

Short Stories
By Good Talkers.

"Won't you stop up an' jine us in a glass o' ginger pop, sis?" said Bill Granger, generously, to old Si Hayseed at the crossroads store. "I just sold a six-weeks-old calf fer \$0, an' I don't mind bein' a little reckless. What you say to a ginger pop?"

"Much obliged, I'm sure, Bill," said Si, "but the fact is, ginger pop rather goes to my head, an' I better let it alone."

"That's so? Well, what do you say to a glass o' sody? Like to have you jine me in something?"

"Well, Bill, sody sort o' stings my throat an' makes me sneeze. But if you're bound to stand treat you might git ginger pop fer the other boys an' it's all the same to you, I'll take fifty cents wuth o' tempery nails. I come in to git a few fer a fence I got to fix, an' if you'd as soon I took the nails as a drink, I'm agreeable."

"All right, all right, Si. Anything to keep the baby quiet, as the sayin' is. Here, Mr. Storekeeper, you do \$1 up 'f cents wuth o' nails an' take it out of this quarter."—Puck.

"All right, all right, Si. Anything for charity? I am an awfully poor woman and have heart trouble. Won't you please examine my heart with the X-ray free of cost?"

This plea was made to-day by a poorly dressed woman of about 65 years old to Dr. George Hermann, of Coryville, happening to look a little lower than the heart he discovered two \$20 gold pieces in a chambray bag under the woman's garment.

"How is my heart, doctor?"

"Your heart is pretty bad," he ejaculated, with a tinge of sarcasm.

"Is there any hope for me?"

"Not if you keep on this way," he declared, as the third \$20 gold piece came into view. "I really mean that you had a bad heart. You died when you said you were poor. Take that money out of your waist and pay me \$5."

The woman nearly collapsed, but she took out the \$20 in gold and from another part of her garment drew out a purse containing bills.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Herbert Spencer one time put very neatly the distinction between sport as an amusement and as an occupation. Dropping in at his club, he met a young friend, who invited him to play billiards. The philosopher led off and left the balls in a good position for his opponent, who dexterously ran out, not allowing his companion another shot.

After depositing his cue in the rack the philosopher remarked:

"Sir, a certain proficiency in such a sport as this is a sign of a good education of the eye, the nerve of the hand, but the mastery of billiards, which you have exhibited so ably, has been acquired only by an ill-spent youth."

A well-known scientist was lecturing on the sun's heat, and in the course of his remarks said: "It is an established fact that the sun is gradually but surely losing its heat and in the course of some seventy millions of years it will be exhausted; consequently this world of ours will be dead and like the moon, unable to support any form of life."

At this juncture a member of his audience rose, in an excited manner, and said: "Pardon me, professor, but how many years did you say it would be before this calamity overtakes us?"

"The Professor—Seventy millions, sir."

"Thank God," was the reply. "I thought you said seven millions."—Success Magazine.

When they try out voices of girls in New York who are applicants for positions in the chorus they have a code that tells the man who records the names and addresses of the girls what the professor at the piano thinks of them.

The girls are summoned to the theatre in the morning, and the professor sits at the piano. They sing something in turn, bringing their own music. After they have been tested as to vocal abilities they are sent across the stage to a man at the table, who takes their names and tells them they will be sent for if they are wanted. The man at the table is not a musician, and he must know the professor's judgment on the voice. So a code has been arranged. After a girl has finished the professor and the man at the table engage in an animated conversation, using names of cities as the code words. If the man at the table says "Where are you living now, Charlotte?" to the professor, and the professor answers "In New York," that means that the girl has a fine voice and can sing. If he says "Brooklyn," that means she has a fair voice and the further from New York they go the worse it is for the girl.

One day a tall, thin blonde came into a theatre where girls were being engaged for an Ade piece. She sang off the key, howled and screeched and made a fearful mess of it. As she walked over to the table the man there asked:

"Where is your cousin now, Charlotte?"

"Everybody who knows the code expected to hear the professor say, 'Chicago' or 'St. Louis,' but he turned around and shouted fiercely: 'In Australia.'—Saturday Evening Post.

When Dominico Esposito was summoned to the United States District Court to test his qualifications as for citizenship he showed a lack of careful coaching.

"What is the Constitution of the United States?" Esposito was asked.

"The biggest ship," was the reply.

"What is the meaning of the Fourth of July?"

"That is day Easta Riv' freeze over!"

"Who was George Washington?"

"George da Wash was big Tammany man. Had much contract."

"Is Governor Hughes a State or a national officer?"

"Yes, I dunno. He stop much here race. I guess he want Teddy's job."

"Do you believe in anarchy?"

"I dunno. Me from Sicily. Never heard of him."

"Are you willing to take up arms at any time to destroy the United States?"

"Any time what I can."

any time to destroy the United States?"

"Any time what I can."

The late commander, General Shafter, although a man of corpulence, had a deep dislike to fat soldiers. "They're no use," he would bluster in his tremendous bass. "They pant, they wheeze, they snort, they choke, they grant, they groan, they wriggle, they slouch the world! Not a particle of good on earth, fat soldiers!"

"Er—but—er—you would not exactly call yourself slight, would you, colonel?" a major once asked Shafter, after one of these outbursts. "Slight? No!" Shafter thundered in reply. "I've been a fat old nuisance ever since the day I tipped the beam at over two hundred pounds, and then I ought to have been court-martialed and cashiered for outrageous and malicious adiposity, sir—for scandalous corpulence to the prejudice of military discipline!"

A City Without Slums.

"Berlin is a huge and splendid city without slums," said Dr. Paul Engelhardt, of the German capital, at the Rembert. "Its workmen are more decently and comfortably housed, therefore, than the wage-earners of the other large European centres. Once it had some squallid and unsanitary dwellings approximating slums, in which the poorer class lived, but the municipality bought up the entire district and tore down the wretched shacks. Today thousands of our working people reside in the cleanest and most healthy parts of the city. Very often their abode is what is called a hinter-house—that is, a small domicile built in the rear of some pretentious apartment building. These usually look out upon the garden of the front house and usually consist of a couple of bright, sweet rooms, a kitchen and bath. For this sort of residence he will pay about \$2 a week. The German workman does not have to wrestle with the out-of-employment problem to the extent that makes life a burden to the bread-winners of most lands. It would be a hard task to engage a man by the day in Germany, for under our law a worker must be given eight days' to four weeks' notice before his employer can tell him he is no longer needed. In addition he must be given opportunity to find a new place of service and the time he takes in looking it up must not be deducted from his wages. Altogether, I should say that the condition of those in Germany who make their living in the sweat of their brow is better than in any nation, unless, perhaps, in the United States."—Baltimore American.

The Optimist.

A motor car had run him down. His leg was amputated. But he made no sign of trouble. Seemed very much pleased. "A wooden leg," quoth he, "is fine. For there is little doubt that I shall see like these of mine. Car never sufer suat."

His party at the autumn poll was totally rejected. But he o' bright and sunny soul. Was not at all affected. "Was not go wrong at all," quoth he. "Wit' n'er a tear nor sigh. It really won't be up to me. To tell the reason why."

When by Perilla fair one day He found that he was illit, He simply smiled all grief away. And showed himself unwillit.

"She might have married me," he said. "I find I'm forty houses ahead on the engagement ring."

And later on when he became A prey to indignation, He took his troubles just the same. Wit' neither doubt nor question.

"This hard," said he, "to lose one's health. And yet how nice that I Will never have to squander wealth On lobster brood or pie!"

And when at last he went to jail, He hided himself in limbo. He wether'opt, nor turned he pale. But, with his arms akimbo,

Right promptly he went his way. Rejoicing that for many a day The curble paid his rent.—Harper's Weekly.

WIFE DESERTION NO CRIME.

(Christian Guardian.)

Some of our readers will be surprised to find that under the criminal code of Ontario wife desertion is no crime. If a man deserts his wife, and remains in the country, he may be made to pay her alimony, but this is the only punishment recognized by law for this most serious offence. Of course, in many cases of wife desertion it may be that the deserted woman is better off without the incubus which she has called her husband, but this does not alter the fact that a man who marries a woman, and then deserts her, is a real criminal. So at least the representatives of Ontario's Associated Charities thought when they waited last week upon Attorney General Fox, and asked him to have our criminal code so amended as to provide some fit punishment for wife desertion. Mr. Fox, after listening to the deputation, advised them to draft the required amendment, which he would then submit to the authorities at Ottawa. It seems probable that in the very near future it will not be possible for a man who has deserted his wife to strain his fingers at the authorities and defy them to punish him.

Grandpa.

Grandpa Jones has fun to say Since my drama went away. Tell us all 'tween us, or me, Where he used to live, he sez. Tell me the bestest stories, too. They's about when wartime wuz.

"Fore my drama ever know Who my papa wuz, an' so, I didn't know 'tween us or me. When the wartime wuz, becaz. We weren't here when wartime wuz."

Sometimes when my drama goes Unstays where his hat an' bowtie. At he weared when wartime wuz. I beek through the door an' sez. Kindest fun they ever be!

Put his fist'n on an' nen Jus' thumps back and forth agin. "Papa man's lookin' glass beez. 'Ats like when the wartime wuz. Nen he stops an' wipes his eyes— First I know he cries an' cries."

"Nen I speak to him an' he Pats my head an' sezs I be Stricken—then he sez tears of joy: 'Drama never cries, my boy! Nen we bot git luffin' nen. We two goes down stairs agin. John D. Wells, in Seamy Folks and Oothers.

Frauds in Curics Increasing.

At no period in the history of art have there been so many collectors. But never have there been so many frauds in curics and paintings and such fancy prices demanded and paid!—Munich Kunst.

DOES YOUR BABY PAY?



"Does a baby pay for itself" said a prominent author the other day.

"Sometimes I think not. I thought thought not recently when my own baby slipped into my study and scrubbed the carpet and her best white dress with my bottle of ink; and later in the day when she stamped 50 cents' worth of postage stamps on the parlor floor and poured a dollar's worth of choicest white rose perfume-ery out of the window 'to see it wain."

"She has already cost more than \$200 in doctors' bills, and I feel that I am right in attributing 'my few gray hairs to the misery I endured walking the floor with her at night during the first year and a half of her life."

"What has she ever done to pay me for that?"

"Ah! I hear her little feet pattering along out in the hall. I hear her little ripple of laughter because she has escaped from her mother and has found her way up to my study at a forbidden hour. But the door is closed. The worthless little vagabond can't get in, and I won't open it for her. No, I won't. I can't be disturbed when I'm writing. She may just cry if she wants to. No, I won't be bothered for—'Rat, tat, tat, go her dimpled knuckles on the door. I sit in silence. 'Rat, tat, tat.' I sit peacefully still."

"Papa!"

"No reply."

"Peeze, papa!"

"Grim silence."

"Baby tum in—peeze, papa!"

"She shall not come in."

"My papa!"

"I write on."

"Papa," says the little voice. "I lub my papa. Peeze let baby in."

"I am not a brute, and I throw open the door. In she comes, with outstretched little arms, with shining eyes, with laughing face. I catch her up, and her warm, soft little arms go around my neck, the not very clean little cheek is laid close to mine, the baby voice says sweetly:

"I lub my papa!"

"Does she pay? Well, I guess she does." She has cost me many anxious days and nights. She has cost me time and money and care and self-sacrifice. She may cost me pain and sorrow. She has cost much. But she has paid for it all again and again in whispering those four little words into my ears."



The future Emperor of all the Russias, only son of Czar Nicholas, now six years old. He is shown on the front of a bicycle, on which he likes to ride, a faithful Cossack bodyguard providing the pedal power.

IN THE HEART OF AFRICA.

Exploration of Major Powell-Cotton and His Wife with the Pygmies.

Major Powell-Cotton, accompanied by Mrs. Powell-Cotton, has arrived in London on the conclusion of a most interesting journey in Africa. Major Powell-Cotton, who had intended on the conclusion of his expedition to return to England to get married, decided to interrupt his journey, and arranged for his fiancée to get out to Africa. The marriage took place on her arrival at Nairobi, British East Africa, in 1905, and since then Mrs. Powell-Cotton has shared her husband's hardships and dangers, says the Chicago News. In October, while on the banks of the Sudd River, near Lake Albert Edward, Major Powell-Cotton had the narrowest possible escape from death. A lion which he had fired at and wounded attacked him, but owing to a folded copy of Punch, which the explorer had in his pocket, the brute's claws were unable to penetrate to the flesh. While Major Powell-Cotton lay almost crushed under the animal one of the porters rushed at the lion and hit him on the head with a stick. At the same time the Waganda headman, with great pluck, ran up and slashed the animal across the eyes with a whip. This diverted the beast's attention, and at that moment an Askari shot him dead. Major Powell-Cotton had received no fewer than seventeen wounds. He rode to the nearest Belgian camp, where he was nursed back to health. This incident happened on a Friday, and it was the explorer's thirteenth lion.

Speaking of his experience with the pygmies of the Ituri Forest, Major Powell-Cotton says: "The excitement of these little people when they first saw my wife was extraordinary, for they had, of course, never previously beheld a white woman. Perhaps the chief source of wonder was her long hair, which, for the special benefit of the dwarfs, she would let down, while they crowded round our tent in speechless wonder. During our many months' stay we never had the least difficulty with the forest tribes, some of whom I employed as hunters. Occasionally when I would leave my wife alone. She had learned a little of their language and did excellent medical work among them. In my absence she took charge of the caravan, and was always treated with the greatest respect by the people."

"During our wanderings in the forest we came across many curious structures—diminutive dwellings—which we were told were ghost houses. These were built to propitiate the shades of departed chiefs, who, until a resting place is provided for them, rightly disturb the pygmy villages. There the people sacrifice and place food for the spirits of the departed. In some spots in the inmost recesses of the forest an imposing religious rite takes place on certain occasions, on which an altar is erected whereon offerings are laid while the pygmies arrange themselves in a semi-circle, and perform their devotions."

Wearv Willie's Views.

A socialist, a socialist, that's what I pine to be.

With lodgings at the Waldorf while I set the peepul free

With motor cars that do a mile in sixty seconds flat.

In which to run the errands of the proletariat;

With private secretaries and a valet at my side,

To help me as I toil to bring about the grand divide.

Seesave's it to be the bad and things is getting rank;

I want to be a socialist with millions in the bank.

I want to rise at 10 o'clock and slave away till noon.

For work—I've never done a stroke—"a man's most precious boon,"

And when I've sheared the coupons from a peck o' bonds or so,

I'll put in all the time that's left to give the poor a show.

The Happy Jack and Frisco Pete—they've often said to me

That wealth was not divided up the way it orter be.

And I am for a divvy, though the kickers call me crank

I want to be a socialist with millions in the bank!

I want a quiet summer home to rest in when it's hot,

A bungle-on at Lenox or a humble Newport cot.

And when the blamed reporters come, with shy, reluctant air,

I'll tell 'em how poor father made more dough than his share;

I'll tell 'em how he left the coin to me one fearful day.

And how—not yet, but soon, you know—I'll give it all away.

So when the job is open, here's my application blank—

I want to be a socialist with millions in the bank.

—Success.

Emperor William's Salary.

(Washington Herald.)

"What salary does the Emperor of Germany get?" asked a Herald reporter of Dr. Ernest Bickler, of Berlin, at the Raleigh.

"Not a cent as German Emperor. His emoluments all come to him as King of Prussia, and his yearly revenue is a very handsome sum, but the amount is one of the state secrets. The fact of his going at the head of the German empire does not better the King to the extent of a dollar, though there is a certain amount given him to be used, only, however, for charitable purposes. All of his many castles and estates were his inheritance as King of Prussia and would have been his anyway if the consolidation of the empire had never been effected. He is an enormously rich man, and manages his great interests with good business ability."

Not Altogether Without Hope.

(Catholic Standard.)

"But," said the lawyer, "your case seems hopeless. I don't see what I can do for you. You admit that you beat your wife."

"Yes," replied the defendant, "but my wife's testimony will discount that. She'd never admit that she was beaten."

The puffed-up printer has an idea that he fills lots of space.

Prince Edward at the Naval College.

Canadian boys who think it must be fine to be a king probably would change their minds if they had to go through the grind that is the lot of the little boy who is studying to be King of Britain. Most of our modern kings have to work hard for their living; but learning to be a king is still harder work.

The parents of an ordinary Canadian boy are satisfied if he learns one trade or profession well. Some parents indeed have so much money and so little sense that they do not even require this, but the parents of little Prince Edward of Wales, the eldest son of the Prince and Princess of Wales and the future King of England, insist that he shall learn a great many things very well indeed.

As the navy is of the most importance to the English nation, the first thing that little Prince Edward must learn is to be a naval officer. He has just entered on the second half of his training for the navy, and when that is completed he will have to learn to be a soldier in order that he may, at least nominally, command his army when he is king, and after that he will have to take a special course in diplomacy in order that he may be able to look after the interests of his subjects in dealing with foreign nations. All the time he must be learning the ordinary lessons that the Canadian boy is taught, and no excuses are accepted if he does not learn them thoroughly.

"But," the Canadian boy will say, "things are surely made easy for a kid who will be a king some day. Surely the teachers and the other boys do not dare to treat him as they do others."

Not a bit of it. Little Prince Edward is treated just like any other boy. The first lesson in being a king is to know how it feels to obey orders.

Prince Edward, who is now fourteen years old, has just completed training at Osborne Naval School, which is the preparatory school for the Royal Naval College at Dartmouth, of which he has now become a pupil. He entered Osborne when he was twelve years old, and throughout the two years he was just a unit in the great establishment. He had the same allowance of pocket money as the other junior boys—25 cents a week, no more and no less—and he had to conform to the same discipline. He had to take his turn in the mechanical shops, and it is said he is an excellent carpenter and a competent metal-worker. He also learned all the work of the man before the mast, and he can swim a deck of spicce a rope as well as most of the old tars in his grandfather's navy.

The complete democracy of the school is illustrated by two stories told about the little prince. One refers to his first day at Osborne. He had just arrived and was wandering about the grounds when he was accosted by another small boy who had been a term at Osborne.

"Whew! I said the other boy, who was the son of a captain in the navy. 'You're a new boy. What's your name?'"

"Edward," the little prince replied.

"Edward what, stupid?" said the other boy. "You must have another name."

"Edward of Wales," said the prince.

The other boy was suit at all that, and said:

"Oh, so you're that chap," was his comment, as he walked away. "I hope you won't out on too much side."

The Prince had not a chance to "put on too much side," for, in common with the other youngsters, he had to do duty as a fag for one of his seniors. He had to run the errands, black the boots, and perform other menial tasks for his master, and the fact that some day he would be king did not matter in the least to the young autocrat whose fag he became.

Another story relates to an occasion on which he was sent by the grounds to the "truck shop" for a supply of jam-puffs. The elder boy gave the prince twenty-five cents, and there was six cents change. "Keep the change, boy," said the other, grandiloquently, when the Prince returned, and the future King of England gleefully pocketed the tip and dashed back to the truck shop to spend it on jam puffs for his own consumption.

It is said that when this story reached the ears of the Prince and Princess of Wales they were delighted, for if there is one thing they want it is that their children shall grow up happy human beings, and girls, and shall not realize their position until they are old enough to appreciate its responsibilities.

At Dartmouth, Prince Edward will have to undergo the same strict discipline, and as the work will be more on the scientific side there, it will probably be a good deal harder. Reveille is sounded at 6:30 a. m., and from that until "lights out" at 9:30 p. m., every ten minutes of the day must be rigidly accounted for. Even the recreation is governed by fixed rules. Every effort is made to make the Royal Naval College at Dartmouth as much like a ship as possible. It is commanded by a naval officer, Captain Napier, and it has a full complement of officers and men, just as on any of the other ships of war of His Majesty King Edward VII. For it is carried on the navy list as a ship of war. In fact, it succeeded an old three-decker, the Britannia, which served as the training school for Britain's naval cadets until the present college was erected in 1892 at a cost of \$1,250,000. The Britannia still lies in the harbor, and is used for teaching the cadets, to handle the principal halls and rooms in the college are named after great admirals who have carried the British flag to victory on the seas. The great dining room is called "Neilson," and the "gun rooms," which are used as class rooms, are named St. Vincent, Hawke, Drake, Grenville and Blake. The names of the dormitories are Collingwood, Troubridge, Duncan, Beubon, Frobisher, Raleigh, Hawkin, Effingham, Anson, Cornwallis, Howe and Fremouth.

More Drinking Than Busting.

A captain in the Russian Imperial guards, routed from a vice president of the Austrian Jockey club a hunting estate, for which, after taking possession, he refused to pay on the ground that there was very little game. The vendor brought an action in the courts of Reg. Bohemia, for recovery and produced evidence to show that the captain and three friends had spent five weeks on the estate, but passed all their time in drinking. They had consumed 1,200 bottles of champagne. On those facts a compromise was effected.

THE
T
T
peo
acte
Th
mer
port
oth
Pric
who
who
ALL
Hou
Bea
Tov
Wat
THO
THE
read
pen
We
which ou
a trip to
The issue
370
H
We
Herald of
accepting
Weekly s
rect, esti
all allowa
Spe
If a subsc
al \$50.00
Estim
tion to the
The
continent,
to see som
If You W
BA
Boots
A
See