

CRUSHING THE KAFFIRS.

Treated Like Slaves, Even by White Children in South Africa.

In "The Heat of South Africa" the author, Ambrose Pratt, says that the Kaffirs are not only enslaved by the Boers, but it would seem also by the other whites, who ought to know better. The white children born in South Africa acquire incurable habits of pride and insolence before they reach their teens. Their manners are haughty and overbearing.

The first day I landed in South Africa I witnessed a small incident that will tell its own story. Strolling through the city of Durban in the early morning I saw a great bulking Kaffir carrying a bundle of papers to the door of a news agency, where a little boy about ten years of age was waiting to receive them. The Kaffir very respectfully placed the bundle on the steps at the child's feet and moved away. He was immediately recalled and most imperiously, "You cheeky devil! What are you doing? Take the bundle into the shop at once and untie it!" The Kaffir silently and humbly obeyed.

"Now sort the papers" ordered the child. "Again the Kaffir obeyed. When the task was completed the little boy contemptuously pointed to the door. "Get out!" he said. "The Kaffir inclined reverently and backed out of the shop as though taking leave of royalty. The child did not even smile. The sneer on his face was fixed."

PITY THE POOR LIONS.

Hunters in Africa Actually Kick the Brutes Out of Their Way.

A globe hunter and a hunter, by name Perry Stanhope, is an Englishman who may or may not have a sense of humor. Here is what he said in New York recently about lion hunting in Africa.

"You hear them talk of lion hunting in Africa as though it were the king of sports. It is a beautiful game when they treat the poor beasts. Why, when I was out in British East Africa two years ago there was a movement on foot to punish lion hunters for cruelty to animals. In fact, they were seriously talking up the question with the home government.

"The lives of the poor lions are being made a burden to them. I can remember when the lions would come in out of the jungle and sit on the platform of the railway stations, and some of those cruel Englishmen actually booted the beasts out of the way. Think of it, the cruelty of it all!

"There being no force available, the sportsmen in those parts have a habit of sitting up a lion and pursuing the poor beast with whoops and yells until it drops dead of exhaustion and actual fright. The poor beasts have been so terrorized that when they see a white man they whimper from fright. This fear shortens the life of the lions, and unless drastic steps are taken to put a stop to the cruelty there won't be any of the animals left in Africa."

New York World.

Fear Is Useless.

Phobias are an addition to fear (another name for worry). If smugness be unmoved from a social point of view phobias are fatal to its victim. Did it ever occur to you that fear can become a habit and a luxury, just as smoking is? But phobias are the more hazardous. We fear poverty, we fear disease, we fear death, we fear that we shall be snubbed socially. And each separate fear impairs our capacity for work in a definite, measurable way. I know many people addicted to the use of fear. Some of them use it to excess. In the psychologist's fear is the most expensive of all habits that people indulge. Ninety-nine and forty-four one hundredths per cent of fear is as useless as a deckhand on a submarine. Elton Park Frost in Atlantic.

How to Win an Author.

"There is no 'enter fallacy,'" said an author at the Authors' club. "The popular opinion is the effect that writers don't like you to talk to them about their work."

"Mark Twain exploded this fallacy well when he said that there were three ways of pleasing an author—first, to tell him that you have read one of his books, second, to tell him you have read all his books, and, third, to ask him to let you read the manuscript of his forthcoming book. The first way wins his respect, the second wins his friendship and the third wins his love."

New York Tribune.

He Thought He Was Handsome.

"So she has quarreled with that ugly beast of hers! He is the ugliest man I have ever seen. What did they quarrel about?"

"She thought she would make him feel good and remarked that handsome men were never worth enough powder to blow them over the fence."

"And it didn't have the desired effect?"

"No; it made him furiously angry."

Houston Post.

She Carried It.

Miss Leigh—I admire your effects so much, Mr. Dauber. I sincerely wish I could carry some of your brilliant coloring away with me. Mr. Dauber—I think you will today, madam. You're er—sitting on my newly made up palette!—London Telegraph.

Beards and Occupation.

Brown—What ever became of Diego? I can remember he took a Ph.D. in Greek poetry. Grey—He's scanning notes for a girl company.—Smart Set.

A Telegraph Joke

By SARAH BAXTER

No one knows of the serious and comical episodes that have occurred between telegraph operators. I refer more particularly to those of the opposite sex. I have been a telegraph operator for twenty years, and I can count five marriages between operators that I know of personally. And three of these began by the sending of messages between persons who had never seen each other.

When I was a young man I was located at a railroad station in a quiet place where there was no recreation whatever. I spent most of my time in the office, and in order to get away with the time when I was not busy I kept books there. I read everything I could get to read and even then there were times when I was hungry for something to do. One evening I was called on for some information about a train by an operator some distance down the road and, being particularly lonesome, asked if there was anything going on "at your station."

I was dying for something to break the monotony of my existence, and if there was a ball or a barn dance I would run over by the next train. My correspondent replied that there was nothing on hand for that evening but there would be a dance in Acollan hall in a few days. I asked if he would get me an invitation, but he replied that it was a pay dance, the tickets being for sale to any one who would pass the committee, and he didn't think I would have any trouble.

I had said nothing over the wire about whether I was man or woman nor had my correspondent. I assumed that he was a man, and he asked to see me. I thought he supposed me to be a man also. But presently he said something that sounded feminine and I wondered if I was not talking with a woman. I asked to which sex he belonged, and the reply came, "A man." But there was a hesitancy between the "a" and "man" which led me to believe that my suspicions were correct. Then it occurred to me to say that I was a woman.

Upon this my correspondent began to say some very gallant things to me. Some of them were without a flinching and couched in phrases that a woman rather than a man would use. I replied, using as feminine language as I could command, and I flatter myself I was very successful. Then came a request for my photograph, and I consented to an exchange. I have a number of pictures of relatives and friends, and sent one of my sister's, who had the name of being a very pretty girl. I received one of a fairly good looking young man. Then my correspondent and I indulged in any quantity of flattery, he telling me that I was pretty enough to kiss and I telling him that he was "just too handsome for any thing."

After several days, with occasional chaffs over the wire, I was still uncertain whether I was chatting with a man or a woman. As to my correspondent, I couldn't infer from anything he said that he didn't believe me to be a woman. He invited me to go with him to the dance in Acollan hall, and I accepted the invitation with thanks. He asked what train I would come on and promised to have a carriage at the station to take me to the dance. I took a lady friend into my confidence, and she wrote out a number of questions for me to ask my correspondent as to how I should array myself.

When the evening came round I got myself up in the best clothes I had and provided myself with a bouquet. If my correspondent should turn out to be a man our episode would have little savor, for if he were a woman it would be interesting. I wondered if he were in doubt about my sex and how, if a woman, she would receive me. My train arrived at the station at 8 p. m., and the dance was to begin at 8:30. As the train drew up to the station I saw from the window several girls in their best dresses standing together on the platform. One in the center of the group held a bouquet. I made up my mind at once that my correspondent was a girl and the one with the bouquet. If she expected a girl she would not be looking out for one. I alighted from the train and walked right past the group, none of them taking any notice of me, but still on the lookout.

It was evident to me that they expected one of their own sex, upon whom they would have the laugh. I stepped up to them, my hat in one hand and my bouquet in the other, and asked the center one if she were expecting me. The look of surprise on her face gave way before a twinkle in my eye to one of defeat, then the whole party broke into a laugh. I handed the center figure my bouquet and accepted hers. "You're lost, Kit!" cried one of the girls, and the rest followed with good natured taunts. "I have a carriage for you, as I promised," said Kit. "Come!"

Going to the other side of the station, I got into a carriage with her, while her friends entered another. Then we all drove to the dance, and I found myself an object of interest to every one there, the secret having been told how a joke was to have been played on a girl telegrapher and how the joker caught a tartar.

I was made acquainted with every one in the hall and passed a delightful evening.

We Owe Part of July 4 to John Barry, Irish-American



BARRY MONUMENT IN PHILADELPHIA.

TO Commodore John Barry, "father of the American navy," we owe at least a part of our Independence. Barry was the senior, the commanding officer of the first American navy—the first that sailed at one time. John Paul Jones served under him. Barry came to America from Ireland—when fifteen years old and elected to make the sea his profession. He soon took rank as a sailor of rare ability and commanded a number of big merchant ships. At the outbreak of the Revolution he was commissioned to command the Brig Lexington of sixteen guns, and this vessel was the first to fly the Continental flag. He captured the first ship ever taken by an American warship. Later he commanded the Enterprise and the Raleigh.

The greatest battle of Barry's career was the contest between the Alliance and Atlanta and Trossany, which he compelled to surrender. He served till the age of fifty-eight he died in Philadelphia in 1803. His remains lie in St. Mary's churchyard in Philadelphia.

The Barry tomb is one of the most impressive memorials of him because of the inscription which it bears. It says in part: "He fought often and bled in the cause of freedom, but his deeds of valor did not diminish the virtues which adorned his private life. He was eminently gentle, kind, just, and charitable. Beloved by family, friends and country." There are various monuments to Barry in America. One of them stands in Independence square, Philadelphia.

The memory of Barry is revered by Irish-Americans, and various monuments looking to the payment of honor to his memory have been inaugurated by them.

All men are not liars, but some men are liars less than others.

Aeroplane polo is a very long preparation for the speed machine.

It seems never too hot to run for exercise and everything else in sight.

In cases where love is blind the spectators always have good eyesight.

Holding on to a mistake is the very worst use to which you can put your grip.

We forget a lot of things that we never would forgive if we remembered them.

The only thing in the world that can get ahead of a woman is old Father Time.

There's one thing about this season's straw hat—you get more straw for your money.

The novice who goes out for the first time in a canoe needs no fool to rock the boat.

Probably the reason discretion is the better part of valor is because it can run faster.

The doom of the slim woman is announced. Thank goodness, every girl has her day.

One thing about French politics—almost every politician gets a chance to form a cabinet.

Never unchain your temper in the face of danger. That's the time for wits, not anger.

All the world's a stage, and some of the worst actors manage to engage the best press agents.

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