

MAKING AN EPIGRAM.

The Prize Winner Was Evidently a Married Man's Effusion.

The head epigrammatist of the great wit and humor faculty bent over his work bench and rested his gaze upon an epigram that had been used and used until it was cracked and frayed.

"It's a shame to throw it away," he said, "for I believe it can still be turned about so that it will have a commercial value. I know what I will do. I will offer a prize to the workman who brings in the best new twist."

So when the workmen were gathered in the room he told them that he wanted them to beat out a new and clever turn upon the old motto "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

He gave them just one hour at their anvils, with a monetary prize for the best effort and honorable mention for the others. When the time was up this assortment was handed in:

"A chauffeur in the front seat is worth two under the motorcar."
"A kiss in the dark is worth two under the electric light."
"A grain of sand on the beach is worth two in the eye."
"A gift from a husband after marriage is worth two from a lover before."

"A week's wages in bank is worth two in a trousers pocket that the wife is going through at night."
"And, while the first four received honorable mention, it was the last one that won the prize.—New York Sun.

BLOWN TO SAFETY.

Curious Incident of an Explosion That Wrecked Fifty Homes.

It happened that in the last month of the reign of Charles I. a certain ship chandler of London was foolish enough to buy himself over a barrel of gunpowder with a lighted candle in his hand. He paid the price of his folly. A spark fell into the gunpowder, and the place was blown up.

The trouble was that the man who did the mischief was not the only one to perish. Fifty houses were wrecked, and the number of people who were killed was not known.

In one house among the fifty a mother had put her baby into its cradle to sleep before the explosion occurred. What became of the mother no one ever knew, but what became of the baby was very widely known. The next morning there was found upon the leads of the Church of Allhallows a young child in a cradle, baby and cradle being entirely uninjured by the explosion that had lifted both to such a giddy height.

It was never learned who the child was, but she was adopted by a gentleman of the parish and grew to womanhood. She must surely all her life have had a peculiar interest in that church.—Sir Walter Besant's "London."

Misplaced Sympathy.
Sitting near the door in a subway was a middle aged man reading a newspaper. At one station there got aboard this car a mother and her son, a small boy maybe four years old.

As those two came through the doorway and into the car the small boy, quite by accident, of course, hit the middle aged gentleman reading the newspaper a good, smart kick on the shin, causing the man to wince, while the boy's progress was checked for a moment by his thus kicking up against something.

The mother looked down, but she said nothing to the man. It was to the boy she spoke:

"Did you hurt yourself, dear?"
Which seemed a case of misplaced sympathy.—New York Sun.

The City and the Child.

New York city—the length and breadth of Manhattan—and Boston from the Fenway in three directions to the water front, are as unfit for a child to grow up in as the basement of a china store for a cat. There might be hay enough on such a floor for a calf, as there is doubtless air enough on a New York city street for a child. It is not the lack of things—not even air—in a city that renders life next to impossible there. It is rather the multitude of things. City life is a three ringed circus, with a continuous performance and interminable side-shows and peanuts and pink lemonade. It is jaded and jaded—and trampled and crowded and hurried, and it is overstimulated, splinting and premature.—Scribner's Life.

Studied Insult.

"I wish," said the waiter who had been serving the man with the grim face and the pert looking girl, "I could think of some way to get even with that fellow. He complained about everything I put on the table and growled about every move I made."

"What did his bill amount to?"
"A dollar and ninety cents."
"And how much money did he hand you?"
"A two dollar bill."
"It's easy. Have it in two nickels when you return his change."—Chicago Herald.

Legend of a Lake.

Avernus is the lake in the neighborhood of Naples where the waters are so unwholesome that birds never fly near its banks. In ancient times it was thought to be the entrance to hades and where Ulysses descended to the lower regions.

Not Always Certain.

Daughter.—A certain young man sent me some flowers this morning. Mama.—Don't say "a certain young man," my dear. There is none of 'em certain till you've got 'em.

OLEANDERS OF BERMUDA.

In Summer Time They Fairly Run Riot Over the Islands.

Back in the fifties, when Anthony Trollope held a roving commission as postoffice inspector for the British government, he visited Bermuda, then practically unknown to any people save mariners. The distinguished author said some uncomplimentary things about the native Bermudians, much to their amusement, but he could not help praising the scenery of their island home and particularly the oleanders.

He voted that Bermuda should be called the "Oleander Isles."
Curious! enough, Bermuda is better known as the home of the onion and the Easter lily, to say nothing of the potato and the rose, although the oleander is the most gorgeous and conspicuous shrub in the islands. Shrub is hardly the word to describe the oleander. It is really a tree, lifting its top twenty feet in the air and growing in thickets that the island planters use as screens or windbreaks.

In summer the hedges are covered with a profusion of pink, white and crimson blossoms that last well into the autumn and make great splashes of color on the hills and at the roadside. The oleander has no enemies. Animals refuse to touch it, and the tree runs its riotous way all over the islands. Those who visit Bermuda only in winter miss the glory of the oleander blossoms and also many of the other gorgeous flowers. While there is plenty of bloom in the winter months, the array of flowers is even greater in summer.—New York Post.

MOTHER'S BAKING DAY.

Modern Conditions Make It Practically a Thing of the Past.

We do not propose either to affirm or to deny that the bakers make better bread than "mother used to make." There used to be as many kinds of mothers as there are now varieties of bakers. And comparisons are odious.

But the baker is to be hailed as one of the chief benefactors of the age, on grounds which take no account of the relative merits of bread. He has emancipated women, at least one day out of the week. He has given a vast army of mothers more time to perform the duties other than those which have to do with the kitchen.

It needs no patriarch to remember what baking day used to be like. In an summer's heat the stove had to be fired up to the melting point, and mother had to knead the dough until her back ached, and stuck around in the kitchen feet the crust became too hard, and watch against a hundred other mischances which are to be expected when the heat releases the chemical action of the ingredients in the bread pan.

Baking day is a thing of the past in thousands of homes—at least, the old fashioned baking day is. The bread may be better or worse, but the baker is to be regarded as a benefactor in that he has practically put an end to that old roasting experience which formerly came to every woman at least one day out of seven.—St. Louis Times.

Why It Is the St. Lawrence.

The St. Lawrence river owes its name to the accidental conjunction of the festival of St. Lawrence with the day upon which the first explorer imagined he had discovered the river. Jacques Cartier in 1534 heard from the natives of the Magdalen islands of a mighty stream threading the continent to an unknown source, and it was while testing this legend that he sailed up the gulf until he could see the land on each side. In the following year he made a bolder expedition with three ships and the blessing of the Bishop of St. Malo. He sailed past Rimouski and on to Quebec, then known by the Indians as Stadacona. Here the fleet anchored. The French, however, failed in their efforts to colonize the country until a century had passed, largely owing to their high handed treatment of the Indians.—London Chronicle.

Tragic Wager.

In 1895 three Irishmen agreed to undertake a journey around the earth on foot for a pool of \$150,000. Each one of the party deposited one-third of this sum in the Bank of Dublin, and it was agreed that whoever survived the trip and returned should receive the whole amount. In case all died a Dublin hospital was to become the beneficiary. On Dec. 24, 1895, they started east across Europe and Asia Minor to Egypt, where they took passage for Australia. Their wanderings through the inner wastes of Australia proved the hardest trials of the journey, and the severity of this trip resulted in the death of two of the travelers. The third, Captain Trevelyan, completed the voyage and won the money.

Puzzled.

The lady of the house was explaining things to the new colored maid.
"An' what's this, missus?" asked the girl, indicating a metal bottle.
"That is a bottle which will keep things either hot or cold, whichever you desire," replied the mistress.
"Well, for the land sake," ejaculated the girl, "how is it gwine to know whether you want things hot or cold?"
—Everybody's.

Out of His Mouth.

His youngest grandchild had managed to get possession of a primer and was trying to set it.
"Pardon me for taking the words out of your mouth, little one," said the professor, hastily interposing.—Chicago Tribune.

A man can never do anything at variance with his own nature. He carries with him the germ of his most exceptional action.—George Eliot.

Sad Parting.

Farewell, farewell, dear wife of mine! The best that you should go away!
But, oh, drop me a little line Each day, or every other day.
Yes, I shall tend the rubber plant And feed the dock and wind the cat.
When lonely call on your aunt— Yes, I'll take good care of the flat!

Oh, yes, of course I'll lonely be, But you must have your summer joys. And, then, sometimes I'll have with me Joe Jenkins and the other boys.
There, there! Of course I did but jest. Those rowdies never shall come near! Go and enjoy a perfect rest. I'll manage to get on, my dear.

We'd better go and catch a car. It fills my heart with grief and pain. But, then, it isn't very far— For heaven's sake, don't miss that train!
Goodby, my love! A farewell kiss. There she is gone. Oh, heart, be strong! My loved one's presence I shall miss; But, say, I think I'll get along.—Chicago News.

Better Than Nothing.

A Boston man tells how, at a railway station, a number of wives were starting for the seashore and bidding their respective husbands adieu and he heard one really charming young matron say as she kissed her hubby goodby:
"Au revoir, dearie. Don't forget to write."
"Oh, I'll write often," protested her husband.
"Do dearie," continued the wife— "do if it's only a check."—Kansas City Star.

When You Tell Right Down.

What's the use, believers, in country or in town Rain to the hilltop Joe to Roll
Right Down?
Right Down?

Enemies a-waitin'—smilin' all aroun' With "Jee" as predicted" when you Roll
Right Down?
Right Down?

Oh, when you reach the summit better hold yer groun'! You raise the dust the wrong way, when you Roll
Right Down?
Right Down?
—Atlanta Constitution.

Sudden Action.

Orville Wright, apostle of his new safety appliance for aeroplanes, said at a dinner in Dayton:
"In a short time now there will be no more aeroplane accidents. In a short time there will be no more aeroplane jokes, either."
"I heard a new joke yesterday. A young woman rushed into an insurance office and cried:
"One life policy, quick! My husband's biplane's falling!"

Superior Wisdom.

A collar built to suffocate. A hat that seems a leaden weight. A shirt and over that a coat. To shed each coat were set adrift. Suspensives which are far from light Or see a belt pulled safe and tight— In these suffering man's no rest Goes forth to battle with the heat.

A Slimy Cloud of Rustling Lace.

That floats along with clinging grace. A bit of coral, which the breeze May toss about with buoyant ease— The man stands by and rasps for air And then exclaims white-gating there On comfortable-loveliness, "How foolishly those women dress!"—Washington Star.

Something Really Important.

"I wonder if you could find out exactly how I stand with your father?"
"What difference does it make?" responded the heiress. "I'll marry you whether he likes you or not."
"I wasn't thinking of that, my love. He gave me a tip on the stock market just now. Is it safe to play it, or is it not?"—Pittsburgh Post.

Typographical Error.

One evening when pressed a crowd I addressed
In the hall over Prairieville's smithey A reporter was there, and he thought my speech fair,
And he wrote my remarks were pithy.
Next morning in bed the paper I read (A Journal that dealt with things tithy). That the meeting was fine and the speaker so did shine,
And that my short oration was "fithy"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Changed to Suit.

In England the interest in woman suffrage extends even to the children. A little girl in a strong equal rights family lately named her new kitten Anti-suffragette. Her mother protested. The child answered calmly, "Oh, I am going to change her name as soon as she gets her eyes open."—Christian Register.

Another Friend.

I had a friend I loaned him ten. I haven't seen my friend since then.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

We had a friend.

But soon 'twas spent— A dollar bill. How quick it went!—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Typical.

Bings—You say your wife is an anti-suffragist?
Bangs—Yes; she spends her time gadding around the country asserting that woman's place is the home.—Town Topics.

Our Language.

Although a little goose is called By every one a gossing The linguists all would feel appalled To hear the young moose called mossing.
And when your motorcar is stalled And home by horses must be hauled The tire a little loose that "crawled" Is never called a hoaling.—Denver News.

Neatly.

"I never saw a man so crazy over asparagus as my husband." "Is he?" "Why, would you believe it, he was called the baby Asparagus."—Boston Transcript.

"Women," she stammered, "are the dowers of creation, don't you think?"

"Sure thing," answered the horrid man, "and some of them are century plants."—Baltimore American.

He met a striped kitten in The woods and stooped to pat the little beast. But, friends, don't grin. It really was a cat.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Are you selling many seats for this show?" asked the stranger in the metropolis.
"Selling seats?" replied the haughty young man at the window. "I am the treasurer of the theater, not a ticket speculator."—Washington Star.

That chap of whom we read so much Loves children, yes, sir— He got that trick that's in his back From his offspring on his knee.—New York Mail.

"I was at sea a week before I got my sea legs."
"And just to think—I didn't know that seals laid eggs."—Houston Post.

They say that he once was a poet And wrote out his lines by the feet. But now he can't do his working. He had to have something to eat.—Yonkers Statesman.

Caddy—Here's only one good thing I kin see about playin' golf. Golfer—And what's that, sonny? Caddy—You guys what plays don't batter carry de sticks around.—Boston Transcript.

Her poor suitor did not discern That her gown cost more than he'd earn. She said, "How could you dress me?" He blushed and said, "Bliss me. That's something I think I could learn!"—Club Fellow.

"Now I understand the meaning of that old catch phrase 'the higher the feller,'" remarked the lowbrow boarder. "To what does it allude?" inquired the landlady, acting as interlocutor. "Strawberries evidently."—Judge.

"I spoke before the suffragettes," said Edward James De Leach. "And oh, I felt so selfish for it was my maiden speech!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Please, ma'am, there's a man out here who says he'll have a fit on the front porch if you don't give him a dime." "He will! Well, tell him you'll give him two dimes if he'll have a fit on Mrs. Brown's porch."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

We admire the doughty air man In his aeroplanes of silk. He can swim the scales of azure. But he cannot swim the mill.—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

"What is the first thing needed in an aviation enterprise?"
"I should say the main start in the flying business is an angel."—Baltimore American.

The editor must have his joke— Let's see how this wild hazard pleases: We always think an actor's broke— Because he's so often seen in pieces.—Atlanta Constitution.

"You say your boy went to New York to be a speculator?" said the neighbor. "Yes," replied the proud mother. "He may go broke."
"No. He isn't that kind of a speculator, he's a ticket speculator."—Washington Star.

We get the grape from off the bush And turn it into wine. The juicy breakfast I believe. We get from the bo-vinil.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Marcella—Mr. Beanbrough won the prize at the Giddydads' hop the other night for tango dancing.
Waverly—No wonder; think of the practice he has had.
Marcella—But he told me he never danced before this season.
Waverly—Probably not, but at college he was a champion hurdle racer.—Youngstown Telegram.

We wish that we could teach our babe Deep breathing. It possibly might help him with His teething.—Kansas City Journal.

Wills—There you think Bump left considerable life insurance? Gillis—Yes. The agent was the first one to propose to the widow.—Judge.

They said he was a stinky pup. A savior, plodding jay. But he got rich by picking up The coin they threw away.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Doesn't the glory of the sunset fill your mind with thoughts that it would be difficult to utter?"
"I don't know; it does make me think of the red flannel underwear father used to wear."—Houston Post.

Her face is freckled, I can see I speak of Mary Hex. And, though her sight is perfect, she Is always wearing specks.—New York Mail.

Church—I see crowds in motion on grand stands and similar structures expect a strain equal to about 175 per cent of their weight.
Gotbaum—That refers to the times when the home team is winning, I guess.—Yonkers Statesman.

Be careful, son. You'll find it pays To be a saving bibber. You'll find it hard to mend your ways When you find you are broke.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"WHY nothing move you?" he asked anxiously.
"Yes," she replied, "I've got a truckman from downtown to do the job for \$6 a load."—Philadelphia Ledger.

My garden is a popular place; It thrives to beat the daisies; It's patronized with British glee By all my neighbor's chickens.—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Mrs. M. H. Cole is president of a real estate firm in New York.

An extensive dyeing works in Philadelphia is conducted by Miss Katherine B. Allen, daughter of the founder of the business.

The seal of Bronx county, N. Y., was designed by a woman, Mrs. Edward Polak, who for fifteen years has been a successful attorney.

Mrs. Havelock Ellis, the English writer and suffragist, advises girls never to marry a man to reform him. "To marry a man to reform him—that is the same as putting your finger in the fire to extinguish it."

The Countess of Warwick, who is an enthusiastic amateur gardener, has decided to practice garden planning professionally. Some French friends asked her recently to plan certain Mediterranean gardens and, delighted with the results, urged her to take up the work in earnest. Women will be employed exclusively on the work.

Fashion Frills.

Speaking of the new "wasp" waist, the atting, as usual, is in the bill.—Washington Post.

Bathing suits seem really quite oppressive after the street dresses women have been wearing.—Florida Times-Union.

Girls in Paris are wearing watches on their ankles. That's nothing. Some of our girls have had clocks in their stockings for years.—Detroit Free Press.

M. Worth says that "quality, not quantity," is the right motto for women in matters of dress. For all that, we trust that the irreducible minimum has now been reached.—London Punch.

The Writers.

Maxim Gorki's health is so bad that he has been obliged to leave Russia and go to Davos, where he hopes the mountain air will be beneficial to his lungs.

Notwithstanding his French surname, Daniel Defoe, author of "Robinson Crusoe," was an Englishman. He was born in London in 1660 during the reign of Charles II. He died in 1731.

Hall Caine has recently taken a large house in Hampstead. Over the fireplace in the living room he has had painted the legend: "To my wife, Bulli with the proceeds of the American edition of 'The Woman Thou Gavest Me.'"

Aviation Notes.

Celluloid wings for aeroplanes that are said to be so transparent as to be invisible 300 feet in the air have been invented by a German engineer.

When the latest Zeppelin airship cruised over Berlin it made hardly any noise. In the past the airships of this type have been conspicuous for the disturbance they created.

Quite a number of persons who have had flights in aeroplanes suffer afterward from deafness. In a few cases the deafness seems to stay permanently in a mild form. Most people, however, recover from it entirely after a few days.

Income Tax Tales.

Quite a few of us who haven't paid our income tax are still trying to qualify.—Washington Post.

The income tax from one point of view is a good thing—there are millions in it.—Baltimore American.

The man who dodged his income tax—if there is such a man—can now exercise his agility in dodging Secretary McAdoo.—Philadelphia Press.

When alien opera stars are called on to declare their incomes for the purpose of fixing the tax it is generally believed they will not be represented by their press agents.—Chicago Herald.

Timely Topics.

What with rat swatting, fly swatting and like campaigns life will soon be one grand swat.—Chicago Herald.

Cries for help should never go unheeded, even when given by swimmers of known expertness.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Unlike the fly and the mosquito, the rat is rather too large to swat, but his demise is none the less desirable.—St. Louis Republic.

Do you still think that you are going to take that vacation, or are you beginning to wake up to the situation as it really exists?—Indianapolis News.

British Briefs.

Doesn't it strike you that the lunacy laws in England are very lax?—Washington Herald.

British cartoonists now have a chance to show the ship of state grounding on Tory Island.—Springfield Republican.

England plans to girdle herself with gun towers against an air-foe. She needn't worry if she'll only "man" them with militants.—New York Sun.

Short Stories.

Emeralds are still found in Egypt. It is estimated that there are 4,255,000,000 tons of iron ore unmined in the United States.

The vaults in the Bank of New York have walls of steel a foot thick. The doors are very sensitive and give an alarm on the slightest jar.

According to an Italian physician, love causes an intoxication of the nervous centers, producing a disease that, if not cured, may lead to neurasthenia and even insanity.

SIRES AND SONS.

Xenophon Aitimo Squinaboi is royal assessor of schools of Italy.

Henry Higgins, who is reported in line for a peerage, is head of the London Covent Garden opera.

S. Ramanujan, a Hindu, twenty-six years old, living in London, is said to be the greatest living mathematician.

Isidore de Lara, the English composer, who has been appointed a chevalier of the Legion of Honor, was born in London in 1868. Among his best known works are "Amy Robsart," produced at Covent Garden in 1894; "Kofka," "Messalina" and "Sanga."

The Right Hon. James William Lowther, speaker of the house of commons, was a member of parliament as far back as 1833, representing Rutland. He was born in 1803. At Cambridge he took honors in classical and law tripos, and in 1879 he became a barrister.

Senator Hoke Smith of Georgia keeps in his office a volume known as the "Baby Book." It contains the names of several hundred babies that have been named for him since he entered public life. Once a year he goes over the list and sends the younger babies a present.

Town Topics.

People who live in Memphis think it is about as near heaven as mere man can get.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Crime increased about 100 per cent in Detroit last year. Still those white lines painted by the police on the street pavements are wonderful works of art.—Detroit Free Press.

St. Louis has received almost as much favorable editorial comment over the adoption of the charter as it got from the pageant and masques.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Chicago is proud of its increase in the value of personal property, although some of the individuals called on to pay taxes may be more or less annoyed.—Washington Star.

Science Siftings.

A new hardening material for the surface of concrete floors contains 95 per cent of iron dust or iron flour.

The transit of Mercury on Nov. 7 next will be partly visible in the eastern portions of the United States and Canada.

According to a Heidelberg university professor, all the human organs are radio-active, the brain the most, the heart and liver to a lesser degree and the spleen and kidneys but slightly.

The latest computations show that the earth is of twice the rigidity of steel. The new discovery is that it has sides in the solid as well as in the liquid portions. But these tides are very minute.

Pert Personals.

Will some shrewd advertising man or detective please tell us what has become of one John Lind?—Milwaukee Sentinel.

The spectacular combination of Jim Ham Lewis and Coney Island can best be described as "rich, but not gaudy."—Washington Star.

The postmaster at Medicine Lodge, Kan., is named U. C. Herr. Sounds as if he were named after a alibouette gown.—New York Mail.

Notwithstanding his legacy of \$1,500,000, James K. Hackett will remain on the stage, but, of course, he won't feel so bad when you don't go to see him.—Detroit Free Press.

Flippant Flings.

Up to the minute query: "Have you a little dictograph in your home?"—Washington Post.

Now that the boating season is in full swing we can't have too much of that anti-tipping movement.—Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.

"I'd rather be a baseball player than secretary of the navy," says Secretary Daniels. So would anybody. There's more money in it.—Los Angeles Express.

Dr. Anna Shaw proposes a maiden aunt's day. All right, only let's reserve one day—say Dec. 22, the shortest in the year—for the American people as a whole.—New York World.

Train and Track.

Liverpool is thinking about spending more than \$25,000,000 on a system of underground railways.

A record was established by the Western Maryland railway when it hauled 114 loaded coal cars from Cumberland to Hagerstown, Md., with a single locomotive. The trainload was in excess of 15,750,000 pounds.

The largest railway station in the world, so far as area is concerned, is the New York city station of the Pennsylvania Railroad company, which has an area of twenty-eight acres, followed by the Gare St. Lazare, Paris, with twenty-five, and Edinburgh Waverley, with twenty-three.

Recent Inventions.