

CURRENT TOPICS

IN LIGHTER VEIN

From Chums

A Short Programme

The Chinaman is not wanting in sense of humor. The Hon. Maung Baring, the author of "A Year in Persia," relates an experience with a Chinaman, who, while the author was in Manchuria, came from a house in the tumble-down village at which

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JOHN MILTON

He announced that his child was ill and that he had to go home to do so.

Mr. Barling, who had some medical knowledge, went to the house, where he gave a brown tonic to the child, which was very much better. He made them put out his tongue. It was white.

"What has he been eating?"

"Raw Indian corn," replied the mother.

"Then," Mr. Barling prescribed cessation of food and complete repose. He changed the diet and complete repose. The child appeared to be much satisfied and asked Mr. Barling if he would like to see him.

"Very much," was the reply.

"Then the Chinaman bade his wife take him to the room, and the child came into the room, and the large and twisted claron, like a weathered horn, rolled out of his mouth, and he was deafening blast, lunging it on the wall again.

There was a short pause.

"That is all," said Mr. Barling, but the Chinaman turned to him with a smile and said, "The concert is now over," he said.

A JENNY LIND STORY

The concert is now over. When the Englishmen had finished lunch, and just as they were about to resume their journey to the Chinese house Mr. Baring had been entertained again rushed up, breathless.

"In your country," he said, "you go to a concert do you not pay for it?"

The concert was paid for, says Baring.

Where?

A story is told of an Irishman whose nephew went to New York to work for him.

The uncle taking advantage of

NATURE STUDY

him very small wages. The nephew, however, was wiser than he looked. At the end of the year informed relative that he had obtained more

relative employment, and intended to be a permanent arrangement.

"You are making a great mistake," protested the uncle, "in leaving a student like you to go to business. You should remember that a rolling stone gathers no moss."

"But," replied the lad; "and why is there a mark for moss?"

And the Next Time

"John, do you practise regularly on the piano?" asked the business man.

"Yes, father," replied the boy.

"Every day?"

"Every day."

"How long did you practise to-day?"

"Three hours."

"And how long yesterday?"

"Two hours and a half."

"I am glad to hear that you are so regular."

"Yes, father."

"And next time you practise, sure you unlock the piano. Here I am, I locked the instrument up, and have been waiting for the key in my pocket ever since."

With a Difference

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the lady, "what a little angel a little boy can be!"

"You can't see," said the stout man, "I can't see them, said the horse."

"I'm rather near-sighted, you know," shouting and carrying on.

"What is the matter, whether the boy children or the neighbours'?"

"Why didn't you come to our house on Saturday?" asked one youth of another.

"I suppose you have some thing to do?"

"No. I assure you; on the contrary, I was doing much worse."

"The culprit nervously."

WITH THE POETS

WITH THE POETS

When Grand-paps Was Young
There were no cars to carry folks
At fifty miles an hour
The stage-coach with its sounding
The only motive power.
But must have been exciting
Right there amidst the strife,
When a highwayman would say
To a bold,
"Your money or your life!"
A lady would be so much laughed
Or rarely were they hung.
These highwaymen of long ago
Wore crinolines,
And crinoline and high-heeled shoes
Were ladies' fash.
Nor would a grand dame then be
So much concerned the left
If our mamma were crinoline
Then when they gave "At Home"
One would be sure to see
For hoops fill up the rooms,
Of battles fought and ladies
Of battles fought and ladies
In good days of long ago
When grandpaps was young.
The men, too, wore low buckled
The hose of silken sheen.

OUR LETTER BOX

Right there amidst the strife,
When a highwayman would say
Your money or your life?
And very seldom were they caught
For they were the highwaymen
These highwaymen of long ago,
When grandpapa was young.

And crinolines and high-heeled shoes
Were worn by ladies fair;
And if a gentleman would be so
Without her powdered hair.
If our mamas wore crinolines
And our grandmamas wore shoes
One half the guests would be left
For hoops fill up the rooms.
These were the themes they sung
In good days of long ago.
When grandpapa was young.

The men, poor, low bowed buckled
The men, poor, of silken shoes

TEEN-IE'S LOVE

While grandpapa was young.
—Frances Macdon
—
The Little Heart

A little heart hid a thought of spy
Deep in its innocent way
And it whispered when it knew
"Nobody knows for it's hid from s
But the little heart lay wide awake
And the silence spoke to it and
"O dear little Heart, the thoug
Like a danger sign for safety's s
The little Heart heard but heeded
And it nursed the thought and k
warm,
Safe from the tempest of in
—
thought. "In the morn 'twi

But the blue sky wept; the sun wa-
And the roses hung their dainty
Dropping tears on the violet bed
And the little Heart was far from
So the ugly thought was thrown
And a lovely one came in its place
Then smiles a rose in each flower
—The sun came out and the Heart
gay.
—Etta Wallace Miller, in *Youth's*
panion.