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THE NEW PLANETS

Two planets have been discovered whose orbits lie outside that of Neptune. This is a singularly interesting announcement. Until March 13, 1878 the inhabitants of our planet know only of the existence of five others, namely, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn. On that day Sir William Herschel discovered a planet, which he called Georgium Sidus in honor of the king, but it later became known by the name of its discoverer, until quite recently when it was called Uranus, after one of the heroes of Grecian mythology. For sixty years the existence of the planet outside the orbit of Uranus was unsuspected, but in 1841 astronomers reached the conclusion that there must be such a body, or the irregularities of the orbit of Uranus would be inexplicable. The story of the discovery of the more remote orb is one of the romances of science. Among the many astronomers who were giving attention to the matter were John Adams of Cambridge University and Urbain Leverrier of the Paris Observatory. These two observers carefully calculated the position in which the planet ought to be found, if there was one. Leverrier communicated his calculations to Dr. Galle of Berlin and asked him to search the heavens for the planet. On September 23, 1846, Dr. Galle found in the place indicated a star of the eighth magnitude not shown upon the star-map in his possession. He thought it was the supposed planet and a short series of observations proved this to be the case. Meanwhile Mr. Adams had sent his calculations to Professor Challis, who began a search with the Northumberland telescope. On August 4 he found the planet, but having no star-map was unable to distinguish it from other stars. On August 12 he again observed it, and was satisfied that he had made the hoped-for discovery, but having no star-map at hand, and not having leisure to map his own observations, he delayed announcing his discovery until Dr. Galle had been heard from. Therefore, though the first discovery was made by Professor Challis acting under direction from Mr. Adams, the honor is shared equally with Dr. Galle, who followed Mons. Leverrier's suggestion.

Comparison with previous observations and memoranda made by astronomers, one of them by Lalande, a famous French astronomer of the Eighteenth century, showed that the planet, which is now called Neptune had been seen, but the fact of its being a planet had not been suspected. The distance of Neptune from the Sun is 2,761,000,000 miles, that is the mean distance, the planet's orbit being elliptical it is sometimes nearer and sometimes further away. It is about a billion miles more remote from the Sun than Uranus.

When we come to consider the two newly discovered planets we have to deal with distances of startling magnitude considering that these orbs are members of our own system, for the nearest Neptune is a billion and a half miles further from the Sun, and the other is nearly a billion and a half miles yet more remote. In other words, the outermost known member of the Solar System is estimated to be 5,580,000,000 miles from the Sun, whose influence is its movements. Professor Galle, of Paris, made the new discoveries, has not yet given out report of his observations, at least no such report as has been published. He is, therefore, unable to say whether he was led to seek for the planets, as astronomers were who found Neptune, or if he was not then, but in the process of mapping the heavens now in progress it is almost certain that he was not. Photographs are taken of the stars which the human eye cannot find even with the most powerful telescopes. If photographs are taken of the same field for a series of nights and the positions of the stars are found to show points of light that have changed their position, the inference is that these points are planets or comets.

It is interesting to know that the outermost of the newly discovered planets is six times as far away from the Sun as we are, and that it is possibly one-quarter as far away as the nearest fixed star. This latter statement is only an approximation, for there is a very wide difference in the real distances of the stars. The distance of Alpha Centauri, which is supposed to be the nearest of the stars. Now let it be supposed that around Alpha Centauri there are circling planets, as is altogether likely, and one of them is as far away from the Sun as the outermost of the Sun's known planets are from it, the two planets representing different systems would between them bridge half the distance between the two planetary systems. Therefore, if one could give his imagination a little rein, he can think of one sending a message to the outermost of our planetary systems, which in turn would communicate it to the outermost of Alpha Centauri's attendant worlds.

MINOS

Some of the weirdest of all ancient Grecian myths cluster around the name of Minos. He is said to have been king of Crete and the son of Jupiter. We are not acquainted with the details of his life, but a particular set of myths, some of which are very loathsome, but mention may be made of the fact that Daedalus figures in them, and his greatest claim to fame was that he flew across the Aegean Sea with a pair of wings of his own construction. Prometheus has left behind him a wonderful reputation as a builder. His greatest work is said to have been the Cretan Labyrinth, wherein was confined the monster, the Minotaur, a creature half bull and half man. Perseus, who was also a son of Jupiter, slew the Minotaur. He also slew the monster Medusa and has been rewarded by a place among the constellations. Until comparatively recent times the position has been regarded as the myth of Minos as a pure invention, although there was an attempt to explain it, as has been undertaken in the case of other myths, by assigning it a place among the fancies originating in sun-worship, but a writer in the London Times tells us that "the recent excavations in Crete have made it necessary to reconsider the whole scheme of Mediterranean history before the classical period." In other words the conviction is being forced upon investigators that mythology is only distorted history. The Times article describes conditions in Crete at a very remote period in these words:

"Although many questions are still undecided, it has been established beyond any doubt that during the rule of the Eighteenth Dynasty in Egypt when Crete was at the height of its glory, Crete was the centre of a great empire whose trade and influence extended from the North Adriatic to Tell el Amarna and from Sicily to Syria. This civilization was as ancient and as firmly established as it was wonderful. The beginning of the flint deposits found beneath the Palace at Knossos is considered by Dr. Evans to date from at least 1600 B.C., and from that time onwards the development of the Minoan people can be traced continuously. "The Minoan civilization was essentially Mediterranean, and is most sharply distinguished from any that arose in Egypt or the East. In some respects also it strikingly modern. The many-storied palaces, some of the pottery, even the dresses of the ladies seem to belong to the modern rather than the ancient world. At the same time, the number of Minoan sites and their extraordinary richness far exceed anything that Crete could be expected to produce, and must be due in part to that sea-power which the ancient legends attributed to Minos."

In view of the inventions of the present day the story that Daedalus, who lived during the height of this civilization, for it was a time when the glory of Crete was such that it was thought to be explained only on the supposition that the king of the land

was a son of the greatest of the deities, succeeded in flying his calculated to see his wonderland. All we are so far ahead of those days as we think we are. At one time it was said that there never was a King Minos, for no trace of such a monarch could be found. Now we know that there was a story of Daedalus and his wings was a subject of mirth, but it may be doubted if the Messrs. Wright or Mr. Douglas McCurdy will think it necessarily a fable. It was in those times that Mercury, the messenger of the gods, lived, whose speed was incredible that he could hike Puck, "put a girdle around the world in forty minutes." Anyone can do it now if he can pay the cost of the telegram. Is the myth of Mercury a survival of a time when the mystery of the telegraph was a mystery?

The writer in the Times seems to be of the opinion that we will have to take Plato's half-told story of Atlantis a great deal more seriously than scholars have been inclined to. There never was any reason why the story should not be accepted. There is nothing at all improbable in the disappearance of an island with all its people and works of human skill beneath the waves of the sea. The known destruction of Cretean civilization, the fate of Atlantis and sundry other things of the same nature all point to the occurrence at a remote period of a great catastrophe, which well might blot out humanity. In a former series of articles printed on this page reference was made to the evidence going to show that such an event occurred some time before the dawn of what we call history.

THE FALL OF JERUSALEM

Titus, son and heir to the Emperor Vespasian, appeared before Jerusalem in the spring of A.D. 70, with a force which he hoped was sufficient to compel the immediate surrender of that city. For four years the Jewish capital had defied the army of Rome, and it seemed almost essential that it should be taken, the prestige of the emperor was to be maintained. Titus had 80,000 men under him, and the most efficient siege train which up to that time had ever been got together. He was aided by King Agrippa, who had thrown in his lot with the enemies of his nation, the Tiberius Alexander, and by Josephus. As the Passover drew near the Jews streamed by thousands into the Holy City, and the chief priests and elders summoned the Roman garrison to the city walls. The walls were strengthened, and every possible preparation was made to resist a siege. These were barely completed when Titus appeared from the north and surrounded the city. He sent a message to the inhabitants demanding their submission to Rome, and their promise to pay the taxes imposed upon them. He was influenced in his feelings towards them by his own naturally kindly disposition and by his affection for a Jewish princess, Berenice, who, though she had abandoned the faith of her fathers and had become a worshiper of the gods of Rome, yet was anxious that Jerusalem should not be destroyed. But the Jews had sworn to defend their city to the last, and the overtures of the Roman general were promptly rejected. The first collision between the Roman force was favorable to the besieged, for they surprised and completely defeated the famous Tenth Legion on the Mount of Olives; but this success did not delay the Roman advance, and the Jews were forced to the walls and the assault was begun. It had been expected that, during this festival, the Jews would not fight, but to his surprise they rushed from the city like demons, and the assault was renewed, and throwing his troops into confusion. Even the women took part in the struggle, stationing themselves upon the walls, from which vantage ground they hurled stones upon the heads of the attacking force and poured boiling oil upon such as endeavored to scale the fortifications. The issue of the fight hung in the balance for some time, but in the end the Romans forced the Jews within the city walls, and the city remained in possession of the urban district of Betheth. From this time on daily fighting occurred. The chief point of attack was the Antonine tower, and after seventeen days' labor the Romans erected works which were thought to be sufficient to capture the stronghold, but the Jews were equally active, and while preparations were being made outside the walls, they dug a subterranean passage from within, and when the Roman preparations were complete a heroic band, led by John of Gischala, rushed through the passage and destroyed the works with fire. Advised by Agrippa, Titus, at the close of the first day's fighting, and in order to strike terror into the hearts of the besieged, crucified four hundred Jewish prisoners within sight of the walls, and sent a number of others back to the city, having first cut off their hands; but this horrible cruelty only inflamed the ardor of the Jews and made them resolve to fight to the death.

After some three or four weeks provisions ran short in the city, in the streets of which lay thousands of unburied corpses. Deserters became numerous, but as they reached the Roman lines they were ruthlessly slain. A conspiracy arose, but it was promptly suppressed, and the conspirators were put to death, the sight of the Roman camp. The Romans meanwhile had replaced their siege works at the Antonine Tower, and three weeks after the destruction of their former preparations attacked the wall with their battering rams. The wall fell with a terrible crash, and their amazement the Romans found that a second wall had been built by the besieged. They tried to carry this by assault, but were unsuccessful. Titus once more summoned the besieged to surrender, but met with a stern refusal, and the Jews retired to the Temple, there to make their final stand. They then set fire to the beautiful wooden colonnade by which this holy place was approached, and sallied out amid the flames to attack the enemy. The sufferings of the people were intense. Anything that seemed likely to sustain life, no matter how revolting, was eagerly eaten, and at least one instance was observed where a woman had killed and eaten her own infant. Pestilence stalked abroad as the warm days of summer came on, until it seemed as if the remorseless foe, famine and disease the last stage of suffering had been reached. But still the Jews fought on. Hungry and sick, with death on every side of them, they rushed to the field against the foe with a courage that seemed superhuman. So intense was their fervor and valor that some Romans, believing that they must be invincible, deserted, and accepting Judaism, fought grimly with the besieged until the end.

For six days the siege of the Temple continued, and then Titus, realizing that he could not hope to capture it, caused the gates to be set on fire. For a day and a night the flames raged, and then Titus ordered them to be extinguished. A count of war was then held, and it was agreed that the Temple should not be destroyed. But the Jews were not willing to yield, and made a fierce assault upon the enemy. They were repulsed, and although Titus had given express orders that the Temple should be spared, one of his soldiers threw a blazing brand through what was called the Golden Window. In a few moments the interior was in flames. Titus ordered his soldiers to extinguish them, but his commands fell upon deaf ears. The scene which ensued passes all description. Many of those who were unwilling to survive their sacred edifice, flung themselves into the fire. Thousands of others, men, women and children, clung to the rapidly burning Temple, waiting in vain for a miracle to save them. But relief only came with death, and six thousand of them fell at the hands of the Romans. Some of the priests retreated to the top of the walls, where they held out for several days, but hunger compelled them to yield, and they were lastly executed. Then the Romans raised their standards

in the Holy of Holies and offered sacrifices to their gods. The emperor ordered that what remained of the city should be destroyed. This was accomplished only after a prolonged resistance. Twenty-eight days elapsed from the destruction of the Temple to the capture of Zion, and the upper part was the scene of a terrible day marked by the most stubborn resistance on the part of the Jews. The slaughter was terrible, the Zealots fighting, as they had sworn to do, until the last man fell. When he was in possession of this stronghold, Titus ordered the city to be levelled to the ground, and as the buildings had all been consumed by fire, nothing was left of the Jewish capital but smoldering ruins. During the siege fully a million lives were lost. There is no other story of all this like the Jewish independence shall with the destruction of the capital, but the Jewish people can take pride in the fact that no nation ever resisted a conqueror with greater valor or remained as faithful to the traditions of their race and the principles of their religious faith.

The Birth of the Nations

(N. de Bertrand Lugrin)

THE NORTHMEN

I.—The Norwegians

This is one of the old sagas of the Norsemen's mythology, and tells of the beginning and end of the world and the life which is to come:

In the dawn of time the world was peopled with gods and men, and the God omnipotent, unnamable, ruled the universe. Odin was the highest among the lesser gods. His hall was Valhalla, the heaven of dead warriors, his guardians were two wolves, his horse the swift sure-footed Sleipnir. Odin was the god of poetry and wisdom, Thor was the strongest of the gods, the Fenris-wolf, the Midgard serpent, and Hel, the ruler of the sea. There were countless other gods, and they lived in peace in Asgard, their dwelling-place in heaven, and man lived in peace upon the earth, until the Wotun woman came among the celestial beings and caused strife among them. There was constant warfare between the Yotun men who attacked Asgard and the inhabitants of the heavenly dwelling place. The wicked Loki, who is also a god, has three children, the Fenris-wolf, the Midgard serpent, and Hel. The gods bound the Fenris-wolf hand and foot, threw the serpent into the sea, and hurled Hel down to the nether world, where she became the ruler of the dead. "There will come a day when all the world, and the gods who rule it, shall be seized by the evil which when people have become slaves to vice and corruption. Warnings shall be sent them, the sun shall cease to shine, the stars shall disappear, the mountains shall fall, Loki, the Fenris-wolf shall stalk the earth, and the Midgard serpent shall leave the sea. All the gods, the fallen heroes shall array themselves for battle, and Odin shall lead them against the hosts of evil. But not delay the Roman advance, and the Jews were forced to the walls and the assault was begun. It had been expected that, during this festival, the Jews would not fight, but to his surprise they rushed from the city like demons, and the assault was renewed, and throwing his troops into confusion. Even the women took part in the struggle, stationing themselves upon the walls, from which vantage ground they hurled stones upon the heads of the attacking force and poured boiling oil upon such as endeavored to scale the fortifications. The issue of the fight hung in the balance for some time, but in the end the Romans forced the Jews within the city walls, and the city remained in possession of the urban district of Betheth. From this time on daily fighting occurred. The chief point of attack was the Antonine tower, and after seventeen days' labor the Romans erected works which were thought to be sufficient to capture the stronghold, but the Jews were equally active, and while preparations were being made outside the walls, they dug a subterranean passage from within, and when the Roman preparations were complete a heroic band, led by John of Gischala, rushed through the passage and destroyed the works with fire. Advised by Agrippa, Titus, at the close of the first day's fighting, and in order to strike terror into the hearts of the besieged, crucified four hundred Jewish prisoners within sight of the walls, and sent a number of others back to the city, having first cut off their hands; but this horrible cruelty only inflamed the ardor of the Jews and made them resolve to fight to the death.

According to all accounts Norway has been inhabited since long before the beginning of history, and has several distinct populations, which have been separated and remained in possession of their own urban district of Betheth. From this time on daily fighting occurred. The chief point of attack was the Antonine tower, and after seventeen days' labor the Romans erected works which were thought to be sufficient to capture the stronghold, but the Jews were equally active, and while preparations were being made outside the walls, they dug a subterranean passage from within, and when the Roman preparations were complete a heroic band, led by John of Gischala, rushed through the passage and destroyed the works with fire. Advised by Agrippa, Titus, at the close of the first day's fighting, and in order to strike terror into the hearts of the besieged, crucified four hundred Jewish prisoners within sight of the walls, and sent a number of others back to the city, having first cut off their hands; but this horrible cruelty only inflamed the ardor of the Jews and made them resolve to fight to the death.

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WITH THE POETS

Condonation
Now that wise Time hath shown me I was wrong,
I to its stern arbitration submit my wrong.
Long have I lived, but Time hath lived more long,
And many an eon more hath melted in
It hath seen princes crowned, and kings disowned,
Ere fallen ruins, desecrated fane,
Godesses scorned and demigods dethroned,
Hillocks of wounded, holocausts of slain
Entombing hatreds and nervous grave.
It hath condoned rebellion and wrong,
Embalming only memory of the brave,
To friends of Freedom and the sons of Song.
So whether I have ill or rightly striven,
Be all my faults forgotten and forgiven.
—Alfred Austin in The Independent.

Outlook
In the hushed midnight of the year,
To him who listens well
Shall come the sound of twain notes clear,
From Time's unfaulding bell.
White-robed the priestly Winter stands
And reads the service then;
About him, with uplifted hands,
The trees breathe an Amen!

Then in the distance, soft and sweet,
Celestial voices sing
Arise, my Heart, and run to meet
The choristers of Spring!
—Frank Dempster Sherman, in Success Magazine.

Who Knows?
A caterpillar is a thing
All round and fat and fuzzy,
My mother says a butterfly
Was once like that—
Now was he?

My father says that, long ago,
When he was young and giddy,
He took the horrid caterpillar
Up in his hand and squashed it.
Now did he?

I'd like to hold a butterfly,
My sister says, "Well, silly,
Just put some salt right on his tail
And he'll stink 'em all!"
Now will he?

The Coming of Spring
Cast wide the folding doorways of the East
For now is light increased!
And the wind-besomed chambers of the air
See they be garnished fair.

Spring has come home with her world-wandering feet,
And all things are made young with young desires;
And all for her is light increased,
In yellow stars and yellow daffodils.

O Earth, unchilded, widowed Earth, so long
Lifting in patient pine and ivy tree
Mourning belief and steadfast prophecy,
Behold how all things are made true!

Rejoice, O barren, and look forth abroad!
Your children gathered back to your embrace,
See with a mother's face
Reintegrated are the heavens and the earth!
From sky to sea, the wan waters ring,
The world's unfolded blossom smells of God.

A Little Bunch of Green
A voice beside the dim enchanted river,
Out of the twilight, where the brooding trees
Hear Shannon's druid waters chant forever,
Tale of dead kings, and Burds and Shanachies;
A girl's young voice out of the twilight singing
Old songs beside the legendary stream,
A girl's clear voice, for the wan waters ring,
Beats with its wild wings at the Gates of Dream.

The flagger-leaves, whereon shy dewdrops glisten,
Are swaying, swaying gently to the sound,
The meadow-sweet and spearwort, as they listen,
Breathe the wistfully their pearl-balm around.
And there, alone, where the dawn is breaking
Thrush-like she sings and lets her voice go free,
Her soul, of all its hidden longings driven,
Soars on wild wings far from her wild melody.

Sweet in its plaintive Irish modulations,
From sky to sea, the wan waters ring,
The world's unfolded blossom smells of God.

Inter Nos
I did not know that Heaven was Heaven
Until by heart, touched mine,
I did not know that Love was Love
Until I drank of thine.

I did not know that Wrong was Wrong
Until I ruled thy soul;
That Weak was Weak and Strong was Strong
Until I paid the toll.

And now I know that Lost is Lost,
For I cannot begin,
And now I know that Hell is Hell,
For I can feel its pain.
—John Randolph Sidman in Appleton's.

The Craftsman
Oh, let me carve what I can see
And brand my strand of song,
For when the darkness covers me
The night will be so long.
—Edward Lucas White in Smith's.

Twilight
Sweet Day, all weary and sleep-crested,
Unbanded her jewels and dainty array;
And Twilight came, so soft and still,
And hid them all away.
—Florence Calmon in Smith's.

Jasper's Song
Who goes down through the slim green willows,
So soon, so soon,
Dawn is hard on the heels of the moon,
But never a lily the day-star knows
Is white, so white as the one who goes
Armed and shod where the hyacinths darken.
Then hark, oh, harken!
And rouse the moths from the deep rosemallows,
Call the wild brood down from the fallows,
Gather the silk of the young sea-popples, the bloom of
the thistle, the bells of the foam,
Bind them all with a brown owl's feather,
Snare the winds in a golden net,
Chase the clouds from the gipsy's weather, and fol-
low, O follow the white spring home.

Who goes past with the wind that chilled us,
Late, so late?
Fortune leans on the farmer's gate,
Watching the red sun set in the south,
With a plume in his cap and a rose at his mouth;
But oh, for the folks who were free and merry
There's never a sign of a red rose-berry.
But old earth's warm as the wine that filled us,
And the fox and the little gray mouse shall build us
Walls of the sweet green-gloom of the cedar, a roof
of bracken, a curtain of whin,
One more rouse ere the bowd repose
Low in the dust of our lost red roses,
One more song ere the cold night closes, and welcome,
O welcome the dark death in.

—Marjorie L. C. Pickett, in Metropolitan Magazine.

THE STORY TELLER

"What is the matter with the service this afternoon?" asked the angry manager of the telephone exchange, "the town is in a tumult and every subscriber has a complaint."
"It can't be avoided," explained the subordinate, "the papers came out and said that a man by the name of Smith had been injured in a trolley wreck. As a result every Smith is telephoning every other Smith to learn if the Smith who was struck was his Smith."—Puck.

Some time ago Mr. Max Beerbohm succeeded Mr. Bernard Shaw as dramatic critic of a well-known English publication; apropos of which fact, the following amusing story has been told. The manager told "Max" what salary "G. B. S." had received, and ended by saying: "Of course, being comparatively inexperienced, you can scarcely expect as much."
"Oh, yes, I shall," replied Mr. Beerbohm with one of his genial smiles. "Indeed, I shall expect more! You see, as Shaw knows the drama thoroughly it was perfectly easy for him to write about it. Now, as I know nothing about it, it will be awfully hard work."

Transparent
Dr. Blank, a professor in a certain university, was on the eve of a trip to Europe, to be absent two years. In pathetic and rather harrowing tones he made his farewell address to his class.
"Yes, I am about to part with you. This is more than distressing to me. Would that there was a window in my breast, my dear boys, by which you might see the innermost recesses of my heart."
A strapping in the rear, seized with a happy thought, shouted:
"Professor, would a pane in the stomach do?"

Would Not Keep
Apropos of his name, Sir James Dewar tells an amusing story of how, when in the Highlands of Scotland one summer, he stopped at a farmhouse for a cup of milk.
"What a superb place to live in," he remarked to the farmer.
"Oh, aye," he answered, "it's a' right; but hoo wad ye like to hae to walk five or six miles like a time ye wad want a wee glass of whisky?"
"Why don't you get a bottle and keep it in the house?" Sir James suggested.
"The farmer, with his head sadly and said:
"Whisky won't keep."

The Dollar
"The editor of my paper," declared the newspaper business manager to a little coterie of friends, "is a peculiar genius. Why, would you believe it, when he draws his weekly salary he keeps out only one dollar for spending money and sends the rest to his wife in Indianapolis!"
His listeners—with one exception, who sat silent and unobtrusive—gave vent to loud murmurs of wonder and admiration.
"Now, it may sound thin," added the speaker, "but it is true, nevertheless."
"Oh, I don't doubt it at all!" quickly rejoined the quiet one. "I was only wondering what he does with the dollar!"

Just the Big Poles
Charles Summerville, the ablest police reporter in New York, is perhaps the most interesting character and boyish in appearance and manner as to fall in impressing strangers with his quality, and this has made him an unexpected success. A stolid German waiter was proof. While making up bones, bread crusts and fragments of food from the saddest covered foot of a cafe, which Summerville was lunching, he accidentally struck him on the heel with the broom.
"Hey, there!" said Summerville, sharply. "What are you trying to do—sweep me?"
"Nain, nain," answered the waiter, calmly. "Only der big pieces I take."

Sure to Recover
Occasionally The Lancet tells good stories on the doctors. Some of them would prove offensive if they came from a mere newspaper. This one, however, is very mild.
A patient with malignant disease of the throat consulted a specialist. The surgeon, after a careful examination of the larynx, the patient expressed a fear that the operation was very dangerous.
"Oh, no," said the surgeon, "you are sure to recover."

"But," said the patient, "I understood that the operation was very serious indeed."
"Well," said the surgeon, "my reason for saying that you are sure to recover is this. The mortality is nineteen out of twenty, and I've had nineteen deaths already."

The Affirmative
A representative of a firm of household decorators was one day called to the suburban home of an eccentric man, who had a large and interesting family, including a number of girls.
As the decorator went through the house for the purpose of giving the estimate for redecoration design, his attention was caught by a legend, framed and prominently displayed over the mantel in the room of each girl, reading:
"Would you mind telling me what that means?" asked the decorator, nodding to the legend, and addressing his question to the daughter who was acting as guide.
"Oh," explained the girl, blushing, "that's one of dad's ideas. There are eight of us girls, you know!"

Wireless Telegraphy
For forty-four years Charles Henderson at the Savoy Theatre, London, has been one of that total he has been a member of the famous Gilbert and Sullivan orchestra. Mr. Henderson jocularly claims to be the discoverer of wireless telegraphy. While Sir Arthur Sullivan was conducting at a festival rehearsal on one occasion he turned to Mr. Henderson and said, "Stop that vibration, Henderson!"
"I knew it wasn't my arm vibrating," says Mr. Henderson. "It's that big bass drum over there, Sir Arthur!" And that proved to be the case. The big bass had been left uncovered, with the consequence that every time it hit my drum the other caught the vibration and boomed in sympathy. It was wireless telegraphy, although I didn't know it!"

No News There
A country correspondent for a Kentucky newspaper once found himself in the mountains of that State looking for items of interest to his journal.
"There ain't a bit of news," said one farmer. "All down the way are too busy with their crops to think of anything else."
"Fine crops this year, eh?" asked the correspondent.
"Couldn't be better," asserted the farmer. "I oughter to be in my field right now, an' I would be only I came to town to see the coroner."
"The coroner?"
"Yes, he's wanted to hold an inquest on a couple of fellers in our place."
"Accident?"
"I reckon not! Ran Morgan ain't doin' nuthin' like that by accident! He shot Jim Jeffords an' his brother Tom with two shots! Got to have an inquest, though!"

"What led to the fight?"
"There was no fight. Ran never gives the other fellers any chance to make it a fight. 'Es hid behind a tree an' give it to em as they came along."
"Has Ran been arrested?"
"No. 'Twas the case. Some of the Jeffords' people come along, burned down Ran's house, shot him an' his wife, an' set fire to his barn. No, Ran ain't been arrested. But I ain't got the time to stand here talkin' to you. Got to get back to my harvestin'. But there ain't any news down our way. Ef anything happens I'll let you know."—Saturday Night.