

TRAUMEREI.

Out of the ashen day that's done—
(O violin, wail for visions fled—)
Out of the shadow that was sun,

Mattie Hunter's Confession.

By R. R. ENGLE.

Mattie had a fiery temper, but that was her worst fault.
When she married Marsh Hunter, people opened their eyes in wonder, and said:
'She'll make his life a warm business for him.'

"Don't ask me, mother," sobbed the wretched little woman.
"You haven't left home?"
"Yet, mother, forever!"

The Slaughter of Railroad Employees

By Frederick Upham Adams.

THE appalling slaughter of railway employees due to the retention of the old-fashioned freight car couplers so aroused public sentiment, years ago, that congress was forced into passing a law, making obligatory the use of automatic devices.

Respect to Parents

By Beatrice Fairfax.

LACK of respect toward their elders is a deplorable characteristic of the young people of this country.
Girls speak to their parents in a manner which both they and the parents should be heartily ashamed of.

Causes of Unhappiness

By H. B. La Rue.

MAN is a creature of his senses; woman of her ideals. And that is the main reason that woman can never understand why men do not and cannot love as women do.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Custom is the arch foe of progress. Self-conceit deceives no one but yourself.
Returned wanderers may make the best guides. Adversity tries faith; prosperity tries fidelity.

THE PRINTED BOOK.

Its History Traced Down to the Present Day.
"The Evolution of the Printed Book from the Ancient Manuscript to the Present Day" was the subject of an interesting lecture delivered recently by William D. Orcutt, of the University Press, in Wesleyan hall, before the members of the Society of Designers and Engravers.

LESSLESSNESS.

Now that they have got horseless rigs From here to Kalamazoo, An' telegraph that's wireless, An' smokeless powder, too,

JUST FOR FUN



Poet—I can't get a bit of fire in my lines today. Friend—Here's a match.
Chicago Record-Herald.
"O! was at a wake last night." "Was Kelly there?" "Who! Kelly, was the life av th' wake; he was the corpse."
—Puck.