

WILLIAM LYTLE, of San Francisco, is haunted, pursued and terrorized by a plague of banana skins. For nearly

A black and white illustration of a man in a long coat and hat, looking distressed, with a hand reaching out from above. The man is surrounded by a large, dark, swirling mass, possibly representing a crowd or a storm. The background is dark and textured.

street, he stepped on a banana peeling and broke his arm. The story of the accident was printed, and the following day the *Daily Gate* announced, "The banana peeling was the time, and the place having as much to do with the broken engagement as the relinquishing of the statement that the accident was caused by a banana peeling. Also, it got him into trouble with the police, and he had to get tired of banana skin accidents and weeks of layoffs with salary still going on."

Reconciled to His Old Sweetheart.
On the morning of the great earthquake Lytle, who had been driven away from his wife by the mysterious banana skin accident, was playing bridge in a club on O'Farrell street. With the others he escaped from the building unhurt through the shower of bricks and plastering. They rushed into the street and stood unhurt under the fall of bulging beams.

At the park, Gylden and his way to his boarding place, selected the most valuable items from his suitcase and hid them in a safe place, as the fire was approaching. Having packed up, he went down into the basement, where he hid in a corner. The old firm getting out their most valuable books and papers, and helped get them out of the building. Gylden, however, did not move. He found himself cut off from his boarding house, but by making a wide detour, he managed to get out of the house and onto the streets. Carrying them he started on towards the park with the intention of returning to his boarding house, and just as he opened the park, he slipped on a banana peeling, fell, and broke his leg.

Early in June he was able to limp around with a cane. One day he started walking without it, and he found the ruins and see the new town that had sprung up on the hill tops. He went back to his old home and found it transformed from a routine street into the chief business center of the city.

As he was hobbling across Geary street the end of his cane slipped on a lamina of ice and he fell. A pair of horses that were drawing a carriage stopped at once and helped him get up from the carriage and Lytle recognized the girl who had been his fiancee. When she saw him she ran to him and embraced under the care of her family physician.

West, and was therefore an object of respect. You ask why? Because Europe has been so long at sea.

It is not only the boys who attend school in this year of grace 1907, but also the girls. They are dressed in smart hats and books in hand, walking stately to the nearest academy, and they have a very different attitude than the vasty significant one in vogue in 1860.

Eastern country. And if we turn to the west coast, we find the same thing more than confirm the deduction.

Thus in 1890 85 per cent. of the girls and 90 per cent. of the girls of color were attending schools. The figures which had increased five years later

man remained helpless for almost two months—but the days of his convalescence were happy ones. To his sweetest, who had nursed him through his illness and restored to him by banana skins, he told the entire story and they agreed to make a film about it. The money for both, the chances were that he would have no more trouble. But the terror of the unknown was too much for him. He ed always with his eyes upon the ground, fearful of placing his foot upon a banana skin. So he saved himself just in time.

The wedding date was set for Dec. 10, 1936, and the bride and groom, accompanied by a large party of guests, left for the wedding trip and "spend the honeymoon" in Japan. The bride, Miss O. before going on to New York. Arrangements were made for a big homecoming party to be given at the hotel. The room were thrown together and banded. The bride and groom, accompanied by the bridesmaids attended the bride, while the bride was attended by Herbert Dill as best man. The bride and groom, accompanied by the bridesmaids attended the bride, while the bride was attended by Herbert Dill as best man. The bride and groom, accompanied by the bridesmaids attended the bride, while the bride was attended by Herbert Dill as best man.

from her father, came from the living room. She was dressed in a white gown, her maids preceding her. At the same moment, according to the programme, the bride was to appear in the library, attended by his best man and to meet the bride. He started—but when he saw the bride, he was so overcome with eyes in admiration to the beautiful girl who was coming to meet him and in the excitement of the moment he fell forward and crashed to the floor, breaking his right arm above the elbow.

The accident resulted in a nervous breakdown of the bridegroom.

Such was the fervent prayer which had been breathed by more than one man in the city of Bern, that the bride should have every chance of being granted, even though she should have to wait for it only so late as August last.

The bridegroom, however, was obliged to send delegates to an international congress at Bern, held with the bridegroom's father, to discuss the question on the grounds that the state of the industries of the country did not admit of his absence.

True, the women and children may smile over their work as the casual victims of the accident.

the next worker cutting off the skin and the bones, and the fish is sliced by machinery by means of circular knives. The fish is then packed in boxes of wood, so that the slices are all of one thickness, and fit exactly into the boxes. The fish is then packed in boxes of wood, so that the slices are all of one thickness, and fit exactly into the boxes. The fish is then packed in boxes of wood, so that the slices are all of one thickness, and fit exactly into the boxes.

length of time are necessary.

Finally, when the tins have been soldered for the last time they are lowered by trucks into tanks of boiling water, men standing over them with great pliers to remove any tin that emits bubbles. After this, the tins are cooled and stacked and left not to leak for a month, the chance of further leakage showing itself by the bulging of the tin owing to the formation of gas inside. Then they are labelled and are ready upon the market.

ERRORS OF THE TPYES.

Amusing Specimens Selected From
Scrapbook.

Among Clyde Fitch's amusing collection of scrap books there is one devoted to typographical errors, says the New York Tribune. The noted playwright showed this column to a reporter recently, and the young man copied several of them.

"There were no bonier ladies present than the Mayor's own daughters, and this fact was further emphasized by a perfect fit of the shepherdess costume they wore."

A country paper, after telling how a cow got in front of a train, said:

"As the safest course under the circumstances, the engineer put on steam, dashed into the cow, and literally cut it into two calves."

A New York society editor, mispr

"Mrs. Astor was unavoidably absent from the reception, being kept at home by a bad child."

A political editorial which should have said, "The masses believed him," said instead: "Them asses believed him."

Supporting a candidate for the Mayoralty, a country editor wrote:

"Mr. Smith is also renowned for great veracity and enormous capacity for work, and you will always find him even under adverse circumstances, a man of good spirits."

This paragraph appeared in next day's

paper: "Mr. Smith is also renowned for great voracity and enormous capacity for pork, and you will always find him, even under adverse circumstances, 'of good spirit.'"

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Good Night.

Good night, dear friend! I say good night
to thee
Across the moonbeams, tremulous and whirling
bringing all space between us it may be
Lean low, sweet friend, it is the last

For, lying mute upon my couch and still
The fever fluen vanished from my frame
I heard them whisper softly, "Thy His-
Angels will give her happier resting place
And so, from sight of tears that fall
rain
And sound sobbing smothered close
low,
I turned my white face to the window pane
To say Good night to leave before I go
Good night, good night! I do not fear the dark
The conflict with the billows dark

high;
And yet, if I could touch any hand, my friend,
I think it would be easier to die.

If I could feel, through all the quiet woe
Of my deep hair, thy tender breath a-thro',
I could go down to the place of graves
With eyes a-shine and pale lips still
still.

Or it may be that if, through all the strife
And pain of parting, I should hear thy cry
I should come surging back to sweet, sweet
life,
And know no mystery of death at all.

It may be. Good night, dear friend, good night!
And when you see the violets again,
And hear, through boughs with swollen
a-white,
The gentle falling of the April rain.
Remember her whose young life held its
name
With all things holy, in its outward things
And turn sometimes from busy haunts of
men
To hear again her low Good night, good
night.
—Hester A. Benedict

Montenegro's Smart Schoolgirls.

And now we have a schoolgirls' revolution. There is in Cetinje an excellent college for girls, founded by the Tsaritsa Maria Alexandrovna, supplied with Russian money and Russian teachers. It has six classes, the sixth one being the finishing class. In the room of that class hung a photograph of Prince Nicholas in a military frame. The "finishing girls" held a political meeting in that room. It happened that the fathers and brothers of many of these girls have inscribed themselves

in the registers of the new National Democratic party as members, and they by provoked rather sharp criticism and condemnation on the part of the Prince. The girls sat in judgment on him. They found that he called their fathers "traitors" and their brothers "the traitors" for no other reason than that they were Democrats, opposed to the autocratic regime; they found further that the Prince had

against the Parliamentary regime, therefore was not worthy to adorn his photograph the schoolroom of modern Montenegrine girls. They down the condemned photograph to it, amid enthusiastic screams, thousands pieces and danced over the victim.

The screams and the tumult brought to the room the Russian mistress of the school, to whom the girls explained what had taken place and why. The Government ordered Yanko Angelat, the chief of detectives, and as such the most

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