MOORS ARE SHIFTLESS

RARELY BOTHER TO FINISH WORK THEY'VE ONCE BEGUN.

Faith That Allah Will Complete It if They do Not—Wars That Come to Nothing.

The term "slacker" has not yet been admitted into orthodox vocabularies, it is still defenceless slang. The Moors have many words which express the same idea; they are forced to use an abundance of them, for they are all, in various degrees, "slackers.' In accusing Moors of slackness one does not deny them many good qualities. Many of them possess energy, aculeness and even a sort of perseverance, but they have neither the power nor the wish to finish anything thoroughly. As a nation and as individuals, says the London Daily Telegraph, they are fond of loose ends and system is an abomination to them. They seem to be afraid that if they tried to finish any piece of work it would show something like contempt for the power of Providence to finish it for them, and they are content to give a hint of the way in which they hope it may turn out and leave the completion to fate. The phrase most often in their mouths is almost untranslatable, but it means in substance "to rub along with."

"That horse you are buying will break down in a week; he is going lame now!' "What would you have? It is the gait that Allah gave him; he will do to get along with," is the rejoinder. Again, "I thought you said that you had sent me five kharobas of wheat. I have measured it and find only four," and the reply comes, "Oh, my friend, you measured it, did you? That is only a small matter (literally, a little tired thing); you know that the measure of the buyer and the measure of the seller are not alike; there must always be a handful too much or too little."

Moors always like to rest on something soft, physically on a soft cushion, morally on a presumably kindly fate. In north Morocco, near the French frontier, there is a saint house belonging to

"OUR MASTER DO SOMETHING."

A man who had been praying there was asked if the saint was powerful. "There is no one equal to him; you have only to ask and it is done," says the Moor.

"Have you ever asked for anything?"

"Oh, yes; when my wife, the last but one, took sanctuary she carried off my brass tea tray, and I wanted to get it back.'

"Did you get it?" is the question, and the Moor answers: "No; she sold it to another woman who was in sanctuary.'

Other admirers of the saint had had the same experience, but it had not shaken their faith.

Of all inconsequent, unfinished things in Morocco the ordinary tribal fight is perhaps the most perfect specimen. If a fifth part of the fights that are always in process were fought to a finish, and the spoils of victory, as understood here, duly seized, the country would be an almost uninhabited desert. But they never fight to a finish, and if one side runs away the other is far too unsystematic and lacking in fixity of purpose to pillage the country. Some years ago the present Sultan was pursued to the gates of Fez by the victorious army of the Pretender. Fez was ready to welcome the rebels, and the utmost the Sultan could expect to do was to defend his palace for a short time. The rebels stayed before the town for a few days, celebrated their victory by much "powder-play" and then retreated to allow the Sultan to collect his rabble and start the campaign again.

"Powder play," which is their national sport, is worthy of the nation. It is an amusement or an exercise which seems to reach the Moorish ideal, and the Moors neither wish nor look for any better method of celebrating great occasions or of proving their own manliness. Any number from a dozen to several hundred horsemen, at a given signal, dash at full gallop a distance of a few hundred yards, discharge a straggling volley of blank cartridges, and then pull up

WITH CRUEL ABRUPTNESS

In whatever order they may happen to find themselves. As a spectacle it is worth seeing; men and horses alike decked with barbaric splendor in colors that are as well chosen as they are brilliant, and even the saddle coverings and horse furniture are arranged so that their shades of color shall match or form a pleasant contrast with the color of the horse on which they will be displayed. As a game or an exhibition of skill it is a failure.

Tent pegging without tent pegs, racing without prize or prestige for the winner, a march past without any one caring a button whether line or distance is kept—any of these would be as satisfying as this powder play. Yet Moors are enthusiastic about this "lal borad" and think that the existence of it is proof of vigorous national life and a sufficient warning to foreigners of the danger of interfering with a people so efficient and warlike. Some time ago at a Moorish picnic I saw what in another country would have been a shooting match. Most of those who took part in it were relatives of the late War Minister, many had served in the army, and one, a magnificent specimen of a Moor, had for a long time held a very important military post. The weapons were chiefly Winchesters and the mark a brick placed on a wall about twenty-five yards distant. Singly and in volleys, with every appearance of taking aim, they blazed away till the mud wall was so honeycombed by badly aimed shots that the upper part of it fell; the brick was untouched. Most of those who were shooting seemed quite satisfied with the result, but the principal man, the late military leader, seemed to feel that after all the target ought now and then to be hit, and shortened the range, putting up a pomegranate on a stick at a distance of about fifteen yards. He fired at this new mark again and again without effect, approaching nearer with each shot. When, as sunset was near, I left, he was only

A FEW RIFLE LENGTHS AWAY,

and the pomegranate was still unharmed. In men who would sell anything they had to buy a good rifle and would never travel a day's journey unless fully armed the bad shooting was strange enough, but the absence of any feeling of irritation at the repeated failures was still more unexpected. The sense of handling a deadly weapon, the noise, the holes occasionally made in the wall of the garden seemed to give the marksman complete satisfaction; of elation or annoyance there was no trace.

As a nation Moors do not seem to see that to get a desired result the necessary steps must, as a rule, be taken to secure it. In the Atlas Mountains I once found a man groping for fish in some detached pools which irrigation had cut off from the main stream. He discovered a number of little fish taking refuge under a big stone, which with some difficulty he turned on one side, only to find that while he was doing it the fish had escaped up a narrow channel to the next pool. "May their fathers be burned, wicked ones; they have fled from me!' he exclaimed. Most people would have thought it rather natural that the fish would fly if they had a chance and would have blocked up the passage before they began, but such a method would be too practical for Moors.

From the Sultan, who is ready to spend his last most painfully acquired loan on importing Circassian women or fresh troupes of dancers, to the camel driver who eats up the provision he has made for a ten days journey in the first two, the Moors are in this particular alike; they do not shut their eyes to consequences—there is no need for such exertion—their nature and their religion combined enable them to keep their eyes wide open and yet see nothing. The Moors know their own "slackness" and deplore it, as they often say: "We are like beasts, and we need the stick." Nothing they admire more than a strong ruler, even if he be as cruel as the late Viceroy, and the greatest fault that they find with their present Government is its "slackness."

SENTENCE SERMONS.

Empty heads wag easiest.

Many a bitter root bears sweet fruit.

Lack of forethought does not prove faith.

Fortune is an empty thing without friends.

A slothful sermon makes a sleepy church.

The only way to save time is to spend it well.

The worst thing about hell is to be satisfied with it.

The man of good judgment will be slow to judge others.

The mind always is the richer for the slander it forgets.

The only safe argument with temptation is a swift attack.

If you court one temptation you are sure to win a score.

You cannot find happiness if you turn your back on health.

Souls that go to sleep on sentiment do not wake up to serve.

The glory of God is not promoted by the gloom of the godly.

If we do not cause our trials to make us they will break us.

There's a short road to heaven from any point in a right life.

Folks who kick at a drought make most fuss over carrying an umbrella.

There seldom is anything in the head when the heart always is in the mouth.

He makes the deepest dent on history who has no time to think how much he weighs.

The man who works only by the clock never will own the clock by which he works.

A lie is a poor port in any storm; its tide runs swift to the whirlpool of habitual deceit.

So long as there is any light in a man's soul he does not believe he can do any of his sins in the dark.

The man who cannot make up his own mind always knows just how the universe should have been made.

IN THE GAME OF LIFE.

Life is a game, a struggle,
A frolic, as Fate decrees,
And the only way to meet it
Is with stiffened spine and knees.
Yield, if you must, for sorrow,
Give patience her timely due,
But keep your head uplifted,
No matter what else you do!

Friends may be true or faithless,
Sunshine may fail or stay,
Grief, like a shadow, linger,
Happiness fade away.
Fortune may frown or flicker,
Her smile may be hard to woo;
But keep your head uplifted,
No matter what else you do!

So shall you conquer always,
So, though the way be long,
Shall you win success worth having,
Heart cheery and spirit strong.
Obstacles? Gaily scale them!
Trouble? Why, just wade through!
But keep your head uplifted,
No matter what else you do!

A TELEPHONE FOR DIVERS.

Successful experiments were recently made at Cherbourg with a new telephone device to enable divers to communicate by voice with persons at the surface. A telephone receiver is fixed at the diver's ear, after the manner employed by operators at central offices, and a microphonic speaking apparatus is arranged in front of his mouth inside the casquette. The superiority of this plan over the old method of communicating by signal cords is manifest.

GREAT PAMAMA CANAL

SOME INFORMATION ABOUT THE WORK BEING DONE.

History of the Negotiations Which Have Led Up to the Present Situation.

Look at a map of the two American continents. Does it not appear as though the merest wasp waist connected those two mighty bulks of land? Yet, from Atlantic to Pacific, as the crow flies, is thirty-five miles—thirty-five miles of forest, swamp, quicksand, and with a tall backbone of solid rock.

Ever since the first discovery by Europeans of the New World it has been the dream of the Western world to cut a passage-way for ships through this narrow isthmus, and now at last the vision of four centuries has a prospect of becoming reality.

It is a curious proof of the age of the Panama project that in the town library of Nuremberg is preserved a globe made in 1520 upon which is carefully traced the course of the Panama Canal as it is being dug to-day.

FOR MANKIND'S BENEFIT.

The Panama Railway was completed so long ago as 1855. Since then there has been one ceaseless agitation for the making of the canal. It would take much time and space to describe in detail the whole course of the negotiations between Britain and the United States. Two treaties were drawn up. First, the Clayton-Bulwer, then the Hay-Pauncefote. By the latter we and the States bound ourselves to protect any persons who, under permission of the local authorities, should engage in the task of building the canal, and agreed that the canal should be maintained and protected "for the benefit of mankind on equal terms for all."

France was the first country to undertake the task seriously. The world-famous De Lesseps, who had successfully cut the isthmus of Suez, formed a company in 1880 for the purpose of making the Panama Canal. Its name was the Universal Inter-Oceanic Canal Company, and its capital $60,000,00. There were in all 102,230 shareholders, many of them peasants, small shopkeepers, and farmers.

IS THE CLIMATE REALLY BAD?

On the following February 1st work began, and continued for five years. Never were contracts so horribly mismanaged. Almost everyone who had anything to do with it was simply "on the make." In the first place, there was no efficient control. The climate is tropical. The first thing that should have been done was to drain the sites of the camps and make proper sanitary regulations. This was left undone. Consequently the laborers, chiefly coolies and negroes imported from the West Indies, died like flies.

So Panama acquired its present terrible reputation for deadliness. As a matter of honest fact, it does not deserve it. Let me quote from a recent report by Mr. Barrett, United States Minister to Panama: "The unhealthy features of the climate," he writes, "have been ridiculously exaggerated. The insanitary conditions existing in the days of the old Panama Canal Company might have characterized the construction of a similar work in any other portion of the world, and are responsible for the terrible tales told in the Press.

"As a matter of fact, there has not been during the months of July and August a single night too hot

FOR COMFORTABLE SLEEP.

There has hardly been a single instance of serious illness among the large number of young men—white men—employed, while the percentage of sickness among the laborers is not greater than among those engaged in similar work in the United States. Among the four hundred Marines—American—stationed half-way across the isthmus, at Empire, there has not been a single death from local diseases."

So much for the deadly climate of Panama! To return to the French company. In 1888 the company was only saved from bankruptcy by ceasing to pay interest. In the following year an unsuccessful attempt was made to float a new company. In 1891 it was announced that already the gigantic sum of $275,000,000 had been sunk in the undertaking, which was not yet one-third finished. There followed what came very near to being a revolution. The French Government took action against the company. All the directors were arrested, and, with the exception of the aged M. de Lesseps, imprisoned. In 1893 the great case came up for trial, M. F. and M. C. de Lesseps received five years' imprisonment, the other directors two.

THE PENALTY OF FAILURE.

All were heavily fined. So, for the time, ended the great thirteen years' scandal; and millions of dollars' worth of costly machinery was left lying useless in the gigantic trench which had penetrated little more than one-third of the way through the obstinate isthmus.

Not yet daunted, the French formed a new canal company. In 1898 they had 2,500 men employed. Now the Americans took a hand. The papers were filled with the great advantages of the Nicaragua scheme. It was a longer route certainly, but much of it was river and lake. $1,000,000 was spent on a commission to survey the route, and a company was formed in the States.

It was a gigantic bluff. The real object of the Americans was to buy out the French and cut the Panama Canal themselves. They had already tried to, but the lowest price the French would accept was $80,000,000. But when the Americans began work in Nicaragua, the French company got frightened. The French President hurried to Washington, and the upshot was that the French agreed to sell out, lock, stock and barrel, for $40,000,000. The canal was now definitely American.

COLOMBIA'S FOLLY.

Now came more trouble. The territory of Panama was owned by the United States of Colombia, a country as big as France, Spain, and the United Kingdom put together, but with a total population of barely four millions. The Colombian Government flatly refused to ratify the concession. It was very silly of them. As soon as their decision was known, Panama promptly revolted and became an independent republic under the protection of the United States.

It was a very good stroke of business for the new republic. They get $250,000 a year while the canal is building, and $10,000,000 down when it is finished. All this money would have gone to Colombia if its Government had had any sense.

That was in 1903. In 1904 the United States Government took over the whole concern, and is now busy digging the canal on De Lessep's original plan—namely, a sea-level channel 150 feet wide and 35 feet deep. It will have tidal locks, will cost about $200,000,000, and will, it is hoped, be completed in the year 1917.

SUCCESS ASSURED.

By latest accounts rather more than forty million yards of excavating have been done, and there remains another ninety millions. The total length of the canal will be forty-six miles, and of this distance about nineteen have been dredged to the proper width, while work is proceeding along the whole line of route.

To the many and great difficulties must be added the risk from earthquake. In September, 1882, Panama was almost destroyed by a terrific earthquake. The sea receded miles from the coast, and came back in a tidal wave. If such a disaster happens again it will set back the construction of the canal, perhaps for years. But now that the United States Government is backing the project with its enormous resources, there is, humanly speaking, no doubt but that the long delayed project will eventually be completed.—London Answers.

BEHEADED BY ARABS.

Fate of a Rash Young Frenchman at Casablanca.

A tragic tale has befallen M. Maurice Kuntzer, a young Frenchman, who for some weeks had been living at Casablanca. M. Kuntzer, who was the son of a Paris banker, was in the habit, spite of warnings, of taking walks outside the town, often wandering beyond the outposts and venturing near the Arab lines.

At last the inevitable happened. He went out one day as usual, but this time mounted on a mule, and never returned. His fate was not long left in doubt. Arabs who came from the Moorish camp to the French lines told the sad tale. When well out into the country M. Kuntzer was attacked by ten brigands, who fired at him. M. Kuntzer tried to escape, but his mule was severely wounded by the pursuing bandits, and fell.

Resolved to sell his life dearly, the young Frenchman emptied his revolver on his assailants, killing one and wounding another. But they continued to fire at him, and at last he fell wounded. The brigands then approached and finished their murderous work. They stole everything that he had on him, and treated his body with great brutality.

Afterwards they cut off his head, which, together with that of an Algerian tirailleur who was killed during the last fight, is now exposed at the Moorish camp as a trophy of victory.

BURN BACTERIA IN WATER.

New System of Purifying Water Used in Philadelphia.

A new system of purifying water is being installed at Philadelphia. It is the application of nature's own method to the solution of the problem which vexes all great cities. It is known that running water purifies itself. The explanation is that running water becomes thoroughly aerated, and the organic matter in the water is thus decomposed and consumed. The purifying agent in air is oxygen, especially in the form of ozone. The quantity of ozone in the atmosphere is limited, but it is greatest after a thunder storm or in high latitudes where there is much electricity in the air.

In Philadelphia electric discharges are passed through air confined in tubes, changing the oxygen to ozone. The air is then driven into a column of water at its base. As it rises through the standpipe containing the water the ozone seizes upon bacteria and other organic matter, uniting to form carbonic acid gas, which bubbles to the top and escapes. The process is exactly similar to burning coal, except that the combustion is perfect and there is no ash. Foul water goes in at the top of the standpipe and a steady stream of pure water, clear as crystal, flows from the base of the pipe.

OF COURSE HE WAS.

In the times when political warfare waxed hot and relentless, there was a town in the Far West in which the two parties were so equal that the variation of a single vote one way or the other might be a matter of most serious consequence. It was in a town where every male has a vote when he attains the age of twenty-one. Of course, on both sides sharp eyes were open and watchful. A young man came up to the polling place on election day and offered his vote. It was his first appearance in the character of an elector, and he had the independence, or audacity, to differ politically from his father. His father challenged his vote.

"On what grounds?" demanded the presiding officer.

"He isn't twenty-one."

"I am twenty-one," asserted the youth.

"No, you're not," said the father; "you won't be twenty-one till to-morrow."

"I say I will," cried the youth. "I was born on the twelufth day of November. Its down in the old Bible."

"Then it's a mistake," said the old man. "You weren't born till the morning of the 13th November, I can vow."

"How can you?"

"How?" repeated the old man, indignantly. "Goodness gracious, wasn't I there?"

"Well," returned the son, with proud defiance, "wasn't I there, too?"

The young man voted.

Even a clever girl, if wise, will learn to cook.

SPEND 15 CENTS DAILY

A WEALTHY MAN'S OUTLAY FOR HIS LIVING.

Rich Bachelor, Known as "Tax Title" Seaman, Has Economical Ideas.

With a fortune of upwards of a quarter of a million dollars, "Tax Title' Seaman, of Omaha, Nebraska, lives upon fifteen cents a day, and declares that the expenditure of this modest sum gives him everything needful to his comfort, and that he, having no family, is not justified in expending more. Seaman recently gave the Young Men's Christian Association $100 to help it to pay off an indebtedness on its new building. This is the first gift of the sort he ever has been known to make.

Seaman is sixty years old and a bachelor. The story of how he amassed his fortune is very unique. He has got together his quarter of a million dollars trafficking in tax titles. His Christian name is Andrew, but he is known to everybody in Omaha as "Tax Title" Seaman on account of his peculiar business.

SPENDS $5 A YEAR ON DRESS.

This peculiar man lives alone in a little, old weather-beaten, dilapidated house near the village of Benson, a few miles west of Omaha, and he does his own cooking, washing, ironing, sweeping, mending and cobbling. It is five or six miles from his home to the business district of Omaha, where he transacts his unique business. Yet he does not make a practice of riding on the street cars. He commonly walks from his home to the city in the morning and from the city back to his home in the evening, and not infrequently he takes much longer walks.

He maintains stoutly that one can live comfortably and decently on fifteen cents a day. "I myself have demonstrated clearly and conclusively that this can be done," he said. "No man has any business to spend more than $5 a year on dress. I myself do not spend that much, but perhaps I have a better faculty for practising little economies than most men have.'

"It costs very little indeed for a man to dress well, and it costs very little for a man to live well if he knows how and what to eat.

DOES HIS OWN COOKING.

"I do a great deal of my own cooking. But occasionally I get tired of home cooking, as they call it, and go to the restaurants. I do not always eat the same things or pay the same amount for my meals. But I manage to keep my living expenses down to fifteen cents a day on an average. I paid only five cents for my breakfast this morning. I know a little place here in town where you can get a good breakfast for five cents. One morning I was hungrier than usual and ordered cakes, and they cost me three cents extra. When I get my meals at home it costs me considerably less than fifteen cents a day to live.

"I don't eat much meat. I find that nuts are a good substitute for meat, and I eat them a good deal. Bread is my chief article of diet. Give me plenty of bread and I can get on without much else. I never drink tea or coffee. Not a drop of liquor has passed my lips in many years. I never eat soup except when I go to Denver. There I know a place where you can get a whole dinner for ten cents, with soup thrown in. I eat the soup because it is brought on, and if I did not eat it I should beat myself out of something I am entitled to, and thus be practically throwing money away."

LONG LIVED ICELANDERS.

It would be interesting to know if any part of the world beats Iceland in the average length of life of its inhabitants. It is shown in the census of 1905 that on an average the people of that island live to the age of 61.8 years, which is very nearly double the mean duration of human life as it was computed a generation ago. Sweden and Norway are regarded as very healthful countries, but Iceland takes the palm in longevity, the mean duration of life in Sweden being 50.02 years and in Norway 49.94 years. Some of Iceland's earthquakes are nerve racking, but on the whole the lives of most of its simple and industrious inhabitants slip along with few incidents that unduly stimulate or depress the pulse. Summer and winter the same old mail boat from Leith steams into the harbor of Reykjavik every three weeks but very rarely brings news that touches Iceland so closely as to make excitement. In fact, the little island enjoys many of the advantages of civilization and avoids most of its drawbacks.

"I tell you, Ma'am, you ought to use

St. George's Baking Powder

if only for the reason that it is wholesome and healthful."

"The knowledge that you are NOT eating alum, lime, ammonia and acid in your food—should count for a great deal."

"ST. GEORGE'S is made of 99.90% pure Cream of Tartar." Try it.

Write for free copy of our new Cook-Book.

National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada Limited, Montreal. 25

ARRESTED A 2 YEAR OLD BOY.

Pittsburg, Pa.—George Shaffer, 2 years old, was arrested on a warrant and charged with trespassing. A neighbor swore that George tore up his lawn and flower beds. But the Court declined to hear the case. The little son of Mrs. John Cline of Aylmer, Ont., was only a year older than baby Shaffer when his mother noticed that he suffered with severe attacks of Biliousness. She tried everything she could think of, but the boy grew steadily worse. "I cannot praise Fruit-a-tives too highly," writes Mrs. Cline, "I have tried so many different kinds of medicine for my son. He has had bilious attacks ever since he was three years old, and since he began to take "Fruit-a-tives" he has been so well." "Fruit-a-tives" are the ideal medicine for children, as well as grown folk. They are pleasant to take and mild in action—being made of fruit juices and tonics. 50c a box. At all dealers.

REPRESSION IN COREA.

Japanese Steps to Separate the Old Emperor and the New.

Being an ex-Emperor and the father of an Emperor in Corea at the present time entails disadvantage. A recent despatch from Seoul published in a Tokio paper said that the Japanese Resident General had begun to believe that the old ex-Emperor and his son were altogether too friendly and that repressive measures would have to be taken.

When the Emperor was forced off the throne last July in favor of his young and weak-minded son, who was considered more amenable to Japanese design, he did not take kindly to his voluntary abdication, but continued to keep up the old court intrigues and hand out advice from an obscure room of the palace to the throne. The new Emperor was only a tool in the hands of the Japanese, but he still retained some spark of filial and patriotic respect for the former ruler.

As a consequence the Japanese found that many of their plans for the acquisition of the last shreds of Corean sovereignty were being divulged and interfered with. With Japanese delicacy the agents of Prince Ito, the Resident General, undertook to separate the father and son in such a way as to prevent the exchange of confidences between them.

First the old Emperor was moved to a separate palace and the place was filled with Japanese in the guise of house chamberlains, equerries and secretaries in waiting. Still there were leaks and the reigning Emperor seemed to be under the influence of his father.

Through the pliant Corean Cabinet orders have recently been transmitted to the new Emperor that only once a week shall he visit his father, and that on those occasions there shall be nothing more between them than the formal tea drinking and exchange of the usual elaborate courtesies. The Emperor has been advised that since his father is really a bad man and no patriot it would not be for the best interests of Corea for him to pay more attention to him than the rigorous code of Corean etiquette demands.

The last rag was stripped from the dignity of the former occupant of the throne on October 3, when the reigning Emperor paid a visit in state to the tombs of his ancestors outside of the city walls. The procession through the city was headed by two mounted Japanese police inspectors and a troop of Japanese cavalry.

The imperial banner carried by a Japanese color sergeant preceded the imperial coach. The imperial coach, a gift from the Emperor of Japan to the Emperor of Corea, was drawn by Japanese horses and driven by Japanese drivers.

As all of this glitter passed out through the Taikan gate the old Emperor and the Crown Prince, his grandson, were allowed to stand near the gate and see the show. A Japanese reporter reported to the Nichi Nichi Shimbun of Tokio that the ex-Emperor "seemed overcome with emotion."

THE DIFFERENCE.

When a woman becomes flurried she feels for a fan. When a man becomes flurried he feels for a cigar.

Women jump to conclusions, and generally hit. Men reason things out logically, and generally miss them.

Some women can't pass a milliner's shop without looking in. Some men can't pass a restaurant without going in.

Women love adoration, approbation, self-denial on the part of others. So do the men.

A woman always carries her purse in her hand, so that other women will see it. A man carries his in his inside pockets, so that his wife won't see it.

TOO DEEP FOR HIM.

"No," remarked the man who occasionally lets out an audible thought, "I can't understand it."

"Can't understand what?" queried the party who had overheard the remark.

"Why a woman will weep at the imaginary woes of a stage hero and laugh at the real woes of her husband," explained he of the noisy thoughts.

CHAMPAGNE BY THE YARD.

At the annual dinner of the Corporation of Hanley, England, new councillors, in accordance with custom, drank champagne from a glass a yard long. Those who did not succeed in finishing the draught had the remainder poured down their shirt fronts by two stalwart cup bearers.

POOR CONSOLATION.

"The man who languishes in jail," remarked the home-grown philosopher, "has one consolation at least."

"What's that?" queried the easy one.

"That he occupies a position from which most of the world is barred out," answered the philosophy dispenser.

Among other pipe dreams are those of the church organist.

Some women would rather go broke than not go at all