Town and County News

THURSDAY, FBBRUARY 6, 1919.

Wheat, $2.36; corn, $1.38.

Monuments, tombstones and enclosures. SHORT & Co,
1-30 tf] Denton, Md.

Mr. W. Carroll Pastorfield has been making preparations fo rerecting a large store building on the site of the property destroyed by fire December 4th.

Dr. Greenwood, a specialist of knowledge and long and vast experience and remarkable success with the most difficult cases, will be at the Brick Hotel, Denton, today, Feb. 6, also on Feb. 14th, for consultation. See his advertisement on first page of this issue.

The W. C. T. U. will meet at the home of Mrs. Dell Cooper next Tuesday afternoon, at 2.30 o'clock. The members will please bring their contributions for the Kindergarten Barrel. The Union would greatly appreciate any contributions from those not members.

Mr. Carl H. Gorsuch (Steve) has opened a Garage opposite the railroad station here, in the shop formerly occupied by J. L. Hild. Steve is an expert batteryman. He was with the Den-Mar Mobile Co., under the late C. A. Davison, for many years. See his announcement on 4th page.

Mrs. Fannie Sparks, who, for a number of years, resided in Denton, died in her apartments at the Watts House, Chestertown, on Sunday, Jan. 26, of pneumonia, aged 78 years. Mrs. Sparks had been sick only a few days. She is survived by one son, Mr. Linwood W. Sparks, of Chester, Pa.

First Annual Report of County Agent.

To the People of Caroline county:

This report giving in brief the work accomplished since August 1st, 1917, is submitted that every farmer may know of the service being extended by the State and United States Departments of Agriculture through the County Agent.

Every service performed by this office is free of charge. The salary of the County Agent, traveling expenses and stenographic work is paid for from State or Federal funds. The county is furnishing the office, office equipment and phone. Your request for information along any agricultural line will be given careful attention. The service of the County Agent does not stop with the information he may have, nor with the information contained in his library. The service of the specialists of the Maryland State College and of the United States Department of Agriculture are available to individuals who apply for their assistance through the County Agent.

Bulletins on nearly any subject pertaining to agriculture can be secured free of cost from the Department of Agriculture. Bulletins on over one hundred subjects are available at the office of the County Agent.

While some of the work here reported can hardly be classified under the head of agricultural demonstration work, being purely patriotic in character, yet I feel that your innermost wishes and the necessity of the times justify such undertakings.

Following is a brief statement of work accomplished—August 1st to December 1st, 1917:

1. Boys' Club Work. Eighteen boys completed the Boys' Club Work in 1917. Of these 5 were Pig Club Members and 13 were Corn Club Members. The average yield of corn for these 13 boys was over 70 bushels per acre. Their net profit per acre averaged over $80.00.

2. One hundred bushels of good seed wheat of high yielding variety and good germination were secured for farmers of Caroline county.

3. Two hundred and fifty bushels of seed wheat were treated for stinking smut free of charge.

4. Drainage plans including surveys and blue prints for 37 farms covering over one thousand acres of land have been made in order that drainage systems may be more commonly introduced. This work was accomplished through cooperation with State and Federal Departments.

5. In the interest of food production and conservation, Community exhibits were held in towns of Greensboro and Federalsburg. There were over 400 exhibits. The attendance has been estimated at 500. About $100 was contributed to the Red Cross at these exhibits.

Following is a summary of work, August 1st to December 1st, 1917:

Visits to farmers and others on official business	402
Miles traveled	2,533
Office calls	134
Meetings held or addressed	36
Attendance at meetings	2,134
Bulletins distributed	70
Letters written	300
Articles for publication in the county papers	16

Next week I will submit data found in my second annual report giving the work accomplished between December 1st, 1917, and December 1st, 1918.

E. O. ANDERSON,
County Agent.

IN DESTROYER'S FIRE ROOM

Not an Inviting Lounging Place but a Most Necessary Part of the Warship.

Descend a manhole in the deck. The cover is closed and secured behind you. A door gasketed with rubber and locked with toggles faces you at the foot of the ladder. As it opens, comes a pressure on your ear-drums like the air-lock of a caisson. It is the forced draft. You thread your way amid pumps and feed-water heaters and descend still further to the furnace level.

Twenty-five knots—twenty-eight land miles an hour is good going. You think of dust, of heat, the clatter of shovels, of grimy, sweaty firemen. Instead, a water-tender stands calmly watching the glow of oil jets feeding the furnace fire. Now and then he casts an eye to the gauge glasses. His two firemen give a turn to the fuel cock—a shot of oil to a pump. The vibration of the hull and the hum of the blower are the only sounds. Fresh, cool air sweeps through in a steady stream

You have purchased absolution from the service's burden of coaling ship—but you pay in oil. You smell oil in the smoke from the funnels, you breathe it from the oil-range in the galley. Your clothes gather it from stanchions and rails. The destroyer is not built whose bulkheads will stand oil-tight in the weaving hull, and the water tanks are flavored with the seepage from neighboring fuel compartments. You drink petroleum in the water and taste it in the soup. The curry in the lamb "kills" it, but the ice reeks of Mexican crude. The butter, absorbing the vapors, tastes like some queer vaseline. At first your stomach revolts. You starve yourself for a trip, grow used to it and come back with renewed appetite.

The wind draws ahead. A short sea is running with a tremendous ground swell. Fourteen knots would ease her, but 25—drilling ahead into it—is cruel work for a long, lean hull; no depth; no beam; lines like a jack-knife. The convoy is bowing gracefully to it, just filling her hawse-pipes. You are submarining, taking spray in sheets clean over the stacks.—Leslie's.

'GOOD SAMARITAN' OF EUROPE

Switzerland Surely Has Earned Right to That Title From War-Stricken Nations Surrounding Her.

Since the battle of Morgarten in 1315 Switzerland has blazed the trail toward human freedom as the "Good Samaritan" of war-stricken Europe, says Frederick Dossenbach in American Review of Reviews.

The Helvetian republic was born at the end of the thirteenth century, through a desire for emancipation from autocratic despotism, when she scrap-heaped the divine right of kings. The very pact (known as the "Vow of Grutli") which the ancient federates swore to on that quiet spot, the Grutli, on the classic lake of Lucerne, on the first day of August, 1291, embodied the great principle of "the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments." There the old Swiss proclaimed self-government against the autocratic rule of the Hapsburgs.

Since those early struggles Switzerland fought fiercely and unfalteringly to maintain her liberty and independence until following the Napoleonic wars. At the congress of Paris in 1815 the European powers—France, Great Britain, Russia, Portugal, Prussia and Austria—formally and authentically acknowledged that the perpetual "neutrality and inviolability of Switzerland and its independence from all foreign influence are in the best interests of the policy of the whole of Europe."

Suffered Unnecessarily.

Some one has told this very interesting story of a ship that was becalmed. The drinking water that they had on board was exhausted, and the sailors were nearly dying of thirst. Just as they were about to give up all hope a sail was spied in the distance. The men, taking a new lease on life, signaled their distress, but to their horror, instead of veering from its course to bring them aid, it answered with these words "Lower your buckets where you are!" A frenzy of wrath seized the thirsty men and they cursed the captain of the ship who, they supposed, had renounced all the traditions of the sea, as well as the instincts of humanity, in telling them to drink the salt water.

Then one of the sailors suggested that they obey the order, and when he had lowered the bucket discovered that the ship was standing in a stream of fresh water.

Great Men of Small Stature.

Aristotle, who for 2,000 years held sway over the world of thought, was a slender man, with small eyes and a shrill, stammering speech. Athanasius, who at the council of Nice was the most potent spirit, was a man of very small stature—a dwarf rather than a man, but of almost angelic beauty of face and expression. Gregory VII, perhaps the mightiest of the Roman pontiffs, who dethroned sovereigns, was a diminutive man, and so were Canute and the great Conde.

Voltaire, the literary autocrat of the eighteenth century, was one of the thinnest and most spectral of human beings. Robespierre and Marat, leaders of the French revolution, were far below the average stature. Robespierre was only five feet two or three inches, and Marat less than five feet. Napoleon Bonaparte was also a man of small stature.

Vain Endeavor.

The kicker's greatest grief, they say,
In busy hours is this 'un;
Though he complains as best he may
No one has time to listen.

Just Accusation.

She (indignantly)—Here's a man says women are inherently dishonest.

He (tenderly)—Well, aren't they always stealing men's peace of mind and robbing them of their hearts?

WINTER TRAVEL IN ALASKA

Archdeacon Stuck Tells of Some of the Sufferings to Be Encountered in the Frozen North.

Archdeacon Stuck, already famous for his ascent of Mount McKinley, made a remarkable journey into Alaska last winter.

His route extended around the whole arctic coast of Alaska, beginning at the west side, and thence inland to Fort Yukon. He was received everywhere with cordial hospitality by the Eskimos. Two weeks were spent at Point Barrow, where the traveler had an opportunity of studying the largest Eskimo village in Alaska under winter conditions. During the subsequent journey of 225 miles to Flaxman island the party saw only one human being and were housed only twice.

The archdeacon describes it as "the barrenest, most desolate, most forsaken coast I have ever seen in my life; flat as this paper on which I write, the frozen land merging indistinguishably into the frozen sea; nothing but a stick of driftwood here and there, half buried in the indented snow, gives evidence of the shore."

For two weeks the travelers had to face a bitterly cold northeast wind, and the faces of all were continuously frozen. The heaviest task of all was the journey over the winter's unbroken snow to Fort Yukon. On this inland trip Stefansson and his party were encountered and escorted to Fort Yukon, where Stefansson, who was seriously ill, received medical attention.

AIRPLANES IN GREAT WAR

Fokkers Must Be Credited With Remarkable Work That Contributed to Victory of Civilization.

The Fokker series is interesting. First, there was the monoplane Fokker, so long a menace at the front. Then they tried the little triplane Fokker, a weird-looking machine, whose specialty was climbing high and diving down on the foe. Unfortunately in the dive the top plane had a way of coming off. It was in a Fokker triplane that the "Red Devil" Baron von Richthofen came to grief, and you can see the engine of his machine, a 110 La Rhone, copied from a French rotary engine.

The last type of Fokker—and a very good one—is the D7 biplane, all metal except for the wings, with a high-power engine and a tremendous climber. The specimen on show belonged to Richthofen's circus. You can follow the attempts of the Germans to win security by armoring their machines, but armoring did not pay, owing to the weight and clumsiness.

Late in 1918 an extraordinary machine was brought down, made entirely of metal, with wings of some kind of aluminum alloy, and a brass seat for the pilot—the whole thing a marvel of bold inventiveness.

How Fast Shot Travels.

When standing within a few yards of a gun's muzzle at the time of discharge, a person would be amazingly astonished were he only able to see the shot go whizzing by. Experiments in instantaneous photography prove that the shot not only spread out, cometlike, as they fly, but they string out, one behind another at a much greater distance than they spread.

Thus, with a cylinder gun, when the shot of a charge reaches a target that is 40 yards away, the last shot is lagging full ten yards behind. Even a chokebore gun shot will lag behind eight yards in 40. This accounts for the wide swath that is mowed in a flock of ducks on which a charge of shot falls just right. About 5 per cent only of the shot, according to the most reliable deductions from experiments, arrive simultaneously at the target aimed at, the others lagging in the ratio named above.

Log 20,000 Years Old.

Not so long ago a workman, 81 feet below the surface of Broadway, near Pine street, in New York city, found a piece of cedar wood that certainly presented a remarkable discovery. The wood was uncovered in excavating for the foundation of a big office building. It was a part of the trunk of a large cedar tree that grew at least 10,000 years ago, and more probably 20,000 years ago!

The wood was within a foot of bedrock, and it was covered with 80 feet of bowlder clay and glacial drift, which showed that the tree from which it came must have flourished before the last great age of ice.

Benefit From "Melting Pot."

The Alhambra, that exquisite Moorish palace at Granada, which our own Washington Irving so graphically describes, is still a silent witness to the beauty and skill of Moorish architects and sculptors. Out of all these alien people who have come to us, who seem so very foreign to us that assimilation seems almost impossible, no doubt we shall derive a benefit just as other countries have benefited in other days. History repeats itself, and America, the great melting pot of the world nations, may bring forth from the crucible men who in the future will do their part to uphold her prestige on land and sea.

"Cepatomtegoataturing."

Schoolmasters have often serious problems to solve. The following note, containing only one word, was recently handed to a Thanet pedagogue:

"Cepatomtegontaturing."

The missive was tendered by one of the boys on behalf of a neighbor's child.

The schoolmaster was nonplussed for the moment. But he had received too many weirdly worded notes in his time to allow this one to baffle him. Albeit it was not till the work of the school was over and much tobacco had been consumed that the word at last yielded its mystery:

"Kept at home to go a-taturing."—London Chronicle.

THE ARMADILLO AS A DIGGER

In a Tug-of-War With a Boy the Animal Won Out in Quite Easy Manner.

One day I was standing on a mound when an armadillo bolted from his earth and running to the very spot where I was standing began vigorously digging to escape by burying himself in the soil.

Neither men nor dogs had seen him, and I at once determined to capture him unaided by anyone and imagined it would prove a very easy task.

Accordingly I laid hold of his black bone-cased tail with both hands and began tugging to get him off the ground, but couldn't move him. He went on digging furiously, getting deeper and deeper into the earth, and I soon found that instead of me pulling him out he was pulling me in after him.

It hurt my small boy pride to think that an animal no bigger than a cat was going to beat me in a trial of strength, and this made me hold on more tenaciously than ever and tug and strain more violently, until not to lose him I had to go flat on the ground. But it was all for nothing. First my hands, then my aching arms were carried down into the earth, and I was forced to release my hold and get up to rid myself of the mound he had been throwing up into my face and all over my head, neck and shoulders.—From "Far Away and Long Ago" by W. H. Hodson.

TREE PUZZLE TO FORESTERS

Peculiar Formation of Spruce Has Caused Speculation Among Men Learned in That Lore.

A cross section of a great old spruce tree from Alaska tells the story of a tree which executed a spin, like a ballet dancer. This cross section shows a most peculiar spiral structure, which has caused a great deal of speculation among the various foresters throughout the country and a very interesting explanation is advanced in American Forestry.

It is known that a tree growing at a slant forms on the lower side of the trunk a dense reddish wood known as "rotholz." This spiral in this case is of such sort, and as it is a continuous formation, winding from the center to within half an inch from the circumference, it is surmised that it was growing in an inclined position on the edge of a glacier, where by some shifting it was caused to rotate, so that all sides of the tree were successively on the downward side. Thus, as the tree grew, and its rotation continued slowly, the "rotholz" developed into a spiral.

Considerate in Death.

When Sir Ralph Abercromby was mortally wounded in the battle of Aboukir he was carried on a litter on board the Foudroyant. To ease his pain a soldier's blanket was placed under his head. He asked what it was.

"It's only a soldier's blanket," he was told.

"Whose blanket is it?" he persisted, raising himself.

"Only one of the men's."

"I want to know the name of the man whose blanket this is," the dying commander insisted.

"It is Duncan Roy's of the Forty-second, Sir Ralph," said his attendant at last.

"Then see that Duncan Roy gets his blanket this night!" commanded the brave man, who did not forget even in his last agonies the comfort and welfare of his men.

Star Time Most Reliable.

The official "time man" at the naval observatory at Washington, lying on his back with his eye to a telescope and his finger on a recording button, checks up "Old Sol" by a certain fixed star—for the sun is not quite punctual. In fact, Sol is about four minutes behind time except on just four occasions during the year; and so many allowances have to be made for his vagaries that an imaginary sun is used by the government astronomer, on which to base his horoscopical calculations.

It may be interposed that the earth's elliptic orbit and its varying rate of speed in its travels, says the Watchman of America, helps to give the sun, as a timekeeper, a bad record, but the fact remains that sidereal, or star time, is much more reliable than sun time.

When Romance Faded.

He got her name and address in a Red Cross package and that was all he knew about her. So he did the thing that a lovesick soldier usually does—wrote her a sweet little letter telling how he longed to correspond with some one. How did he know but that a real romance might start? This was her answer:

"I think this war is horrid. I am doing my share. I buy War Savings stamps and eat corn bread, which I don't like. Also I am learning to knit."

But the cruel part is that she added: "I am ten years old."

A Famous "Oasis."

"Did you see Congressman Twobble while you were in Washington?"

"No. He instructed his office force to say to any one who called that he had gone over to Baltimore to spend the day."

"He actually left a message to that effect?"

"Yes."

"Well, at any rate, he has the courage of his convictions."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Largest Motor Vessel.

The British twin-screw Diesel engined vessel Glenapp, which had just been built by a Glasgow shipyard, is according to the local press the largest and most powerful motor vessel in the world. It is of 10,000 tons deadweight, and has two sets of engines, constructed by Messrs. Harland & Wolff at their Glasgow works. These give a total horse power of 6,600, which figures represent a very marked progress in this type of vessel.

A Serious Conflagration.

It was the day after the hodcarriers' picnic, and Hogan was in a bad way.

"Och, murther, Honora," he groaned, "it's me insoides that's burnin' up intoirely."

"D'ye think, Mike, that ye could get th' foire under control wid a bottle of beer?" asked Mrs. Hogan.

"Oi dunno," said Hogan, "but anyway it would help to wet down th' ruins."

Explanatory.

Lieutenant—Becker, what is an examining post?

Becker—An officer that examines posts.

Shour holds up his hand.

Lieutenant—All right, Shour, tell what an examining post is.

Shour—A post where medical officers examine men.—Camp Lee Bayonet.

Unwieldy Patronymic.

"What is the name of the proprietor of this restaurant?"

"Sam Smith."

"But he's a Greek, and 'Sam Smith' isn't a Greek name."

"No. It was adopted for business reasons. There isn't room at the bottom of a check to sign the name he brought with him to this country."

A Victim of Force.

"A hippopotamus is not much for looks."

"Quite true, but the fact that you are able to make that observation is no fault of the hippo."

"What do you mean?"

"No member of the species has ever been known to put himself voluntarily on exhibition in a zoo."

WAS THE BOY MIXED?

"What is it, Bobbie?"

"Mother wants to know if you will let her take your bottle of facial expression?"

Sure.

A scientist will always aim
To prove each situation;
And, if he fell from grace, he'd blame
The law of gravitation.

Facts Wasted.

"That wealthy amateur who got a job as an actor has an automobile, a motorboat, an airplane and a special train. And what part do you suppose they gave him?"

"What?"

"That of a walking gentleman."

Pulling the Box.

Central—Is this an important call?

Mr. Enpeck (in his office)—Super-important! I always have to report to my wife when I start for lunch and immediately on my return. She positively won't stand any nonsense from me.

Getting Data.

June—Then you think he hasn't the nerve to propose?

Jane—Yes; asking pa's income and ma's disposition and my age seems as far as he dares to go.—London Answers.

Hubby's Income.

Mother—What is your husband's income now, Sarah?

Married Daughter—Well, it's usually between one and four o'clock in the morning.—New York Morning Telegraph.

His Query.

"What are you waiting for?"

"Opportunity to turn up."

"Where did you get the idea?"

"What idea?"

"That opportunity had been buried face down."

Upwardness.

"Aren't you in favor of the uplift?" inquired the philanthropist.

"Yes," answered the profiteer; "but don't you think we've boosted the price tags about as high as the public will stand for?"

Cruel Comment.

"My husband says I am as young and beautiful to him now as when we were first married."

"Then why doesn't he go in time to see a good oculist?"

The Difference.

"Young Knowitall says he earns $200 a week at that job."

"What a good salary!"

"Oh, his salary is only $50 a month."

When a Maid Laughs

By BERTHA R. McDONALD

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When John Lawrence left his home on the outskirts of town and took the little path along the railroad he walked as though he were treading on air. His heart was in tune with all the world and the autumn sun, just setting, seemed a great pot of gold, at the end of his day's rainbow, beckoning him on toward everlasting happiness. Lillith had given him to understand that afternoon that she really cared—Lillith, who had coquetted with him ever since she began going away to school. There could be no mistake about her attitude this time, her open encouragement permitting but one interpretation.

"May I come—tonight?" he had whispered as he was leaving her.

"Try and see," she answered coyly, wafting him a butterfly kiss from the tips of her fingers. And he was going to her now. He had determined to settle the future that very evening, come what may, and he was thinking with honest pride, as he walked along, of the comfortable nestegg in the savings bank which he could offer Lillith. When he was almost in front of the house he heard a sound of laughter and merrymaking from within, like a discordant note in the song his heart was singing.

"Bother take it!" he muttered. "Why couldn't she have been alone tonight, of all times?"

"Here he is!" shouted Lillith gayly, answering his ring; "let's make him stir the fudge."

He was dragged playfully into the living room, divested of outer garments and adorned with a huge gingham apron, which Lillith tied under his arms.

"Domestic roles are very becoming," she whispered with a blushing smile which set his heart to beating a brisk tattoo. "Here's the spoon, and don't you dare stop beating until I give you permission."

She closed his fingers over the spoon with an affectionate pat, turned the blaze a trifle higher under the chafing dish, and then left him to play a duet with Hugh Birch. Still John had no thought save that of being in Lillith's home for just one purpose, which he meant to accomplish in spite of visitors.

"Why all the hilarity here this evening?" he inquired casually of Nell Blakesly, who had taken a place beside him at the table.

"Nothing special that I know of. Lillith just telephoned late this afternoon that she thought a chafing-dish party would be fun, so we all came over."

Lillith Anderson had resorted to her old trick of playing with fire once too often. John was confident she must have known what he was coming for and, with the courage born of desperation, he decided there was no time like the present.

"Lillith, come here," he called.

The new note of determination in his sudden command startled the girl into obeying at once, a thing she was not in the habit of doing.

"At your service, captain," she mocked, saluting, soldier fashion, as she slipped into the chair vacated by Nell. "Fudge ready?"

"I don't know a thing about it, and neither do I care a rap!" he answered doggedly. "I came here to see you alone and you deliberately planned this—"

"'Love is like the red, red rose,'" she sang, interrupting him, while she took the spoon from his hand, turned out the blaze and began beating the steaming mass as though her very life depended upon it. "Now, fellow citizens," she called out, "we'll soon have something delectable to please your sweet teeth, if John will carry it out to cool."

She poured the fudge upon a platter and held it out to him in such a half-frightened, pleading way that, as usual, he fell before the spell of her wonderful eyes and found himself carrying the candy obediently to the back porch. But a dash of the bracing night air reestablished his determination and he tore off the apron as he strode angrily into the hall. "Must you go, John?" Lillith asked timidly, with a faint note of concern in her voice.

"I shall not stay here and have you mock me for one more second! You knew—you must have known—I was coming here tonight to ask you to be my wife, and you've played with me just as long as you're going to! What's your answer?"

He led her into the vestibule and shut the door, just as the rest of the party adjourned to the back porch to examine the candy, so they were alone.

"Will you marry me?" he went on, taking her face between his hands and raising her eyes to the level of his own. "Answer me—will you?"

A peal of hysterical, mocking laughter was her only reply, and John Lawrence left her, going out without another word. As he walked along the railroad track, taking the short cut home, his heart was heavy. Lillith had deliberately laughed in his face after boldly encouraging him to speak. There was only one other thought in his mind, and that was to get away from her as far and as fast as he could.

He was dimly conscious that the whistle of the night express had sounded around the curve the other side of the bridge, but he was too deeply occupied with his own thoughts to notice the misplaced rail in the track toward which the heavy train was whirling with increasing speed from the down grade behind. He had just time enough to jump aside when the engine crashed through one end of the little bridge and derailed the two or three cars behind it.

Almost instantly the night air was filled with cries of hysterical women, frightened children and the moans of the injured, and John Lawrence, forgetting himself and his troubles completely, rushed forward to offer assistance. In an incredibly short time most of the town had flocked to the scene of the wreck. John worked hard, pulling away pieces of wreckage, putting out fires which started in many places and carrying the injured to places of safety.

With a little child in his arms he was passing beneath the glare of a brakeman's lantern when two hands grasped his arm and a frightened voice cried out:

"Thank God, you are safe! I watched you start home this way and I was afraid you might have been killed."

He placed the child upon a heap of nearby blankets and gathered the sobbing girl in his arms.

"Would you have cared, Lillith?"

"I—should—have—died—too!" she whispered. "And, John, dear, I'll never try to tease you again."

AS TO MEN AND HUSBANDS

According to This Writer There Is a Subtle Distinction Between the Two Species.

Immediately after the wedding ceremony men become dull and uninteresting and turn into husbands, says a writer in Judge. Husbands are all just alike and can be sorted out of any social gathering by the same set expression about the eyes and mouth.

It is more trouble to teach a husband to fetch and carry than a fox terrier puppy, and as a rule the puppy acts much better when there is company around. Husbands wait until some Sunday morning when you have distinguished guests with you for the week end. They burrow in the back of the closet and pull things off the high shelves and go through the rag bag. Then they appear at the breakfast table in the coat of one suit, the trousers of another and a fancy vest, with an inch-wide tie tied in a four-in-hand as a finish.

And when you advertise your horror in a frantic effort to convince the visitors that he is suffering from temporary aberration any and every husband will assume an air of bewildered innocence and say:

"Why, what's the matter with this? It's just what I wear every Sunday morning when there's no one here!"

Husbands always keep the Sunday papers on the floor. No man ever does this until he is married. His mother will not let him.

Husbands read to you the printed recipes they find on the woman's page of the paper. They get enthusiastic about some dish they have always declared they would rather die than eat and say:

"Now, there's an idea for you. Why can't we ever have something like that?"

Women acquire a husband for much the same reason that a man gets a cane. They are a fearful bother, but one presents a better appearance with one in hand.

WASPS SWAYED BY EMOTION

Observations Made by Naturalists Prove That They Have Qualities Akin to Human Beings.

A book, "Wasp Studies Afield," by Phil and Nellie Rau (Princeton University Press) maintains, giving instances, that insects—wasps, to be exact—feel and display emotions.

The evidences are plausible. A wasp, after regaining her spider following a long search, pounced on it with unmistakable viciousness. When later some meddlesome ants approached her burrow she kicked at them angrily and curled her sting menacingly.

Another species certainly displayed anger when a spider she was pursuing made one leap and escaped. She grew frantic; she became so excited over her discomfiture that she acted madly, walking, leaping and running about the ground in a frenzy till she tumbled into a mole's hole.

Still another wasp, examining broken ground in search for her prey, acted calmly till she arrived at a certain pile of loose earth. Her demeanor instantly changed as she "struck pay dirt." "She became greatly excited, nervous and quivering with eagerness."

NATURAL QUESTION.

"Nero fiddled at the burning of Rome, my son."

"Why didn't the firemen turn the hose on him, pa?"

Her Answer.

He asked a maiden for her hand,
And she, unruffled, calm,
Merely replied to his demand:
"You carry off the palm."

Helpful Visitor.

"I don't have much sympathy for the man who goes about looking for trouble," remarked Mr. Gadspur.

"Neither have I, as a rule," said Mr. Dubwaite, "but if he happens to be sent by the gas company I show him distinguished consideration."

He Was a "Wise Guy."

Hotel Clerk—We slip a morning paper under the door of each guestroom.

Cyril Windfall—Well, I suppose that every hotel has to cater a bit to the working classes. But see that mine's an afternoon paper, old top!

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