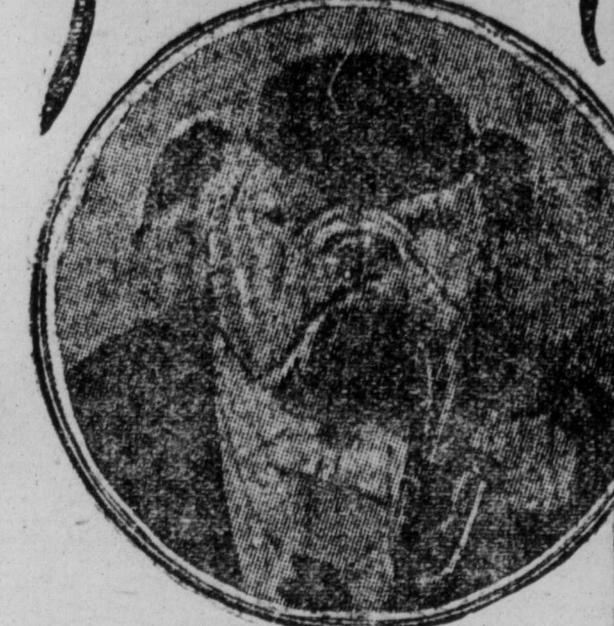


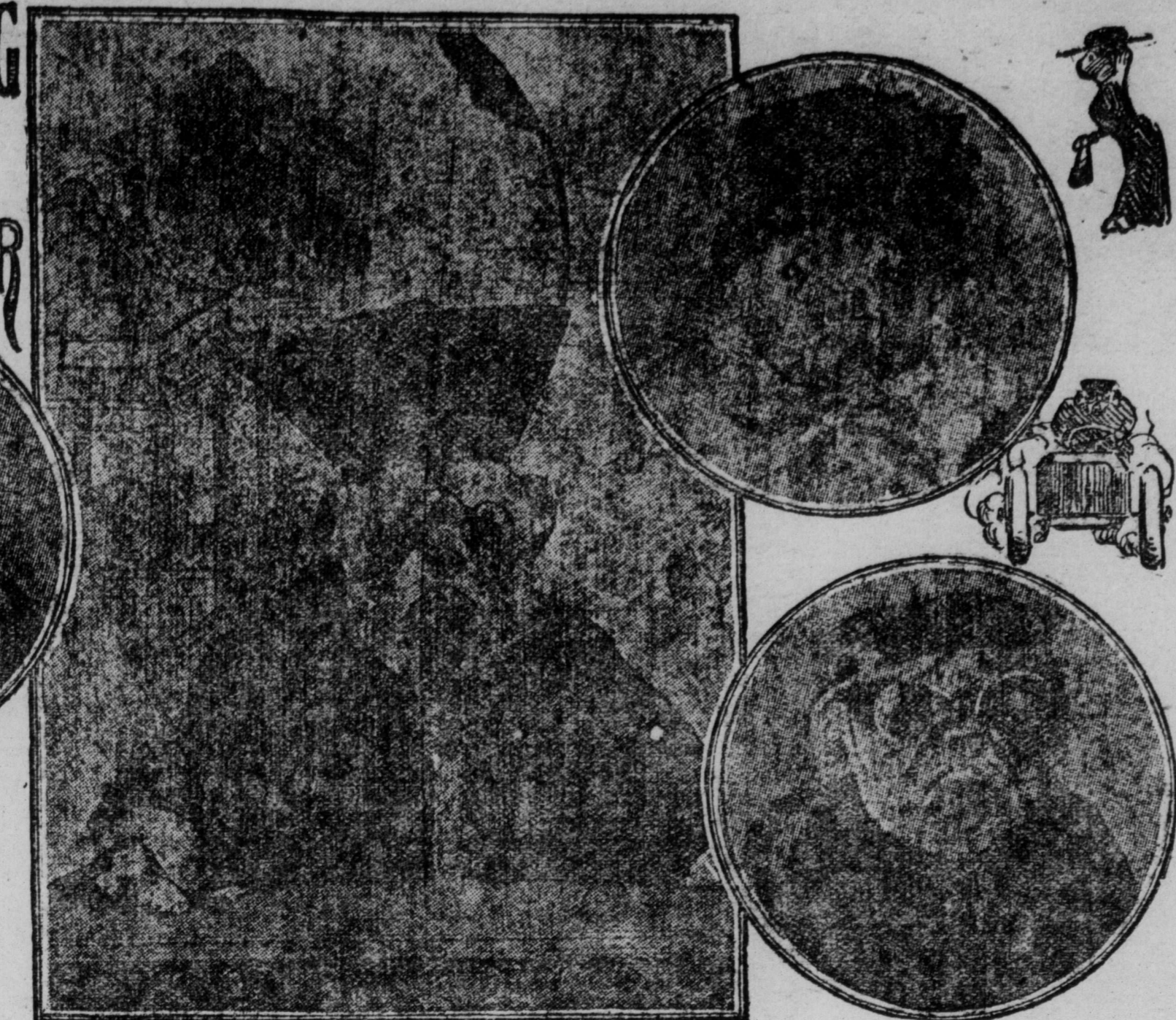
THE BULLDOG

Who is A REAL ACTOR



IN THESE days when animals are trained to do so many original feats, it is hard to find anything really surprising in new tricks. The bulldog whose photographs we print, however, is somewhat of a marvel. An actor of merit he is, without a doubt.

With remarkable quickness the dog will change from one costume to another, and with it he will alter the whole expression of his face. For instance, as a Chinese magistrate, sitting in state at his official desk, the dog is as solemn and wise-looking as his honor the judge could possibly be; when he



dens the old maid's costume you see how prim he becomes; as a German student he is careless and jolly, while the

chauffeur he represents is sufficiently wild and fierce to run the speediest motor.

Already the bulldog, who is the property of Herr Frank Korn, has achieved great success.

In the World of Curiosities

NO. 2

OUR story today is not of a new curiosity, but a very old one. Hundreds of years ago people studied this plant—for it is, indeed, a plant. So closely does the root of the mandrake plant resemble a human face, as you will observe from the illustration, that folk in the Middle Ages believed it possessed a soul. They also imagined that when pulled from the ground it gave a dying shriek.

Much esteemed was the mandrake plant in yester days. The ancient



Germans dressed the root as one would a doll and laid it away in precious caskets, thinking its possession would bring them luck, riches and love. It was also much esteemed for supposed healing properties, and for the power it gave to foretell future events.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

A Clean Conscience, Something to Do, and Some One to Love.

In these days of many theories regarding the power of mind over matter, when almost everybody is searching for a mental short cut to that state of contentment that is somewhat indefinitely defined as "happiness," it is a pleasure to come upon such a sane prescription for relief from existing disquietude as that which is given by Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps in one of the current magazines. "The conditions of happiness," she says, "are three: a clean conscience, something to do, and some one to love." Here in a nutshell we have a philosophy of life that may be adopted without hesitation. Whatever one's opinions may be regarding the truth of the so-called psychic problems that are now attracting so much attention, there can be no objection to any of the ingredients that compose the prescription suggested. It is about as clear and compact a definition of the qualities that combine to produce a state of individual happiness as it would be possible to devise.

In the first place, happiness without a clean conscience would be absolutely impossible. No man can be happy and at the same time be afraid to look the world in the face. The mere appearance of somebody who has a just grievance against us is enough to knock all the joy out of life for some time to come. Money will do a great deal toward the attainment of happiness. The realization of ambitions will help us to be contented, but neither of these things will take the place of the peace of mind that only the clear conscience can bring. Though we exert every mental effort of which we are capable the day or hour is certain to come when we are brought face to face with the fact that there is an indictment outstanding against us to which we must plead in the court of conscience. It is at such a time that we begin to realize that neither wealth nor position are alone able to bring us happiness for which the soul longs. To attain this blessing we must be able to look every man straight in the eye, and to do this we must know that no man has the power to bring the blush of shame to our cheeks.

Contentment of this sort, however, is not the only thing we need to make us happy. Before we can attain this condition we must have something to do, for work is the greatest remedy for misery that man has yet been able to find. As a matter of fact, half the unhappiness in this world is due to idleness. When a man has nothing else to think about he is not un-

likely to spend his time in thinking about himself, and there are few of us who, should we grow introspective, could not dig up some thoughts that would help to make us miserable. In other words, it does not pay to dwell too closely upon our own troubles or to delve too deeply into the past. Yesterday has gone, and no regrets that we can express are able to bring its possibilities back again. To-day is a new day, with new opportunities waiting to be grasped. The only way in which it is possible for us to take advantage of them is to be up to the minute, with hands ready and mind alert to seize the chance for which we have been waiting. The best way in which we can prepare for this possibility is to keep busy. If we have enough to do we have little time for either introspection or retrospection, and as both are fatal to our happiness the "something to do" that leaves no time for such mental dissipations is certainly a necessary ingredient in this prescription.

But, then, in addition to all there must be some one for us to love, some one who can draw us out of the shell of selfishness and make us take a genuine interest in life, for the selfish man can know no true happiness. To be really happy we must do for others, we must think of others and make their interests our own. Many a man and woman has learned that in this condition there is a remedy for countless ills—a remedy that is more effective than any that the druggist can compound. Thus, it is in doing for others that one is able to escape from his own chains. It is in thinking about the needs of others that he is able to forget his own woes. It is in helping others to find happiness that he is able to discover that blessing for himself. The loveless man may be a rich man, or a successful man, so far as the material viewpoint is concerned, but when you find a being who is living without love you will have located a soul that is unhappy.

Yes, it is a good prescription—a clean conscience, work to do, and some one to love. It is unnecessary to search for other ingredients. Procure these things for yourself, and you will have no further need to complain about your unhappiness.

THE WAY OUT OF IT.

Amateur Dressmaker—This skirt is a great trouble to me; there is not enough stuff for the hem.

Facetious Friend—Then why not be brave and face your trouble!

You can flatter any man by saying his advice.

SHIPMATES



THE SHIP MADE BY GRANDPERE

ANDRE loved to be with Grandpere Etienne almost as much as he loved to play with little Rosemonde. And although Grandpere Etienne was old—and so feeble that he had to be helped when he was unsteady on his feet—he really didn't seem any older than Rosemonde. A delightful chum was he, with his wonderful stock of good yarns.

"Grandpere," began Andre, as he tottered up the bank with a net Etienne wished to mend. "Rosemonde and I are going to have a nice little ship as soon as we grow big, and we're going to sail together 'way out in the ocean, until we come to an island, where we'll live forever and ever and be as happy as can be."

"Rosemonde is a trim little shipmate," responded the old man, kindly. Then he smiled whimsically. Andre patiently waited for the story which always followed that smile, but Grandpere spoke not a word until the two had entered the cottage. Hardly had he gone to the corner, however, before he went to the tiny cupboard and drew forth something in a very mysterious manner.

"Oh, Grandpere Etienne, what a beautiful boat!" cried Andre, as he now saw upon the table the dainty model of a handsome ship.

"And so you and Rosemonde are waiting for your ship?" pursued the old man, his eyes twinkling with merriment. "Well, I think I can provide you with something better than a dream ship. And although I suppose it will hardly hold you and your shipmate comfortably, you may be able to make out with it until your larger ship arrives."

"Is it really for me and Rosemonde, Grandpere? How nice you are!" joyfully exclaimed the lad.

The old fisherman looked affectionately at the boy, and his eyes were moist as he replied:

"You've earned it, lad; you've earned it fairly. Many a good turn have you done your old friend, and Etienne hasn't forgotten it."

"Now run along," he added, patting Andre gently on the back, "and show Rosemonde the ship you have gained for her."

"Dear old Grandpere," murmured sweet little Rosemonde, when her chum proudly displayed the prize, "I do believe that, next to you, I love him better than almost any one else in the world!"

How proud they were of the "Belle Caroline"—which the letters of gleaming paint showed to be the name of their treasure, the very name, by the way, of Grandpere Etienne's fishing boat!

"We shall sail it first thing tomorrow morning," said they, triumphantly.

But so anxious was the lad to see the graceful boat upon the water that he gently rested it upon the surface without attaching the cord. In his excitement, he released his hold, and in a moment the "Belle Caroline" was out of reach. The water was too deep for Andre to attempt a rescue. Soon the ill-fated ship had passed beyond the entrance of the cove, nor was she ever seen again.

With streaming eyes the "shipmates" sought Grandpere. Their good friend seemed to regard their loss as a light one. He comforted them, saying:

"Though the shipmates I know of have lost their ship and are stranded, the hand of Etienne has not lost its skill. Just wait, and before many days another 'Belle Caroline' will be riding the waves quite as jauntily as did the first, who hadn't sense enough to take the skipper and mate with her when she started to cross the ocean."



RESPECT THEIR OCCUPATION.

Don't Treat Lightly Any Honest Work of Fellow Humans.

It is always unkind to treat lightly any useful occupation in which another must earn his living. A man stood one day in a little shop where souvenirs and trinkets were sold and watched the different persons who came up to the counter to examine the goods. A young woman behind the counter was doing her best to serve her customers satisfactorily and to give them the best her little stock afforded. To thousands of persons, doubtless, the little stock of novelties had an interest which warranted the conduct of the business. One couple he observed came up to the counter and cast a hasty glance over the stock. The salesgirl's face lighted up with

interest as she stepped forward to serve them. The woman then turned to her husband, and, with a look of utter disdain for the little stock of trinkets, walked on, remarking aloud to both customers and the girl could hear it, "There's nothing here I'd have as a gift." The girl's face fell, and she seemed saddened. Others might walk on in their supercilious superiority, but she must remain and earn her living by selling those little trinkets to such as wanted them.

The observer could not help thinking how this spirit of disrespect for the humbler work of another has wounded the feelings of unnumbered workers and made them lose respect for the tasks at which they must earn their living.

Occasionally a woman buys a hat that actually looks like one.

A Japanese Story

A FARMER, just arrived in heaven, began to explore.

"What are those strange-looking things over there on the shelf?" he asked. And as the Japanese are very fond of soup, he added, "Are they for soup?"

"No," was the reply, "those are earrs. They belonged to people who heard what they ought to do in order to be good while on earth, but who did not do it. So, when they died, the ears were the only part of them which came to heaven."

After walking a little farther, the farmer inquired:

"And what are those funny things? Are they for soup?"

"No," was again the reply, "they are tongues. They belonged to people who, while on earth, were continually telling other people what they should do in order to be good, but who never followed what they preached. So, when they died, the tongues alone came to heaven."

Caught the Dean

ONE of Dean Swift's friends sent him a fish by a lad. The boy burst into the room, exclaiming very emphatically:

"My master sends you a fish."

"That is not the way a gentleman should enter," reproved the dean. "You sit here in my chair while I show you how to mend your manners. When the boy was seated the dean went out. Then the dean knocked at the door, bowed low and said:

"Sir, my master sends his kind compliments, and hopes you are well, and begs you to accept a small present."

"Indeed," replied the boy, "return him my best thanks, and there is a shilling for yourself."

The dean, caught in his own trap, laughed heartily, and gave the boy a half crown for his ready wit.

Was Resting

WILLIE had been ill, so he was sent to the country for a rest and to regain his health. Of course, he was told to write as soon as he arrived. But a week passed before his mother received the following note:

"Dear mother: I got here all right but forgot to write. I and another boy went out in a boat and the boat upset, but a man got me out all right. I was filled with water and didn't know anything for a long time. A horse kicked me over yesterday so I've got a big bandage on my head. We're going to set fire to a barn tonight, so I suppose we'll have lots of fun. I'm going to bring a dandy dog home if I can get him in my trunk. Your loving son, Willie."

A Royal Retort.

When Prince Edward of Wales, then midshipman, was going round the world with his late brother, he attended a ball one night at Rio. Observing that the prince danced with the prettiest girls and neglected the daughters of the bigwigs, his elder brother chided him.

"You go and sit down and whistle God save your grandmother, and let me alone!" was the prince's retort.

Unnecessary.

Mr. Johnson—Tommy, didn't you order this trunk from the trunkmaker's the other day?

Tommy—Yes, father.

Mr. Johnson—Why did he send no strap?

Tommy—Why, the fact is, father, I told him you wouldn't need a strap.

He Wanted a Test.

The statement made by his teacher that every one of the hairs of his head was numbered, made a great impression upon William.

"Twitching a hair out of his head, and holding it up, he cried:

"Please, what number is this one?"

ENGLISH FROM TOKIO.

An Englishman Annoyed His Neighbors by Keeping Geese.

Though the Japanese have borrowed many things from us they do not seem to have mastered our language as yet, as the following letter shows. It was received by an Englishman who resided in the native quarter of Tokio. He had annoyed his neighbors by keeping geese, which disturbed the calm of the place, and they accordingly resolved to send a protest to him. This letter was the result of their labors:—

"Tokio, Jan. 3rd, 1908.

"Dear John Bexington.

"Dear Sir,—We have already twice written of your hateful geese cry with very unacceptible, unbearable, uncommon, uncouth, unquiet,

A Tiny Soldier of Royalty



ONE doesn't often hear of a soldier who is little more than a year old. The little chap here shown is a private of the First Battalion of the No. 1 Infantry Regiment of Spain. Although only a private, he's quite a distinguished personage. Indeed, he is no other than his royal highness the prince of Asturias, son of the king of Spain. Quite a big-sounding name for such a little fellow, isn't it?

This tiny prince was made a soldier on May 10, the day upon which he was exactly 1 year old. On the uniform may be seen the Order of the Golden Fleece.

LIVING FISH from PASTEBOARD



DRAW a fish upon stiff blotting-paper, and cut it out.

Now place the fish in a platter covered with a shallow depth of water. Presently your fish will squirm and wriggle, at last entirely straightening itself out.

Make dotted lines corresponding to those in picture. Fold along these lines, beginning at the top.

Now place the fish in a platter covered with a shallow depth of water. Presently your fish will squirm and wriggle, at last entirely straightening itself out.

Now place the fish in a platter covered with a shallow depth of water. Presently your fish will squirm and wriggle, at last entirely straightening itself out.

SOURD.

Scott—An optimist is a man who doesn't cry over spilt milk.

Mott—The pessimist doesn't either, he feels that the spilt milk was more than half water, anyway.

Some men have money to burn because they don't burn it.