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AN EXHORTATION.

'Tis better to be skilled in making salad,
Than versifying sweetest song or ballad,
For man, 'tis said, is but a hungry sinner,
Devoid of sentiment 'til after dinner.
So, if the way you'd find into his heart,
Essay not verse, but culinary art.
—Louise Taber.

Fairy Tales.

Paul sat on a low stool facing the fire, his breakfast spread on a great armchair beside him. Beside the egg and the toast and the glass of milk there was The Book, with its cover wondrously decorated in red and gold, popped open at the picture of the princess. As he finished the last morsel of buttered toast and began quite slowly on the egg—one kept the egg always for the last—he turned his eyes meditatively on the nurse.

"What could one do to grow large—as large as you—large enough to fill this big chair?" he wondered, thoughtfully.

Mary was pinning on her cap at the mirror. She spoke with difficulty, her attention on her task.

"Oh, eat much and sleep much and be very good and obedient."

"Eat and sleep—and be good," Paul summed up concisely. "Does it take long?"

Mary turned her laughing eyes on him, curiously. "Not very long," said she. "Why does he want to be big, I wonder?" He reached gravely for The Book and opened it quite slowly to the place.

"I should like," said Paul, "to eat downstairs, where Simpson waits, and to go places with—with her, and to see what happens after she kisses me good night."

"Oh!" said the girl, in an odd little voice.

He thumbed the pages wistfully.

"I suppose it rather surprised her—having a little son," said he. "The princes in this are all big, and I suppose she wouldn't know quite what to do with me if I went down now—I wouldn't—fit in. But I don't seem to belong to her up here, somehow."

Mary dropped upon her knees and patted his legs comfortingly. They were rather fine little legs, straight and shapely, and rosy-brown above the socks.

"Don't you now?" said she. Her eyes grew very narrow and bright as they always did when she was thoughtful or cross.

"I tell you! Let's have a surprise?" she proposed brightly.

"A sur-prise!"

"Something nice when she won't expect," explained the girl. "Shall we have it?"

"Yes, let's!" cried Paul eagerly. "Is it something about being big and eating downstairs and being with—with her? What is it?"

Mary hugged him tenderly. "It's sleeping in her very own bed with her!" she said impressively. "Would you like it—just for once! And when she wakes up she will find you!"

Paul put his arms around her happily. "When—when will it be bedtime, please?" said he.

* * * * * * *

The boy opened his eyes on a strange world. Before him stretched a wonderful view, waving, fluttering billows of soft blue silk. His little body was almost buried in downy sheer pillows. He had never been in this place before, but somehow it reminded him of her, perhaps because the faint, very faint blossomy smell that she had was here, too. Suddenly he remembered. He breathed a quaint little sigh of content; then he opened his eyes again, amazed. Soft strains of music were floating in to him. Very cautiously he pushed back the curtains and peeped out.

The room was as dainty and blue as the bed, and was dimly lighted by a pale blue lamp in the alcove. He crept out of the bed scarcely breathing, and, half-awed, approached the window. It was black outside, and the familiar sky was strangely lit with many twinkling lights. He was five years old, and he had never seen the stars! He dropped down on his knees and gazed at them estatically.

"How pretty—how pretty!" he murmured softly, and then, remembering, he drew a sharp little breath and added, "How very clever, too!"

Outside the music was running on dreamily. He scratched his head an instant, reflecting, and started slowly for the half-open door in his bare feet and pajamas. And so, in his journey of inspection and exploration, he came, unheard, upon the two upon the stairs—a pale, slim, little face, all eyes and tiny, quivering lips.

* * * * * * *

"If only you were not unhappy," said the man slowly, "I—why—I could bear it then; that would be enough for me; but—"

"I am happy," said the Princess tremulously. She raised her roses to her lips to hide their piteous trembling, and dropped her eyes.

"Last week—yesterday, perhaps I might have thought otherwise, but to-night—to-night, I know that I have everything—everything my heart desires."

"Everything?"

She nodded, her face turned away to escape the pain in his eyes; her own were very soft and dark and pitying in the half light, and a little wistful.

"Yes," she repeated, "everything."

The man fastened his glove intently and looked off somewhere into space.

"I believe," he said, grimly, "that you are breaking your heart."

"No, no," she cried, softly, "but I am breaking yours again. Oh, if I might make you happy—if I might!"

"Why not?" he asked earnestly. "Why?"

She leaned over thoughtfully, her eyes on the people below them.

"You wouldn't understand," she said; but she half closed her eyes and seemed about to go on, so he waited quietly.

"When I married," she said slowly, "you—you know the story. We gave each what we wished and so—it was not love, you see. We didn't even pretend that it was love."

She looked up, but his face was expressionless and set.

"I loved you," she went on calmly, "loved—do you see, but, you didn't ask me—then, and Terrinini did. Afterwards you told me—afterwards, and so I had that comfort to begin on. Then—and then my child was a boy. I didn't want—a boy. I know nothing whatever about boys, and I was very young, and so—but, meanwhile, I have come to know Terrinini, and—"

She raised her eyes to his curiously, and he winced.

"He's brave—and big—and true," she went on evenly, "and my boy is growing up. Some day he'll be a man. I don't want the love in his eyes to change. I want him always to look at me as he does now. I—"

There was the slightest rustle on the stairs behind them, and a very forced cough. They turned their heads curiously at the sound.

"I beg pardon," said Prince Paul, gravely, one hand on the balustrade, the other nursing a bare foot. "I think I must have wakened by mistake."

The Princess caught her breath sharply and held out her arms to him.

"Is it Fairyland?" he asked seriously, coming down to them. "I have never seen things like this before."

"It is," said the man, "and how, will you tell me, did you get here?"

"I don't know. I really shouldn't have come, I suppose, I'm so little, and little people don't belong to stories, but—I wanted to be near you," he finished sweetly in her ear. She clasped her white arms around him, and let her head fall down on the soft, silvery folds of her gown.

"Boy—boy," she murmured unsteadily.

It was a confession of love and a prayer in one.

The man reached over and caught the child's hand. "And now that you've come—what?" said he curiously.

Paul sat thoughtfully pondering the question.

"It is only for a visit, I guess," he sighed. "There is no place, you know, for—for just children. They don't count in things at all—they don't—"

The man pressed the hand he held tenderly. "They just do," he insisted. "Fairyland is Childland. Don't you know? Fairyland is only for you—"

"And mother," said Paul. "For princesses, too, Your picture is in my book," he confided to her in a whisper. "I recognized you. That's how I knew you are a princess, and Mary says it's true. Princess Terrinin-i."

Then he turned politely to the man and added:

"I expect you didn't want your picture in? Or maybe you aren't a prince?"

"No," said the man. "I am not a prince; I'm afraid I'm not much good, you know. I'm—I'm there, though. Perhaps you didn't recognize me. I'm the Wicked One."

"Why, no!" cried the boy, wide-eyed. "Are you the one who kept the princess in the tower and made her old and unhappy and—?"

"No," said the man gently. "I couldn't. The little prince won her away from me; got into her heart and held it against me, and then—and then even captured mine!"

Paul wrinkled his forehead, puzzled.

"I don't quite remember that story," said he.

He lay back comfortably in the Princess' arms and closed his eyes to shut out the glittering lights. Over his slim white form the man stretched out his hand and caught the Princess'.

"Good-bye," he whispered. "I'm off again. You are happy, I see, happier than I could ever make you. I—I'm glad."

Then she smiled at him. Tears for him were in her eyes.

But Prince Paul sat up, as he had turned to go, and held out his hand to the Wicked One, who arose from his stair seat.

"I'm sorry you are the Bad Man," he said. "I—I rather like you. I—I suppose, though, you have to be. They wrote you that way. And I'm sorry I couldn't rem-remember the—the story. I'll look—it up—to-morrow," then he turned and smiled up into the Princess' soft blue eyes.

"Would you put me—in bed?" he asked timidly, "and kiss me good-night again—if the others could get on without you, I mean?"

"They must," whispered the Princess happily. "They must, for I am never coming back to them. I am going to stay always—with you."

He blinked his eyes sleepily and pressed his warm little lips tenderly against hers.

"To-morrow—and to-morrow—and to-morrow?" he asked doubtfully.

"For always," she promised.

He closed his eyes sighing, and smiled . . . and so, in her arms, she carried him back to the blossomy bed.—Fred Jackson, in Black and White.

Invents New Auto Wheel.

Marion Black, of Ft. Wayne, Ind., has just invented what he calls an "emergency wheel," intended to make more simple the modern methods of transportation. It is a very clever device for the temporary repairing of a punctured auto or buggy tire, and consists of a steel rim, upon which is mounted a complete pneumatic tire, with four projecting hooks which slip over the rim of the punctured wheel. It can be carried as an extra tire is now and can be slipped on when the machine is going through soft, muddy places, thereby giving a double surface, and prevents the miring of the wheel. It is to be manufactured by the Black Manufacturing Company, composed of local capitalists.—Indianapolis News.

And She an Old Maid.

"I sat in the front seat of the car with nine men," said the old maid, "four in the same seat, five facing me. I paid my fare with a dime and the conductor said, 'Two?' I wonder which of those men he thought I was going to pay for."—New York Press.

Owners of even the smallest toy manufacturing establishments in the Nuremburg district, Germany, cater for the foreign trade. Factories employing from six to twenty people are no exception.

THE CHIEF CURSE OF CHINA.

Natives Publicly Enjoying an Opium Smoke in Shanghai, Where Lately Strenuous Efforts Were Made to Abolish the Practice.—Dennis-ton & Sullivan, in Leslie's Weekly.

Unique Soap Holder.

A peculiar contrivance, termed a soap holding device, is a recent invention of a Chicago man. Its extremely simple construction is shown in the accompanying illustration. It comprises a supporting arm, to which is suspended a chain and clamp, carrying a cake of soap. Obviously the supporting arm is attached to the washbasin so that the suspended cake of soap will be directly over the water. The supporting arm is not stationary, but is pivoted, in order that the soap can be dipped down into the water when necessary. The sanitary advantages of this soap-holder will be apparent at once. It does away with the ordinary slimy receptacle employed for holding the soap. The soap hangs in a position of best advantage to the user. Soap of any description can be used, as the supporting pin can easily be pushed into position.—Washington Star.

Too Obvious.

It was the first vaudeville performance the old colored lady had ever seen, and she was particularly excited over the marvelous feats of the magician. But when he covered a newspaper with a heavy flannel cloth and read the print through it, she grew a little nervous. He then doubled the cloth and again read the letters accurately.

This was more than she could stand, and rising in her seat, she said:

"I'm goin' home. This ain't no place for a lady in a thin calico dress!"—Everybody's.

Practical Sympathy.

A gentleman was one day relating to a Quaker a tale of deep distress and concluded by saying:

"I could not but feel for him."

"Verily, friend," replied the Quaker, "thou didst right in that thou didst feel for thy neighbor, but didst thou feel in the right place? Didst thou feel in thy pocket?"—Democratic Telegram.

Unique Garment Hanger.

A garment hanger for men's apparel somewhat different from any heretofore patented has been designed by a Connecticut man. In the majority of such devices now on the market little or no provision is made for supporting the trousers properly, the main idea being to take care only of the coat. In the garment hanger shown in the accompanying illustration an extra attachment is added to support the trousers. The latter are attached to the trousers in an exceedingly unique manner. Curved inwardly from the ends of the hanger are small loops, which are designed to clamp on the suspender buttons on the trousers. The latter are in this way held in an extended position, eliminating the possibility of becoming creased or soiled when hung in the crowded closet or wardrobe.—Washington Star.

Foresight.

Tailor (to Tommy's mother, who is ordering her boy's suit)—"Do you wish the shoulders padded?"

Tommy—"Ma, ma, have him pad the seat of the pants!"—Life.

WAS TOMMY LOGICAL OR SARCASTIC?

"Only fools are certain, Tommy; wise men hesitate."
"Are you sure, uncle?"
Yes, my boy; certain of it."—The Tatler.

Ventilating Shoe Tree.

The advantages claimed for the ordinary shoe tree are that it will hold the shoe in the correct shape, and prevent the inner sole or sock lining from curling up at the edges. However, in order to make the shoe trees adjustable and provide necessary ventilation, it is the practice to make them of skeleton form, and hence the entire sole of the shoes is not equally held in shape. A recent invention aims to remedy this trouble. The shoe tree is in the form of a complete or solid last, and in order to provide for ventilation, a series of parallel slots are cut therein. At the bottom of the tree these slots extend almost the entire length of the sole, but at the top they open only in the forward part of the tree. The tree is formed of two sections, and a simple device is provided for expanding the tree lengthwise to permit of adjusting it to different sizes of shoes.—Scientific American.

Ventilating Shoe Tree.

Adventurous Life in India.

Tram traveling in Calcutta evidently calls for special training of the nervous system. A correspondent gives details of three mishaps which he observed during the space of a few hours. He saw one car with no apparent excuse crash into another standing at a junction. In the next case he saw a car, upon which the driver was engaged in drinking a "lota" of water, charge a number of bullock carts, and his final experience was of a cyclist "contemplating the ruins of his bicycle and addressing measured and adjective language to an official at the steering wheel."—From the Advocate of India.

BIG WAR BALLOONS FOR OFFENSIVE WORK

Col. Capper, of the British Army, Says They Could Do Great Damage to an Enemy by Dropping Explosives—Copies of Col. Capper's Paper Sent to Every Signal Corps Officer in the Regular Army.

Colonel J. E. Capper, Royal Engineers, British Army, who is recognized by aeronauts and military signal officers of all armies as one of the leading authorities on the military uses of the dirigible balloon, recently delivered to his brother officers of the Royal Engineers a lecture on the dirigible as a military utility. That address is being carefully studied by every dirigible expert of prominence in the armies of this and other countries.

Colonel Capper says that the future of the dirigible is bright with possibilities, and that in case it should be used in a future war the part the aerial corps will play will be second to no other branch of the service, including even squadrons of battleships. A copy of Colonel Capper's remarks was recently sent to the Signal Corps office of the Department of the East, in the Army Building on Whitehall street, by the War Department in Washington, and the excerpts that follow were taken from that copy.

That part of the paper that is most interesting to the laymen is that which tells what the dirigible can do if called into use during a war. Of that phase of the question Colonel Capper says:

"I wish to say a few words regarding the probable uses of a dirigible balloon in war; and here I can only speak, of course, from theory, and do not presume to lay down the law.

"It appears to me that we shall have to possess two different classes of vessels. The first will be the comparatively harmless small class of balloon of from 70,000 to 100,000 cubic feet capacity, to be used for scouting, and possibly for attempts at destroying, by high explosives or incendiary mixtures, important iron bridges or store depots close to the army or fortress, or for harassing the enemy by dropping a few bombs into his camps at night and so keeping him constantly on the qui vive.

"It is probable that a reconnoitering balloon to be safe during the daytime will have to maneuvre at an altitude of at least 5000 feet, from which height only large bodies and important movements would be readily visible. At night, however, a balloon can descend with safety to within a few hundred feet of the ground, and may get valuable information. Even on a bright moonlight night it is difficult to see a balloon at 500 feet up, and it is very difficult to keep a searchlight on it.

"With a light wireless apparatus in the balloon much valuable information might, under favorable circumstances, be obtained without undue risk of losing the vessel. In any case, the cost of such a vessel is comparatively small, and the loss of a few would be a small matter to an army. The radius of such a balloon will be, perhaps, one hundred or one hundred and fifty miles."

Colonel Capper than takes up the consideration of the second and far more important class of balloons, the class that includes such machines as the famous Zeppelin airship, and he talks of vessels of a capacity of even 1,000,000 cubic feet.

"The second class, and the more important one if really seriously developed," he says, "may revolutionize the strategy of war. Large vessels of from 500,000 to 1,000,000 cubic feet capacity, capable of traveling at a speed of forty miles an hour in a calm, and of carrying considerable quantities of high explosives, can set out, and, with a favorable wind, can cover vast distances in a few hours. When they will come, and what their objective will be, cannot possibly be known to the enemy, who cannot always be looking with guns ready pointed into the air, while they will pass over the country so quickly as to be out of range almost as soon as seen.

"Keeping high up in the daytime and descending at night they can keep their direction with practical certainty, and hovering close over any desired spot, may launch explosives with delay-action fuses, which will enable them to retire to a safe distance before the explosion occurs; or they may even risk destruction to effect some notable exploit.

"Their objectives would not be the enemy's armies, but his dockyards, arsenals, storehouses, railway centres, etc., where the maximum of damage can be caused at a minimum of cost. Possibly they might even attack the enemy's navy if he has one, but possibly the same effect would be produced in a more humane manner by merely destroying the docks, etc. There would appear to be but little difficulty in lodging the explosives with great accuracy if good plans are available to work by, while the expense, even should several airships be lost, would be insignificant."

Colonel Capper next pays his respects to the proposition that would prohibit aerial warfare between the nations.

"Should all the powers of the world agree that aerial warfare should not be carried on," he says, "then there is no necessity for us to move in the matter, though as long as those on the ground can shoot at those in the air I see no logical reason for refusing these in their turn their power of offense. But as other nations are taking up and developing their airships we cannot afford to be behind them.

"As a citizen of an island power I even welcome the airship, feeling that the idea of an invasion by an army transported in these vessels is chimerical, and that he would indeed be a bold general who would dare to transport a hostile army to our shores, crowded up in fragile transports, in the face of a serviceable fleet of dirigibles, which at the shortest notice could sally forth and deal frightful destruction among them."

Colonel Capper says that hydrogen is the best of gases for balloon inflation on account of its lightness. Of the materials used in the manufacture of envelopes for dirigibles, he says that only goldbeaters' skin (the bladder of an ox) and metal are hydrogen tight, while varnished cotton and silks and rubber fabric are not. The metal envelope, he adds, cannot be made strong enough to stand the strain of any but moderate elevations without being too heavy to rise, while rubber is too dangerous for practical use.

Colonel Capper says that the dirigible balloon should be, first, light, but strong; second, hydrogen tight; third, elastic; fourth, not liable to sudden collapse if punctured; and, fifthly, should not absorb moisture, but should throw off rain.

The Signal Corps of the United States Army gives great weight to anything pertaining to dirigibles that Colonel Capper has to say, and a copy of his paper has been sent to every signal officer in the army.

Bob, Betty and Baseball.

By PERRINE LAMBERT.

"Bob, who is that man with a club over his shoulder?" asked Betty.

"His is the batter," explained Bob. "The club he carries is called a bat."

"And that man with the ball is called a baller?"

"No, little girl. He is called the pitcher because he pitches the ball."

"Then why isn't the man with the club called the holder?" inquired Betty. "He holds the club, doesn't he?"

"As a rule, dear, the player's position gives him a name," said Bob. "For instance, the man in the field is called a fielder."

"Oh, I'm beginning to understand," cried Betty. "That man with the glove is a glover, isn't he?"

"Betty, that man is not a glover," declared Bob. "He is a catcher. They call him a catcher because he catches the ball."

"But the other men catch the ball."

"Yes; but not as often as the catcher. The pitcher pitches the ball and the catcher catches it."

"But suppose he doesn't catch it," persisted Betty, "is he called a misser?"

"Betty, you are trying to work this thing along a certain line of argument, and it's utterly impossible," remonstrated Bob. "Just try to enjoy the game without knowing anything about it."

Betty was obviously miffed. She watched the game silently until the end of the seventh inning. Then she turned to Bob.

"Please tell me about those pillows out there on the grass," she coaxed.

"They are called bases."

"When a man is on a base is he a baser?"

"No, dear; he is called a baseman."

"And what is that man between those two bases?"

"He stops the ball from going to the outfield," explained Bob. "He is called the shortstop."

Betty's eyes grew moist and there was a pathetic catch in her voice as she said:

"It really isn't fair to make fun of me, Bob. That tall man couldn't be anything short."

"Never mind; the game will soon be over," answered Bob.

The girl watched the playing with a languid interest. Finally the spectators groaned concertedly, arose and started for the exits.

"Come on, Betty, the last man is out," said Bob.

"That's a deliberate prevarication," snapped Betty. "Look at them all around us. I don't suppose a dozen have reached the street."

"I'll buy you a baseball guide, dear," promised Bob.

"Tell me why they all look so depressed?" demanded Betty.

"The score didn't favor them," replied Bob.

"What was the score?"

"Visitors eight; home team one."

"Oh, Bob," cried Betty joyfully, "I'm so glad the home team won!"—From Judge.

Shipbuilding in England.

From the returns compiled by Lloyds' Register of Shipping it appears that, excluding warships, there were 386 vessels of 799,178 tons gross under construction in the United Kingdom at the close of the quarter ended June 30, 1908. The tonnage now under construction is 48,000 tons less than that which was in hand at the end of last quarter and 451,000 tons less than that being built twelve months ago, and is the lowest total recorded in the society's returns since 1896. There were also under construction at royal dockyards twelve warships of 112,820 tons displacement, and at private yards thirty-seven of 86,672 tons for the British Government and seventeen of 51,060 tons for foreign Governments, making a total of fifty-four warships of 137,732 tons.—Engineer.

The Hobo Was a Grizzly.

A big grizzly bear got into the Northern Pacific Railroad yard Sunday night. When the railroaders entered the enclosure for duty this morning they left very suddenly when they found the bear. Work was suspended for three hours. The bear was roped and put in a cage in the park.

The bear came down from the mountains during the night. When first seen he was throwing ties into the turn table. In the dim light of early morning he was taken for a drunken tramp and a switchman approached him to throw him out of the yards. He found out his mistake in time.—Billings, Mont., Dispatch to New York Sun.

Fish Chased Ashore by Whales.

A serious menace to health is threatened at Nahant by the large quantities of fish which have been thrown up on the beaches and rocks following, it is believed, the appearance of porpoises and large fish supposed to be whales.

Although the fishermen gather them as the tide recedes many are overlooked. It is the opinion of the natives that the fish, which include mackerel, hake, pollock and herring, all small in size, have been forced ashore by the larger fish which have invaded the waters recently.—Boston Transcript.

With the Funny Fellows

The Seesaw.

Fate will smile
And fortune frown;
Beef goes up
As iron comes down.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Had Heard None.

"That man is an idiot. He simply won't listen to reason."

"How do you know?"—Nashville American.

To Headquarters.

"Does your husband bring fairy stories home to the children?"

"No, but he brings me some dandies."—Houston Post.

Meaning Himself.

Mollie—"Tell me, did you ever win a prize at a lottery?"

Cholly—"No, I never did, but my wife did."—Yonkers Statesman.

A Skyscraper Episode.

"A coping stone just fell from the top floor."

"Indeed? Telephone the first floor to have the street cleared."—Washington Herald.

A Hypocrite.

Teacher — "What is a hypocrite, Sally?"

Sally — "A gal what comes to school with a smile 'on er face."—London Opinion.

Malice Domestic.

Knicker—"Are you afraid to go home in the dark?"

Bocker—"My wife always sits up for me with all the gas lighted."—New York Sun.

His Part.

She—"Will you take part in our theatricals?"

He — "Really, I should like to. What shall I take?"

She—"Tickets."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Truly Thoughtful.

"Don't step on that crust. The birds want it."

"And I'm grinding it up so they can handle it. See?"

The other man saw. — Houston Chronicle.

Corrected.

Teacher — "What is wrong about this sentence: 'I am twenty my last birthday?'"

Little Johnnie—"It should be 'forty' instead of 'twenty.'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Up Against It.

"These vacuum cleaners are going to hurt the play writing biz."

"As to how?"

"When housemaids become obsolete, what are we going to do for soubrettes?"—Kansas City Journal.

A Modern Romance.

"Why don't they marry?"

"Family objections."

"As if a real man couldn't overcome those!"

"It's not always so easy. His wife won't agree to a divorce."—Washington Herald.

No Incentive.

Dolly — "No, I won't wash my face!"

Grandma — "Naughty, naughty! When I was a little girl I always washed my face."

Dolly—"Yes, and now look at it!"—London Opinion.

The Cherry Tree Avenged.

Washington had just declared he couldn't tell a lie.

"What will you say when folks ask you how you enjoyed your vacation?" inquired his father.

Seeing he had him there the old gentleman chuckled.—New York Sun.

Handicapped.

"Have you a tank in the building?" inquired the inspector from the insurance office.

"We hev," admitted the janitor.

"What's the capacity?"

"Faith an' Oi niver had money enough to foind out." — Bohemian Magazine.

"As Doth Eternity."

Bacon—"What's the matter with your wife to-day? She seems to be in a bad humor."

Egbert—"Why, she heard a lot of hens cackling in the next yard this morning and she's put out because she couldn't understand them!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Something Long Needed.

"I hear you're trying to invent a new style of cornet."

"Yes; I'm at work on one with a reflex action."

"What's the idea?"

"If I can get it working right it will blow the head off anybody that tries to use it."—Philadelphia Press.

Sorry, But—

"Gumbolt and I have made a bet and agreed to leave it to you. He says a drowning man gets his lungs full of water, and I say he doesn't. Which of us is right?"

"What are the terms of the wager?"

"The loser is to pay for a dinner for the three of us."

"H'm—I never knew Gumbolt to pay a bet. You lose."—Chicago Tribune.

No Place For Her.

Towne — "There are some hot games up at the ball grounds these days. Why don't you take your wife to one of them?"

Browne—"Gracious! I don't want to be a widower. She's too tender hearted and sympathetic."

Towne—"What has that to do with it?"

Browne—"Why, it would be just like her to sympathize with the umpire."—Philadelphia Press.