

# JAKIE.

By W. R. ROSE.

I was several Sundays after the holiday, and the classes in the mission school, where there was "standing room only" a month before, showed many vacancies. There was even a face missing from the group clustered about the earnest little teacher with the pretty gray eyes, whose class was the most popular in the school. The earnest little teacher quickly singled out one of the pigtailed German maidens from the admiring dais before her.

"How is this, Lizzie? Elsie is not here to-day."

"My sister could not come, teacher. She has no penny," responded the pudgy faced Lizzie with Teutonic candor.

"Why, my dear, that is no reason. We want Elsie much more than the penny."

"But, teacher, she has her arm twisted and she did cry. My brother, Jakie, he did twist her arm and take her penny," and then encouraged by the shocked look on her teacher's face, Lizzie became loquacious. "That Jakie was so bad. He would take my penny off me, too, but I did run. An' he takes money from little Yohnie's bank an' even ten cents what my sister did earn. An' he loafs by saloons, an' every night my mudder does cry 'cause he was so sassy."

"When Sunday-school was dismissed the earnest little teacher laid a detaining hand on the arm of the superintendent.

"Something must be done," she began, "about Jakie Bolder."

"Jacie Bolder?" repeated the superintendent. "Not one of our 'bolters,' is he?"

But the teacher's expression was more serious than ever. "No," she continued, "he is just the brother of two of my little girls—a rough, bullying boy of sixteen, who won't work and is trying to earn the name of toughest boy in the neighborhood. If he only had a father! But the mother is a widow and a weak, helpless sort of person, though very industrious and deserving. And they are poor. I have been to see them and talked with the boy. I don't think he is vicious, but he goes in bad company, and his great ambition is to be a fighter. But I can't have him abusing those little girls. Something must be done." And after a pause for breath, she told him about the twisted arm.

The superintendent was an energetic young man with keen blue eyes and a square, determined face. The Bolder case appealed to him. He gave a glance of assurance into the anxious gray eyes.

"Give me the address," he said. "I'd like to meet Jacob."

The superintendent was a man of action and a few minutes later was ascending the stairs to the Bolder apartment in a nearby tenement. But he was disappointed in his expectation of seeing the recalcitrant youth, for Jakie was "on the street," as the overworked mother explained. There were four others at home, however, ready to confirm the little teacher's report, and the young man went straight to the point, urging the woman to let outsiders take a hand in the reformation of her boy. If she would enter a complaint, he would see that the lad got nothing worse than a taste of the juvenile court and a term of probation that might be of lasting benefit to him.

But the poor woman was ignorant and suspicious. Her Jakie might be sent away from her to some reformatory or perhaps locked up in the workhouse. She needed his help. No, he wasn't much help, but some day he would "get a chop dot he likes. He was a good boy mit dose machines, but de foreman was pooty cross mit Jakie. He did always haf words mit dose foremen and den he quits work already. But Jakie was not so bad as some boys—oh, no."

A towheaded urchin in the background, taking courage from his mother's defense of the black sheep, spoke up with evident pride: "Our Jakie can fight. He's awful strong. He's going to be a prize fighter!"

And one of the maidens, anxious to add her mite to the family honor, piped in: "Yes, Jakie can do up people. He said if dose Sunday-school people come here he would 'trow dem out yet.'"

The mother scowled, but quite undaunted the little Lizzie: put in her tribute to the absent hero. "Jakie was so strong my mother dassen't whip him no more. He likes not that Sunday-school. He says he will break up the show."

The superintendent's face brightened. "The show?" he exclaimed. "The entertainment at the mission next Thursday evening?"

"Nofer mind," interrupted the mother. "Dot Jakie will do nothings. He Joost talks. He is afraid mit dose policemen already."

Apparently the superintendent's call was without results, but he was a man of resources and was far from feeling discouraged.

For the next few evenings he was busy with preparations for the entertainment, but he had by no means forgotten the Bolder case. It was to be a free performance, one of a series planned to bring a little pleasure into the dull and sordid life of the surrounding neighborhood. The thriving mission was situated in a district inhabited by the respectable poor, mostly foreigners, the class whose morals suffer more than any other from a lack of proper amusements. There was not a theatre, a concert or lecture hall within miles of this district. Little wonder the natives turned from their squalid homes to the attractions of the saloon or dance hall. So thought the superintendent, who believed there was as much missionary work in elevating amusements as in prayer meetings. The little chapel was all too small in which to carry out his far-reaching plans, and he longed for a people's palace where the young folks of the district might benefit by club rooms, gymnasium—yes, and a dance hall.

He heard from Jakie again before the

entertainment took place. The older boys who assisted him in his preparations frankly informed him that there was a plot on foot to "break up the show." Jakie Bolder was coming. Jakie was a fighter. He chased the superintendent as a counter jumper and the other officers as dodges "wot he could 'trow down wit one hand—do whole gang to 'em." Still the young man went on with his work, only taking the precaution to engage a policeman to intimidate marauders who might seek to disturb the peace of the occasion from the outside.

On the ventral night the chapel was crowded to the doors with pupils, parents and friends. The program was a well arranged one, consisting of music and reciting, a phonograph and a short lecture with views from a stereopticon. There was not too much effort at instruction, neither was there anything childish or uncalculated to especially appeal to undeveloped tastes.

All went well—the program was carried out without a break, until finally the room was darkened for the stereopticon exhibition.

The extinguishing of the lights was evidently the signal for the entrance of three or four lanky young fellows who persistently elbowed their way into the crowd standing near the door. They came in quietly enough, the guard outside not suspecting their intention of creating a disturbance. But no sooner had the lecturer begun talking than there was an outbreak of hisses, shrill whistling and stamping of feet. Then came boisterous guffaws and audible remarks intended to be facetious, but by no means to be mistaken as complimentary either to the audience or the entertainers.

Indignant bystanders tried to shame the offenders into silence. Naturally this made matters worse. It was impossible to lay hands on the rowdies in the darkness and amid the dense throng. Then came scuffling and shuffling sounds—evidently a rough and tumble wrestling match was on the march—the wrestling program. The audience surged toward the door. Chairs were overturned, children cried and there was a call for "lights."

Someone touched the button and the room was aglow with electricity. An odd scene presented itself. The crowd, seeing no cause for alarm, scattered from the doorway, disclosing the young superintendent in the act of bringing two low browed craniums together with a crack which shook the stereopticon apparatus; then with a sharp push the owners of craniums were thrust from the door step into the arms of the policeman who had been summoned to the rescue. And right behind the superintendent was another of the "rustlers" trying to slink through the open door. But the young man with the steel blue eye and square jaw was too quick for him. Grasping the youth by the collar he gave him a hasty sideward turn and walked him rapidly to a side door that led to an inner room. The spectators saw the door open and close. Those near by heard the key turn in the lock. They wondered that the superintendent wasn't afraid of such a fierce rascal as Jake Bolder. There he tried to hold him until the patrol came, or would he give him a little Sunday-school talk and let him go?

Then the lights were turned out and the show proceeded peacefully to a close.

On the other side of the locked door stood Jakie Bolder, sullen and red faced. The superintendent looked at him for a moment with a quizzical and even amused expression. Then he spoke and very pleasantly, too.

"I wanted you to see our gymnasium, Jacob. This is the boys' club room. You know we sent you an invitation to become a member of the club. I know you are interested in athletics. Here is the punching bag, there are the Indian clubs and here are some gloves. I suppose you could give us all a few pointers about boxing. Want to put on the gloves?"

Jacie looked at the gloves, then rather critically at the figure of the superintendent. He was a burly fellow, himself, bulky of neck and brawny of chest, with a stocky figure and huge hands. A poor showing, thought Jakie, did the slender figure make beside his own, though even he could appreciate the young man's good proportions and quick movements.

Here was a chance to show off his prowess. Surely the superintendent was "easy" to offer him this opportunity of working off his prejudice against "de Sunday-school dudes." He slowly drew on the "loves."

Then with a glare calculated to strike terror to the heart of any right minded mission worker, he drawled: "Yer ain't got a ting ter me, mister. Say, yer ain't got no squawel nor call de copper if I do ye up, are yer?"

His opponent, who had shaken off coat and vest, pulled on the other pair of gloves and was looking recklessly happy for a man that expected to be "done up." He laughingly shook his head.

"And no squawling on your side, either, my lad. If the folks out there hear you give a yell they'll know I'm whipping you. Understand? And the door's locked."

For answer, the stocky youth punted forward with a zigzag, tiptoe movement that he had picked up in some saloon prize ring as "de real thing." The older man remained on guard, easily parrying the boy's clumsy thrusts, still giving him time to follow him up, when he would nimbly dodge the angry jab within an inch of his smiling countenance.

Then when the boy, furious at the thought that the other was playing with him, rushed on, head downward, battering ram fashion, it was the man's turn. Once more he dodged, but this time his fist came in contact with the lowered head.

It was a hard hit, but the boy was not so stunned to hear the superintendent's words as he talked on, calmly, steadily, while blows rained upon him from every side.

"There, Jacob, there's one for disturbing the show, and here's another

## THE UNIVERSITY QUILL.

A Good Old Story of a Dignified Periodical and a Tramp Printer.

Just after the war, a number of gentlemen who had distinguished themselves as officers in the Confederate Army, endeavored to establish a high institution of learning. They rented an old mansion at Glendale, Tennessee, and opened a set of books for the transaction of business. Among the numerous professors there was a little Colonel named Gapps. He did not appear to be fitted to take charge of any of the "learned branches." He knew nothing of mathematics, was short on geography, crippled as to grammar, blind with relation to the ancient languages—in fact, no place could be found for him, but as he had contributed fifty dollars, a pair of duelling pistols, a cow and a churn, his withdrawal was out of the question. One day the President of Glendale University suggested that, as Gapps was not fitted for anything else under the sun, perhaps he could edit a paper.

"All institutions of learning should have a publication," said the President, "a vigorous exponent of its literary progress, and I think we can, with safety, put Gapps at the head of this publication. He is active and could make himself useful in the way of getting advertisements and soliciting subscriptions. We can secure a printer—some man who is old in the business—to read proof and do other work that may require special training. All of us can take a hand at writing the essays calculated to give tone to the publication."

The President's ideas were adopted. Gapps was delighted. He declared that the most tenderly nursed ambition of his life was to run a paper, "and," he added, "to show you how quick I am to act upon a suggestion, let me remark that I have already selected a name for our periodical. How would the University Quill strike you?"

The President declared that Gapps' quickness was real inspiration and the committee decided to adopt the name. The outfit of a suspended weekly was bought and removed to the college; and the next day a strolling printer, who had seen a certain advertisement, called at the university. He was not in the least abashed by the commanding presence of the President; he exhibited no emotion when told that the University Quill was to be a classic publication, but, taking off a run-down shoe and shaking a pebble out of it, remarked:

"Glad to know I am going to handle the classics. I am worn out with the simple utterances of the country correspondent and am sick of the bombastic declarations of the county attorney who writes leaders for the village exponent of political principles. Do you want to run old Homer as a serial?"

The President, whispering to a member of the Executive Committee, said, "This man is a jewel."

Several days later the University Quill made its appearance. The printer worked off the edition on a hand press. "We want you to remain with us," said the President.

"Ah, ha!"

"You have at last found the opportunity of expanding into something, but you must not smoke while at work."

"No?"

"And, above all, no liquor must be used."

"All right."

"Understand that you are to be subjected to the same rule that governs the students."

One morning when the editor went into the composing room he found that his entire edition worked off. A note which he found on top of the bundle of papers made this announcement: "I have mailed your foreign list, and have also circulated the papers pretty generally in town. I have worked off an extra number, thinking that the students might want a few additional copies. Further information on another column." The first column on an editorial page contained this communication:

"To the gentlemanly professors of Glendale Asylum: When your optics fall upon these lines I shall be on the road, swinging the bandana handkerchief containing one shirt and a pair of cheap socks. The extreme slowness of your bill of fare has driven me to this step. Starvation has never possessed any charms for me, and asking a blessing over rank ham and thin molasses has never received my special commendation. A man may be elastic on shadowy food, but he cannot set up type. The thinness of your bread at one time challenged my admiration, knowing that a man of wonderful steadiness of nerve must have sliced it with a razor, but when, after taking a paint brush, dipping it in beef tea and painting the bread, you insisted that you had produced a beef sandwich, I was compelled to appeal from your ruling. Last night after supper I was forced to broil one of my suspenders. Ah, learned gentlemen, my appetite is too strong for this institution. Pardon me for expressing a few opinions of your faculty. It is not necessary for you, Mr. President, to know anything, as your duties consist mainly of eating luncheons out of town, but I grieve to notice intellectual shortcomings on the part of your assistants in idleness. Your professor of mathematics couldn't add up a tabulated statement of election returns, and your professor of botany couldn't distinguish a bunch of smart-weed from a mess of turnip greens. It is with pain that I speak of your professor of astronomy; he is a well dressed gentleman, but he doesn't know an October star from a June lightning bug. He doesn't know the milky way from a streak of snow in the moonlight, doesn't know the flickering of a barnyard lantern from a threatened eclipse of the sun. Our editor—B. Franklin,

what an editor! He couldn't write 'your truly.' And punctuated. Why, he couldn't place a period after the word sausage. Why, he couldn't slip a comma in between the fool and Jim-Jam. I am on my way, gentlemen, to get something to eat. At the next village I will distribute six yards of patent medicine ads, for a piece of home-made bread and a hard-boiled egg; but that will be better than remaining at your table bearing the crouch of the pithy radish and observing the wind from the fly-brush blow the bread off the table. We may never meet again—we never shall. If I see you first, Yours,

"Professor of Appetite."

The Quill did not appear again; indeed, the great university was laughed into nothingness. The President is now a justice of the peace, while the editor, Colonel Gapps, is roundabout at a tollgate.—Ole P. Read, in *Artists' Printer*.

### DIPLOMATIC CIGARETTE.

It Proves an Effective Ally in Many Moments of Difficulty.

The statesman or the Ambassador who could formerly conceal his embarrassment and collect his thoughts for an appropriate answer during a "prize" and stately process of taking a "prize" is now enabled to do so while breathing out nicely distanced rings of fragrant Turkish tobacco. Indeed, the cigarette proves perhaps a more effective ally in a moment of difficulty than the pinch of snuff. For, whereas you cannot indefinitely prolong the process of inhaling the latter, it is always possible to gain time with a cigarette by letting it go out and then having to relight it. To-day there is scarcely any foreign Minister or diplomat who is not provided with his cigarette box, which he regards, not in the light of an object of personal luxury, but as a part and parcel of the most indispensable paraphernalia of his office. It is worthy of note that the Russians, who devote more attention and importance to the study of diplomacy than any other Western nation, are always provided with finer cigarettes than any of their foreign colleagues, while one of the reasons why the late Khedive was subjected to so much bullying and badgering by the various Ministers and consuls accredited to his court was because his cigarettes were so execrable that it required the strongest dose of courtesy possible to make even a pretense of smoking them, the result being that he had to bear the full brunt of every disagreeable first thought that came into the mind of his foreign visitors, his cigarettes offering no inducement for them to reflect before speaking, and tending, moreover, to irritate rather than to soothe their temper.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

### China and the War.

The underlying belief that the Chinese, if not China, may be made a militant Power probably lies at the bottom of the idea of dividing China. Why that seems easier than to lop off Manchuria for the Russians, the Yalu for the Japanese, Shantung for the Germans, the upper valley of the Yangtze-Kiang for the French, and the rich coast provinces for the British? But dividing China is like dividing a pond by putting down nets; you may keep the fish from swimming freely about, but, after all, it is one water, and the moment a hole is made in the net it is again one shoal of fish.

This conviction of the physical impossibility of tearing China into fragments immensely strengthens the insistence of the United States that China shall not be nominally divided into spheres of commercial influence, that in all parts of the empire there shall be equal privileges of trade and of intercourse, and here comes in the great solicitude of the Administration over the present war.—Albert Bushnell Hart, LL. D., in *Harper's Weekly*.

### Day of Scientific Feeding.

The search for the fountain of youth has not been abandoned, as the numerous dietary experiments abundantly attest. Science is the modern Ponce de Leon. The era of strictly scientific living for the most of us has not dawned, and is afar off, but we may not hope that the time is coming when the most casual caller at the lunch counter will order as many grams of protein, fat, carbohydrates, and the rest as his physical or intellectual necessities seem to require? The man who is about to produce an epic will see to it that his bill of fare contains the requisite amount of nitrogen and phosphorus, and that he secures a sufficient number of calories of heat daily.

### Railways in Europe.

The total length of the railways of the world is stated to be 454,000 miles. Some curious light is thrown on the relative civilization of the various countries by a comparison of their mileage in railways. Russia comes out first numerically with about 34,000 miles, but dwindle greatly if the enormous extent of her territory is considered. Germany follows with 31,000 miles, and France is third with 29,000. England has 22,000 miles, which, if the size of the country be allowed for, places her at the head of the list. Italy and Spain have only from 13,000 to 16,000 miles, respectively. In the whole of Europe only about 60,000 miles of line are subject to state management.

### When Easter Was Not Popular.

Our New England forefathers were sternly opposed to Lent; they had a grand sufficiency of fast days in the wilderness, in the long, hard winter of want and suffering, when the Pilgrims' cry for help went up in prayer to the Pilgrims' God.

Prosperity, however, seems to have brought changes with it. After the Revolutionary War Easter sermons were preached, especially by the Presbyterians, and churches were decorated with flowers, though New England was the last section to adopt the festival upon which the Pilgrims looked with peculiar abhorrence.

### Wanted No Mistake.

A little fellow in saying his prayers one night entreated a blessing on his aunt, who was dangerously ill, and gravely concluded with these words: "And please God, don't forget her address. She lives at 9 Blank street, on the third floor to the right."

### WOOD PULP FROM BALSAM.

It May Prove a Satisfactory Substitute For Spruce.

Maine timber land owners and pulp manufacturers are greatly interested in the forthcoming report of Raphael G. Zon, of the United States Bureau of Forestry, on the balsam fir, of which tree says a Bangor (Me.) special in the New York Tribune, he has been making a commercial study, with the object of ascertaining definitely its availability as a substitute for spruce in the manufacture of pulp. The rapid disappearance of spruce, the best tree in the North Woods for the manufacture of pulp, has forced the pulp makers to use more and more balsam, and has brought that tree, once despised and neglected, into a very important place. Four years ago, practically no balsam was used by pulp manufacturers, many of whom now are using from twenty-five to fifty per cent. of it. The amount of balsam used depends entirely upon the spruce supply near where the different mills are located. The smaller the amount of spruce available the greater is the amount of balsam used.

Pulp manufacturers say that balsam is the best substitute for spruce that can be found in the North Woods. Other trees might serve well for paper pulp, but they are not natives of the country where the mills are located. Pulp mills are enormously heavy and expensive, and the wood must be brought to them—they cannot be taken to the wood. The pulp man, therefore in his choice of a substitute for his diminishing supply of spruce, is confined to the few species that grow in association with spruce, and of these species balsam is at once the most abundant and the most promising.

The present method of making pulp out of balsam is to grind it or treat it with chemicals along with spruce, but the results are not satisfactory. Balsam, mixed with spruce, produces an inferior grade of pulp. Mr. Zon suggests that it would be much better if balsam were handled independently of spruce. The balsam fibres are not nearly so tough and strong as are those of spruce, and the pressure of the grinders, which are adjusted for spruce fibres, is too powerful for the fibres of balsam, and they are torn and weakened. For the same reason, the chemicals used in the treatment of the spruce fibres weaken and dissolve the fibres of balsam when used in the same strength. Examples of what can be done with balsam in the manufacture of paper are found in France, where the tree is made to produce good book papers. There, not only the main trunk, but even the top of the tree is used.

The silvicultural features of the balsam are related by Mr. Zon, who has studied the tree carefully throughout its range, but particularly in Maine and the Adirondacks. Spruce has been cut for many years, while balsam has scarcely been cut at all; hence, balsam has taken the place of and is crowding out the spruce. This change in species in the North Woods is hastened by the great superiority of balsam as a seed tree, for balsam bears seeds every year, while the spruce seeds only once in seven years. These conditions make it apparent how very desirable it is that the pulp manufacturers should use balsam wherever possible, for in doing so they not only lessen the drain on the limited amount of spruce left, but they give the tree a chance to grow and reproduce itself. The result of Mr. Zon's work will appear in a Government bulletin.

### Pretty "Hello."

Why is it that so many pretty girls drift into the telephone business? If you do not believe me, just install a private exchange, put your feet on the desk, puff your cigar and wait for them to come around. You need not advertise. They will find you out. If nine out of every ten who call on you are not just the prettiest ever, then I'll eat my hat. Of course you'll choose the prettiest. If you need more than say three, then you will hold three queens. I speak by the card. In addition to being pretty, the average telephone girl is a fairly bright proposition. There is more human nature humming its way back and forth over the telephone wires than there is electrical current, and the telephone girl as a rule is dead next—and generally dead wise. Few of these girls grow to be old maids—don't have to see! Lots of pretty decent fellows fall in love with the voices first and marry the girls afterward. And gold teeth! Every blessed telephone girl I know has a gold tooth. If you do not believe me, just call in your telephone girl and have her show you her teeth. Now, it's up to you.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

### Consensus.

"What is your idea of happiness?" was asked.

Said the millionaire: I should be happy if I could spend my money where it would be of some real benefit. This, and a good digestion.

Said the poor man: Happiness is having enough money to spend without anxiety.

Said the society woman: Happiness is rest.

Said the wash woman: To be able to dance all night, and lie abed as long as I wanted to the next morning.

Said the soldier: To live peacefully all the rest of my life.

The sailor: To feel the sand earth under my feet for the rest of my days.

The artist: To paint a picture to please myself, and not the public.

The author: To have time enough to think.

The diplomat: To be myself.

The journalist: To tell the truth.

The wise man: To be a fool.

The fool: To be a wise man. Life.

### Struggle and Strength.

Strength comes only through struggle—through struggle and earnest work—never through a frantic beating against the bars nor through self pity. Ill health is a prison of your own building, a prison wherein you are locked by your own thoughtlessness and lack of self control. Circumstances have something to do with it, and you may have inherited a tendency toward disease. In that case circumstances must be altered and inherited weakness overgrown. Both can be done. Earnest thinking and thoughtful work will move mountains.—Maxwell's Tall-man.

## WIT and HUMOR OF THE DAY

A Lesson in Geography.

"How far is it round the world?" In girlish innocence asked she. "Ah, I will measure it," he said. "If you will permit me to, and see." Then, when his strong right arm he placed about her waist, "very far." And found it wasn't very far. For she was all the world to him. —Town Topics.

Artistic Sympathy.

Arabella—"I can't help feeling sorry for the Russians."

Isabella—"That's what I say; they make such lovely brass and copper articles." —Indianapolis Journal.

May Not Have to Boil Them.

Reporter—"What is the official report to-day?"

Health Officer—"Well, the water is no better, but the sidewalks are becoming a little more usable." —Chicago Tribune.

Not Safe Anywhere.

Mr. White—"So many middle-aged men have died this winter."

Mr. Brown—"Yes; it used to be dangerous to be old, but now it's getting dangerous to be young." —Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

His Quinquary.

Druggist—"What is it, sir?"

Mr. Chincy—"I really don't know I'm in a quinquary. The moths have almost ruined my wig, and I don't know whether to get moth balls or 'a restorer.'" —Judge.

His Fallings.

"Oh, well, I suppose every man has his fallings."

"Yes. My husband has a foolish idea that if we were to separate he would have the children turned over to his mother." —Chicago Record-Herald.

Getting Out of It.

Mr. Unhappy (after the quarrel)—"When we were married you said you'd be willing to follow me to the end of the world, and now—"

Mr. Unhappy—"Now I desire to end your attention to the fact that the world has no ends. It is round." —Cincinnati Times-Star.

His Limit.

Her Father—"Young man, is your financial condition such as will enable you to support a family?"

Young Man (timidly)—"Why, I—er, that is I was—er—only figuring on supporting your daughter. I—er supposed you would continue to support the rest of the family." —Cincinnati Enquirer.

Wald Fast!

Conductor—"All aboard! Please get aboard quickly, miss. The train is about to start."

Young Lady—"But I wish to kiss my sister good-by."

Conductor—"Get aboard, get aboard; I'll attend to that for you." —Yale Record.

Keeping Up Appearances.

Mrs. Gatterson—"Mrs. Wiltor is a woman with a great deal of pride, isn't she?"

Mrs. Hatterson—"Intense. She told me she had ordered as many clothes this season as she would if her husband hadn't been in debt." —Brooklyn Life.

Very Nervy.

Star Boarder—"The landlady objects to you complaining about the fare. She says all the food she serves is nerve food."

Mr. Kicker—"I don't doubt her assertion. It takes a great deal of nerve to serve such food as this." —St. Louis Star.

How He Measured Progress.

"How is your daughter getting on with her piano studies?"

"First rate," answered Mr. Cumrox. "She's getting to be a fine performer. Six months ago she couldn't play anything but tunes; and now I can't stand it to listen to her five minutes." —Washington Star.

Dandy Microbe.

"Germs cause an enormous amount of sickness, don't they?" said the superficially informed young man.

"Yes," answered the old-fashioned doctor; "if they don't get into a man's system they are liable to get on his mind and worry him half to death." —Washington Star.

A Cruel Impression.

"What is civilization?" inquired one simple savage.

"Civilization," answered the other, "is something that prevents people from annoying one another without saying 'excuse me,' or killing one another without a good political reason." —Washington Star.

Would Be a Blessing.

"Now that my daughter has been married to a nobleman," said the Yankee father, "I must hustle and make all my labor count."

"What a pity it couldn't be reversed," replied the disgusted friend.

"How's that?"

"Make all counts labor." —St. Louis Star.

Variable Impressions.

"Shall I say that you are very fond of America, as usual?" asked the press agent.

"Wait till I have the books balanced," answered the prima donna, with characteristic business foresight. "If the profits are more than \$50,000 you may say that I love America; if they are less you may say I consider the country very lacking in refinement." —Washington Star.

