

## HOW SHE GOT READY.

She'd dressed up to go out with him,  
"Twas on the topmost floor,  
Before the mirror she had posed  
A weary hour or more.  
At last she started down the stairs,  
And he was glad, but then,  
She hurried on the second floor  
To see herself again.  
Before another mirror there  
She turned and turned and turned  
And took her time and primped as though  
She only was concerned.  
She patted brows and touched up tucks  
And felt her fluffy hair,  
And rearranged her new "flat" hat  
With undiminished care.  
And then she gathered up her skirts  
And fixed them in her hand,  
Coquettishly looked back once more  
Into the mirror, and—  
Went down another flight of stairs  
To the reception room,  
Where he was huddled, like a chunk  
Of rainbow-colored gloom.

He gaped, as any husband should,  
But managed not to speak,  
And it was well; for he was sure  
He'd waited there a week.  
He rose to go, but she advanced  
Upon the large plex glass,  
And back and forth in front of it  
Began to pass and pass.  
She started with her hat and hair  
And gradually worked down,  
Inspecting things, until she reached  
The bottom of her gown.  
She caught her skirts again and looked  
To see how she'd appear,  
And, evidently satisfied,  
She said: "I'm ready, dear."  
He heaved a sigh (but made it soft)  
And headed for the street,  
But hearing not the footfalls  
Of her Louis XIV feet,  
He turned—he staggered and then fell  
Against the nearest wall—  
She was gazing in the mirror  
In the hat-rack in the hall!  
—The Baltimore American.

## An Altruistic Adventure.

Denbeigh Hall was in the flood tide of its regular "at home." Denbeigh Hall, so called from its London prototype, was one of those escape valves of modern altruism known as social settlements with which the east side dwellers of New York are now as familiar as with their own delicatest shops. Among this institution's various activities there was religiously observed a weekly form of social amenity known as Denbeigh Hall's "at home." On this occasion there fell to each resident in turn the lot of providing some definite form of entertainment for the "neighborhood," whose members fled in, sheepishly receptive to those processes they were about to endure at the hands of these fervent if untutored acolytes of the new democracy. This evening it had been Miss Rood's turn, and that worthy young woman had elected the less technical results of a five years' research regarding the Passion Play of Oberammergau, most of which had seen the light in an abstruse publication devoted to the anatomy and not to the flesh tints of science and literature.

Her audience meanwhile moved restlessly and wearily in the creaking, wooden chairs. It was made up of hard-featured, apathetic women, listless, tired-looking girls, and here and there a stray man, with an obvious desire to fall peacefully asleep. Miss Rood, however, blind and deaf to the atmosphere she had gradually created, approached a fine and yet finer point of argument. Eleanor Cavendish, one of the newest recruits at Denbeigh Hall, glanced apprehensively at the danger signals flying from the tortured guests. She looked despairingly about among the other residents, scattered at discreet intervals through the room, in search of some one who might seem to share her own emotions on the subject.

Standing near the door that led into the narrow hall were three or four of the men, residents in Marston House, the University Settlement three blocks down the street. One of them immediately attracted Eleanor's attention, if only for the reason that he looked as bored and mutinous as she felt herself. She was sure she had never seen him before. As she looked more closely at him, however, it struck her there was something oddly familiar about the high-bred pose of the head, the clear-cut features, and the tall, well-knit form. Suddenly he turned slightly and fastened his eyes full upon her own. Eleanor promptly turned away, and at the same moment Miss Rood's voice mercifully ceased its relentless drone.

Miss Drummond, head worker of Denbeigh Hall, a position she held by virtue of having been instructor of zoology in a woman's college, rose with her most impressive classroom air. "We will now have a little music," she announced in the manner of one scattering intellectual largesse to an unlettered mob. "Miss Cavendish, whom you all know so well, will now sing for us."

As Eleanor came swiftly forward, delighted at the chance to make an appeal to the simpler emotions of her audience, a young girl in the middle of the room called eagerly out, "Oh, Miss Cavendish, please play 'My Cabotwalk Queen.'" Eleanor nodded and smiled brightly as she seated herself at the piano and bent her head over the keys.

As she finally rose from the piano she saw coming toward her with an air of assured acquaintance the man she had noticed in the doorway. "Good evening, Miss Cavendish," he exclaimed eagerly. "This is unexpected good fortune. The last time I saw you I think was at Mrs. Harmon's house party. Do you remember?"

"Why, certainly I remember, Mr. Trent," she returned with a frank smile of undisguised delight. "It was one of the most charming things of its kind. But what are you doing here, may I ask?"

"I am in residence at Marston House."

"What! You in Marston House?" Eleanor's eyes were wide open in their surprise.

"Saul also is among the prophets," quoted Trent laughingly.

"And since when?" pursued Eleanor incredulously.

"Since last election day. And now, please, won't you sit down and tell me something about how you happen to be over here yourself?"

girls, a four years' supplementary course of travel and study abroad, and one season of society. At the beginning of her second season, however, she had quietly elected to go into residence at Denbeigh Hall for an indefinite period. It was the wave of municipal reform which had swept over New York during a campaign memorable for the roused conscience of its better citizens that carried Schuyler Trent temporarily over to that much-exploited ground of the reformer, the east side. He was but one of several university graduates, ripe for hero-worship and its inevitable idealizations, who had flung themselves into the war of municipal redemption. When their hero had triumphed, together with most of the reform ticket, they had pitched their tent near that of their idol in the fastnesses of the east side.

Schuyler Trent had an unusually keen memory of his first real meeting with Eleanor Cavendish that lazy week in June when they had both been guests under Mrs. Harmon's hospitable roof. At first he had treated her with only that amount of deference which an unusually pretty and popular debutante might naturally expect to receive. Then her excellent golf won his admiration, and finally, at the end of a week, he was ready to join the dance of not a few other moths about her fascinating flame. Within ten days, however, Miss Cavendish had sailed for Europe, and Schuyler Trent was cruising in North Atlantic waters on a friend's yacht.

After that evening, Schuyler Trent found it by no means a difficult thing to include Denbeigh Hall as a vital part of his settlement activities. Whereas he had heretofore given it a wide berth, as the headquarters of uneasy though estimable women of uncertain age he now haunted its precincts with unflagging industry and zeal. He was constant in his attendance upon the Thursday night "at homes," thereby winning the head worker's heart beyond recall. Moreover, he organized countless expeditions of sociological relief to philanthropically undiscovered portions of the invaded territory, upon most of which he and Eleanor went completely alone. Together they made the most valuable investigations upon sweat-shop labor and the absence of small parks, both of which subjects were burning issues with Marston House and Denbeigh Hall.

"I'm absolutely certain I shall do something desperate very soon," declared Eleanor one morning, as she and Trent were returning from a notable discovery of old brasses, "for I am getting terribly tired of this awful monotony of clubs and classes. I don't see how I can stand it much longer without a return to the upper air."

"Pray don't leave me out of it," pleaded Trent. "Remember how often we've been partners in crime."

"I promise you solemnly," Eleanor reassured him gayly, "that you shall share my disgrace."

She gave him an opportunity no later than the next day in the form of a characteristic note.

"I have an invitation for the artists' frolic at the Sherwood studios," wrote Miss Cavendish, "with the privilege of choosing my own escort. I told you I should do something desperate pretty soon, so I've promised to go. Will you be my escort? Kindly let me know at once what you will do. And if you decide to go as you stand pledged to do, call for me at Auntie's not later than 9 o'clock tomorrow evening. She will be completely shocked, of course, but I am simply crazy for an evening of carefree, happy-go-lucky fun, and I mean to have it. Please participate in this carnival of crime."

Schuyler Trent was too much in love to need any urging to follow his divinity. He therefore accepted the invitation by return messenger.

"And this Mr. Trent," questioned Mrs. Meredith with the air of one completely dazed, as indeed the good lady was by this latest development in Eleanor's altruistic career. "Who is he? You call him a worker, I believe. But that conveys nothing to my mind. Has he any family? Where is his home?"

Eleanor shook her head in a manner distractingly vague. "Really, Auntie, I don't know," she finally remarked. "It has never occurred to me, do you know, to ask him. We have had so many more vital topics to discuss that family trees would have been rather a dead issue."

Mrs. Meredith looked genuine amazement and despair. "My dear child," she exclaimed, "this is a dreadful state of things. Meeting persons who live in tenements is bad enough, but going to bohemian gatherings with nondescript young men is impossible. To work among the poor with people of no social position is sometimes, I know, unavoidable; but to recognize them in any other way seems to me fatal."

What reply Eleanor might have made was happily averted by the ringing of a bell. "Here's Mr. Trent, now, Auntie," she exclaimed. "Oh, no, of course you must stay," as that lady prepared to beat an offended retreat. "It would never do for me to receive Mr. Trent alone up town you know."

And Mrs. Meredith, speechless before Eleanor's audacity, helplessly awaited the next move of the game. When she saw Schuyler Trent, son of one of her lifelong friends, advancing deferentially to meet her, her anger was converted into terms of unmitigated amazement and delight. "Schuyler, I'm charmed to see you," she cried with a warmth that surprised that modest youth. "But with no thanks to Eleanor, who has been giving me the most disagreeable sort of a shock by telling me I was about to receive one of her social parlians from the east side. I had no idea you had gone into that sort of thing, too."

"I assure you no one is more of a social outcast than I am, Mrs. Meredith," laughed Trent with his most irresistible air, which never failed, among women at least, of its effect. "You are both misguided children," retorted Mrs. Meredith in high good humor, "but I suppose we shall all of us be only too willing to kill the fatted calf as soon as you show the least desire to be forgiven."

"Don't forget that, Auntie," laughed Eleanor, as the house door closed on them, "when I throw my prodigal self at your feet. And now," turning to Trent with childlike glee, "please tell the man to drive up Broadway. It's so long since I've seen the dear old glaring lights."

IV. She leaned her arms on the ledge left by the closed doors of the hansom, and looked happily out on the gay whirl of color, light, and sound.

"Isn't it intoxicating?" she sighed, her dark eyes brimming over with unconscious delight. "Do you know, Denbeigh Hall makes me feel most of the time as if I were being starved out of my youth. Do you know what I mean?" she appealed to Trent.

"Certainly," he returned, "by virtue of sharing a similar emotion. I'm afraid, Miss Cavendish, that this social conscience of ours is too young not to require its natural flog."

"Well, mine will soon be enjoying a prolonged flog," returned Eleanor, "for my three months of residence will have expired in two weeks, and I don't intend to extend the term."

"And what shall you do then?" Trent's manner suddenly became very grave.

"Wear the purple robe, I hope," laughed Eleanor, "and the gold ring. Didn't you hear what Auntie said to-night? Well, I feel that the time is ripe to enact the part of the Prodigal Son. Why don't you try it yourself?"

"I rather think I shall," said Trent slowly. "Only, before I do that, I must know if I have anything to hope for in coming back up town. You see, Eleanor," as the girl glanced at him in a shy surprise that made his heart beat periously fast, "instead of falling in love with the new democracy I've fallen in love with you, and—oh, Eleanor, I wonder if you won't give me just one word that will make the coming back worth while."

Eleanor's head was turned toward Broadway, but her hand, of which he had somehow become possessed, still lay quietly enough in his own. Finally she turned and looked at him. Her lips were quivering, but her eyes spoke ineffable things.

"I've fallen in love with the new democracy for just one thing," she declared, "and that is—"

But it is of no account, save to one person, just what reason she assigned for her sudden leaning toward the new democracy. That it seemed to him wholly logical and satisfactory is perhaps the best proof that she stated her case clearly and well.

As the hansom approached the Sherwood studios Trent had reached that point of masculine assurance which enabled him to say:

"And after we're married, darling, we'll live—"

"Up town," concluded Eleanor.—Mabel Warren Sanford, in the New York Times.

Saving the Hat Labels. An impecunious old gentleman has a fat that might yield a revenue. For years he has saved the hat labels of a certain fashionable maker. His pockets are padded with them. If an acquaintance has a dollar-and-a-half hat of some humble maker this veteran will offer him a label and ask him to paste it inside to make believe he is wearing a \$5 article. He never pays more than \$2 for a stray hat, \$2.50 for a derby or \$4 for a tie. Estimate him by the labels he pastes inside and you will be sure the prices are \$5, \$5 and \$8, respectively. An odd phase of human nature is the earnest endeavor of the owners of a two-dollar hat to convince every one he knows that it is better than the five-dollar kind. He believes he displays a superior intelligence in purchasing it. But when in funds he buys the five-dollar one.—New York Press.

Where the Trouble Lies. Silkins—is there any truth in the report that Blank's wife suffers from kleptomania?

Timkins—No, I guess not. I understand it is the shopkeepers who suffer.—Chicago News.



## FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

Following Mamma's Footsteps. Following to and fro, The little children follow Mamma's footsteps. Wherever she may go, Because they love her so, The little children follow mamma's footsteps. Wherever she may go.

Following Mamma's Footsteps. Footprints all in a row, The little children follow mamma's footsteps. Wherever she may go, We play merry games with laughter, We sing songs sweet and low, But still we always follow mamma's footsteps. Wherever she may go. —Washington Star.

A Mammoth Watch. One can appreciate a big clock on a tower or a railway station; but a mammoth watch, such as that destined for the St. Louis World's fair, will doubtless create a great sensation. This watch will have a polished metal case, and will lie on its back and be so large and roomy that people will be able to walk inside it among the moving wheels. It will be 75 feet in diameter and 40 feet high, with neat little stairways running all about. The balance wheel will weigh a ton and the hair spring will be 300 feet in length and made of 19 spring steel bands, two inches thick, bound together. Guides will point out and name every part. The watch will be wound by steam regularly at a certain hour during the day.

Conundrums. Why are hot rolls like caterpillars? Because they make the butter fly. When is a man thinner than a lath? When he is shaving. When will there be but 25 letters in the alphabet? When U and I are one. Though I dance at a ball, yet I'm nothing at all. A shadow. What is the greatest athletic feat? Wheeling West Virginia. How does a sculptor end his days? He makes faces and busts. How does a barber end his days? He curls up and dyes (dies). What is that which walks with its head downward? A nail in a shoe. On which side of the church is the yew tree planted? On the outside. What will a leaden bullet become in water? Wet. Why are the hours from 1 to 12 like good sentries? Because they are always on the watch. Why are writers like chickens? They have to scratch for a living. Which of the stars would be subject to the game laws? Shooting stars. What is a waist of time? The middle of the hour-glass. If Neptune lost his dominions what would he say? I have not a notion (I have not an ocean). What is that which is lengthened by being cut at both ends? A ditch. Why are feet like olden tales? Because they are leg ends (legends). When are you not yourself? When you are a little pale (pall). What is the difference between the north and south pole? All the difference in the world.

A Clever Animal. Except for the tribute always paid to the cleverness of blind men's dogs, nearly all the credit for sense or sagacity among animals goes to those bred and kept in the country. It might be thought from the scarcity of anecdotes or records about them, that London animals were inferior in brains to their country cousins. That this is a mistake is not difficult to prove. The following notes of some instances to the contrary may be cited:

Some years ago a foot passenger was going home rather late at night, taking a short cut through a poor neighborhood. He was met in the moonlight by a large black retriever, which proceeded to make itself extremely friendly. It barked in a cheerful manner, and then trotted up a side passage, evidently wishing to be followed. As it was not, it ran back, took its new acquaintance's hand in its mouth, and gently drew him toward the passage. The human partner in this dumb dialogue was not quick enough to gather its meaning, but imagined that it wanted to carry his glove, which he let it take hold of. The dog promptly snatched this out of his hand, and then, wagging his tail, and turning his head round, trotted off with the glove, apparently certain that he would be followed. He only went a few yards, and then came to a door leading into a yard. He then began to scratch at the door, which was really a double gate to the yard. The latch was tried, and it was found to be unlocked; and the gate being open, the dog instantly ran in. The name on the gate was that of a butcher in a street near by, and inquiries next day showed that the dog had been out late, and had consequently been shut out, with the result that he had induced a perfect stranger to come and let him in.—London Spectator.

How Duke Found the Thief. It is a dreadful thing to live in the house with a thief, and worse not to know who the thief is. Dorothy and Mabel had tried over and over to solve the mystery. There seemed to be no solution to it. The mystery was this: One day in the winter a cousin of Mamma's, a very beautiful young lady, had come to visit at the house. When she was dressing for dinner she carelessly left a valuable ruby pin on the dressing table. After dinner the pin was not there!

Such a hubbub as Cousin Gladys created. She cried and cried and almost had hysterics, for the pin was her most cherished treasure. It had been given her by her grandmother, whose grandmother had in turn given it to her, so you see, it was very, very old and valuable.

It was out of the question to accuse either Maria or John of dishonesty, for they were as honest as the day is long. Duke had been the soul of honor ever since he had been an inmate of the household—and what would a small fox terrier want of a large ruby breastpin, any way? Topsy had denied any knowledge of the affair; they could not suspect her. She might have been guilty of stealing a piece of fish—or a mouse—but what would a cat want to steal rubies for?

The only possible solution was that some one had entered the house while the family was at dinner, stolen the pin and gone off without being seen. If there had only been footprints in the snow to trace the thief—but there was no sign.

So the matter was dropped entirely, except by the children, who had created wonderful tales about the loss of the ruby.

One beautiful May day Mabel and Dot had a "bubble bee" all by themselves. Harold—disagreeable boy—had gone off fishing and refused to take any girls. He declared they were "always in the way."

"I'd rather blow bubbles with my new pipe, anyway," said Dot airily, as Harold went down the walk. There was the suggestion of a sob in her voice, but she held her head high. Mabel said not a word. One thing she did love—and that was to fish. Duke pushed his cold little nose comforting in her hand. He liked to go fishing, too. But blowing bubbles was very fascinating, especially with the new colored bubble soap, and it was not long before the two little girls were happy again and Duke was wild with delight. As each bubble grew bigger and bigger Duke barked louder and louder, and begged that one should be given him to play with. But for little dogs bubbles are poor playthings and last but not a minute. It required great attention on the part of both blowers to prevent their work meeting instant destruction.

Dot blew the best, there was no question of that, but Mabel's bubbles seemed to last longer. And it was one of Mabel's that went bouncing along on the breeze, with Duke in hot pursuit. Both girls were laughing merrily at the queer antics of Duke and his plaything, when the bubble descended and Duke pounced upon his prize. Of course it burst at once and the dog jumped back with a sneeze. Then seizing something with his teeth, he sprang back.

"Poor old Duke!" cried Dot. "I'll blow you one just as big. Just watch." But Duke was not interested in bubbles; he had found another plaything. "Oh, drop that old stick and come along!" cried Mabel. "See, Duke! See the nice big bubbles. Catch it, sir! Catch it!"

But Duke would pay no attention. "I believe he has something alive!" said Dot. "Perhaps it's a poor, dear little toad. Oh, Duke, aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

Duke wagged his tail—not a bit ashamed—and deposited at Dot's feet a queer and dirty object.

"It isn't a toad," said Dot. "It's only an old—why, Mabel Eloise Fletcher, it's—it's—" and Dot gasped in amazement at the object in her hand.

"It's Cousin Gladys' lost ruby pin!" shouted Mabel. "Where under the sun did it come from?"

Pipes were dropped in a hurry and the two little girls stood and gazed at each other in silence. Duke was jumping impatiently at his plaything. Then Mabel looked up at the house. The window in the spare room where Gladys had slept was open and the ruffled white curtains blew in toward the table and out again, and on the edge of the ruffle was a scrap of paper which fluttered slowly to the ground.

"Ah!" cried Dot softly. "I see the thief!" and then they rushed indoors to tell the news.

Great good news it was, too. The ruby pin had apparently been caught by the same curtain and gently deposited outside on the ground, and there it had lain hidden in the snow and mud and new spring grass.

Cousin Gladys received a telegram that afternoon and in reply this letter came:

"My two dear little cousins, and Duke, too! I am so happy to hear that my treasure has been found that I want it at once. And I want you to bring it to me and to spend a week with me in the city—all three of you. So ask your mother to pack your trunk, tell your father to put you safely on the cars and I will meet you. We will have a jolly good time and you will be here just in time to be bridesmaids at my wedding, for which you will each have a pretty new frock presented to you. I won't take 'no' for an answer."

Soon after the receipt of the letter two very important looking little girls and an equally important little dog started for the city, leaving Harold on the station waving an envious goodby.

"Isn't it fortunate," sighed Dot, as they settled back in the big cushioned seat, "that we didn't go fishing that day?"—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

## CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY.

Not the men who make our laws Working long in country's cause.  
Not the busy financiers Jobbing stocks for bulls and bears.  
Not producers who can feed Nations with their growth in need.  
Not the laborer whose toil Wings fruition from the soil.  
No, 'tis living women be Captains all of industry.  
All day long they give and give, Helping weaker sister live.  
Up at sunrise mothering men, Children, helpless, idlers, then  
Moving mountains for their way, Busy, cheerful housewives they.  
Never do those captains stop 'Till their flags at naught-mast drop.  
—Chicago Record-Herald.

## HUMOROUS.

Wigg—Talkatol never seems able to keep any friends. Wagg—No, he's always giving them away.  
Driver (first hack)—Boy, how do you get to the cemetery. Boy—Say, mister, I ain't no funeral director.

"What are seats of the mighty," pa?" "They are the seats the men who run the automobiles sit on, my child."

"Now I realize that riches take unto themselves wings," mused the married man as he noted the plumage on his wife's new hat.

"He's so foolish," said the one in white. "Foolish!" returned the one in gray. "Yes, why he wants me to marry him." "Oh, then he is foolish."

He—I had a hard time getting a good wife. She—Goodness! Have you never married several times? "Oh, no, but I courted my present one six years."

Miss Woodby—Really, you don't think that I would consider for a minute a proposal from him, do you? Miss Newitt—Oh, no. Of course, you wouldn't take that long.

Pallette—You'd be surprised if you knew the amount of time spent on that canvas. Pallette—Yes, I understand men have stood in front of it for hours trying to make out what it is.

Scribbler—Have you read my new sea story? Scrawler—Yes, indeed. I threw myself right into it. In fact, before I was half-way through I actually became a skipper myself.

"I see that Andrew Carnegie thinks Homer didn't amount to much." "That's queer. Surely Homer must have had one good point in Andy's estimation. He didn't die rich."

"That reminds me," said Barnes, at the height of the street fight. "Why are the police like electricity?" "Give it up," said the chorus. "Because," said Barnes, "it is an unseen force."

"Why do you argue with your wife?" asked the bachelor. "Don't you know the futility of it?" "Of course," replied the married man; "but I have to allow her a little pleasure once in a while."

"I planted some seeds and they came up the next day." "That's nothing. I planted some seeds any they came up the next hour." "Whew! Did the sun bring them up?" "No, my neighbor's chickens."

"I notice some of the insurance companies call themselves 'difference societies.' Is there any difference between 'insurance' and 'assurance'?" "Usually assurance is what the fellow has who is forever trying to sell you insurance."

Tommy—Pop, is patience a virtue? Tommy's Pop—Yes, my son. Tommy—And is virtue its own reward? Tommy's Pop—So we are told. Tommy—And do all things come to those who wait? Tommy's Pop—My son, never attempt to monkey with the proverbial buzz-saw.

Arthur—Mille may be a little peculiar at times, but she means all right. Harry—Yes, I guess that's so; but what are you driving at? Arthur—I called at her house 't'other night, and today she said it was not until I had gone that she realized what a pleasant evening she was having.

"Yes, I enjoy an orchestra to play while my patrons dine," remarked the proprietor of the lunch room. "But why do you make the musicians play such quick airs?" asked the friend. "Oh, that causes people to eat faster and make room for others. Their jaws work in harmony with the music."

"My boy," he said, as he led the way to the woodshed, "you've been very naughty today and have annoyed me greatly, but I want to say—" "They all say that," retorted the boy, who thought he knew what was coming. "I want to say," repeated the old man, as he reached for the switch, "that this gives me great pleasure."

An Incident of the Meet. The field day of the rival women's colleges was in progress and competition ran high. The score was close, with the high jump in progress. Suddenly a wild cheer broke forth from the wearers of the baby blue. Miss Tessie Thistle-down had just cleared the bar in the running high jump with a record of four feet and three inches!

A moment later the tall blonde captain of the rival team tapped the spectated referee on the shirt-waisted arm.

"I claim a foul," she said.

"On what ground?" inquired the official.

"On the ground that just before this girl reached the bar somebody in the crowd shouted 'Mouse!' and then she jumped and broke the record."

"I did not hear the remark," said the bloomed referee. "If I had I would have jumped myself."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## SPORTING BRIEVITIES.

John O. Johnson is the owner of the green pincer, Sun Pointer, by Star Pointer, 1.50/4.  
E. J. Folsom, a crack football player, will be the coach for the Dartmouth eleven this fall.

George Gardner got \$1875 of the \$7500 purse for beating Roof. Both men weighed under 165 pounds.

In the race between the two Shamrocks the new boat made fast time, beating the old one by six minutes and eighteen seconds.

Andrew M. O'Dea, Wisconsin University's coach, has taken charge of the Duluth Boat Club crews, remaining until September 1.

Tom Shirkley, who has been making quite a bit of money in his wrestling matches, at which sport he is fairly clever, has decided to retire.

No head coach has been appointed for the Yale football team. E. T. Glass, the team guard, will not be eligible for the team, but will assist in coaching.

Edward R. Thomas has sold his half interest in the brown two-year-old colt Pegasus to John E. Madden for \$15,000. He and Mr. Madden owned the colt jointly.

Charles Mock, of the Century Road Club of America, won the Staten Island bicycle road race. He rode the twenty-five miles in fifty-eight minutes and twenty-eight seconds.

Barney Oldfield went ten miles in 3.54 4/5 at Columbus, Ohio, Saturday, breaking A. Winton's record of 10.50. His best mile was 50 2/3. This time was made on a circular track.

Work has been started on the new Stadium at Harvard University. When completed it will be 585 feet long, 445 feet wide and seventy-two feet above the ground at the highest point.

The New England Trotting Horse Breeders' Association has arranged for the two-year-old stake for the September meeting to allow an owner to start as many colts as he pleases by paying the entrance fee upon all of them.

## PROMINENT PEOPLE.

General "Joe" Wheeler guest of President Roosevelt at Oyster Bay.  
Secretary Shaw received the degree of Doctor of Laws at Wesleyan University.

Jaime Angles, a cooper, is the first workman ever elected a member of the Spanish Cortes.

Mrs. Payne, wife of the Postmaster-General, expects to remain in Washington with her husband through the greater part of the summer. She has been an invalid for many years.

When the will of Paul B. Du Chaillu, African explorer, was filed, the interesting fact was revealed that it was a disappointment in love that led the wealthy and brilliant writer to turn explorer.

As foreign representative of the St. Louis Fair, John Barrett, the newly appointed Minister to Argentina, has traveled 45,000 miles in the past year. He has interviewed fifteen kings and emperors.

Sir George Williams, the founder of the first Young Men's Christian Association, is still living at the age of eighty-two in London. He was knighted in 1894, the fiftieth anniversary of the Y. M. C. A.

Ninety-five years old, the oldest living graduate of Harvard University, a grandson of the Revolution and a son of the War of 1812, is the proud record of the Rev. Joseph Warren Cross, of Lawrence, Mass.

Baron Maximilian Washington died recently at Graz, seventy-four years old. He was a member of the Austrian House of Lords. He belonged to the family of Washingtons in England and America, and his son was named George.

Moses Ezekiel, the Cincinnati sculptor, now a resident of Rome, Italy, has presented to the Virginia Military Institute a monument in commemoration of his schoolmates who fell at the battle of Newmarket, Va., in 1864. He was formerly a student of the institution.

Had Everything Fixed. Down in Cochran, Ga., the affairs of civil justice are administered by Judge Edwards, who is also an enthusiastic farmer. One cloudy spring afternoon court was convened to try a peculiarly torturous and perplexing case. Judge Edwards listened with growing unrest. He was observed at last to seize a slip of paper, scribble a few words, place the document beneath a heavy paper-weight and reach for his hat.

"Captain," he called, cheerily, "excuse me for interrupting you, but you go right on with your argument, which is a darned good one. It's such good to rain this evening, gentlemen, an' I got to set out my potatoes right away. But you go right on, Captain! When you an' the Major get through you all'll find my decision under this heap paper-weight." And the door closed upon an astonished orator.

A Spirit to Be Deplored. Just where honorable industry ends and avaricious piling up of treasure begins no one can take it upon himself to say. The spirit, however, that impels a young man to sacrifice all the nobler aims of life in order to turn a liberal competence into wealth too great to be spent (and the giving away of which, in the hands of a childishly regulated, is a doubtful good) is certainly to be deplored.—Eliot Gregory.

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