ought to be changed." She suggested that the eyes should have more of an upward look, that the eyebrows should be a little more prominent on her left arm and that her gown be arranged more artistically on the side. "That would require a great deal of retouching," said the artist. "And I should have to charge you at least \$10 additional!" "Oh, dear!" she exclaimed, somewhat dejected. "I shall have to give it up. Father wouldn't stand my retouching him to that extent."—Lippincott's.

Can We Pull Anything? Sir Oliver Lodge, the eminent English scientist, said in a lecture once that there is no such thing as pulling. To speak of a horse pulling a cart was, he said, incorrect. The horse did not pull the cart. It pushed against the collar and thereby produced motion in the cart. Similarly the atomann pushes the water, and the man drawing a handcart had to clamp the handle, and the driving force was caused by the part which clamped the handle and therefore behind it. Even if the cart was fastened to the man's coat tail he did not pull it. He pushed against his clothes.

Not For Her. "What did you say to him, and?" "I asked him if he could support you in the style to which you had been accustomed." "And he?" "He said he could." "He's too good for you!—divorce him!"—Houston Post.

Paid In His Own Coin. "John, did you read about this Denver millionaire giving his wife a diamond tiara?" "No." "It's in all the papers. Why don't you keep posted on current events?"—Pittsburgh Post.

Good Idea. When they look their pictures taken people try to look pleasant. Why not wear that look all the time? It will shorten no man's life.—Knoxville Tribune.

Temper, not trouble, makes the majority of most men's and women's unhappiness.