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One of the paradoxes of life insur-  
ance is that the richest men, who need  
it least, carry the largest amount of it.

More young men are studying theo-  
logy and medicine in Illinois than in  
any other State, although New York  
leads in the number of law students.

Trustin Beale, in the Forum, says  
that the "absurd and vulgar expendi-  
ture by millionaires impoverishes so-  
ciety and has no economical justifica-  
tion."

On the capture of a smooth footpad  
in Chicago the other day it developed  
that he controlled a number of circuits  
and had numbers of men robbing for  
him on commission. This trust busi-  
ness is appalling!

During the year that ended on June  
30, 1900, 448,572 immigrants arrived in  
the United States, a gain of forty-  
three per cent. over the preceding year.  
European labor very quickly finds out  
when times are good in America.

The Philadelphia Inquirer observes:  
"The truth is that a vast majority of  
the people of the United States believe  
in and advocate arbitration for the set-  
tlement of all disputes, but that thus  
far no one has hit upon a practicable  
method of bringing it about."

Consul Hughes writes from Coburg,  
Germany, that in opposition to the de-  
termined vegetarians who condemn all  
animal food, there is a growing num-  
ber of physiologists who insist that  
abstinence from meat, if continued for  
ages and generations, is responsible for  
the feebleness and low intellect of cer-  
tain races.

A French engineer named Verlier  
proposes to bore a tunnel under the  
Mediterranean. According to his sur-  
veys, the length of the tunnel from  
Vaqueros Bay, in Spain, to Tangiers,  
in Morocco, would be only twenty-five  
miles, as the depth of the sea in that  
vicinity is only 1300 f. e. His esti-  
mate of its cost is \$23,720,000.

M. Arsene Alexandre, a Parisian crit-  
ic, finds the American locomotive sug-  
gestive of the American man because  
it is "a combination of elegance, prac-  
ticability, convenience and power." It  
also resembles him in its capacity for  
getting there, a fact which is causing  
great concern at present to British  
railway managers.

Columbia University has followed  
the example of Yale and offered free  
tuition to five Filipinos. It is to be  
hoped that enough colleges may do  
this to give a fair opportunity for a  
considerable proportion of the bright-  
est of the Filipino youth to be Ameri-  
canized, and at the same time to tes-  
tify to the people of the islands our  
good will, remarks the New York  
Tribune.

Judge Robinson, of Raleigh, N. C.,  
apparently thinks that clergymen have  
in their own hands the power to keep  
order during divine service. There  
have been some hints of unseemly do-  
ings in one of the churches there, and  
his honor in charging the grand jury  
said: "Be careful how you indict men  
for disturbing religious worship. If  
the preacher is the sort of fellow he  
ought to be people will be paying too  
close attention to him to disturb any-  
body."

The mortality statistics for the Dis-  
trict of Columbia during the past 12  
months show a startling record of tu-  
berculosis of the lungs. The mortality  
from all causes was 5,953, and of these  
713 were victims of consumption—an  
average mortality from this one disease  
of 13.69 for each week in the year.

Kansas City, Kan., is out for a Uni-  
ted States mint.

## FROM WHEN I WAS A CHILD.

When I was a child the moon to me  
Through the nursery curtains seemed to be  
A thing of marvel and witchery.  
The slim white crescent floating high  
In the lucid green of the western sky  
Was a fairy boat, and the evening star,  
A light on the land where the fairies are.  
—A. E. F., in Atlantic.

## GOOD FOR EVIL.

Mrs. Jarvis was a business woman.  
Mr. Jarvis had been a mere simper-  
ing, good humored nonentity in his  
day, giving up all his affairs to his  
wife's management and when he shuf-  
fled off this mortal coil was not great-  
ly missed. And Mrs. Jarvis consoled  
herself by opening a suit manu-  
facturing.

Here she sat upon this glorious Au-  
gust afternoon in her own little pri-  
vate office, a pen behind her ear and  
a pencil between her lips, adding up  
a long column of figures—a tall,  
portly, fne-looking dame, in rich black  
silk with costly jewels sparkling upon  
her fingers and that comfortable look  
upon the face which accumulating  
wealth is sure to bestow.

"Sixteen and six are twenty-two,"  
said Mrs. Jarvis, resting her pencil  
at the foot of the line. "Two—and  
two to carry—oh? Who is there?"

An apologetic little knock had come  
to the office door—it was Mr. Mad-  
stone, Mrs. Jarvis' cashier and fore-  
man in general.

"It's me, ma'am, said Mr. Madstone,  
whose close-shorn hair stuck up all  
over his head, like the bristles of a  
backing brush. "That Mrs. Pennant  
is here with her bundles."

Mrs. Jarvis glanced first at her  
ledger and then at the calendar that  
hung on the wall over the desk.

"Six hours behind time," said she,  
austerely. "The order went out at  
9 o'clock this morning, minus the 12  
suits she was finishing. Tell her to  
leave her work and come here for no  
more. Of course, I shall not pay her,  
and she may think herself fortunate  
that she is not compelled to pay the  
usual fine."

"I wish you'd see her yourself!"  
blurted out Madstone, scratching his  
bristly head. "She looks pale and  
sick, and—"

"Behave!" interrupted Mrs. Jarvis,  
rising from her seat, with a rustling  
of black silk skirts. "You haven't  
the resolution of a chipmunk, Madstone,  
and never had! You'd let all these  
girls and women run over you, if it  
wasn't for me."

And she swept through the narrow  
door of the office out into the long  
bare workroom, where the click of 20  
sewing machines buzzed on the sultry  
air and several haggard women waited  
at the counter.

"Oh," said she, stopping short be-  
fore the nearest one, "Mrs. Pennant,  
you are six hours behind. The order  
has gone."

"I am very sorry, ma'am," hesitated  
the pale woman, "but my daughter  
was ill—my little Jessie—and I had  
no one to care for her but myself. I  
sat up all night to finish the suits—  
I did, indeed—and—"

"All these details make no differ-  
ence to me," interrupted Mrs. Jarvis,  
with a sharp, crisp voice. "Business  
is business, and the very soul of it is  
punctuality. You may leave your  
suits, but don't expect any more work  
from here."

The poor woman's wan face worked.  
"Mrs. Jarvis," faltered she, "you are  
a woman, and a mother, like myself.  
If your child was ill—"

"We won't descend to comparisons,  
if you please," said Mrs. Jarvis, icily.  
"Good-day. I am much occupied at  
present."

"You surely don't mean, Mrs. Jarvis,  
that you are not going to pay me for  
what I have done?" cried the woman.

"Why should I?" said Mrs. Jarvis.  
"Your work has arrived too late to go  
in its regular order. You have vio-  
lated the rules and regulations of this  
establishment, and as a necessary  
consequence, have forfeited your  
pay. Hopkins," to the clerk, "take  
these suits into the packing-room."

Mrs. Pennant's lip quivered, her  
eyes, which had been full of entreaty,  
now flashed indignantly.

"Mrs. Jarvis," said she, "I know  
very well that I am at your mercy,  
but, all the same, this sort of thing  
looks to me like swindling."

"I cannot help it—rules are rules,"  
said the business woman, cold as  
adamant.

"My child lies ill at home. I had  
counted on this hard-earned money to  
buy the medicine and necessities that  
she must have. Mrs. Jarvis, for  
heaven's sake, do not withhold it  
from me!"

"General rules will bear hard upon  
individual cases," said Mrs. Jarvis,  
glancing furtively at her watch. "I  
cannot depart from them, however."  
Mrs. Pennant lifted her thin hands  
in an unconsciously tragic attitude.

"Woman!" she uttered, "may the  
curse of Heaven light upon you for  
your cruelty to the widow and father-  
less! May He give back into your own  
bosom, heaped up and running over,  
the measure you hold so pitilessly to  
me."

And turning away, she left the suit  
manufactory, amid the breathless sil-  
ence of the assembled working-  
women. Mrs. Jarvis smiled and  
shrugged her shoulders.

"All this is mere rant," said she.  
"Madstone, bring that last inventory  
into my office."

But the next day, when on reach-  
ing the building, as usual, the 20  
sewing machine girls found that it  
had been burned to the ground during  
the night, they instinctively thought  
of the widow's curse.

It was the janitor's fault. He had  
gone into the stockroom with a  
lighted candle, and, started by the  
springing of a cat, had let it fall too  
near a basket of waste paper, and an  
instantaneous conflagration had been  
the result. And, what was worse, the  
insurance had run out on the evening  
of the previous day, and Mrs. Jarvis  
was a ruined woman!

Yet she was not easily discouraged.  
She tried again, and rallied her forces  
with true muscular energy, but it was  
all in vain. There is a tide of fortune  
in the affairs of everyone—and hers  
was on the ebb.

Ten years afterward a poor, shabby  
old woman, bent and bowed and  
dressed in a rusty black, was shown  
into the silk-hung reception-room of  
the wife of one of our New York's  
wealthiest merchant princes. Mrs.  
Tressilian came in, wondering. She  
was a fair, pretty young creature of  
about 20. Mr. Tressilian's second  
wife and idolized darling.

"You sent in no name," said she, as  
she beckoned the old woman to a seat  
near the ruby-shining grate. "And I  
do not think I know your face. What  
is your business with me?"

"I am very poor, madam," pleaded  
the old woman. "I sent in no name  
because I am an utter stranger to you.  
My only claim is my wretchedness  
and poverty. I have heard that you  
are good and generous—that of your  
allowance you give to those who are  
less favored by Providence."

Mrs. Tressilian, deeply touched by  
the haggard pallor of the bent old  
woman and the tremulous faintness of  
her tones, had taken out her purse and  
was unclasping it, when a light touch  
fell on her arm.

"Stop a moment, my daughter," said  
a soft, low voice, and, turning, Mrs.  
Tressilian saw at her side a lady with  
hair white and lustrous as silver and  
a superb diamond cross glistening in  
the lace at her breast, while her black  
velvet dress trailed noisily over the  
crimson pile of the Axminster car-  
pet. "I believe I know this person. If  
I am not mistaken it is Mrs. Jarvis."

"My name is Jarvis," said the old  
woman, looking rather surprised.  
"Yes," said the other, quietly. "I see  
you have forgotten me. I am the Mrs.  
Pennant who, years ago, was turned  
from your employment because, tied  
down to a sick child, she could not be  
quite punctual to your orders. This,"  
laying her hand on Mrs. Tressilian's  
shoulder, "is the very child—my little  
Jessie—who lay so ill at that time.  
God has prospered us since then. But  
you—"

"I am a beggar!" burst out poor  
Mrs. Jarvis, shrinking back from the  
other's stern, questioning eye. "Heav-  
en help me! I have nowhere to lay  
my head!"

"And you come here to beg of us,  
forgetful of how pitiless you once were  
to me!" uttered Mrs. Pennant, sternly.  
"Oh, forgive me! Be merciful and  
forgive me!" faltered Mrs. Jarvis,  
knegling at the other's feet.

"I vowed that day, within myself,  
that I would be avenged," said Mrs.  
Pennant slowly.

"Mamma," pleaded the young wife,  
"look at her! Sick, old and poor. God  
has taken the bolt of vengeance into  
His own hand. All that remains to us  
is to be merciful."

"My love, you are right," said Mrs.  
Pennant. "Rise, my poor woman. You  
shall be fed, sheltered and aided with  
money. For the present go to the  
housekeeper's room."

And Mrs. Jarvis crept away, with a  
choking sob in her throat.

The great circle of fate had accom-  
plished its revolution, and the widow  
was indeed avenged—avenged all the  
more completely in that she had  
learned the lesson of forgiveness.—  
New York News.

**Race Between Men and Machines.**  
The difference in capacity between  
a skilled workman and a machine is  
in some cases simply enormous. A  
good matchmaker, without the aid  
of machinery, is able to make about  
8000 matches in a day of eight work-  
ing hours. In the same time a ma-  
chine will make about 17,000,000  
matches, or about 200,000 boxes. Dur-  
ing the time which is required by one  
man to make three matches the ma-  
chine is able to make 6375, or  
about 100 boxes.

During a working day of 10 hours  
even the most expert candle maker  
could not draw more than 1000 can-  
dles of inferior quality, while modern  
machines can make about 7000 dur-  
ing the same time.

The average capacity of a brick  
machine is about 2000 a day, equal  
to the capacity of 10 men during the  
same length of time.

Without the assistance of modern  
means of transportation a trip around  
the earth would take about 480  
days, while with the assistance of  
steam railroads and steamboats it  
can be made in 70 days. Thus mod-  
ern means of transportation have  
practically reduced the size of the  
earth to travelers to about one-twelfth  
its former size.

**Gam's Reconnaissance.**  
When the gallant Welsh captain,  
David Gam, was sent forward by  
Henry V to reconnoitre the French  
army before the battle of Agincourt,  
he found that the enemy outnumbered  
the English by about five to one.  
His report to the king is historic:  
"There are enough to be killed, en-  
ough to be taken prisoners, and en-  
ough to run away." This quaint fore-  
cast of the result of the battle at once  
spread through the camp, and doubt-  
less every yeoman-archer or the  
valiant company felt an inch taller.  
We know that it was almost literally  
justified by the event. Poor Gam's  
dry humor was equalled by his cour-  
age. He was killed while in the act  
of saving the life of his prince.—  
Argonaut.

## LESS MOURNING WORN.

A MARKED CHANGE IN THE CUS-  
TOM HERE IN RECENT YEARS.

The Lavish Use of Crepe Abandoned—  
More Freedom of Choice in the Widow's  
Wife—Mourning Garb of the Men—  
Mistakes Made About Servants.

There have been many changes in  
the styles of mourning in the last  
15 years. In America, mourning is  
certainly growing lighter. It is less  
worn, and less of it is worn. America  
never did accept the ironclad French  
rules of mourning observances. In  
France, everything from the length  
of the veil to the number of buttons  
on the gloves is fixed. The exact  
length of time for each observance is  
laid down and a veil is shortened, a  
handkerchief border narrowed, or the  
engraving on a visiting card changed  
by schedule. Individuality doesn't  
cut any figure, and a departure from  
precedent is a scandal.

The English things are different.  
The English go into black upon the  
slightest provocation, but they wear  
it a very short time and exercise a  
certain degree of individual taste in  
such matters. They may mourn  
their dead friends and relatives as  
sincerely as the French do, but they  
wear their rule with a difference. Per-  
haps the inconsiderate fashion in which  
members of the English royal family  
have always insisted upon dying  
during the season has hardened  
English society to popping into black  
and out of it with apparent im-  
perturbability.

American customs in mourning have  
followed the English lead, and the in-  
dividual here has always, to a great  
degree, consulted his own inclination  
in the matter of mourning clothes and  
eliquette. Still some general rules  
have been obtained, and it is undoubt-  
edly true that these general rules  
have been steadily modified and that  
they tend toward greater freedom of  
action and less ostentation in mourn-  
ing attire.

The lavish use of crepe which was  
the great feature of mourning in  
earlier days has been completely put  
aside. Crepe, in small quantities, is  
still used for trimming gowns for  
first mourning; and the famous dress-  
makers, whose word is law in matters  
of taste, contended that a widow's  
first mourning should always have  
a touch of crepe, but in mourning for  
any relative save a husband crepe is  
not essential, and even a widow  
rarely wears a crepe veil today.

The old fashioned crepe veil,  
against which physicians for so long  
raved in vain, has been put aside in  
favor of the light weight veil of nun's  
veiling, and even that veil is never  
worn over the face, as was formerly  
the custom. The widow's ruche of  
white in the bonnet is also discarded,  
which is rather a pity, from an aes-  
thetic viewpoint. Many materials,  
never until recently considered suit-  
able for mourning, are now admitted,  
and lustrous black silk is worn in  
first mourning, though nun's veiling,  
cashmere, Henrietta cloth and such  
materials are more popular. Uncut  
velvet, too, has come to the front,  
superseding crepe in many instances  
as a trimming for even the deepest  
mourning.

Occasionally whole gowns of crepe  
are still seen, and New York's most  
fashionable dressmakers included two  
gowns fashioned entirely of crepe at  
\$12 a yard. These gowns were in-  
sisted upon by the customer and the  
dressmaker stoutly protested against  
them, declaring that, though expen-  
sive, they were not the mode. Another  
wealthy mourner ordered last winter  
from one of the leading fur houses  
of the city a large cloak of heavy  
crepe, reaching to the floor and lined  
throughout with dark fur. The furrier  
tore his hair and invoked the gods  
in protest, but such a cloak the cus-  
tomer would have and such a cloak was  
made for her, the price was \$500.

Such mourning fads are the excep-  
tion, and the desire of the average  
woman who is obliged to wear mourn-  
ing is to have it as simple and incon-  
spicuous as is consistent with good  
material and cut. If the wearing of  
mourning is desirable at all a woman  
should at least be altruist enough,  
even in her grief, to select becoming  
black. A good deal of criticism has  
been expended upon the woman who  
shows an interest in the selection of  
her mourning outfit, but self-respect  
and a certain consideration for the  
living ought to have a place even in  
a great sorrow. It is a question, too,  
whether the lightening of mourning  
and the dispensing with the show of  
grief which moralists have been at-  
tributing to the increasing callous-  
ness of our social life isn't, after all,  
a symptom of altruism as promising  
as college sentences and domestic  
science clubs. A rational idea seems  
to be developing that discourages the  
forcing of private grief upon public  
notice, and demands the subordina-  
tion of selfish impulses toward open  
mourning to the cheerfulness and  
happiness of the living.

The wearing of mourning black by  
children was never so prevalent in  
America as in Europe, and has been  
practiced less an less, until now one  
rarely sees a child in black. The  
bonnet and veil worn by young women  
in mourning for parents are also ob-  
solete. A widow today, if she wishes  
to follow conventional rules in her  
mourning, will wear dead black for a  
year. After that she will lighten her  
black with white or gray for a  
year, and at the end of that time she  
can, with perfect propriety, go into  
colors.

Lavender and violet as half mourn-  
ing are not in use, possibly because  
of their popularity outside of mourn-  
ing, and there is much less of the  
gradual shading from black into

colors than formerly. Now one wears  
black with possibly the touch of  
white or gray until the period of  
mourning is ended. Then one plunges  
into colors with a rush. The widow  
of olden time who did not wear heavy  
black for four years, and then slid  
discreetly and almost imperceptibly  
into colors, was guilty of an inex-  
cusable offence against good taste  
and decorum.

Mourning for parents or children  
conventionally lasts a year, though  
the period is now in many instances  
shortened to six months, and for  
more distant relations six months is  
considered sufficient to show one's re-  
spect and affection for the deceased.

A woman in mourning can today ap-  
pear with perfect propriety in public  
places where, 10 years ago, her pres-  
ence would have been a sin against  
decorum, and she can entertain in-  
formally as frequently as she chooses.  
As for men, mourning apparel for  
them grows less and less customary  
and even a widower seldom affects  
funeral black. There has been a grow-  
ing tendency among men to assume  
the black band on the coat sleeve, as  
a badge of mourning, but this Eng-  
lish custom, though not as some  
American writers have asserted, con-  
fined to the servants in England, has  
little to recommend it.

American servants are seldom put  
into mourning for a death in their  
master's family, though the custom  
is common across the water. When  
the practice is adopted it is usually,  
from a strictly conventional point of  
view, misused and Americans go-  
ing in for pretentious mourning  
would do well to remember that only  
those servants rightfully entitled to  
wear cockades have a conventional  
right to wear a cockade on the  
upper part of the left sleeve, and that  
according to the inflexible laws of  
livery, in comparison with which the  
laws of the Medes and the Persians  
were as wax, only members of the  
army, navy and diplomatic corps have  
a right to put cockades upon their  
servants.

Black edged visiting cards and note  
paper are dropped into disuse along  
with crepe and closed window blinds  
and seclusion from all society, and the  
public attitude toward grief, while  
less historic than it was 50 years ago,  
is unquestionably more sane.—New  
York Sun.

**RECLAIMING ARID LANDS.**  
Likely to Be the Next Great Internal Im-  
provement of the United States.

A discussion respecting the re-  
claiming of arid lands of the United  
States was taken up by the Commer-  
cial club at its banquet Saturday  
night, says the Chicago Record. Prob-  
ably no greater physical and econ-  
omic problem is before the people  
of the United States at this time,  
and there probably is no other prob-  
lem which will bring about such far-  
reaching and beneficial results when  
solved. A fair estimate that has been  
made of the land that may be made  
available for cultivation by impound-  
ing waters for irrigation purposes  
places its area at 10,000,000 acres. It  
is now practically worthless. With  
irrigation it is claimed this land would  
be worth from \$500,000,000 to per-  
haps ten times that amount, and if  
not sold it could be rented for from  
\$1 to \$5 a year per acre. The necessity  
for dealing promptly with the prob-  
lem is accentuated by the fact that  
all over the arid region irrigating  
companies are now at work obtaining  
control of vast tracts of land and  
of the impounding basins by means  
of which they may be supplied with  
water privileges and land are being  
acquired by these companies that will  
be used as the basis for making ex-  
orbitant demands on the govern-  
ment, should some plan for general  
improvement be decided on. Some  
idea of the importance of the matter  
may be gathered from the fact that  
the Republican national platform  
strongly pronounces in favor of a  
system of arid land reclamation that  
will leave the distribution of water on  
such lands in the hands and under  
the control of the people of the states  
and territories where the lands are  
situated.

One of the important features of the  
reclamation of arid lands by means  
of impounding reservoirs is the fact  
that it would be immensely helped  
by the project of improving the great  
rivers of the west into commercial  
waterways. A system has been de-  
vised by a number of engineers well  
posted in the subject which shows  
that impounding reservoirs built  
along the Mississippi river would save  
many acres of land from alternating  
floods and droughts and would make  
possible a channel 20 feet in depth  
from Lake Michigan, if desired, to the  
Gulf of Mexico. Undoubtedly the next  
general internal improvement of the  
United States will be a plan for the  
reclamation of arid lands, which will  
work harmoniously with the improve-  
ment of the great rivers.

**"Music Hath Charms."**  
The unmusical ear came into pain-  
ful prominence at a recent gay gath-  
ering. The program included a  
choice assortment of elocutionary ef-  
forts and musical accomplishments,  
that were supposed to be of the high-  
est order. Among the numbers was  
a duet between the professor and one  
of his pupils. Each had the exclu-  
sive use of a piano, and the way they  
thundered and crashed would have  
made Paderewski, could he have  
heard them, rush to the nearest bar-  
ber shop and shave off his person-  
ality. When the concert was over,  
and the audience was filing out, a de-  
mure young lady, referring to this par-  
ticular number, remarked to her es-  
cort: "Oh, dear, I can't see why  
people can't do their tuning up at  
home!"—Detroit Free Press.

**Religious Mendicants in Russia.**  
There are two types of tramps in  
Russia, and they may be classified as  
the authorized and the unauthorized.  
The first are the so-called religious  
mendicants, who are protected by the  
church and tolerated by the police;  
the second are the common vaga-  
bonds. Their national name among  
themselves is "Gorlous"—mourners  
or victims of grief. If you ask them  
why they do not work—and the great  
majority are perfectly able to do so—  
they reply in the most earnest voice  
mortal ever heard, "Master, I am a  
Gorlous, a victim of sorrow." They seem  
to have accepted the philosophy that  
a certain number of human beings are  
foredoomed to a life of misery and  
sadness, and they pose as members  
of this class.

## JUST AS HE LEFT THEM.

His toys are lying on the floor,  
Just as he left them there;  
The painted broken for keeping store,  
The little broken chair;  
The jumping pig, the whistling ball,  
The duck, the top, the boat,  
The funny looking Chinese doll,  
And kicking billy goat.

They lie about, poor, battered things,  
The rabbit and the fox,  
The cuckoo with the broken wings,  
The Jack, sprung from his box,  
Here lie his knives, his tangled string,  
His bow and silver cup—  
Because I'm tired of following  
Around to pick them up.  
—Chicago Times-Herald

## HUMOROUS.

O'Reilly—Do ye believe in fate?  
O'Hoolihan—Do Oi believe in fate?  
Sure, how lise could Oi walk?

Flatte—Is your boardinghouse up  
to date? Rooms—You bet. A fel-  
low can't get behind a single week.

Wig—Before they married she had  
him clean out of his mind. Wag—  
And now he has her clean out of his  
mind.

Customer—Give me one of those  
nickel pencils. Clerk—Here it is,  
sir. Hold on! This nickel is read.  
Customer—So is the pencil. Ta! ta!

Sillicus—I hate to hear a woman  
continually talking about herself.  
Cynicus—Now, I rather like it.  
When she's talking about herself she  
can't talk about other people.

Hoax—Why is the merchant who  
doesn't advertise like a man in a  
rowboat? Joax—Because he goes  
backward, I suppose. Hoax—No; be-  
cause he has to get along without  
sails.

"If that poet comes in tell him I've  
gone to Kalamazoo," said the editor.  
"What's up?" asked the assistant  
editor. "Oh! it's the compositor again,"  
said the editor, wearily; "he made the  
poet say that a miss is as good as a  
male."

Asker—What is your understanding  
of the Golden Rule? Does it mean:  
"Do unto others as you would like  
to be done by?" Bizness—No; my  
interpretation is: "Do unto other as  
you would be likely to be done by."

"What is your age?" asked the law-  
yer. "Must I answer that?" inquired  
the feminine witness. "You must,"  
said the judge. "Truthfully?" "Yes,  
truthfully." "O, well! I must I must,"  
she said resignedly. "My age is—a  
secret."

"I can't have lost all my good looks,"  
said Miss Northside to her best  
friend, Miss Shady-side, "for I can  
still obtain a seat in a crowded street-  
car." "Oh, well," replied Miss Shady-  
side, "you know the men will give  
seats to old age as well as to youth-  
ful beauty."

## CHILDREN IN HOLLAND.

Little Lads and Lassies in a Scheve-  
ning Kindergarten.

Wandering through the crooked  
streets of the little fishing village of  
Scheveningen, from which the famous  
Dutch watering place takes its name,  
I hear many shouts of laughter issu-  
ing from a garden inclosed by high  
walls. The gate was open and I  
peeped in. My curiosity was rewarded  
by one of the sweetest sights I have  
ever witnessed. About 20 little Dutch  
maids and lads, there ages varying  
from three to six years, were enjoy-  
ing a game of ordinary American tag,  
while a little attendant of about 12  
years stood by, busily knitting while  
she watched them. A bell sounded.  
They all fell in line behind the little  
knitter and walked demurely, two by  
two, in a serpentine line around the  
garden and disappeared in a long hall,  
at the door of which each child took  
off its little wooden shoes and held  
them in one hand behind its back,  
says a writer in the Washington Star.

In the meantime the principal came  
out and invited me by signs to enter.  
In the hall I noticed the little sabots  
laid orderly, side by side. There were  
three halls in this kindergarten. In  
each were 50 children, between the  
ages of three and six years—the girls  
in gowns to their ankles, held out in  
balloon fashion with haircloth petti-  
coats, little white shawls pinned over  
the shoulders and caps covering their  
straight yellow locks.

At this free kindergarten the chil-  
dren of the fisher folk, many of them  
fatherless, derive all care and atten-  
tion. They are taught by the same  
methods used in Germany. All  
seemed bright and happy. In one  
room they were singing quaint little  
nursery rhymes about boats. So one  
little fellow made me understand by  
walking across the floor, rolling like  
a sailor, and then going through the  
motions of rowing a boat and pulling  
in nets. He, with great glee, made me  
understand that he would be a fisher-  
man when he was "so big," stretching  
up his arms smoking an imaginary  
pipe. This amused the children so  
much and made them shout and laugh  
so loud that the teacher was obliged  
to send them to their seats and end  
our fun.

## Religious Mendicants in Russia.