TO A MAPLE LEAF IN AUTUMN.

("We all do fade as a leaf") How like to Man art thou! Canst thou thy change forese What leaf upon the bough, What bough upon the tree?

It was but yestere'en Thou wert a loyal part Of Summer's solid green

That stirred the grateful heart. But Night upon thee blew With pale and frosty breath. And left thy natural hue

Aflame in glorious death. Or was there from thy birth An ichor in thy blood, Transmuting the dull earth

Thy going is not grief: Thy splendor shall but make Soil for another leaf That follows in thy wake

To Autumns' golden flood?

I in my Autumn hour Do envy thee in thine: Thy joy-diffusing power,

The light of yonder tree My keenest hurt doth salve; Better the gold we see Than all the gold we have.

When my green strength be stayed, And frost shall summon me, If like a leaf I fade, O, let me fade like thee! -Robert Underwood Johnson, in the Outlook

THE HOME COMING.

for a whole week among the oldpeople, the old things and old memories that she had almost forgotten in the excitement and interest of the new life.

"Everything looks just the same," she said, with a sigh that might have been either disappointment or satisfaction. "I could almost believe I'd never been away

Her mother, with fingers that trembled

"Maybe you'd better go up-stairs and want to wash up a bit after the journey. I've made the back room ready, and you'll find some clean towels laid out." "Yes, I'll go up," said Margaret. "But where's father? And isn't Ted home

"They'll be in after a while," her mother answered. "You know Ted doesn't leave the shop till six; and he's had to

much and given little in return.

You look so nice in your new things," it from their standpoint; that was all. Mrs. Demming said, admiringly. "I She looked down at the old china dog wish now I'd taken time to change; but with his brown patch and his broken ear,

doesn't matter. And, besides, everyway it used to be," she repeated.

"Why, of course not," said Margaret, than art? good it was to have her home again!

ly where a picture had hung.

staring at her all around the room.

in dismay. "We can't possibly live with wheel spin on. that pattern. It kills everything in the

Mrs. Demming had excused herself, nervously. "It needed doing so badly," she had said, "and I thought you'd like to come and find it all nice and fresh. It she answered. will tone down, you know.'

Margaret had replied, coldly.

many times she had tried to bring order out of chaos, to enforce her own ideals, hand had washed a window in her soul. to banish exasperating family relics to She had got "perspective." the oblivion they deserved, and put in their place things which embodied her

she would say. "It's so common." She had tried to make it "Marguerite." There by one of her own.

touches, and then made a tour of in-Just the same—only the rug a little more

worn and the paper a trifle more faded. 'Ah, they've mended the knob at last," she thought as her eyes fell on the lower bureau drawer. She stooped and pulled it out mechanically. Yes, the broken knob had been taken off and a new one out straight.

She was pushing it back again when out. How funny! It was the dog with the broken ear and the patient, to persuade them to throw him away! He was so ugly, so useless, so absurd. places. Yes, that was the sollution—that He wasn't heavy enough for a paperweight, he didn't even hold matches; there was absolutely no excuse for his

existence. "But it would be so unfeeling," her

And so they had to let him stay. But now-what was he doing in the bottom bureau drawer? And what was that piece of silk he had been wrapped in? She drew it out; ah, yes, it was another of her artistic nightmares, a yellow hand-painted scarf, the one that used to hang over the corner of the mantelpiece, to Margaret's resigned disgust. It had been a wedding present of her mother's, made by an old school friend, and in its day had been considered "quite a work of Margaret Demming looked around the art." And in the drawer, beneath it, was familiar, shabby little parlor which she had left so willingly almost a year before, when a benevolent "providence" teacher's desk in the small home town into the larger life of a big Eastern city. It seemed so queer to be back and the larger life of a big Eastern city. It Margaret in her eyes. seemed so queer to be back again, back had she not remembered sooner? That was where Aunt Emily used to hang.

But why—what were they all doing here?
Then suddenly the meaning of it dawned upon her. This was part of her mother's welcome; this was her way of sparing Margaret's feelings, of making home a little nearer what she had always longed for by putting out of sight the things she had disliked.

A lump rose in Margaret's throat and a little at the unaccustomed happiness, the out-lines of the china dog grew blurtook Margaret's veil and scarf and hung red. A wave of tenderness and gratitude swept over her, and for a moment she broke the silence. lay your things off," she said. "You'll was something so touching, so mutely pathetic in this belated acquiescence in her wishes, this silent self-effacement of middle age before the ideals of a younger generation. By this one simple action of atonement all the past offenses against middle age before the ideals of a younger I had framed specially for you. If you like it, we'll hang it up where Aunt Emily used to be. And can't we find and is passed free by the railway; what artistic feelings, were somehow healed.

For it had always been her feelings- ers? work overtime lately; one of the men Margaret's feelings—that had counted. Margaret glanced at the tall, thin woman at her side. The year seemed to have wrought little change. Her face way, to consider the matter from any have wrought little change. Her face way, to consider the matter from any have wrought little change. Her face way, to consider the matter from any have wrought little change. Her face way, to consider the matter from any way, to cons was a trifle thinner, perhaps, a trifle paler, with a few more lines, but there was the same quick, nervous energy when she moved and spoke, the same when she moved and spoke, the same tird patience in repose. It was the face of the same trifle paler, with a few more lines, but there when she moved and spoke, the same tird patience in repose. It was the face of the same trifle thinner, perhaps, a trifle individualism, of the sacredness of self-individualism, of the sacredness of self of a woman of whom life had exacted tered all her thoughts. Of the others— to take back."—By Ella M. Ware, in it all out before I leave but just now one well, she had simply not thought about Harper's Bazar.

there didn't seem to be a chance, some | at the painted flowers on the yellow scarf, and the portrait of Aunt Emily "Never mind," said Margaret. "It staring out of its plush-and-gilt frame. Would she have done this? Had she ever thing looks so homey. It's all just the hidden her own likes and dislikes in deference to another's opinion? She might have abdicated for a moment, unwilling-There was a moment's silence. "We ly, ungraciously, but she could recall no had the hall-stand mended," said Mrs. instance when she had done so with vol-Demming, "and there's a new carpet in untary self-denial. What if her sense of the hall. But otherwise I guess it's pretty much the same." Then, "I've got to look at the oven," she added. "Do you mind going up-stairs alone?"

untary self-denial. What if her sense of values had been distorted? What if she had laid too much stress on the outward symbol, too little on the meaning behind it? What if simple kindness were bigger it? What if simple kindness were bigger

and her mother hurried back to the kitchen. How young and fresh and capable her little Maggie looked; how fashioned. Her children, in turn, might fashioned. Her children, in turn, might fashioned. mood it was to have her home again! try to convert her to fresh doctrines of life and art, smile indulgently upon her looked once more around the room-at "queer" notions, speak slightingly of the ebony piano, the worn chairs, the things she had held in reverence, things old-fashioned mirror, the bunch of ever- that had been part and parcel of her own lasting flowers on the corner table. She missed something, though, from the mantlepiece. What was it? And there was that once meant so much, and keep pace a patch of paper on the opposite wall with the intellectual procession of anoththat had not faded like the rest, evident- er day. But it would be like tearing out a part of herself, being traitor to her How she had hated that paper! The landlord, in a perverse fit of generosity, secretly to the old gods and the old had put it on during her vacation two altars, while striving outwardly to adapt years ago, and on her return she had herself to the new. And by and by, as found festoons of pink and purple roses the years crept past, her children's children would grow up with still newer "What on earth possessed you to let convictions, still more "advanced" ideals. them do it?" she had asked her mother And they in turn. . . . So would the

> "Have you got everything you want, dear?" called her mother from below. Margaret started guiltily and closed

"It's all right; I'll be down directly," She rose slowly and stood there a min-Margaret had answered nothing. What was the use? No one would understand space things had changed so. Her whole her artistic agony. She remembered outlook seemed different. She seemed how ashamed she had felt the next day somehow to have got away from herself, when a kindly visitor remarked how cheerful the colors looked. "Fortunately I'm not responsible for the choice," point of view. Before-ah, yes, she knew That was merely one instance among it now—they had been warped and conmany. What battles she had fought in the name of "taste" and "art!" How the name of "taste" and "art!" How the name of "taste" and "art!" How the name of "taste" as the result see clearly as the resul How but now she could see clearly, as though through a clean pane. Some invisible

Margaret stooped and opened the buideas of beauty and harmony. But no one seemed to realize what such things china dog, and the portrait in the plushmeant to her. "You're always finding fault with something, Maggie," her brother would remark.

"I wish you wouldn't call me Maggie." and put them back in their old a large of generous spells and put them back in their old a large of generous spells again." Everybody comments of the sympathy they need, would be the dictionary. The husband doesn't sympathize. The family whisper "Mother has one of her nervous spells again." Everybody comments of the sympathy they need, would be the dictionary. The husband doesn't sympathy they need, would be the dictionary. The husband doesn't sympathy they need, would be the dictionary. The husband doesn't sympathy they need, would be the dictionary. The husband doesn't sympathize. The family whisper again."

But why bother about that now? After up nothing, really, for she was only all, it really didn't matter. And she going to remain a week. She would went up-stairs into the little back bed-never tolerate them if her stay were to never tolerate them if her stay were to room, with its clean white linen and be permanent. And, besides—her prob-freshly laundered curtains—the room ing thoughts went deeper—would such where she used to sleep. She hung up an action be quite fair to her mother? It her wraps, washed off the dust of the would be condescension, a gift spoiled by her wraps, washed off the dust of the would be condescension, a gift spoiled by journey, gave her hair a few needed the giver's sense of superiority, the sort

of concession which the other would respection through the rooms. She paused sent: Instead of healing, it would widen in the doorway of her mother's bedroom. the breach between their sympathies. Moreover-she realized slowly-dear as these old treasures might be, neither they nor the memories stood for could love and happiness. Today is always saw lying by the roadside a young man greater than yesterday, and tomorrow dressed in mighty thin garments, restbigger than either. After all, what right had she to refuse this sacrifice? Would put on. It didn't quite match, but never had she to refuse this sacrifice? Would mind; at least one could pull the drawer it not be far wiser to accept it as a voluntary step in the older woman's intellectual progress? What right had she to something caught her eye-a bit of assume her mother was incapable of china, white with a brown spot. She readjusting her viewpoint? Age has as much right to self-development as youth; little old china dog that used to sit on why not accept the sign of it framkly the corner of the parlor mantelpiece, the and with gladness, as a sweet and normal thing? And since the outgrown symbols perpetual grin. How often she had tried had been put away, let them find together new and better ones to take the old

was the right and beautiful way. As Margaret rose to her feet the door opened and her mother came into the room, her thin face flushed from the heat of the oyen, her blue-check apron mother had often said. "Your dear aunt dusty with flour. She started to say something—then stopped and looked fore she died. She said he always used to cheer her up."

> them?" she exclaimed with a note of disis up this valley we are hoping to have finally, with extraordinary contortions, may in her voice. "I put them away. . . . things the way you liked when you came home. And now . . ." She hesitated. Truly, I reckon it will all be over in al-In her eves there was a strange embarrassment, a mixture of disappointment discovery and failure of her simple ruse. But something in the girl's face reached her-vaguely at first, then with a wave

of sudden comprehension. her voice, like a half-sob, and a mist rose miles of driving.

Margaret tried to say something light and playful, to treat it all as a matter of trunk (box) to carry my wardrobe in ried after the custom of the tribe, and course. But somehow her voice wouldn't and when I arrive in San Francisco I work, and she achieved only incoherence. sure will be considered an immigrant; For a moment they looked at each other silently, timidly almost, and with a little cry the elder woman stretched out her arrived—at Ellis Island, American (?) arms. For a second or two she held the It not only more nearly suits my wardyoung figure closely, with a world of robe of the present day but also is light tenderness; then, at a sudden recollection, released her with a quick movement and will be easily carried by a coolie, teen inches thick. The black skin and of self-reproach. Margaret had always hence costing little for transportation. the blubber, the latter cut to the thick-

have let herself forget!

"I want to show you something I brought home," she said. "It's only a surely does look ridiculous when I glance very little picture, but I think you'll love at it. Ones clothes and heavy things go panion. something beautiful for the mantelpiece light clothes and things that are left go number can be divided by some num-

Mrs. Demming hesitated. "There's ways, for there is but little to weigh. In fact, until this moment it had hardly that blue jar the old potter gave us years

sociation.

The tenth annual convention of the American Civic Association will be held at Washington, D. C., Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, December 2nd, 3rd and 4th. It will be a most important meet- had a good night's sleep and am feeling ing, from which will go out inspiration to all parts of the United States for advanced effort for the making of beautithe preservation of great national scenic and will try to make it as interesting as wonders such as Niagara Falls and the this is stupid. national parks.

The American Civic Association was formed at St. Louis in June, 1904, by the today this is a good world to live in, even consolidation of the American Park and if we are eating in our reception room. Outdoor Art Association and the American League for Civic Improvement. The Washington convention will, therefore, be an anniversary occasion and distin- ing on a "newar" bed, a frame filled in guished, it is expected, by the presence with broad woven tape, cool but hard, of many of the charter members of the Association and by a program of unusual excellence, relating to city and town slept on springs." If I keep on I will be planning, city and county parks, neighborhood improvement, the abatement of need cots, merely a blanket to wrap mythe billboard and smoke nuisances, Niagara Falls preservation and national parks. Distinguished speakers who are recognized authorities on these subjects will be Frisco, know I'll be "stony broke" as a woman for a peseta. She objected present, not only from the United States, these English say, so at least I can get that it was very tiny, and he fairly but from Canada and some other foreign countries. The year 1914 has been a notable one for the American Civic Association in respect to the work that it has done to arouse and assist hundreds of towns and cities to important work for their physical improvement. It has also been a notable year in that the Association has cleared itself of a deficit of long standing which it incurred in its notable crusade for the saving of Niagara Falls against commercial incursions. Announcements will be made at the Washington convention looking toward a larger service to American communities by the Association during the years to come than has ever before been possible. Delegates representing civic leagues, women's clubs, commercial organizations and many other societies, from all parts of the United States and Canada, all directing their efforts for a more beautiful America, will be present.

The colored preacher who remarked "Brethren, there is one place to which we can turn and always find sympathy the dictionary," probably meant more than he said. Certain it is that about the only place to which some women could turn for the sympathy they need, heart. She would take them down-stairs and put them back in their old places! She would reward her mother's sacrifice had tried to make it "Marguerite." There was a flavor of medieval romance about the word; it reminded her of a pale Tennyson poem or a ballad of William Morris. But her mother said she could never remember how to spell it; she always got the "u" in the wrong place. So this touch of pre-Paphaelitism was never attained.

by one of her own.

But as she lifted the scarf out of the drawer, Margaret paused. After all, she reflected, the impulse was not really a generous one. It was only superficial—another of her "poses." (She was beginning to see through herself by the light of a new self-criticism.) Even if she did put the things back, she would be giving "nervous spells" of women. curtailed by the requirements of "Moth-

FROM INDIA.

By One on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern When Arctic Natives Feast and Pick Getting Ready for a Trip to the Mountains, Color-Washing Rooms, Etc.

JHANSI, SEPTEMBER 12th, 1913. Dear Home Folk:

How can I write letters when my whole cestors, is the annual celebration of thought is, "what shall I need in Kash- the whale dance, when the Eskimos mir." On my way to see a sick woman select their wives. ing the road and I said to myself, "anoth- twenty-one days. er tired individual." I won't select a The great dance circle is prepared, morning and from that time on I only intend to do necessary things.

streams and country as wild and beauti- of the women are surprisingly graceful as even his tree-loving soul could ful, and they mean to show in their want. Rawl-Pindi will be the end of the dance that, as daughters of a great railway, then Baramulla, and on to Srina- people, they are possessed of all the gar by Landau. From there we will go qualities such women should have. on to the Liddar valley where we camp for a short time and visit beautiful native gordens and see gueer small villages. It look came into her eyes.

"Why, Margaret! How did you find gardens and see queer, small villages. It bear, slay the walrus and seal and I remembered you never liked to see them around. I wanted you should have to Srinagar and Gulmery and Wular burning the last days of the feast. Truly, I reckon it will all be over in all of husbands and wives, the man permost as short time as it takes me to write forms his mate dance before the woand surprise, as though ashamed by the this. I hope all our plans carry and man he has picked out. In pantomime we'll have a nice time, without having with the fruit of the hunt, both food to walk home, for it's a fairish step this and fur. If she is pleased with him jaunt to the mountains—twenty-eight she walks out and dances her accept-

I bought myself such a nice little tin danced before each other they are marhated so to be "petted." How could she The American trunks are a delusion and ness of the former, is called moktuk a snare in this extra-luggage-pay-coun- and is considered a great delicacy. It The two stood there. Then Margaret try; one almost pays their ticket over It's a copy of a Whistler etching that in the "hold-all" that, of course, will be

The whole bungalow is upset as it is from their standpoint; that was all.

She looked down at the old china dog Annual Convention American Civic Asand instead of lasting but a few days it 1,000. will likely take months, and in the meantime we'll sleep under the beds and eat, no doubt, on the floor. Oh, really, not so

bad as that, but pretty nearly. ready to do any amount of work, so as I

There was a nice rain yesterday and ed his head reflectively. Have I ever slept on a spring bed, I wonder. For some time I have been sleepuntil today I begin to think "had I ever Luffmann in his "Quiet Days In Spain," slept on springs." If I keep on I will be and in the leisurely pace of life there self in and that will be all. You see I am preparing to "tramp it" home from on that way.

I can't say whether you will receive letters regularly from me for the next few weeks, as we will be days away from Srinagar, the capital of Cashmir, but I will try to send them each week.

(Continued next week.) Rockaby, Baby.

There are few girls in this country who have not heard the nursery rhyme sung by mother:

Rockaby, baby, in the treetop; When the wind blows, the cradle will rock; When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall, And down will come cradle, baby and all. But how many know the origin of

these lines? Shortly after our forefath- theatricals?" ers landed at Plymouth, Mass., a party were out in the field, where these Indian women, or squaws, as they are called, had papooses—that is, babies—and, hav-ing no cradles, they had tied them up in Indian fashion, hung from the limbs of the surrounding trees. When the wind blew, these cradles would rock. A young man of the party, observing this, peeled off a piece of bark and wrote the above lines. It is believed that this was the first poetry written in America.-Girls'

Time's Changes.

"Before we were married you said you'd lay down your life for me," she sobbed. "I know it," he returned solemnly; "but this confounded flat is so tiny there's no place to lay any- ways dreaming of his past possibilities. Chicago News. thing down."

ESKIMO WHALE DANCE.

Their Life Mates. A very primitive custom of the natives of the Bering and arctic coasts of Siberia, a custom that has come down from generations of savage au-

the other day, I chuckled to myself as I When the sun moves southward at seas the whales come down to open ing, seemingly, in great content, hands water. Then, in celebration of the behind his head and his back support season's catch, the ice dwellers assemwas a pile of small stones ready for fix- ble for the whate dance, which tasts

pile of stones to rest on but I will do all and in the center the dancers, both the loafing that I know about after next male and female, perform the most week. We will leave here early Monday savage of evolutions and motions to the accompaniment of rhythmiess beating of the tomtoms and weird chanting. The dance songs tell of the Tell father to get out his atlas and prowess of the hunters and of the come along; I'll supply dandy fishing history of the tribe. The movements

"Maggie!" There was a little break in hours by rail and nearly two hundred ance and shows how she will look after the igloo. When they have he leads her off to his walrus hide

lodge During the dance they feast on whale. The skin of the baleen whale is about an inch thick and looks like rubber. The solid blubber between it and the true flesh is usually about fouris eaten raw and, although it sounds repulsive to the civilized ear, is most palatable. It has a flavor something like that of chestnuts.-Youth's Com-

Prime Numbers. It might appear at first that every -a little jar or a bowl to hold some flow- in the box. Heigho! Cheating the rail- ber besides itself and one; but many numbers cannot, and if they cannot they are known as prime numbers. Of the time of the year for color-washing than 1,000, there are 169 that are 'Yes, we'll find it now," repeated Mrs. must be done once in two years, so that than 100, twenty-one appear between teen between 500 and 600, sixteen becan only wade in. This color-washing, tween 600 and 700, fourteen between 700 and 800, fifteen between 800 and He crouched beside us. He, too, peer-900 and fourteen between 900 and

His Vacation.

A woman had a negro cleaning the yard for her. His wife had been dead Good morning? I went off to bed and for several years. So his employer seized a favorable moment and proceeded to sound him.

"John," she said, "you're a good, ful and healthful community life and for try next week to tell you of my journey glad to have you. Why don't you get a

wife?" John leaned on his rake and scratch-

"Well, I tell you," he replied. "You know I was married seven years, an' I've got to have a rest."-Indianapolis News.

The Price of a Kid. Cordova is full of fun, says C. Bogue the observer has time to see and appreciate all of it.

In the market one day a small boy with a big apron and a pompous manner was offering half of a small kid to smothered her with: "Woman! Do you want half a bull for a tenpence?"

Is woman more interesting than man, or the reverse? Man varies more. He has more genius in exceptional individuals, and less of genius-like insight in the average person. He completes; woman endures. He builds externally. she at home. He fights; she preserves. Our worthless opinion is that men are more interesting than women, but that woman is more interesting than man .-Harper's Weekly.

Natural Objection. "Why won't that rich old curmudgeon let his young wife act in amateur

"Because the last time she took part everybody raved about the way she acted a merry widow part."-Baltimore American.

Getting In the Picture. "Some have greatness thrust upon them."

"I know. They blunder accidentally into a film."-Kansas City Journal.

A Compromise. Fond Hubby (starting down town)-What will it be, love—flowers or candy? Wifie-We'll compromise, dear. You tan send both .- Judge.

Nothing is possible to him who is al-

THREE TOASTS.

Giant Strides In Fixing the Boundaries

of Our Country. At a dinner party given by Americans residing in Paris some years ago there were proposed sundry toasts concerning not so much the past and present as the expected glories of the great American nation. In the general character of these toasts geographical considerations were very prominent, and the principal fact which seemed to occupy the minds of the speakers was the unprecedented bigness of our country.

"Here's to the United States." said the first speaker, "bounded on the north by British America, on the south by the gulf of Mexico, on the east by the Atlantic and on the west

by the Pacific ocean." "But," said the second speaker, "this is far too limited a view of the subiect. In assigning our boundaries we must look to the great and glorious future, which is prescribed for us by the manifest destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race. Here's to the United States. bounded on the north by the north pole, on the south by the south pole, on the east by the rising sun and on

the west by the setting sun." Here the third speaker arose, a very serious gentleman from the far west. "If we are going," said this truly patriotic American, "to leave the history past and present and take our manifest destiny into account, why restrict ourselves within the narrow limits assigned by our fellow countryman who has just sat down? I give you the United States, bounded on the north by the aurora borealis, on the south by the procession of the equinoxes, on the east by primeval chaos and on the west by the day of judgment."-Philadelphia Press.

WORKED HIS WEAK POINTS.

Mr. Ape Had No Memory, but Lots of

Curiosity and Cowardice. "Curiosity and cowardice," said the one legged veteran, "are the chief characteristics of all monkeys and of most men. ! worked in a zoo after the war. I was the keeper of the monkev house. My biggest charge was an ape the size of a twelve-year-old boy. and it was through his curiosity and

cowardice that I used to manage him. "We exercised this ape in the big room every day, but when we wanted him to go back to his cage he'd climb up to the roof of the big room, and even with food you couldn't tempt bim

down. "So I would go to Jack Lover and take him gently by the arm and direct his attention in a quiet, mysterious manner to the dark passage under the

"Lover and I every day tiptoed to the pipes. We pretended to point out

ter of small, active feet. The ape's curiosity had got the better of him.

ed into the dark passage fearfully. "Then suddenly Lover would shout: 'Look out! He's coming out! He's coming out!' And we'd scamper away in the direction of the ape's house. But the ape would be ahead of us. He'd rush into his house in a perfect whirlwind of excitement and terror. Then-click! We'd snap the door to

on him, and he'd look very foolish. "Every day we fooled the ape in this way. He was long, you see, on curiosity and cowardice, but very short on memory."-Chicago Herald.

How Hadley Proposed. The way President Arthur Twining Hadley, according to a Yale legend, asked his prospective father-in-law for permission to marry his daughter was characteristic. At the time this gentleman, Luzon B. Morris, occupied an anomalous political position. He had recently been elected governor of Connecticut, but his claim was disputed, and the state was in a political turmoil.

"Mr. Morris," was the way Mr. Hadley approached the subject of his call. 'I hope that I-at least-may be permitted to-to call you-governor."-World's Work.

Speed of the Street Song. One of the curious things about the popular song is the rapidity of its dissemination among the street children. Few of them can hear it at first hand at the music halls, yet long before the latest catchy tune has found its way to the barrel organs or Sunday newspaper you will hear it rendered with amazing accuracy by tiny boys and girls. It seems to travel like rumor through an East Indian bazar.-London Standard.

His Kick. "Why don't you go to the doctor with

that cold?" "Can't afford it." "You buy a pair of shoes when you

"Yes, and that ends the transaction.

The doctor keeps telling me to come

again."-Louisville Courier-Journal. Her Coaxing Way.

She-Oh, sweet hubby, be so good as to make me a present of 100 marks. He-Well, if you need them you may have them. She-Oh, how nice! Now you need to give me only 300 marks more for my tailor's bill!-Fliegende Blatter.

Flower and Weed Test. How to tell the flowers from the weeds: Pull them up by the roots. If they are flowers that will be the last of 'em; if weeds, only the beginning.-