

Our Young Folks

CORRESPONDING WITH STRANGERS.

No young girl should engage in a correspondence which she is unwilling that her mother should know about. No good comes from corresponding with a stranger, and much evil may follow. It is not rare to see advertisements for a wife or for a husband. These, usually by persons well advanced in life, are sufficiently disgusting, but when young girls of sixteen or eighteen advertise for correspondents of the opposite sex, with a view to matrimony, it is revolting to all right feeling persons. A paper published in Chicago, devoted to matrimonial matters, has two pages filled with advertisements of those of both sexes who wish correspondents, a most melancholy display. Many of the advertisements are most thoughtless, and show that the girls have no idea of the importance of the subject they approach with so much frivolity. One girl writes: "A blooming Miss of 'sweet sixteen,' with long black hair and blue eyes, wishes to correspond with an unlimited number of gents. Object, mutual improvement, and may be—Will reply to all who enclose stamp or photo." There is plainly room for "improvement" for any girl who speaks of gentlemen as "gents," but why "an unlimited number?" Another reads: "Two young school girls, cultured and refined, both brunettes, would like a few gentlemen correspondents. Emma is sixteen, and Geneva nineteen." The appearance of that advertisement shows that people have very different ideas about "refinement." The whole thing is wrong; it has not a single redeeming feature, and it is melancholy to think that there are so many young girls, as the paper shows, who are lacking in that modesty and that nice sense of propriety which should be the crowning graces of girlhood.

A GIRL WHO CAN SHOOT.

"In my recent trip to New Mexico in the interest of the Omaha Stock Exchange, I witnessed an act of heroism that I shall never forget," said W. F. Skinner. "The central figure was a beautiful and refined young lady, the daughter of a banker who owns extensive cattle ranches in northern New Mexico. During the vacations she had passed on the ranch, she had acquired a wonderful proficiency with the rifle, and could shoot with the accuracy of an old ranchman. One day we were startled by seeing a cinnamon bear, and a large one at that, near the edge of a gully but a short distance from the house. Both father and daughter rushed for their rifles and made for the ravine. The wild beast was on the opposite side and unable to get at us. The banker in his excitement got too close to the edge of the ravine and tumbled in, fall at a distance of twelve or fifteen feet. He lay stunned by the force of the fall, and we feared he had been seriously hurt. In another second down tumbled bruin into the gully, whether intentionally or accidentally, I don't know. But the awful danger of my host immediately flashed upon me. He was too stunned to help himself, and the

savage beast, infuriated by the pain of his fall, rushed toward the prostrate man. I was frozen with horror. In a twinkling I heard the report of a rifle at my side, saw a puff of smoke and the bear dropped dead, almost on the helpless form of the banker. I turned, and saw my fair companion just dropping her rifle from her shoulder. Her face was pale, but her eyes lit up with a look of mingled joy and triumph. She had saved her father from a terrible death by her presence of mind and unerring aim."—*Omaha Bee*.

NO MONEY IN IT.

"My mother gets up, builds the fire, and gets my breakfast, and sends me off," said a bright youth. "Then she gets father up, gets his breakfast, and sends him off. Then she gives the other children their breakfast, and sends them off to school; and then she and the baby have their breakfast."

"How old is the baby?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, she is most two, but she can talk and walk as well as any of us."

"Are you well paid?"

"I get \$2 a week, and father gets \$2 a day."

"How much does your mother get?"

With a bewildered look the boy said: "Mother! why she don't work for anybody."

"I thought you said she worked for all of you."

"Oh, yes, for us she does; but there is no money in it."

Too many boys and men who earn much larger sums than those mentioned above, act as though "mother" not only had no right to share their earnings, but received what she did by some special grace on their part.

Among other factors in home happiness the right management of home finances is an important one. The silent partner in the world-business, the wife who takes care of the husband, keeps the home bright and sunny, and manages the children, is entitled to what she thinks fit regarding the disposal of funds, and to have her own share of them to spend as she pleases.

A DOG AT THE TELEPHONE.

The telephone has enabled a physician, several miles away, to detect whether a child had the croup. The child's mouth was held near to the mouth-piece of the instrument, and the physician heard it cough. But more singular than this is the following case of a dog recognizing its master's voice through the telephone: Jack is a coach dog that found his master by telephone. In some way Jack got lost, and fortunately was found by one of his master's friends, who went to his office and asked by telephone if the man had lost his dog. "Yes, where is he?" was the reply. "He is here. Suppose you call him through the telephone." The dog's ear was placed over the ear-piece and his master said, "Jack! Jack! how are you, Jack?" Jack instantly recognized the voice and began to yell. He licked the telephone fondly, seeming to think his master was inside the machine. At the other end of the line the gentleman recognized the familiar barks,

and shortly afterwards he reached his friend's office to claim his property.—*Sidney (Australia) Eye*.

BOYS.

An exchange says a boy will tramp two hundred and forty-seven miles in one day on a rabbit hunt and be limber in the evening, when, if you ask him to go across the street and borrow Jones' two-inch auger, he will be as stiff as a meat-block. Of course he will.

And he will go swimming all day, and stay in the water three hours at a time, and splash and dive at a paddle, and he'll spend the biggest part of the day trying to corner a stray mule or a baldback horse for a ride, and feel that all life's charms have fled when it comes time to drive the cows home; and he'll turn a ten-acre lot upside down for ten inches of angle-worms, and wish for the voiceless tomb when the garden demands his attention.

But, all the same, when you want a friend who will stand by you, and sympathize with you, and be true to you in all kinds of weather, enlist one of the small boys.

The coat-tail flirtation is the latest. A wrinkled coat-tail, bearing dust toe marks, on a rejected suitor, means, "I have spoken to your father."

Waitress to Landlady: "Oh, ma'am, Mr. Spitfire has left the table in a rage."

Landlady: "I'm glad of that. It's the first thing I ever knew him to leave."

She: "An unfortunate alliance, that of Miss Quickly's, wasn't it?"

He: "May be, but he was just her kind. You said, you know, that she wanted a husband bad, and she certainly got a bad one."

"You are as bad as a playful kitten in jumping at conclusions," remarked Keedick to his wife.

"Do kittens jump at conclusions?" asked Mrs. Keedick.

"Certainly, have you never seen kittens chase their tails?"

"You shouldn't be so restless in church, Charlie," said the minister to his little son. "I could see you moving and jumping about in the pew all through my sermon."

"I was stiller'n you were, papa," answered Charlie. "You was wavin' your arms and talkin' all through church."

She: "When did you begin to love me, George?"

He: "About two weeks ago, darling."

She: "But you have known me for over six months."

He: "Yes, dearest, but love is blind. I never knew till recently that your father was so rich."

"Why are not our girls strong?" asks a contemporary.

This is absurd, for they are strong. Many a one of 'em has been known to sit on a great, strapping man, and hold him down a whole evening.