

BITS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

A Batch of Brevities Concerning Various Things in Her Domain.

To stew green cornhusk and clean it for boiled corn. With a sharp knife cut off the top of the grains without cutting close to the cob, and with the back of the knife press out the remaining pulp. When cut in this way the corn is much juicier than when the grains are cut close to the cob. Butter well (to prevent sticking) the inside of a granite kettle, add a cupful of milk, more or less, according to the quantity and the juiciness of the corn. When boiling add the corn, cook from ten to fifteen minutes, or until it loses its raw taste, stirring frequently, and season to taste with salt and pepper, says the Boston Budget.

Tomatoes canned whole for salads will prove convenient in the winter. Small, plump, round ones should be selected for the purpose. To scald them, put them into a wire basket and plunge once or twice in deep boiling water. Peel carefully and put them into jars that have been thoroughly cleaned. Fill jars with cold water and add a teaspoonful of salt to each. Arrange the rubbers and put the covers on loosely. Put the jars in a big boiler on muffin rings or something that will keep them from the bottom. Add cold water until it reaches two-thirds the height of the jars. Boil ten minutes after the water reaches the boiling point.

Nothing is so hard to get rid of as freckles, and the better way is to avoid acquiring them, if possible. You should never go on the water or even to walk without a sunshade, whether you wear a hat or not. If you indulge in sea bathing, be sure to wear a broad-brimmed hat to shade the face. After exposure to sun or wind in walking, driving or bathing, apply a lotion made of one-half ounce of rosewater, three grains of borate of soda and a half pound of orange flower water. It is wise also to apply cold cream to the face, before going out wipe it off with a soft cloth and dust rice powder lightly over. With these precautions one is moderately certain to keep free from the blemish of freckles.

Stock, to be used in preparing puddings or sauces, is made from the neck or ribs of beef. Four quarts of water to four pounds of meat is the proper proportion. Place the meat in the stock pot, add the water and then proceed as directed for consommé.

A dainty little bag to hold soiled neckbands is made from two lawn handkerchiefs. Choose two alike having a pretty embroidered edge and put them together to form the bag. These with a rather narrow embroidery should be selected, and they are stitched together around three sides, just below the embroidery, to form a shell. Around the opening at the same distance from the edge stitch a heading through which ribbon of the desired width is run. A narrow ribbon is to be preferred. These can hang at the side of a dressing table or bureau, and are both useful and ornamental. If a cupful of sour cream is found in the ice box some of these warm mornings try using it for a dressing for the dinner salad of lettuce; beat it up with a whisk, sprinkling in about a tablespoonful of sugar, and toward the end of the beating add a very little lemon juice, not more than a teaspoonful.

A housekeeper who has made the experimenter discover that matting may be sewed like carpet and put down better and easier than in the usual way with matting tacks. Undoubtedly this method would increase the wear and tear of the matting if it were necessary to take it up often. One or two liftings of matting are apt to tear it unless the greatest care is used.

String beans, covered with French dressing, sprinkled with chives and seasoned with salt and pepper, make an excellent salad. A macedoine salad of beets, carrots, peas, cold boiled and sliced potatoes, string beans and asparagus tips in a combination comprising any or all of these mentioned may be treated in the same manner.

To vary the salad favorings, sweet thyme, rosemary, sweet basil, thyme, finely minced tarragon or chervil may be introduced. Muskmelon that is too flavorless to be served as a fruit may be cut in small pieces, covered with French dressing and added to the salad list.

Ridgely Condemning. "Geneva," pleaded the young man, trying to take her hand, "I can no longer stifle the emotions of my heart! Dearest, I—" "Ernest," coldly interrupted the heroine of the modern novel, folding her arms and skillfully sidestepping, "you seem to have forgotten that the new mission of fiction is to portray the abnormal and to deal with problems. Love has no place in it. Kindly oblige by giving me your theory concerning the strange attraction which the climbing of icy mountain peaks has for so many persons who appear to be otherwise sane."—Chicago Tribune.

The Cost of War. A single battleship or large cruiser costs millions, and yet it may be entirely destroyed by a torpedo or by a few shots if they happen to hit the right places. Every new discovery, either in the way of new engines of warfare or of more deadly and dangerous explosives, makes war more costly. A dozen old ships of the line could be built and completely equipped for less than it costs to put a modern battleship into the water. A ton of gunpowder would not do as much damage as a few hundred pounds of melinite or any of the modern explosives.—Cleveland Leader.

MANNERS HAVE CHANGED.

But Not for the Betterment of the Young. Opines the Man from the West.

The man from the west, who is visiting his married sister in Washington, wore a puzzled look, says the Star. "Say," he broke out, "how long has it been back this way since kids were permitted to stop being polite to their elders? I'll tell you why I inquire. My sister has three young ones, among them a six-year-old boy. He was playing out in front of the house this morning, and she called him.

"Archibald!" she sang out from the front window. "The kid looked up at her. "What?" said he. "Come in; I want you," said she. "I wonder," I said to myself, "why that young one doesn't say 'Ma'am' when his mother addresses him. He must be a bad-mannered lad, and it's queer that Sis doesn't correct him."

"The boy entered the house. "Do you want to go on an errand for mamma if she gives you a cent?" the boy's mother asked him. "Yes," he replied. "You don't feel too warm with that jacket on you, do you, Archibald?" she asked the kid, solicitously.

"No," said he. "I was waiting for Sis to give the cub a belt on the jaw for not saying 'ma'am' to her, like a polite little man, when she spoke to him, and I was amazed that she didn't even notice the kid's lack of manners."

"Before the shaver started on the errand his father showed up. "Archibald," his father called to him. "What?" said the kid, just as he had to his mother.

"You remember the kind of cigars you got for me around the corner the last time?" said the boy's dad. "Yes," said the kid. "Well, stop by there and tell the man to send me another box of them. And don't loiter by the way."

"No," said the kid. "His father hadn't noticed the boy's lack of manners any more than his mother had.

"Say, look a-here, Sis," said I to my sister when I got her alone that day. "I'm not trying to hull in with any advice or anything like that, but why don't you tear a picker off the fence and drub some manners into that boy of yours?"

"She looked at me in a startled kind of way, and with quite a heap of reproach in her eyes, at that. "Why," said she, "what in the world do you mean? Archibald is considered the best-mannered boy in the neighborhood."

"Is he?" said I, pressing on. "Well, d'ye call it polite for a six-year-old kid to say 'What' and 'Yes' and 'No' to his mother and father without prefixing any 'Ma'am' or 'Sir' to his remarks?"

"Then my sister looked relieved and smiled. "Why, John," she said to me, "I thought by the way you spoke that Archibald had been really impolite. Certainly we do not require him to say 'Ma'am' or 'Sir' to us or to anybody else. Indeed, we should punish him if he said any such things. It is not the thing for children to say 'Ma'am' or 'Sir' to their parents, or to anybody any more. That sort of thing is now left for servants."

"Oh," said I, but I couldn't help sizing my sister up out of the tail of my eye and putting this question to her: "Sis, just supposing you or I had dropped the 'Ma'am' and 'Sir' when we were young ones and were addressed by our old mother and dad, what d'ye think 'ud have happened to us, hey?"

"That cornered her, but she got out of it by saying that we lived in an old-fashioned section of the country where the folks were 'way behind the times, and all that. "Maybe Sis was right," concluded the man from the west, "but, at that, I'm bound to say that it sort of jars on me to hear the kids back this way talking to their parents and other grown-up folks in those familiar terms. I say 'sir' and 'ma'am' to old folks right down to the present day myself, and I'm past 40, with a pretty sizable bald spot on top of my head, and it doesn't hurt me any to say those things. Comes natural, in fact, because I was raised to respect my elders, fashionable or no fashionable. If I wasn't a crabbed old bach, and if I had a gang of young 'uns around, they'd get old-fashioned real quick and say 'sir' and 'ma'am' to the grown-ups, or there'd be some-thing doing in the slipper and hair-brush line," and the western man looked as if he meant it.

At His Heels. An English driver for a Market street business house persuaded his employer to buy a straw hat for the horse during the recent hot spell, and on Tuesday the horse appeared without the new headgear.

"What has become of the horse's bonnet, Harry?" asked one of the firm. "Don't you think it is hot enough this morning?" "Oh! That it is, sir, but the bloomin' 'oss ate the 'at afore I could put it on 'im this mornin'," said Harry.—Newark Sunday Call.

Beauty's Greatest Hardship. "Oh!" gasped the beautiful woman as she fell back, clutching at her heart and permitting the telegram to flutter to the floor. "What is it? Has your husband met with an accident?" "No, no," she moaned; "it is from my son-in-law. I am a grandmother."—Chicago Record-Herald.

REPORTED IN GOOD STYLE.

Swell Wedding That Was Treated with Full Trimmings by the Press Representative.

The marriage was one of the most elaborate and beautiful nuptial events that has occurred here in some time, and those who were fortunate enough—and they were legion—to witness the beautiful ceremony and elaborate attending circumstances, agreed that it was the most strictly up to date wedding of the season, reports the Scranton Times.

Dame Nature herself contributed her share to make the affair perfect, as just before the hour set for the marriage there was a bounteous pleasant shower which settled the dust and cooled the atmosphere, so that when the beautiful blue enameled automobile coupe, gorgeous with polished brass trimmings, was drawn up in front of the church by a team of prancing steeds in shining silver-trimmed harness, the sun smiled on a bridal party, cool, collected and unperishing and in perfect hymeneal array.

The great crowd that filled the church and overflowed the sidewalk, and which was mostly composed of young ladies arrayed in summer costumes of all the colors of the rainbow, were for the moment stunned by the beautiful sight; but as the bridal party ascended the steps they recovered their composure, and a constant stream of expressions such as "Isn't she lovely?" "Isn't she beautiful?" "What a beautiful dress!" "Isn't her bouquet grand?" "Oh, how pretty!" "What a stately figure!" "She's the loveliest bride I ever saw!" etc., followed.

Talk about a symphony in white! It was a march in intermezzo, with little cupids in the lead. The bridal procession moved up the aisle to the beautiful strains of a wedding march rendered by the Touhill family orchestra on mandolins and guitars. The solemn and binding words that made them man and wife were generously punctuated with low, soft outbursts of the entrancing strains of "Hearts and Flowers" by the Touhill orchestra.

The bride's trousseau was composed of rich cream-colored satin, trimmed with old liberty silk and apple-green pointed Paris lace. She wore a hat that was—well, it was a perfect dream, beautiful flowers in pale-hued silk and satin settings, and she carried a pretty bouquet of roses. The groom is a very popular young man. For the present they will make their home with the bride's mother.

IN FEMINE ATTIRE.

Some of the Pretty Materials Now in Favor for Up to Date Costumes.

Summer tweeds and friezes are made in pretty, soft tones and mixtures, and the best and most comfortable way to make them up is with an Eton jacket, a cool India silk waist and an unlined skirt, says the New York Sun.

Narrowly gored skirts of striped silk, satin or other fabric for short, stout women are about the only styles that this season are not decorated in some manner, even for simple morning wear.

For economists are ready-made skirts of serge, mohair or covert suiting, that may be bought alone or with matching Eton or other jacket. If made at home, of the best quality of these goods and without lining, the purchaser will have a delightfully cool summer skirt at small expense. Worn with a silk shirt waist and over a silk petticoat or matching color, with jacket to slip on when needed, one could travel many thousand miles on land and sea, look a neatly and sensibly attired woman and return home in fair condition if the one costume had a systematic brushing and cleaning when doled for the other, dresser, costume taken for dinner and after-dinner use.

Linon gowns are not all of the Puritan order of severity and inexpensiveness formerly associated with frocks of this sort. Linens of various makes, prices and colors are in marked vogue this year. The costly costumes take high place and are of lustrous and heavily embroidered, or combined with silk or chiffon, trimmed with Cluny, point Arabie or guipure lace. Pale cerise, gray, biscuit and fawn are favorite colors, and the gowns are made short, with a "dip," or, on special gowns, with a train.

French attelers are making most effective use of opalescent silks and satins in two or three-toned color blendings. They are used for gowns, for elegant evening waists half covered with lace applique and for underslips and princesses, the silks in green, mauve and gold; in rose color, charrueuse green and amber; in gold, cream color and old rose; ciel blue, lilac and silver; cameo pink, etc. Through the meshes of lace, net, chiffon or sheer silk batiste gleam the shimmering iridescent lights of the silk or satin background, enhancing the delicate effect of the lace gown and the beauty of its design.

The King's Uniforms. King Edward must have the right to wear more uniforms than any other crowned head. In addition to the field marshal's uniforms of the British army, he will wear the four different uniforms of the guards and Teuth Hussars. He is an English admiral and also a general in the Prussian army and colonel of German dragoons and of a Prussian regiment. The king is colonel of no fewer than 22 different regiments in his own army.—N. Y. Sun.

A WYOMING FOSSIL QUARRY.

Notably Valuable Finds in the Geological Wonderland of the Northwest.

The state of Wyoming is a geological wonderland and the reason for this is that, geologically speaking, it is the newest land on the continent. The Mesozoic period has left rich fossil deposits in this state, the remains varying in size from little invertebrate ammonites to the giant vertebrate dinosaurs of the Jurassic age. In 1899 a thoroughly organized scientific expedition, composed of 90 members, spent some 40 days in exploring and examining the fossil exposures and gathering specimens and the result of their labors was fully described at the time, says the Scientific American.

A fossil quarry, where smaller specimens are found, is situated in the extreme southwestern part of Wyoming, near the town of Kemmerer, at the summit of a mountain 8,200 feet above the sea level. The geological formation is known as the "Green River Tertiary." The shale is laminated and carboniferous and some streaks are bituminous, carrying paraffine and oil in large quantities. The quarry is worked exclusively by hand—that is to say, no blasting operations are carried on. The shale is split into slabs, broken with sledge hammers and thrown over the bank by hand. When the slabs containing the specimens are cut and taken out they are very moist, and are dried out to about a third of their original weight before the cleaning process begins. It is difficult to clean the fossils when the shale is too dry, for the impressions are exceedingly thin and it requires the utmost skill and care to clean the more delicate specimens. Knives and saws made especially for the purpose are used. The hut or cabin is situated at the foot of the mountain, more than a mile from the quarry, and the workmen bring the slabs to this place to prepare them. The specimens when they are properly cleaned are exceedingly beautiful, the fishes with all their bones outlined being especially interesting. The Green river fishes are considered the finest specimens of fossil fishes, although they may not be more perfect, as far as skeletons are concerned, than those from Monte Bolca, Italy. The Monte Bolca specimens are in a softer and more chalky stone than those from Wyoming, and hence do not present so fine an appearance. The collections from the Green river tertiary are not, however, rich in species.

Whether there is any law in the matter or not, it sometimes looks as if great worldly wealth, like great intellectual treasures, falls of direct inheritance. The number of cases where those who have been especially pre-eminent in any line of human achievement have transmitted their abilities unimpaired to their offspring are comparatively rare, says the Philadelphia Times. In the majority of instances, if there are descendants at all, they are seldom reminiscent of the brilliance of their forebears. Washington had no children, Napoleon's son was of his race, and that was all. The son of the duke of Wellington looked like and is said to have had the ability to make a fair green grocer. The son of Humboldt, the great naturalist, spent the best part of his life in bed. And similar cases will occur to the general reader throughout the whole list of recorded greatness in every department of result.

Something of the same kind may be said of a great fortune. The second generation—if there is a second generation—seldom maintains the character of its founder. Girard had no direct heir. The locomotive builder, Rogers, who has just died in New Jersey, lived unmarried. Peabody's heirs were the people. Carnegie has one child, a little daughter. Stewart died childless. The Pullman millions will hardly realize in the hands of their present possessor their giant possibilities, and while the Goulds and Vanderbilts and Drexels may show no halt in accumulation, this may fairly be considered as much due to the impulse given by the original possessors as arising from any phenomenal ability on the part of their present control. Outside of landed estates, then, as abroad, it might be considered a fair assumption that through one influence or another great fortunes seldom remain in the one line for many generations.

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The Indian Coins. The Indian colonies have afforded coin collectors many opportunities to acquire rare and old coins, which have lain buried for a great number of years. The native has always shown a very grave suspicion of banks, and has usually preferred to bury coins in what was considered a safe spot. Those hiding places are revealed by father to son, and the accumulations sometimes go on for generations. In dire extremity the hoard has to be trespassed on; coins which have long since become exceedingly rare are thus brought to light, and are eagerly snapped up by collectors. Many of them are being sold in London at the present time.—London Chronicle.

A Difference. "Great Scott, Bjones, you look as though you had swallowed a haystack!" "Nope. Not exactly. But you see it's the style nowadays to appear intellectual." "Humph! If that's the case you ought not look as if you had swallowed anything."—Denver Times.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

The number of vessels that entered Mexican harbors in 1900 was 6,499. The number of distilleries in the country is three times as large as the number of breweries, and distilleries are most numerous in those states which are close politically.

One county of West Virginia has among its political subdivisions the Slab Fork, the Marsh Fork, the Shady Spring, the Clear Fork and the Trap Hill districts. Another has the Pipe Stem and the Jumping Branch districts.

German insurance statistics show that on the average a workman is seven times as liable to injurious accidents as a working-woman, owing chiefly to the difference in employments, but partly also to the greater recklessness of the men.

Chinese on the Pacific coast when they get tired and want to go home purposely fall into the hands of United States officials across the border and are sent home at government expense. Many Chinese come from the dominion ostensibly for Mexico and Cuba, but made a circuit and turn up in California.

This year's appropriation for the diplomatic and consular service of the United States is \$1,546,000, or one-third of what the new agricultural department costs, one-half of the sum appropriated for the expenses of the city of Washington and one-sixth of the appropriation for the nation's wards, the surviving Indians. The United States expends less for its consular and diplomatic service than any other country of the first class.

A simple device has been put into practice for "truing up" or restoring the original asymmetrical shape to railway carriage wheels, and it is said to have been attended with considerable success. It consists of a brake shoe, which is formed with pockets filled with a grinding material. When a wheel becomes flattened it is necessary only to remove the regular shoe and replace it with the "truing" shoe, run the carriage and do the braking as usual.

The south includes one-fourth of the total area and one-third of the population of the United States. Its cotton and cottonseed alone gave it an income last year of \$345,000,000—the largest value of any single crop in the world. Its corn and its lumber product brought in the snug sum of \$100,000,000. Moreover, the south raises 80 per cent. of all American tobacco, mines 20 per cent. of all its coal, produces 19 per cent. of its iron, has 30 per cent. of its total railroad mileage, and a steadily increasing percentage of its manufacturing.

COST OF CARDINAL'S HAT.

Before He Can Put It on the Dignitary Must Spend Over \$4,500.

In the Catholic church in continental Europe the red hat of a cardinal is an expensive piece of headgear. Before the candidate for the honor may put it on in full possession of the new dignity it will have cost him \$4,500 to \$12,500, according to the country in which he receives the appointment, says the Chicago Tribune.

On the day of his creation the noble guard who brings him the red hat must be rewarded. If in France the candidate will give \$1,000, as the French have always aimed at a princely spirit in such giving. In Germany or in Austria the fee will be \$500.

Two days later, perhaps, a prelate will arrive bringing the berretta and expectations of about \$2,000 reward. All these emblems receive, in addition to the fees, a decoration from the head of the government, and by reason of this the positions are sought for eagerly at Rome.

From this stage of the ceremonial the new cardinal will pay out tips and fees at every turn until the red hat finally is put on in public consistory.

He will pay \$250 to the singers of the Sixtine chapel, though in return for this they will sing gratuitously at his funeral. He will pay \$750 to the propagandists, which furnishes a ring costing about \$25, but by doing this he obtains the privilege of disposing of his property by will. From chamberlains to soldiers of the Swiss guard he will have to leave remembrances, and after he has taken possession of his new church, all persons invited to the ceremony expect to be served with refreshments.

The dress of a cardinal is expensive, too, as not only are they of costly material, but there are many costumes, and the Roman tailors are noted for their high prices. With these costumes the cardinal must observe the strictest etiquette.

The cost that comes upon the new official often is a hardship, as the \$5,000 allowed for the ceremony is inadequate in every case. Reforms have been attempted and Pope Leo has been interested in the movement, but it has been found hard to change the old, extravagant customs.

Ever Meet Her? Her husband is all right—but he is so fat!

Her little boy is all right—but he is growing so splendidly.

Her home is all right—but the paint is too light!

Did she like the last lecture at the club? Liked what he said very much—but his hair was cut so short—like a prize fighter!

Her new tailor suit is all right—but Mrs. Xyz has her coat a trifle, the merest shred, longer, and it's much better!

Her new hat is elegant—but if that ribbon was a shade darker, now—!—Boston Herald.

AS IT REALLY HAPPENED.

Not as the Boy and the Wolf Story Turned Out—With a Moral.

"Help! Help! Save me!" The thousands of bathers on the great beach were startled almost to frenzy by the wild, despairing wailing cry.

They rushed upon the strand and gazed out far beyond the breaker line, whence the hoarse cry for help proceeded.

They saw a man struggling desperately on the surface of the water—a man who appeared to be in the final stages of weariness, and who only feebly battled against the great rollers that swept over him at frequent intervals, relates the Washington Star.

"Save me!" came the wild voice again and again. But it was not necessary for the struggler in the pounding surf to cry out the second time. At his very first shout for rescue three brave coast guards leaped with agile grace into their surf boat and put out through the giant curling combers for the man whose hoarse shouts still proceeded from the point far beyond the breaker line.

The thousands standing on the shore watched the struggle of the surf boat through the waves with painful anxiety. The men muttered and the women wrung their hands and the children ran to their parents shrieking.

Ah! A sigh of the most intense relief went up from the hearts of those on the beach. They saw that the boat was only ten feet or so away from the still struggling victim of the might of the sea. A few more swift strokes—Ah! again from the beach—and they saw the clean-limbed young coast guard reach over the gun of the surf boat to clutch the figure of the struggler.

However, the struggler placed his fingers at his nose and directed them at the coast guard, at the same time striking out and swimming like a dolphin, and giving vent to hoarse croaks of merriment. The coast guard, with deep disgust, writhed all over his features, pulled back to the strand through the boiling surf.

"He'll never get us again that way, all right," they said unto each other as they pushed their boat up to the verge.

The indignation of the thousands of bathers on the beach over the idiotic hoax of the youth far beyond the breaker line found vent in many strong expressions, and when the young man, grinning, finally made his way to the sand he was glared at with extreme vindictiveness.

On the very next day, at the same hour: "Help! Help! Save me!" was the cry that again went up from the point beyond the breaker line, and the horrified bathers, many of whom had witnessed the event of the day before, again experienced a shock, until they saw that the cry was proceeding from the same youth who had fooled them but yesterday. They only scowled this time and murmured things about imbeciles. The coast guard made funnels of their hands and looked out at the youth, who was still shouting lustily for assistance, and when they saw that it was the same struggler who had struggled the day before and given them the boot they sat down again and smoked away at their cigars.

"Nothin' doin'," they said. "Same cheap shate that put it on us yesterday."

Meantime the cries from beyond the breaker line were becoming fainter, and the folks on the beach were amused in spite of themselves to see how cleverly the shouter was portraying the actions of a drowning man. However, when they saw him go down and disappear they—

Now, according to the commonly accepted idea as to the way this story ought to wind up, it would be the proper kink to go ahead and expatiate upon the fact that the young man out beyond the breaker line had cried "Wolf!" once too often, and that, because he had been so skittish and playful the day before in his endeavors to fool the crowd on the shore, he sacrificed his life, because the coast guard thought that he was only fooling and didn't believe that he was really in trouble.

But this newspaper doesn't handle commonly accepted facts, and they are clearly shown to be facts.

When the youth out beyond the breaker line saw that he was again looked upon as a fakir, and that the coast guard weren't coming near him, he simply gave up trying to fool 'em again on the beach, and swam with strong strokes to the shore, where he giggled with some friends for quite half an hour before returning to his bathhouse. He wasn't anywhere near being drowned, and he had not cried "Wolf!" once or twice or even three times too often.

A strict adherence to facts would splinter most of these stories that wind up like the stories in the books won out by little Willie for standing second to the head in the spelling class.

The Ways of Women. "There is one thing about modern society that puzzles me," said the philosopher.

"What's that?"

"The older women are all the time anxious to get in; the young and pretty ones want to come out."—Smart Set.

Proof. Diggs—There goes a newly-married couple.

Daggs—How do you know?

"I saw him give her a five-dollar bill to buy some chocolates with."—Ohio State Journal.

Indifference. Indifference is to the mind what rust is to iron.—Chicago Daily News.