

## LADY FOR THE BURGARS

Children Shown to Have Comprehensive Idea of What to Do in an Emergency.

A British school periodical recently invited its juvenile readers to express their views on various knotty problems met by them in life's pit. In answer to the question, "What I would do if a burglar came," *Ema Cox* (aged eleven) wrote:

"I should put my head round the door and call to him to go away, and if he would not, I should tell him to take what he wanted, but not to touch me. And I should leave the others to look after themselves."

*Daisy Handcomb* (aged twelve) is a disciple of more strenuous methods. She writes:

"I am really not a bit afraid of burglars. I should get father's pistol and point it at him, and make him hold his hands up. Else I should give the pistol to my sister, while I got a pail of water to throw over him. Then I'd get the tongue and keep on banging him on the head till the policeman came."

## KING KEPT FULLY OCCUPIED

British Monarch Has a Large Amount of Correspondence, With His "Other Duties."

Despite the assistance of his secretaries the king of England has an immense amount to do. He has, of course, much private correspondence with his relatives and others of too intimate a nature to be confided to secretaries; and besides this, and the duties he invariably makes for his speeches, his majesty has every day a great number of public documents which he must sign with his own hand. King George's writing is said to read that of his father, which was sometimes a little difficult to make out owing to the similarity of some of the letters. Queen Mary's handwriting is much better in design, and is freely ornamented with flourishes. Queen Alexandra's writing, on the other hand, belongs to an earlier period, when call, neat, angular, calligraphy was vogue, and of this style her majesty's is an excellent example.

## EASY RHYMING GAME.

You may call it a rhyming contest you like. But it makes a very pleasant parlor game, and is surprising. Each player writes down a name and the rhymes of some form of verse, say the sonnet, should be taken to choose rhymes with good open vowels and in meanings. Recountie and technical words are barred and it is a good trick to set down such words as "soap" and "cash." The sheets of paper with the names and titles are then exchanged, and a sonnet is worked up each player. This should take at fifteen minutes. The sonnets then read aloud amid much laughter and enthusiasm.

## A GOOD LOSER.

Rhode Island politician who is a prominent candidate in the election came home one day provoked at some misdeeds which his son aged nineteen, had committed. "Frank," he said, sternly, "do you or, sir, that you are a candidate a whipping?" "I hope I'll be defeated, father," young Frank's reply, as he bowed up playfully at his father—*Harper's Bazar*.

## HIS LOYALTY.

"The eminent chemist you mentioned made quite a scientific mistake." "On what way?" "Didn't he state a chemical law?"

## INTUITION.

"He (solemnly) 'My dear, there is a dark outlook about the country.'"

## THE CROP.

"What are you raising on your crop this season?" "Well, I'm trying to raise the rigage."

## THE LINE DRAWN.

"Don't you think life ought to be a straight variety?" "Not when it comes to a new cookery week."

## UNSWEET USES OF ADVERSITY

Foolish Nation That Best Work Is Done Under Unhappy Conditions. Is Lying Out.

Dickens assailed in "David Copperfield" the "diabolical notion" that persons can do their best work when oppressed by unhappy conditions. He made his generalization on facts particularly applying to children—to one child, David Copperfield, as a symbol.

Out of conditions that hold childhood and manhood and womanhood to fear and "chill" penny, some child of the sweatshops emerges to a powerful or useful life. And there are those who pervert the old truth that a free, honest struggle with nature makes a hardy stock. And they say that the boy's or girl's success is due to his adversity. Forgetting the many others that succumb. Not realizing that the child won in spite of wretchedness and misery, or that, if the wretchedness was necessary to his success, then his success was a thousand times too dearly purchased.

That "diabolical notion" is lying. We are not so many of us now afraid of "hampering the race with luxury," or of "spoiling the unfit" by seeing to it that all the race has a decent living and that conditions which produce the unfit shall cease to disgrace us—*Kansas City Times*.

## POPULAR ATTRACTION

Willoughby Accepted Porter's Suggestion, and At Once Retired to Rear Platform.



"Yes, she's lecturing against wretchedness." "But that's an unpopular title to take in this neighborhood." "Yes, but she draws tremendous crowds everywhere." "By her arguments?" "No, her clothes."

## NOT AN EXTENDED MENU.

An eastern man who was on a business trip through the west stopped at the hotel and at dinner time one day. He entered the dining room and was shown to a table by a waiter. "Will you have some pork and beans, sir?" asked the waiter as he brought the customary glass of water. "No, I don't care for them," answered the man. "I never eat pork and beans." "Dinner is over, then, sir," said the waiter, as he moved away. *Yonkers Companion*.

## POOR 'GELL' SHOULDN'T KNOW.

At the Knickerbocker theater a really unappreciated chorus girl has been discovered. She is one of the models in "Oh! Oh! Delphina." Last night the stage manager invited her to dinner. "Oh, I can't accept," she said, "people might misunderstand." "No, they wouldn't," persisted the manager. "They know me too well, and you are like Caesar's wife." "Who is she?" asked the chorus girl. "Does she belong to this company?"—*New York Telegram*.

## PARABLE.

Mr. Merry—Jack, Jones, I am told, laughed while he was being married.

Mr. Grouch—Well, haven't men been known to joke on the wedding?

## ILLUSTRATION.

"Pa, what does a vampire do to a man?" "Watch your mother, my son, the next time I come home on pay day."

## SHOULD KNOW BETTER.

"I don't know what should be done with Jobber." "What's wrong with Jobber?" "He still says 'parcels post!'"

## HIS MISSING.

"A man should have self-respect." "Quite true, but where is the man who can say, 'Here self-respect ends and here self-education begins?'"

## FRESH AIR IN TUBERCULOSIS

Old Idea That Exposure to Cold Was the Cause of Disease Proved to Be Incorrect.

Consumption is not contracted by exposure to cold. Cures are brought about in cold, dry climates. Some doctors contend that dust and badly-ventilated houses are the real cause of the disease. It is certain that these conditions discourage deep breathing. There is an unconscious shallowing of the breathing in order to protect the lungs from the foul air. The chest narrows and the skin bleaches.

An interesting item states that Doctor Bernheim of Paris has proven that the consumption death rate is inversely proportioned to the number of windows per head. In one ward he found the number of windows per head 4.2 and the tubercular death rate 1.3 per thousand. In another ward the number of windows was 1.8 per head and the death rate 8.2 per thousand. Persons living in the lower floors were found much more liable to tuberculosis than those occupying rooms in upper stories. The reason for this is obvious—in the lower apartments there is less fresh air, and often no sunlight.

## MADE HIS REMARKS FELT

Willoughby Accepted Porter's Suggestion, and At Once Retired to Rear Platform.

Willoughby was nervously watching the time, and as the minutes passed, and it became evident that the train could not by any possibility reach its destination on time he turned viciously to the porter and began, angrily:

"Oh, all the bad-binged old heaps of junk this side of the earthquake belt this railroad of yours is without any exception fine."

"Excuse me, boss," said the porter, with a courteous wave of his whisk-broom toward the rear end of the train, "but dere's an observation car on de end on dis yere train, suh, an' if ah might take de liberty ob makin' a suggestion, suh, you might go back dere, suh, an' make de observations now risin' in yo' midst. De presence ob ladies on dis yere car, suh, is much excuse fo' mekin' de suggestion."

Whereupon Willoughby retired to the rear platform and uttered his observations along the track with such effect that one of the ties was seen to be smoking long after the train had passed it—*Harper's Weekly*.

## FIND REDEEMING TRAITS.

You can find the redeeming trait in anyone if you look for it. A single feature may redeem a face; fine eyes may offset incorrigible hair; a faultily molded nose, a vainglorious chin, an anemic complexion. Just so a single commendable element of character may offset lamentable shortcomings. When they can say nothing else that is good of a politician they aver that he is good to his mother, and in the eyes of many that condones manifold obliquities of precept and of conduct. A boy in school gave a great deal of trouble to his teachers. There seemed to be no way to reach the best that was in him. He did not seem to be interested in anything unless it had to do with malicious mischief. But they discovered by and by that he was interested in chicken-raising. They gave him the care of poultry and it proved a great success both for the boy and for the house. The one strong interest in life abolished a multitude of minor evils. It redeemed him for useful service.

## NAVYMAN.

"My twenty-year-old son fuses so about his clothes."

"Well, in his salad days it is natural for young men to be particular about their dressing."

## THE REAL THING.

"The farmer you told me of writes that he has the finest kind of butter on his farm."

"Don't go by that. It's his goat."

## NARROW ESCAPE.

"I am glad, after all, I did not rust that belt."

"Why are you glad?" "Because she was a false alarm."

## AND YAWNING, TOO.

"Dr. Plummer has been known to preach two hours at a stretch."

"I guess his congregation did most of the stretching."

## ZODIACAL LIGHT A MYSTERY

This Strange Illumination Is Thought to Be an Appendage of the Sun.

There is a strange light in the heavens appearing after sunset in the late winter and in spring and before sunrise in the autumn, but few persons in our latitudes have ever seen it. In the equatorial regions, however, and in certain parts of the tropics the zodiacal light appears with great splendor, and some remarkable views of it were obtained by a French expedition to the interior of the Sahara, undertaken for the purpose of studying the effects of the unclouded sun on the dry soil of the desert.

The mysterious light, in the form of a vast triangle, rising high in the heavens, appeared nearly three times as bright as the Milky Way. Science has not entirely solved the problem of the origin of this light, but it is thought that it is an appendage of the sun—*Harper's Weekly*.

## OBEDIENCE TO MORAL LAW.

"Obedience to moral law will not bring prosperity, necessarily, but it will enable a man to do without it; it will enable poverty. Goodness is its own payment. There is no need to make goodness attractive, by artificial rewards; no need to make vice forbidding by arbitrary punishments. The fearful punishment of lying is to be a liar; the fearful punishment of vice is to be a vicious man; the horrible punishment of badness is to be a beast. The splendid reward of being good is to be a good man. You love your husband and wife and children and friends. Do you ask for more than the joy and privilege of loving?"

## "DONE" GOOD.

Patience—Did that specialist you went to do you good?

Patience—Did he? You just ought to see his log.

## DIFFERENCE.

"Are these articles to go under the same heading?"

"By no means. They are not on the same footing."

## CAUSE FOR SUSPICION.

"I am afraid that picture maker is a dangerous grafter."

"Doesn't his business naturally lead to grafting?"

## SUBURBAN AMENITIES.

He—The hens are cackling at a great rate near door.

She—Yes, the club members are meeting there.

## CANDID.

"Tell me why they call good roles in plays 'fat parts'?"

"Because they are supposed to lead to the pork barrel."

## DISCOVERY.

Bacon—I see to deceive the unauthorized, safes are built to resemble sideboards, tabourets and other articles of furniture.

Egbert—But when one of the unauthorized has carried one about six blocks he comes to the conclusion that the thing is really not a tabouret or other article of furniture.

## GOING TO HIS SHRINE.

"Good evening, my young friend," said Rev. Mr. Tibbits to a young man who was passing by, "do you ever attend a place of worship?"

"Yes, indeed, sir," was the answer, "every Sunday night, and I'm on my way to see her now."—*Said and Done*.

## ITS SORT.

"This is a mercenary garden."

"What do you mean?"

"It has so much moneywort and wall-flower."

## GETTING IN RIGHT.

"I understand you have just bought an automobile?"

"Yes, I saw seven of them chasing one pedestrian the other day, and I decided that I was on the wrong end of the sport."—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

## NOT ENOUGH BACKBONE.

"Do you think you will marry him?"

"No, I think not. He is too easily discouraged."

"How's that?"

"He tried to kiss me last night, and he quit because I struggled. And I didn't struggle much, either."

## HE WAS A GOOD SLEEPER.

The lawyers got a Tartar when, in a recent trial in a southern city, they summoned to the stand an aged dandy who had been an eyewitness

of a fight that had occurred between a number of persons. "Tell us what you know about this fight," said counsel, when old Moss had been placed upon the stand.

"Fight?" asked Moss, apparently greatly surprised. "What fight?"

"You know very well what fight is meant," said counsel. "Tell us about it."

"I don't know nothin' about no fight," insisted the witness. "What was it?"

"See here, Moss," exclaimed the lawyer; "trifling! The fight day before yesterday. You know all about it. Tell us—"

"Oh, do fight day befo' yesterday," said Moss. "Well, suh, you see I've slept since do day befo' yesterday, and, and, I never kin' r'ollect anything after I've been asleep."

And that was all they could get from him.—*The Green Bag*.

## CO(A)LD DEAL.

"Oh, papa," she said, with a blush, "young Mr. Chestnut, who owns so many coal mines in Pennsylvania, is coming again this evening, and he says he wants to see you on important business."

"All right, my dear," responded the old man, chucking her playfully under the chin, "I know what the young man wants."

That evening Mr. Chestnut came to the point at once. "Mr. Hen dricks," he said boldly, "I want to ask you if you have laid in your supply of coal."

## ANTIQUE.

"This inn must be very old," remarked the tourist.

"Very old," assented the landlord. "Would you like to hear some of the old legends connected with the place?"

"I would indeed," said the tourist. "Tell me the legend of this curious old mine pie. I notice it every time I come."

## HIS PLAN COMPLETE SUCCESS.

Old Gentleman's Hint Successful in Expediting the Going of Wooster Who Outstayed Welcome.

Men relate a merry tale of a certain young man and how he became smitten with the charms of a delightful person who lives in one of our suburbs.

The young man called on the lady often, and he seemed always loath to tear himself away from her charming presence at what her father considered the proper hour. This worried the young man.

## COMPARING.

Greene—This European concert is not a musical organization, is it?

Gates—Well, it is busy preparing notes for the turkey trot.

## UNKIND CUT.

A Bore—Yes, I learned to play entirely by ear.

Miss Bright—And have you never had an earache?

## FIRST THOUGHT.

"What was the first thing the lady in Russia asked when the bomb fell past her?"

"She asked if her head was on straight."

## ITS PROSPECTS.

"What are the prospects for this spirit performance?"

"It hasn't a ghost of a show."

## CLOSED WINDOWS NOW.

Bacon—I see a man in a western town has shot holes in a neighbor's window.

Egbert—Probably didn't know it was the closed season for windows.

## CHARITY.

"There is nothing to be said for an author who will steal all his good ideas."

"At least, you might give him credit for not stealing bad ones."

## THE WEAPON.

"Did the prisoner cut the plaintiff with malice prepense?"

"No, sir. He cut him with his penknife."

## THE DISTINCTION.

"He growled so furiously at me I was sure he was mad."

"Who? Your dog?"

"No, my husband."

## WEDDING GOWNS OF BEAUTY

Brides of the Winter and Their Attendants Have Been Most Charmingly Attired.

Winter brides have been, if possible, excelling those of the earlier season in the beauty of their wedding gowns and the distinctness of the processions. A recent bride chose for her bridesmaids tulle gowns in brocade that could have stood alone, Elizabethan collar and small gold caps that proved most daintily becoming.

Another bride wore her heavy lace veil Madonna fashion, with the filigree of tulle falling over the face. As she walked up the aisle the diamonds and crystals with which her gown was embroidered caught the light and shimmered most poetically. Quantities of lovely old lace draped her after brocade train.

Here again the bridesmaids had selected a decorative pattern for their Pompadour pannier gowns of old rose and china blue. With these they wore large black hats and carried bouquets of pink roses. Shepherdess dresses were worn by another set of bridesmaids, who carried crooks on which bunches of flowers were tied with colored satin ribbons. The shepherdess' hats were among the prettiest that have been seen for many months. Let us hope they may lead the fashion away from the extraordinary headgear that has been adopted of late, crushed and unkindly looking in many cases.

## THOUGHT SHE HAD.

Patience—What's the hen cackling so about? She hasn't laid an egg.

Patience—No; I guess she's absent-minded.

## NO GAMBLER.

Patience—Polly says she believes marriage is a lottery.

Patience—Poor thing! And she's never had a chance!

## MORTIFYING.

"Your daughter's address on the Influence of Alexander Hamilton at the commencement exercise this morning was very fine, Mrs. Dudds," said the professor of English.

"Mebbe 'twas, professor," said Mrs. Dudds, "but her overskirt, so so crooked I was most diverted to death!"—*Harper's Weekly*.

## HIS CATCH.

A man with a fishing pole sat on the river bank near the Alchison waterworks intake. "How many have you caught?" some one asked him.

"When I get another I'll have one," he replied.

## THE IDEA.

"So you are going to call on the other end of the family to strengthen their nerve."

"Yes, so to speak, a weak end visit."

## ORIGINAL SIN.

Wife—John, what is original sin?

Husband—Apple stealing, I think, my dear—Judge.

## A BIT FOGGY.

Rockley—What became of you last night, Sanders?

Sanders—I spent the evening with you, old man.

## NEW DUST LAYER.

The highway department of the city of Leeds, England, has recently treated part of a macadam roadway with granular calcium chloride to combat the dust. Solutions of this latter had previously been tried at greater cost and without satisfactory results. The road is first well swept and two applications of the chloride are made on the succeeding evening of about one-half pound a yard.

## GETS HIS RATIONS.

"You look fatter. Quit selling copper stock?"

"Yes. Now I'm selling stock in an orange grove. Every morning the company furnishes me a big orange for a sample, and at the end of the day I eat the sample."

## SOME HELP.

Mrs. Crimmonbeck—And you know very well that late hours never helped anybody.

Crimmonbeck—Oh, I don't know about that; I see that Dr. Brooks of Geneva discovered a comet at four o'clock the other morning.