

"It has been rumoured for a long time that the Government would again reduce the salary of officials. Recently a certain clerk of the Cheng Shih T'ang made such a suggestion again, but in reply the Secretary of State said that such steps would only bring more trouble and inconvenience because the amount saved by the retrenchment policy can only be very insignificant, while all the important business of the state would be impaired. Therefore, hereafter no such means will be resorted to."

The "certain clerk" who proposed such an economy has very likely become unpopular with the Chinese Civil Servants. The words "again reduce" draw aside the curtain of past Chinese Civil Service history.

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Of Course.

A young lady entered the fur store and the polite salesman came forward.

"I wish to get a muff," she said.

"Yes'm," said the salesman, "what fur?" The young lady looked surprised. "Why," she said, "to keep my hands warm, of course."

CONCLUSION.

By Berton Braley.

Dead? Why no, he CAN'T be—say,
It was only yesterday
We sat down at dinner here,
Eating, talking, making cheer.
And he was—oh well, you know
Just the same old joyous Joe
With his ringing laugh and—NO!
I tell you it CAN'T be so!
Joe—the best the world can hold,
All a man—and all pure gold!
He had years and years to spend
And besides: he was my FRIEND.

Yet after our years together,
In all of the world's rough weather,
Winter and Spring and Fall,
He's gone just ONE—that's all.
Oh, I tell you, it CAN'T be true
Whatever they said to you,
How COULD this be the end?
Why, man, MAN! — he was my
FRIEND!

You're sure—quite sure it's so?
Well, I wish I had seen old Joe
To whisper "so long" to him,
Before he flickered out.
Damn it, my eyes ARE dim
And I look like a fool, no doubt,
But he was the best they make
And I'm crying for old sake's sake,
And the thought of our work and
fun,
And the battles we lost and won,
And now—and now it's DONE!
Something no man can mend—
But Joe — why, Joe was my
FRIEND!

Father's Ultimatum.

The father of a large family was trying hard to read the evening paper.

"What's that terrible racket in the hall, Martha?" he protested.

"One of the children just fell down stairs."

"Well," he replied, turning over another page of the paper, "you tell the children if they can't fall down stairs quietly, they'll have to stop it."