

THE COUNTRY COUSIN.

My cousin Alfred Williams, he Ain't had advantages like me—

"What's your name? Puddin' fame? Where you goin'?"

An' one is where you hafta say: "I saw a woolly worm today."

My cousin Alfred Williams, he is all the time a-catchin' me

With jokes I never heard at all, But papa says he can reach me

For papa, one time, when he grew To be a boy was country, too!

But Cousin Alfred's jokes is smart—I'm goin' to learn them all by heart;

An' best of all the lot o' his is what I say that this one is:

"Where've you been? In my skin, I'll jump out An' you jump in!"

—Wilbur Nesbit, in Harper's Magazine.

Miss Jessie Day from New York.

To begin with, Jim Dutton was the most popular and capable boy in Borden Academy last Fall, and it was this very fact that made his fall from favor seem all the greater.

"Fellers," he cried triumphantly, "I have it! Do you want to know what's the matter with Jim Dutton?"

"You bet!" was the instant chorus. "Dick made himself the centre of an interested group and proceeded to divulge his secret."

"Well," said he, "Jim is calling three nights a week on my cousin Estelle, and writing silly poems to her the other four. I went over to see Estelle to-day, and she let it all out."

"Jingo!" cried Harry Todd, "To think of Jim Dutton being so silly. Hope he gets over it, though, because if he doesn't we lose our game."

"Get over it!" said Dick, fairly purple with excitement, "I guess not. Why, Estelle said that her friend Miss Day, was coming from New York next week, and that she was going to ask Jim to meet her. Of course, he will be so excited that we couldn't hire him to even think of football!"

There was a pause after this piece of news, and then Dicky continued: "Boys," he said, "I have a scheme. I think it's up to us to play some trick on Jim after the mean way he's treated us and see what you think of this: To begin with, we'll have to let Estelle into the secret; but for a girl she's a pretty good one, and maybe she'll help us. If she won't, why, we are no worse off than before. Now, Miss Day is expected next week, and we must get Estelle to write and ask Jim over to see her." And then there was a long consultation in low tones.

The boys received the idea with wild enthusiasm, and Dick was appointed a committee of one to call on Estelle and see if he could persuade her to side with them. He was gone an hour, and then came back radiant, success written all over his beaming face.

"Fellers," he cried, "Estelle's a peach. She's going to write to Jim this very night."

The next morning on his way down the hall Dick passed Jim's half-open door. Jim looked very important. "Say," he said, "I just got a letter from your cousin, asking me to come see her friend, Jessie Day. I'm going Wednesday."

"It seems to me you waste a lot of time on the girls," said Dick carelessly as he sauntered off, whistling.

Wednesday evening came at last and the moment dinner was over the boys stole over to Estelle's house. "Miss Day" was resplendent in a pale blue dress and high-heeled slippers. She had light curly hair with a coquettish bow on the side, and I regret to say, her cheeks looked as if they had been touched up with rouge.

The boys hid in a little room off the parlor, fully prepared to enjoy the evening's entertainment. In the meantime, poor unsuspecting Jim was struggling with his toilet, wishing to make as deep an impression as possible upon "Miss Day from New York." He brushed his hair about fifty times, tied his necktie, and spent at least half an hour polishing his shoes. "I think I'll do," said Jim to himself, with a farewell glance at the glass. Five minutes later Estelle greeted him cordially, and "Jessie" followed her into the parlor. "Gee, she's a

pretty girl," said Jim to himself, after bounding up with his best bow. "So glad to meet you," said Miss Day in such a sweet voice. "Estelle has told me very often about your school, and I think it must be simply fine."

Just at that moment Estelle was seized with a violent fit of coughing, and left the room for a glass of water. She failed to return, and after waiting expectantly for a minute or two, Jessie Day and Jim sat down. Jessie talked of football, and asked so many questions that Jim before he knew it felt all of his old interest return, and soon was describing the game with wild enthusiasm.

Then Jessie told a story of a man she once heard about, who deserted his team at a critical moment, and they lost the game in consequence.

"My, what a dishonorable trick," cried Jim, and then for some unaccountable reason he stopped, blushed furiously and tried to turn the conversation.

But Miss Day stuck to it persistently and finally asked him when he was going to play again.

"Oh, I believe they play Oakville three weeks from Saturday," said Jim carelessly.

"They," said Jessie, "why don't you say we?"

"Well, to tell the truth," stammered Jim confusedly, "I hardly think I shall play."

"Oh, I am so disappointed," cried Jessie, "for I shall be here for that game, and I would love to feel I had a friend on the team! Now please don't back out."

Jim, bound to be polite, whatever the consequences, exclaimed: "Well, if you are going to be here, I certainly will play."

"Now, promise," said Jessie. "I promise," answered Jim.

At those words, a lightning change took place in Miss Day. With a dexterous hand she twitched off her yellow wig; another jerk and the blue dress lay in a heap on the floor; and there stood Billy Dixon, his rouged cheeks shaking with laughter.

The folding doors rolled back, and a pack of boys burst in, crying, "You've promised to play, you've promised to play, and Jim Dutton was never known to break his word yet."

At first Jim was wild with anger, called them cheats and traitors, and said he'd never play another game of football as long as he lived. Then the funny side struck him, and he laughed till the tears run down his cheeks.

"B 'Boys!" he cried, "I have been an idiot, but I'll play that game now, if I have to work twenty-three hours out of twenty-four to do it. 'Miss Daisy' has opened my eyes. Here where is she? Let's give her three cheers." The boys cheered until Estelle came rushing down to see what was the matter, and then they insisted on giving them all over again for her.

Needless to say, the game was played and won by Jim's team, and the best part of it was that the real Miss Jessie Day, who finally did come from New York, and was a very nice girl indeed, was the very first to cheer the football captain.—Washington Star.

JAPS PIRATE TRADE MARK. None of Our Protective Labels Safe From These Oriental Imitators. The Japanese government is now fully alive to the urgent necessity of remedying the abuses which at present flourish in connection with the piracy and speculative registration of patents and trade marks, and conventions between Japan and the United States and Japan and Great Britain covering patents and trade marks are to be signed shortly.

It is the custom of Japanese merchants, for instance, to place on the market a brand of home made whiskey in bottles bearing a label almost exactly similar to those used by well-known foreign distilling firms. The Japanese label will differ from the foreign label in some inconsequential particular discernable only through close comparison. Other commodities which seem to be the natural prey of the trade mark pirate are table saucers, toilet articles, stationery, cigarettes, etc.

One point which cannot be too strongly impressed upon American commercial men is that, under Japanese law, priority of registration of a trade mark is everything. In other words, any Japanese can imitate any foreign or Japanese trade mark in the world, and the patent office will not refuse him registration so long as the forged trade mark is not already registered in Japan.

Greed of Gain Kills; Souls Starved to Get Rich

By the Rev. Dr. Donald Sage Mackay, The Rector of the Collegiate Church of St. Nicholas, New York.

YOU might as well talk about the mysterious Providence of a suicide as speak of it in the case of any man who, in gaining his world, forfeits his physical life and energy in the attempt.

Is money of so much matter to any man that he should make himself a suicide for that one end? We are living in an age which is steeped in the commercial spirit. Commercialism has invaded every sphere of human activity.

The professions, the arts, our social conditions, as well as our business enterprises, are tagged all over with the money label. The typical man of the hour is he who knows the intrinsic value of nothing, but can tell you the selling price of everything—from the conscience of a politician upward.

What then shall we do to save this faculty of immortal life within us! As a question of profit and loss, whether in the realm of wealth, or fame, or power? As a question of profit and loss what does it profit any man if he gain the whole world and forfeit his life?

But again, there is the moral side of life, which, in these latter days especially has been ruthlessly sacrificed by so many on the altar of material success. This past year, in American public life, will be memorable in our history as a year of reappreciated ideals.

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Gambling the Curse of Racing; Racing the Cause of Gambling

By John Gilmer Speed.

THE interest in horse racing is felt by a great variety of people, while the practice is as old as civilization. It has always been regarded primarily as a sport, and it is generally so looked upon today.

Granting this fact, the easy conclusion is that horse racing is conducted for the sake of the gambling, and that the horses are used merely as part of the gambling machinery—as a roulette wheel, for instance.

This conclusion is easy, but it is not fair. Gambling is the great handicap to racing—indeed, it is not too strong to say that gambling is the curse of racing; but racing is a cause of gambling rather than the desire to gamble is the cause of racing.—From The Century.

Diet-Cranks

By O. S. Marden.

IT is a wonder some people ever have any health at all. The way to get the most out of one's ability is to trust it, to believe in it, to have confidence in it.

Before the child can even speak plainly it is taught to talk about its "poor little tummy," and this nonsense is kept up through life.

We often hear men talking about taking the best care of their health when they are really doing the worst thing possible for it. They are the worst possible enemies of their stomach when they are always talking about their digestion and expressing a fear that they cannot eat this and they cannot eat that, when they are thinking all the time about how many bites they must take of every mouthful of food, and how long they must masticate it before they swallow it.

What do you mean by taking good care of your body? Just to bathe it, and to weigh and measure your food with the same precision that a druggist would dangerous drugs, concentrating your mind upon what you eat and thinking about what will hurt you—that is not taking good care of your body.

Do you wonder that your stomach aches, that it is inflamed, when you are all the time thinking about it, worrying about it, and expecting that everything you eat is going to hurt you?—From Success Magazine.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE NEWS

WOMAN IS CHLOROFORMED

Robber Binds and Gags Mrs. Samuel Bridgeman of Burgettstown. Burgettstown.—A man entered the home of Samuel Bridgeman of Burgettstown, at night, bound and chloroformed Mrs. Bridgeman and afterward looted the house.

GOLDEN EAGLE PRIZES

Seven Commanderies Win Distinction in Allentown Parade. Allentown.—Following the Knights of the Golden Eagle parade the judges—Major Frank D. Beary, Captain Charles D. Rhoades and Dr. A. J. Erdman—awarded these prizes:

BIG HATS ON SIDES

Men in Congregation Protected by Pastor from Merry Widows. Franklin.—The Merry Widow hat has been conquered by Rev. Dr. Maurice Penfield Fikes, pastor of the First Baptist church.

KILLED BY BROTHER-IN-LAW

McClelland Says His Fatally Shooting Short Was Accidental. In a family quarrel in East Waynesburg Tony Short, a lineman employed by the South Penn Telephone & Telegraph Company, was shot and instantly killed.

FOUR-YEAR-OLD SLAYS MOTHER

Child Points Gun at Parent and Pulls Trigger. Shenandoah.—Mrs. Albert Major of Ellangowan, near here, was shot and killed by her 4-year-old son.

Flash Light Causes Explosion.

Reynoldsville.—While attempting to take a flash light picture of a room in a hotel, I. D. Kelz, a photographer, was hurt through the explosion of a new device for making the illumination.

Shortest Will Contested.

Washington.—The legality of the shortest will on record in Greene county is to be tested by the courts. It is that of Thomas Spencer, late of Waynesburg and disposes of a large estate.

Harrisburg to Be See City.

Harrisburg.—Word was received here that Harrisburg has been selected as the see city of the diocese of Harrisburg of the Protestant Episcopal church by Rt. Rev. James Henry Darlington, bishop of the diocese.

Echo of Famous Bank Case.

Washington.—The legality of an ejectment has been started in the Greene county courts against former Cashier J. B. F. Rinehart, of the closed Farmers and Drovers National bank of Waynesburg, by the Bonar Land Company of Waynesburg, to recover several properties now in Rinehart's possession.

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SANDBAGGED AND ROBBED

Puddler Thrown Over Embankment Into River by Robbers. Kittanning.—Held up by three highwaymen, sandbagged and robbed of his money and watch and then thrown over a 30-foot embankment, Lynn Saylor, a puddler, was left for dead by his assailants.

MILLS RESUME OPERATION

Prosperous conditions again prevail in Monongahela Valley. Prosperous condition again prevail in the Monongahela valley boroughs. The Carnegie Steel Company for the first time in months placed into operation every one of the structural mills of the Homestead plant.

BURGLAR ALARM IN CHURCH

Excited Members, Summoned to Parish House, Surprise Intruder. Titusville.—Following several recent thefts of money and jewelry at St. Walburg's Catholic parish house, electric bells were placed in the pulpit connecting with the rector's apartments.

Child Points Gun at Parent and Pulls Trigger.

Shenandoah.—Mrs. Albert Major of Ellangowan, near here, was shot and killed by her 4-year-old son. The mother had just returned from a visit and the little fellow picked up a flobert rifle from a table and playfully pointing at her, pulled the trigger.

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