

TWO IN A TOWN

By A. H. Lee

Copyright, 1921, by T. C. McChes

"But you are ill, a stranger in a strange land, and in all this bright city I can find no one able to read English intelligibly whose time is not already filled. So if you will accept my services in the spirit in which I offer them I will go to you for an hour or two each day until you can use your eyes again. During the past year I have been through an experience much like yours, and I know just what it all means: the impatience and discouragement over the enforced idleness, the brain that refuses to be coaxed and that grim specter of nihilistic work."

"You sweet saint!" he broke in. "You'd a man resist such an offer, even though he knew as I do, that he has absolutely no right to make such demands upon your time? You are acting from the purest selfishness, and I can't begin to thank you enough."

"As to his being unselfish, I am not at all sure about that," she answered. "I wish to lay up sugar plums of thought for my old age."

She looked up at the big fellow striding along at her side and wondered what her motive really was.

"Why do you continue laughing, when a woman shows off her strength against so much more strongly to a woman's sympathies than a pygmy in the stadium?"

He lay her at her door and stroked the top of her head in the direction of his hat. At first he had not liked her very well, but now he began to think it the sort of place which grew upon him. He had certainly liked it much better during the past week.

Stretched out on a couch, his glance straying from the pipe smoke cutting above his head to the book in his hand, he was reading aloud, he felt at peace, outside the snow was felt



HE FELT AT PEACE, OUTSIDE THE SNOW WAS FELT

down and fast muffling the noise of the street, so that even the bells of the electric trolley came up to them faint and sweet as of a bell buoy across the water. With a sigh of contentment, he put down his pipe and closed his eyes that he might listen the better to the voice, every modulation of which had grown so familiar to him in the past two months. Each afternoon she had come and sat in that same position by the window, reading steadily until the clock struck five, when with a bright "Time up!" she had put on her things and gone.

At first when his head troubled him he had suggested that they talk, and she had replied, "I did not come here for that, and if you had but strong enough for therapeutics today I shall say."

"Independent little thing," he thought. "I wonder if she could look tender enough over that dachshund downstairs?"

Looking up and seeing his eyes closed, she had fancied he had fallen asleep. As she turned to watch the feathery flakes striking silently against the window pane she thought: "You do not need me, and now I must go away. Though I know you are not to you than a nurse, I would do it all again—yes, and a thousand times more."

Here his voice startled her. "What are you thinking of that brings that tragic look into your face?"

"Am I looking tragic?" she replied after a slight pause. "It must be because I have known some huge fringes in the course of my life, but never quite so colossal as you are."

"It's quite true that I have more inches than are required by the ordinary regulations."

"I was not referring to inches—unless you measure deceit and hypocrisy by them. I said I would come and read to you until you were able to use your eyes again. As I came this afternoon I saw you reading, but I enter and find the same old invalid reclining in a fond of tobacco smoke. Samson, whom you have to say for yourself?"

"Nothing, Della. Those clear eyes of yours have deprived me of my strength—to lie. But if I had told you that I could use my eyes it would have been equivalent to saying that I did not want your services any longer, and this would be a lie compared with which the one of which you have just accused me is white as the driven snow."

"I was not always at saying the pretty thing. I believe that you have not only kissed the blarney woman, but carried a piece of it around in your pocket. I am glad that you no longer need me. Vienna is not giving me the thing I did in my work in a day or so I can go to it to help France."

He rose from the couch and strode toward her. He was only primitive man, with no thought of loss and possession, and he caught her up in his arms, kissing her again and again.

"Let me go," she panted in anger. "And you would have me with no more feeling than this? That I did I am made of stone? Don't you know how I love you?"

THE PERFECT MAN

By Zoe Anderson Norris

Copyright, 1921, by Zoe Anderson Norris

"What's the world come to?" he asked, looking at the wall, rabin's his hand on the tip of the other eight times in succession, according to instructions printed large and stuck on the wall, a clasp of the wall feet and grasping a bar with hands about sixteen inches apart, according to instructions, slowly bringing the bar's near's possible to the floor, bending the body to the hips and tension all the muscles when he riz again to a standing position and flung that there side into the air.

"How was that?" she questioned further. "I've heard say as how physical culture was going to be the 'renovator' of the world, Susan. Surely it couldn't 'a' bin that what made him commit matrimony, could it?"

"That," stammered Mrs. Simpson, "and nothing else."

There was a second pause, during which Liza endeavored to the best of her ability to digest the substance of this theory.

In the meantime, taking a stooping from the basket at her feet, Mrs. Simpson had thrust a ball into it, grasped it firmly at the heel and commenced to tread.

"You see, it was like this," she began by and by. "Jonathan, he found a magazine one day or somebody gave it to him—things like that spread the same as snailpox; you never know just how and that magazine was all about this here physical culture and how people is going to be 'renovated' and read it till he'd read it through. Then he looked at the sort of vacant-like, and from the 'expression of his eyes I knew something unusual was going to happen. He hardly took time to finish the last page when off he slips to his room, and I following him stealthily, peeps in and spies him sprawled on the floor trying to raise himself on his hands and toes and let him self down again. I starts back sprit."

"What's in a name?" Nothing is so unalterable as the character that accompanies a Christian name. Deductions from Christian names are absolutely safe.

Names ending in 'w' always denote a selfishness. Names ending in 'g' are to be avoided; their owners are treacherous. Beware of names beginning in 'p.' No woman over seven feet high was ever called Birdie. Women named George write novels. A baby named Jubee Elijah Abasuerus if always called by his full name and never by a name. If called Beethoven is sure to indulge in moonlight sonatas.

Literary men who study these things will bear out what I say. Ask them if they ever knew an Andrew who was not bookish, an Anthony who was not witty, a Marie who was vain? Ask a Ruydard and you will see omnicience. Conan is interesting in crime. Aigernon composes ballads before breakfast. Theodore is critical.

Nicknames are equally consistent in their connotations. A boy called "Trotters" has large feet. No boy with a snail nose was ever called "Hawkeye." Have you ever seen a brunette as "Ginger"? Boys and girls who are called "Carrots" have red hair always—Punch.

A Remarkable Eskimo Custom. To the student in ethnology the Eskimos afford unusual interest, especially those of the coast of Greenland. Comparatively speaking, modern settlers in that frigid region, they have many of the characteristics of the people of the stone age; yet their build and facial outlines indicate Mongolian origin. They have many customs of peculiar interest, not the least among which is a remarkable reluctance to pronounce their own name before a stranger.

If a white man meets a family and asks the head thereof his name his wife will promptly answer for him, or vice versa. If a child be asked its name both parents, if they are present, will reply, while the little one will stand dumb.

If but one Eskimo is about and the same question be put to him he will look about in a distressed way, as though seeking some one to give the desired information, and endeavor to evade the query until a member of the tribe comes up to answer it for him.

If a white man meets a family and asks the head thereof his name his wife will promptly answer for him, or vice versa. If a child be asked its name both parents, if they are present, will reply, while the little one will stand dumb.

"In the school where I taught the boys quickly hit upon 'Pop' as the correct name for their principal because they soon learned that he resorted to nothing more than a fatherly side talk as a punishment for school lawbreakers. The first assistant, however, impressed them in quite a different manner, for he was known in their private councils as 'Fery Spike,' the first part of the name reflecting the possession of much temper, the last part a long, lean body. 'Busty Harry' was a name which brought to the youngsters' visions of a young man teacher whose hair was the color of oxidized iron and who was a terror to boys with a tarnished memory. Each teacher had an extra label, and each one of the labels fitted remarkably well."—New York Times.

All Wear Costly Haircuts. No man who eats in a restaurant ever pays less than \$75 for a suit or an overcoat, and no woman who eats in a public place ever wears a waist costing less than \$25, and frequently the cost is much more, at least so says the proprietor of a fashionable New York restaurant. He, like all restaurant owners, occasionally receives complaints from people who have lost an overcoat or mislaid one and who have had garments positively ruined by a careless waiter spilling soup or other things over them. He usually has a sleeve, and he says that the above figures are the lowest quotations he ever heard of.

English Injustice. An Australian tourist traveling in the west of Ireland asked an old woman how far it was to the nearest town. She badly looked at him, then smiled and said:

"It was five miles two years ago, but some English brutes came over with chains and made it seven, and our hearts are broke walking it ever since, bad luck to them!"

And she disappeared into the house leaving him there.—Illustrated Bits.

"If he only wouldn't look so wretched

THE PERFECT MAN

By Zoe Anderson Norris

Copyright, 1921, by Zoe Anderson Norris

"What's the world come to?" he asked, looking at the wall, rabin's his hand on the tip of the other eight times in succession, according to instructions printed large and stuck on the wall, a clasp of the wall feet and grasping a bar with hands about sixteen inches apart, according to instructions, slowly bringing the bar's near's possible to the floor, bending the body to the hips and tension all the muscles when he riz again to a standing position and flung that there side into the air.

"How was that?" she questioned further. "I've heard say as how physical culture was going to be the 'renovator' of the world, Susan. Surely it couldn't 'a' bin that what made him commit matrimony, could it?"

"That," stammered Mrs. Simpson, "and nothing else."

There was a second pause, during which Liza endeavored to the best of her ability to digest the substance of this theory.

In the meantime, taking a stooping from the basket at her feet, Mrs. Simpson had thrust a ball into it, grasped it firmly at the heel and commenced to tread.

"You see, it was like this," she began by and by. "Jonathan, he found a magazine one day or somebody gave it to him—things like that spread the same as snailpox; you never know just how and that magazine was all about this here physical culture and how people is going to be 'renovated' and read it till he'd read it through. Then he looked at the sort of vacant-like, and from the 'expression of his eyes I knew something unusual was going to happen. He hardly took time to finish the last page when off he slips to his room, and I following him stealthily, peeps in and spies him sprawled on the floor trying to raise himself on his hands and toes and let him self down again. I starts back sprit."

"What's in a name?" Nothing is so unalterable as the character that accompanies a Christian name. Deductions from Christian names are absolutely safe.

Names ending in 'w' always denote a selfishness. Names ending in 'g' are to be avoided; their owners are treacherous. Beware of names beginning in 'p.' No woman over seven feet high was ever called Birdie. Women named George write novels. A baby named Jubee Elijah Abasuerus if always called by his full name and never by a name. If called Beethoven is sure to indulge in moonlight sonatas.

Literary men who study these things will bear out what I say. Ask them if they ever knew an Andrew who was not bookish, an Anthony who was not witty, a Marie who was vain? Ask a Ruydard and you will see omnicience. Conan is interesting in crime. Aigernon composes ballads before breakfast. Theodore is critical.

Nicknames are equally consistent in their connotations. A boy called "Trotters" has large feet. No boy with a snail nose was ever called "Hawkeye." Have you ever seen a brunette as "Ginger"? Boys and girls who are called "Carrots" have red hair always—Punch.

A Remarkable Eskimo Custom. To the student in ethnology the Eskimos afford unusual interest, especially those of the coast of Greenland. Comparatively speaking, modern settlers in that frigid region, they have many of the characteristics of the people of the stone age; yet their build and facial outlines indicate Mongolian origin. They have many customs of peculiar interest, not the least among which is a remarkable reluctance to pronounce their own name before a stranger.

If a white man meets a family and asks the head thereof his name his wife will promptly answer for him, or vice versa. If a child be asked its name both parents, if they are present, will reply, while the little one will stand dumb.

If but one Eskimo is about and the same question be put to him he will look about in a distressed way, as though seeking some one to give the desired information, and endeavor to evade the query until a member of the tribe comes up to answer it for him.

If a white man meets a family and asks the head thereof his name his wife will promptly answer for him, or vice versa. If a child be asked its name both parents, if they are present, will reply, while the little one will stand dumb.

"In the school where I taught the boys quickly hit upon 'Pop' as the correct name for their principal because they soon learned that he resorted to nothing more than a fatherly side talk as a punishment for school lawbreakers. The first assistant, however, impressed them in quite a different manner, for he was known in their private councils as 'Fery Spike,' the first part of the name reflecting the possession of much temper, the last part a long, lean body. 'Busty Harry' was a name which brought to the youngsters' visions of a young man teacher whose hair was the color of oxidized iron and who was a terror to boys with a tarnished memory. Each teacher had an extra label, and each one of the labels fitted remarkably well."—New York Times.

All Wear Costly Haircuts. No man who eats in a restaurant ever pays less than \$75 for a suit or an overcoat, and no woman who eats in a public place ever wears a waist costing less than \$25, and frequently the cost is much more, at least so says the proprietor of a fashionable New York restaurant. He, like all restaurant owners, occasionally receives complaints from people who have lost an overcoat or mislaid one and who have had garments positively ruined by a careless waiter spilling soup or other things over them. He usually has a sleeve, and he says that the above figures are the lowest quotations he ever heard of.

English Injustice. An Australian tourist traveling in the west of Ireland asked an old woman how far it was to the nearest town. She badly looked at him, then smiled and said:

"It was five miles two years ago, but some English brutes came over with chains and made it seven, and our hearts are broke walking it ever since, bad luck to them!"

And she disappeared into the house leaving him there.—Illustrated Bits.

"If he only wouldn't look so wretched

THE PERFECT MAN

By Zoe Anderson Norris

Copyright, 1921, by Zoe Anderson Norris

"What's the world come to?" he asked, looking at the wall, rabin's his hand on the tip of the other eight times in succession, according to instructions printed large and stuck on the wall, a clasp of the wall feet and grasping a bar with hands about sixteen inches apart, according to instructions, slowly bringing the bar's near's possible to the floor, bending the body to the hips and tension all the muscles when he riz again to a standing position and flung that there side into the air.

"How was that?" she questioned further. "I've heard say as how physical culture was going to be the 'renovator' of the world, Susan. Surely it couldn't 'a' bin that what made him commit matrimony, could it?"

"That," stammered Mrs. Simpson, "and nothing else."

There was a second pause, during which Liza endeavored to the best of her ability to digest the substance of this theory.

In the meantime, taking a stooping from the basket at her feet, Mrs. Simpson had thrust a ball into it, grasped it firmly at the heel and commenced to tread.

"You see, it was like this," she began by and by. "Jonathan, he found a magazine one day or somebody gave it to him—things like that spread the same as snailpox; you never know just how and that magazine was all about this here physical culture and how people is going to be 'renovated' and read it till he'd read it through. Then he looked at the sort of vacant-like, and from the 'expression of his eyes I knew something unusual was going to happen. He hardly took time to finish the last page when off he slips to his room, and I following him stealthily, peeps in and spies him sprawled on the floor trying to raise himself on his hands and toes and let him self down again. I starts back sprit."

"What's in a name?" Nothing is so unalterable as the character that accompanies a Christian name. Deductions from Christian names are absolutely safe.

Names ending in 'w' always denote a selfishness. Names ending in 'g' are to be avoided; their owners are treacherous. Beware of names beginning in 'p.' No woman over seven feet high was ever called Birdie. Women named George write novels. A baby named Jubee Elijah Abasuerus if always called by his full name and never by a name. If called Beethoven is sure to indulge in moonlight sonatas.

Literary men who study these things will bear out what I say. Ask them if they ever knew an Andrew who was not bookish, an Anthony who was not witty, a Marie who was vain? Ask a Ruydard and you will see omnicience. Conan is interesting in crime. Aigernon composes ballads before breakfast. Theodore is critical.

Nicknames are equally consistent in their connotations. A boy called "Trotters" has large feet. No boy with a snail nose was ever called "Hawkeye." Have you ever seen a brunette as "Ginger"? Boys and girls who are called "Carrots" have red hair always—Punch.

A Remarkable Eskimo Custom. To the student in ethnology the Eskimos afford unusual interest, especially those of the coast of Greenland. Comparatively speaking, modern settlers in that frigid region, they have many of the characteristics of the people of the stone age; yet their build and facial outlines indicate Mongolian origin. They have many customs of peculiar interest, not the least among which is a remarkable reluctance to pronounce their own name before a stranger.

If a white man meets a family and asks the head thereof his name his wife will promptly answer for him, or vice versa. If a child be asked its name both parents, if they are present, will reply, while the little one will stand dumb.

If but one Eskimo is about and the same question be put to him he will look about in a distressed way, as though seeking some one to give the desired information, and endeavor to evade the query until a member of the tribe comes up to answer it for him.

If a white man meets a family and asks the head thereof his name his wife will promptly answer for him, or vice versa. If a child be asked its name both parents, if they are present, will reply, while the little one will stand dumb.

"In the school where I taught the boys quickly hit upon 'Pop' as the correct name for their principal because they soon learned that he resorted to nothing more than a fatherly side talk as a punishment for school lawbreakers. The first assistant, however, impressed them in quite a different manner, for he was known in their private councils as 'Fery Spike,' the first part of the name reflecting the possession of much temper, the last part a long, lean body. 'Busty Harry' was a name which brought to the youngsters' visions of a young man teacher whose hair was the color of oxidized iron and who was a terror to boys with a tarnished memory. Each teacher had an extra label, and each one of the labels fitted remarkably well."—New York Times.

All Wear Costly Haircuts. No man who eats in a restaurant ever pays less than \$75 for a suit or an overcoat, and no woman who eats in a public place ever wears a waist costing less than \$25, and frequently the cost is much more, at least so says the proprietor of a fashionable New York restaurant. He, like all restaurant owners, occasionally receives complaints from people who have lost an overcoat or mislaid one and who have had garments positively ruined by a careless waiter spilling soup or other things over them. He usually has a sleeve, and he says that the above figures are the lowest quotations he ever heard of.

English Injustice. An Australian tourist traveling in the west of Ireland asked an old woman how far it was to the nearest town. She badly looked at him, then smiled and said:

"It was five miles two years ago, but some English brutes came over with chains and made it seven, and our hearts are broke walking it ever since, bad luck to them!"

And she disappeared into the house leaving him there.—Illustrated Bits.

"If he only wouldn't look so wretched

THE PERFECT MAN

By Zoe Anderson Norris

Copyright, 1921, by Zoe Anderson Norris

"What's the world come to?" he asked, looking at the wall, rabin's his hand on the tip of the other eight times in succession, according to instructions printed large and stuck on the wall, a clasp of the wall feet and grasping a bar with hands about sixteen inches apart, according to instructions, slowly bringing the bar's near's possible to the floor, bending the body to the hips and tension all the muscles when he riz again to a standing position and flung that there side into the air.

"How was that?" she questioned further. "I've heard say as how physical culture was going to be the 'renovator' of the world, Susan. Surely it couldn't 'a' bin that what made him commit matrimony, could it?"

"That," stammered Mrs. Simpson, "and nothing else."

There was a second pause, during which Liza endeavored to the best of her ability to digest the substance of this theory.

In the meantime, taking a stooping from the basket at her feet, Mrs. Simpson had thrust a ball into it, grasped it firmly at the heel and commenced to tread.

"You see, it was like this," she began by and by. "Jonathan, he found a magazine one day or somebody gave it to him—things like that spread the same as snailpox; you never know just how and that magazine was all about this here physical culture and how people is going to be 'renovated' and read it till he'd read it through. Then he looked at the sort of vacant-like, and from the 'expression of his eyes I knew something unusual was going to happen. He hardly took time to finish the last page when off he slips to his room, and I following him stealthily, peeps in and spies him sprawled on the floor trying to raise himself on his hands and toes and let him self down again. I starts back sprit."

"What's in a name?" Nothing is so unalterable as the character that accompanies a Christian name. Deductions from Christian names are absolutely safe.

Names ending in 'w' always denote a selfishness. Names ending in 'g' are to be avoided; their owners are treacherous. Beware of names beginning in 'p.' No woman over seven feet high was ever called Birdie. Women named George write novels. A baby named Jubee Elijah Abasuerus if always called by his full name and never by a name. If called Beethoven is sure to indulge in moonlight sonatas.

Literary men who study these things will bear out what I say. Ask them if they ever knew an Andrew who was not bookish, an Anthony who was not witty, a Marie who was vain? Ask a Ruydard and you will see omnicience. Conan is interesting in crime. Aigernon composes ballads before breakfast. Theodore is critical.

Nicknames are equally consistent in their connotations. A boy called "Trotters" has large feet. No boy with a snail nose was ever called "Hawkeye." Have you ever seen a brunette as "Ginger"? Boys and girls who are called "Carrots" have red hair always—Punch.

A Remarkable Eskimo Custom. To the student in ethnology the Eskimos afford unusual interest, especially those of the coast of Greenland. Comparatively speaking, modern settlers in that frigid region, they have many of the characteristics of the people of the stone age; yet their build and facial outlines indicate Mongolian origin. They have many customs of peculiar interest, not the least among which is a remarkable reluctance to pronounce their own name before a stranger.

If a white man meets a family and asks the head thereof his name his wife will promptly answer for him, or vice versa. If a child be asked its name both parents, if they are present, will reply, while the little one will stand dumb.

If but one Eskimo is about and the same question be put to him he will look about in a distressed way, as though seeking some one to give the desired information, and endeavor to evade the query until a member of the tribe comes up to answer it for him.

If a white man meets a family and asks the head thereof his name his wife will promptly answer for him, or vice versa. If a child be asked its name both parents, if they are present, will reply, while the little one will stand dumb.

"In the school where I taught the boys quickly hit upon 'Pop' as the correct name for their principal because they soon learned that he resorted to nothing more than a fatherly side talk as a punishment for school lawbreakers. The first assistant, however, impressed them in quite a different manner, for he was known in their private councils as 'Fery Spike,' the first part of the name reflecting the possession of much temper, the last part a long, lean body. 'Busty Harry' was a name which brought to the youngsters' visions of a young man teacher whose hair was the color of oxidized iron and who was a terror to boys with a tarnished memory. Each teacher had an extra label, and each one of the labels fitted remarkably well."—New York Times.

All Wear Costly Haircuts. No man who eats in a restaurant ever pays less than \$75 for a suit or an overcoat, and no woman who eats in a public place ever wears a waist costing less than \$25, and frequently the cost is much more, at least so says the proprietor of a fashionable New York restaurant. He, like all restaurant owners, occasionally receives complaints from people who have lost an overcoat or mislaid one and who have had garments positively ruined by a careless waiter spilling soup or other things over them. He usually has a sleeve, and he says that the above figures are the lowest quotations he ever heard of.

English Injustice. An Australian tourist traveling in the west of Ireland asked an old woman how far it was to the nearest town. She badly looked at him, then smiled and said:

"It was five miles two years ago, but some English brutes came over with chains and made it seven, and our hearts are broke walking it ever since, bad luck to them!"

And she disappeared into the house leaving him there.—Illustrated Bits.

"If he only wouldn't look so wretched

THE PERFECT MAN

By Zoe Anderson Norris

Copyright, 1921, by Zoe Anderson Norris

"What's the world come to?" he asked, looking at the wall, rabin's his hand on the tip of the other eight times in succession, according to instructions printed large and stuck on the wall, a clasp of the wall feet and grasping a bar with hands about sixteen inches apart, according to instructions, slowly bringing the bar's near's possible to the floor, bending the body to the hips and tension all the muscles when he riz again to a standing position and flung that there side into the air.

"How was that?" she questioned further. "I've heard say as how physical culture was going to be the 'renovator' of the world, Susan. Surely it couldn't 'a' bin that what made him commit matrimony, could it?"

"That," stammered Mrs. Simpson, "and nothing else."

There was a second pause, during which Liza endeavored to the best of her ability to digest the substance of this theory.

In the meantime, taking a stooping from the basket at her feet, Mrs. Simpson had thrust a ball into it, grasped it firmly at the heel and commenced to tread.

"You see, it was like this," she began by and by. "Jonathan, he found a magazine one day or somebody gave it to him—things like that spread the same as snailpox; you never know just how and that magazine was all about this here physical culture and how people is going to be 'renovated' and read it till he'd read it through. Then he looked at the sort of vacant-like, and from the 'expression of his eyes I knew something unusual was going to happen. He hardly took time to finish the last page when off he slips to his room, and I following him stealthily, peeps in and spies him sprawled on the floor trying to raise himself on his hands and toes and let him self down again. I starts back sprit."

"What's in a name?" Nothing is so unalterable as the character that accompanies a Christian name. Deductions from Christian names are absolutely safe.

Names ending in 'w' always denote a selfishness. Names ending in 'g' are to be avoided; their owners are treacherous. Beware of names beginning in 'p.' No woman over seven feet high was ever called Birdie. Women named George write novels. A baby named Jubee Elijah Abasuerus if always called by his full name and never by a name. If called Beethoven is sure to indulge in moonlight sonatas.

Literary men who study these things will bear out what I say. Ask them if they ever knew an Andrew who was not bookish, an Anthony who was not witty, a Marie who was vain? Ask a Ruydard and you will see omnicience. Conan is interesting in crime. Aigernon composes ballads before breakfast. Theodore is critical.

Nicknames are equally consistent in their connotations. A boy called "Trotters" has large feet. No boy with a snail nose was ever called "Hawkeye." Have you ever seen a brunette as "Ginger"? Boys and girls who are called "Carrots" have red hair always—Punch.

A Remarkable Eskimo Custom. To the student in ethnology the Eskimos afford unusual interest, especially those of the coast of Greenland. Comparatively speaking, modern settlers in that frigid region, they have many of the characteristics of the people of the stone age; yet their build and facial outlines indicate Mongolian origin. They have many customs of peculiar interest, not the least among which is a remarkable reluctance to pronounce their own name before a stranger.

If a white man meets a family and asks the head thereof his name his wife will promptly answer for him, or vice versa. If a child be asked its name both parents, if they are present, will reply, while the little one will stand dumb.

If but one Eskimo is about and the same question be put to him he will look about in a distressed way, as though seeking some one to give the desired information, and endeavor to evade the query until a member of the tribe comes up to answer it for him.

If a white man meets a family and asks the head thereof his name his wife will promptly answer for him, or vice versa. If a child be asked its name both parents, if they are present, will reply, while the little one will stand dumb.

"In the school where I taught the boys quickly hit upon 'Pop' as the correct name for their principal because they soon learned that he resorted to nothing more than a fatherly side talk as a punishment for school lawbreakers. The first assistant, however, impressed them in quite a different manner, for he was known in their private councils as 'Fery Spike,' the first part of the name reflecting the possession of much temper, the last part a long, lean body. 'Busty Harry' was a name which brought to the youngsters' visions of a young man teacher whose hair was the color of oxidized iron and who was a terror to boys with a tarnished memory. Each teacher had an extra label, and each one of the labels fitted remarkably well."—New York Times.

All Wear Costly Haircuts. No man who eats in a restaurant ever pays less than \$75 for a suit or an overcoat, and no woman who eats in a public place ever wears a waist costing less than \$25, and frequently the cost is much more, at least so says the proprietor of a fashionable New York restaurant. He, like all restaurant owners, occasionally receives complaints from people who have lost an overcoat or mislaid one and who have had garments positively ruined by a careless waiter spilling soup or other things over them. He usually has a sleeve, and he says that the above figures are the lowest quotations he ever heard of.

English Injustice. An Australian tourist traveling in the west of Ireland asked an old woman how far it was to the nearest town. She badly looked at him, then smiled and said: