

Dr. J. C. Baker's Corner.

The New Woman.
Oh, the Twentieth Century Girl!
What a wonderful thing she will be!
She'll evolve from a mystical whirl
A woman unfettered and free;
No corset to cramp her waist,
No crimps to encumber her brain;
Unafraid, bifurcated, unlaced,
Like a goddess of old she will reign!

She'll wear bloomers—a matter of course
She'll vote, not a question of doubt;
She will ride like a man on a horse,
At the club late at night she'll stay out;
If she chances to love, she'll propose,
To blush will be quite out of date;

And out-talk her masculine mate!
She'll be up in the science of things;
She will smoke cigarettes; she will swear
If the servant a darning note brings,
Or the steak isn't served up with care.
No longer she'll powder her nose
Or cultivate even a curl,
Nor bother with fashions or clothes—
This Twentieth Century Girl!

Her voice will be heard in the land;
She'll double in matters of state;
In council her word will command

And her whisper will laws regulate.
She will stand 'neath her banner unfurled,
Inscribed with her principles new;
But the question is—what in the world
The New Century Baby will do?

A Country Boy's Invitation.

GREAT PROMISE OF GOOD TIMES TO A DIS-
TANT COMRADE.

There is much truth of character in the
letter given below—so much of that spirit of
cheerful, unselfish, unselfish, which, after

"Now, Bob, I'll tell you what I want. I want you to come down here for a vacation. Don't be afraid. Ask your sister to ask your mother to ask your father to let you come. It's only ninety miles. If you are

out of pocket money, you can walk and beg a life now and then. Put on corduroys, and don't care for the cut behind. The two 'prentices, George and Will, are here to be made farmers of; and brother Nick is home from school, to help in agriculture. We like farming very much; it's capital fun. Us four have got a gun and go out shooting; it's a famous good 'un, and sure to go off if you don't full cock it. Tiger is to be our shooting dog as soon as he has left off killing

the sheep. He's a real savage and worries cats beautiful. Before father comes down we mean to bait our bull with him. There's plenty of rivers about, and we are going a-fishing as soon as we have mended our top joint. We've a pony, too, to ride upon when we can catch him; but he's loose in the pasture, and has neither mane nor tail to lay hold of. If your mother won't give your father leave to allow you, run away. There's a pond full of frogs but we won't

pelt them till you come; but let it be before Sunday, as there's our own orchard to rob and the fruit's to be gathered on Monday. If you like sucking raw eggs, we know where the hens lay, and mother don't mind 'em. I'm bound there's lots of birds' nests about. Do come, Bob, and I'll show you the wasps' nest, and everything than can make you comfortable. I dare say you could borrow your father's volunteer musket of him, without his knowing of it; but be sure, anyhow

to bring the ramrod, as we have mislaid ours by firing it off."¹⁹

♦

A New Argument.

A lady who is noted for the systematic orderliness of her house, recently made a visit to a friend who lives in a large, old-fashioned rambling mansion, in spacious ground, in a suburban town. Mrs. Orderly was very careful about shutting doors, and frequently took herself to task after any

her outings because the door of the closets in her room were open. She imagined she must have forgotten them, and felt some vexation on account of it. After a time she observed that almost all of the closet doors in the house stood open in the same way. From force of habit she closed one of them while her hostess was in the room, where that lady remarked.

"I wonder if you have observed that I am quite given to leaving my closet door open."

It may appear like carelessness, but I assure you there is a method in it. As long as the doors were tightly closed I was bothered to death by moths. They seemed to have an insane desire to eat up my best clothes, and, do what I could, I found no remedy. At last an idea struck me, that a light was not favorable for their business might gain a point by leaving everything exposed to the sun. Since that time I have purposely left every door open, and moths are no longer a trouble.

Exceptionally Honored.

A good old Methodist lady attending service in a suburban Episcopal church last Sunday became happy under the preaching of the word and ejaculated "Glory." She was admonished to keep quiet by two of the brethren and nodded assent, but soon becoming forgetful responded "Hallelujah." The brethren again called her attention to the admonition and told her that, if she did so

annoyance, and told her that if she did not keep quiet they would be compelled to remove her. The sermon proceeded, and the old lady, becoming very happy and forgetful, shouted out "Glory to God." This was too much for the brethren and they tried to leave her out, but she refused to walk, so they carried her. On the way she said:

"I am honored above my Master, for while he was carried by an ass, I am carried by two."

Pat's Way of Catching Fish.

An Irishman was seen one day industriously pumping away on a small bellows with the nozzle stuck into a stream of water. Upon being asked why he was blowing air into the water he explained:

"Faith, o've noticed that fish can't live in the air, so o thought o'd give them some air in the water, and whin they dies an comes to the top o can catch them. Ye see, it's much easier than fishing."

—Weary Walker—Say mister, gimme dime.
Dignified Wayfarer—Give you a dime! think you are more in need of manners than money.
Weary Walker—Well, I struck yer fe what I t'ought ye had most uv.

—Doctor—You have an excess of adipose tissue, madame. Patient—Good gracious, doctor! do you suppose that's what makes me so fat?"

Me., is said to be a physician in active practice, though 98 years old, and, still more remarkable to be in the habit of visiting his patients regularly on a bicycle. He attributes his exceptional vigor at this advanced age to the use of wintergreen tea, of which he is said to be an ardent advocate.

—Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism,