

LITTLE EXPLOSIONS

Saviors of the Truth.
"Some of the patients here earn as much as \$100 a week," said the superintendent of the asylum for the hopelessly insane.

"You don't say!" exclaimed the astonished visitor. "How do they do it?"
"By writing comic opera librettos," explained the superintendent.

Poor Thing.

Nell—I wonder what Miss Passay is doing with that translation of Virgil's *Aeneid*. Trying to appear learned, eh?
Belle—Oh, no! She picked it up in a book store to-day and the opening line about "arms and the man" attracted her.

A Mean Advantage.
"He's about the meanest white man I ever met."
"At any rate, he's successful. He has taken advantage of his opportunities."

"Ah! His opportunities were small, no doubt; another proof of his meanness."

Quite Apparent.

She—You know, judge, our characters are different, and I don't want to be in his way—
He—Yes, your honor, she is peculiar, and I don't want to interfere—
Judge—I understand. You ask for a divorce out of pure love!

No Place for Ladies.
"In Brussels," said Mr. Gaxington, "it is necessary for travelers by rail to pay regular rates on every piece of baggage they carry."

"Dear me," replied his wife, who was getting ready to start away with seven trunks for a three weeks' stay on the coast of Maine, "what a bore it must be to have to live in that horrible country!"

They Were Pleasant, Too.
"What did that gentleman mean when he asked if your environment was pleasant?" asked the younger sister.

"Oh, he meant the things which were around me while I was in the country," replied the older one.
"Well, Julia, I never heard men's arms called by that name before."—
Tit-Bits.

An Excuse.
"See here!" exclaimed the employer. "You're entirely too slow when you're out on an errand. Why don't you move faster?"

"Well, I'll tell you," replied the bright office boy. "Once when our school gave a play I took the part of an old man, and, do you know, I don't believe I ever got over it."

Shifting His Prayer Burden.
A boy of 4 years was saying his evening prayers. He was very sleepy, but he started in on his customary orison of considerable length.

"God bless me an' little sister," he said. Then he yawned drowsily and broke off abruptly with: "The rest of them are big enough to pray for themselves."

Gallant Mr. Braix.
Miss Elderleigh—Just think, Mr. Braix, I am within ten years of 35!
Mr. Braix—I can't believe it.
Miss Elderleigh—That's sweet of you—but it's true.

Mr. Braix—Well, if anybody else had told me you were 35 I'd have said they were five years off anyhow.

Freakish.
"I saw a troupe of educated seals last night. Wonderful creatures, aren't they?"
"Yes; but what would you think of a black bass that can sing?"
"Get out!"
"It's a fact. I've seen dozens of 'em in negro minstrel shows."—
Detroit Tribune.

Cause and Effect.
Hix—De Short has been drinking a good deal lately, I understand.
Dix—Yes; he's trying to drown his grief.
Hix—Disappointed in love, eh?
Dix—No. His tailor refused to trust him any longer.

Suspicious.
Friend—Don't you want your name on History's page?
Millionaire—What will it cost and what will she print about me if I don't?

An Accommodating Friend.
"Are you fond of music, doctor?"
"Yes, but don't let that interfere with your singing."

AN APPEAL.



Young Lawyer—So you won't let me marry your daughter, sir?
Father—No!
Young Lawyer—Then I'm going to take my case to a higher court.
Father—What do you mean?
Young Lawyer—I'm going to ask your wife.

Thought It Blackmail.
The bibliomaniac (showing his treasures)—Here is a book that cost me \$15,000.
The society man—You're an easy mark, I must say.

The bibliomaniac (warmly)—Easy? Why, I was ready to pay twice that sum for it!
The society man—Great cats! What sort of a past have you, anyway?—
Fuck.

The Homeless Mut.
Kind Lady—Is that your dog?
Homeless Holmes—Yes, mum; he's my only friend.
Kind Lady—Well, why don't you treat him better? He looks half-starved.

Homeless Holmes—Ye see, mum, we poor mut has ter eat de kind of grub folks gives me er go hungry. So he don't eat otten.

At the Boarding House.
The intelligent Boarder—Yes, we have reached the time of year when mind and body crave lighter sustenance. Let us then avoid all thoughts of things that are heavy—heavy clothing, heavy reading, heavy food.
The Landlady—Sponge cake, Mr. Emerson?
The intelligent Boarder—Certainly not.

Barred.
"Do you think a rich man can enter the gates of heaven?" asked the intimate friend.
"No," answered Mr. Packer. "I don't."
"And why not?"
"Well, I'll tell you. A rich man, as a general rule, owns an automobile, and there's no hope for a murderer."

Taken at Her Word.
"Put down that glass!" commanded Mrs. Shrupe, catching her husband in the act of taking a drink of whisky. "If you drink that I'll never speak to you again as long as I live."
"My dear," said he, gulping it down, "here's long life to you!"

His Usefulness at an End.
Messenger—Mr. Spocash, there has been a street car accident, and Mr. Nextile has had his leg cut off just below the knee.
Great Merchant (with emotion)—I am ruly sorry to hear it! He was our best floorwalker.

A Criticism.
Mrs. Phamley—I suppose you've seen that new book on "What To Do Until the Doctor Comes?"
Dr. Gruff—Yes, and I'd like to write a companion book to that.
Mrs. Phamley—What would it be?
Dr. Gruff—Don't!

All Crazy.
Citizen—What possible excuse did you fellows have for acquitting that murderer?
Jurymen—Insanity.
Citizen—Geel! The whole twelve of you.—
Cleveland Leader.

A Sad Case.
Blanche—I think it is a mistake to propose by letter.
Clara—Sometimes, I know a man who did it and the girl said yes, and I'm sure he's been sorry for it since.

How It Impressed Him.
Mrs. Whittier Lowell—In disobeying me, Emerson, you were doing wrong, and I am punishing you to impress it upon your mind!
Emerson—Aren't you mistaken, mamma, in regard to the location of my mind?—
Life.

Paste.
"I see that the women who claim to possess valuable jewels are having them insured against theft."
"Camilla La Fleur wouldn't care for that."

No Cause for Worry.
"I have a horror of being buried alive."
"Who is your physician?"
"Dr. Dopeum."
"Then you needn't worry. His prescriptions are always fatal."—
Chicago News.

A Blessing in Disguise.
"Say, old man, I have a terrible thirst."
"Pardon me, my boy; a thirst is never terrible."

LIKE A POKER GAME.



She—Maids is a queen, fit to marry a king, and just think how near she came to marrying that old Jack!
He—Is that straight?
She—Yes, she thought he was flush.

Let It Go at That.
The heavy villain of the barn storming aggregation stalked into the workshop of the village editor.

"What did you mean by referring to me as a 'misfit' in your write-up of the performance last night?" he roared.
"I meant," answered the local molder of opinion, "that you were entirely too great for the company you were with."

And the heavy villain, being a stranger to the ways of the village editors, believed him.

A Gilded Pill.
Sultor—Fifteen thousand dollars! A splendid dowry. Mr. Isaacstein! But you know your daughter is decidedly plain.
Isaacstein—Vell, den, I make it twenty thousand.
"By Jove! Twenty thousand! She's not so bad looking, after all—but still she's hardly beautiful."
"Vat? Den I make it twenty-five thousand dollars!"
"My dear Mr. Isaacstein, what a wonderful beauty doctor you are!"

HAWKS CAPTURED AT SEA

Fine Specimens Taken Prisoners Far From Any Land.

A very peculiar incident occurred recently while the new Japanese steamer America Maru was en route from the port of Yokohama to San Francisco. When the steamer was 2,000 miles from land she was visited by a large hawk. The hawk was clutching in its talons a half-grown bird. When first discovered the hawk was alighting on the foremast, as though very weary from its long seaward flight. The second mate of the Maru climbed up into the rigging and was finally fortunate enough to secure the handsome hawk.

Three times he approached the bird only to see it leave its perch and soar away, still fiercely clutching the half-grown prey. Each time, however, the hawk returned to its perch. Before being captured the hawk gave battle to the plucky Japanese, using its sharp beak and talons to good advantage in warding off the hands of the mate, but the latter clung to the rigging until the bird was captured.

The hawk now occupies a place in the crew's quarters on the America Maru. On account of its brilliant plumage and general dignified bearing the bird is highly valued.

On the same voyage a smaller hawk of different breed took refuge in the rigging during a heavy gale as the steamer was crossing the China sea. That was fully 500 miles off shore. This hawk was also captured and became a pet among the Japanese sailors.

What these birds were doing so far from land and how they managed to sustain so long flights are mysteries of the deep.

Regarding wild game animals, a great many queer things might be related. One particular instance the writer recalls:

An old hunter and trapper once said he shot a buck, probably three years old, away up in the wild Bitter Root mountains. As he was very fond of boiled heart, he cooked that organ. Judge of his surprise on cutting the heart open preparatory to eating it to find a good-sized buckshot lodged down near the point. He had shot and killed the deer with a .32-caliber rifle and had shot only once.

Growsome Punishment.



A growsome form of punishment is still practiced in Afghanistan. A recent English expedition discovered at the top of the Lataband Pass an iron cage suspended from a pole containing a shriveled human body. The mummy was that of a thief who had been imprisoned and allowed to die of thirst and hunger in this iron cage.

Chinese Talent for Inaccuracy.
The Chinese rejoice in a wonderful talent for inaccuracy in every detail. Thus, a pound or a pica varies as it suits the merchant's fancy. In some parts you get half or a quarter as much as you do in others for the same price and measure.

Then, again, their way of calculating distance does not at all tally with Euclid. For instance, you are told that from A to B is four miles, but from B to A is eight miles. If you ask how this is possible, you are told it depends from which end you start. If you start from A it is down hill, so much easier to walk; whereas, starting from B you have to walk up hill, which is much more fatiguing—in fact it is the same as walking a longer distance on even ground.

In no land except one of topsy-turvydom like China would such a system be adopted.

How Railroad Tracks "Creep."

The rails on a track that appears to be well laid often begin to move lengthwise, so slowly that their motion is imperceptible until its results have accumulated, but with such great force that nothing will stop it. The onward movement of the rail tears up spikes and shears off steel bolts. A recent exhaustive study by an American engineer throws little light on the subject. The motion is always in the direction of traffic and is due to the moving trains, but it appears to be greatest in loosely and improperly laid track, especially that formed of short bits of rail.

DENVER Y. M. C. A. HEALTH FARM

Praiseworthy Department of the Association— Practical Results Have Repaid Generous Promoters

One of the most interesting and hopeful "signs of the times" is the work that is being done with a view to the prevention and care of consumption. Experiments in this direction in many parts of the world are meeting with no small degree of success and their common foundation lies principally in outdoor life, pure air and a plain diet. The "open air cure" comes the nearest of anything yet invented to being a panacea for tubercular diseases.

The Association Health Farms, organized by the Y. M. C. A. of Denver, has now been in operation for more than two years and has, so far, fully justified the hopes of its founders and promoters.

When I first heard of the Association Health Farm, near Denver, the image that arose in my mind was that of a cluster of tents out on the treeless, cactus covered plains, supplemented by a windmill or two and perhaps a few twigs of trees transplanted from some nearby nursery—plus, of course, abundance of "light air," Colorado sunshine and a mile of altitude.

Having recently visited the health farm, I hasten to apologize for my atrocious misconception.

If there is in Colorado, or anywhere else, a more beautiful plot of embowered landscape, I could hardly tell you where to look for it. The farm is surrounded by highly cultivated small farms, orchards and gardens, bordered by almost a superabundance of shade trees. Cactus covered desert, indeed!

It is indeed on the plains, but they are the rich, fertile lands that irrigation has made to "blossom like the rose."

The farm lies just outside the city limits of Denver, between Denver and Golden, about six miles from the post-office in Denver and eight miles from Golden, which lies nestled in the nearest foothills, beyond which rise the peaks of the snowy range. It is on the edge of the uplands skirting the beautiful, highly cultivated Clear Creek valley, which it overlooks. The view from the farm embraces more than 150 miles of the mountain range—the great Colorado or Front range—extending from Pike's Peak, some seven-

ty-five miles to the south, to beyond Long's Peak, nearly an equal distance to the north. Patches of snow are in plain sight on the mountain crests during the hottest days of July and August, which, after all are never oppressively hot at the farm.

The farm comprises thirty-four acres of land, worth at the market price upwards of five hundred dollars an acre, about twenty-four acres of which are covered with an orchard of well-grown bearing fruit trees and small fruits, the remaining ten acres being devoted to gardening. It is neatly kept and attractive, as every visitor will testify. On the north side is a wind-break of tall thickly-set Lombardy poplars, and orchard and shade trees break the force of the winds from other directions. There is no suggestion of barrenness to awaken homesickness in the new comer.

To many, as to me, the small size of the health farm is at first thought a disappointment. What is a little haven of thirty-four acres as compared with the great ocean of disease whose victims are spread abroad over all the world? It is, indeed, but a small beginning. But may we not hope that it shall prove the leaven that is to leaven the whole lump?

In another respect, I am sorry to say, it must always break the word of promise to the hope of many unfortunate. Not only is it too small to accommodate all who may wish to come, but it is impossible for it to furnish work for those whom it does take sufficient to wholly provide for their support. Of course the ideal health farm would be one where all could come and make a living by farming while getting well. But such a consummation can be only feebly approximated through long years of experiments. The best that can be done at present, is to help as many as possible to re-establish their health in such degree as will enable them to do farm work, or other work, on their own responsibility. No general system of paternalism has so far commended itself to practical workers in this line.

In spite of its limitations and its experimental character, I have no hesitation in pronouncing the Denver Association Health Farm a distinct and hopeful success, deserving in a high degree the generous support of the public. It is, to a large extent, doing pioneer work and blazing a track that others may follow. Those who aid in its establishment are not only helping a worthy institution, but contributing to a great cause.

At the time I visited the farm it was accommodating forty-three persons, most of whom were absent from their tents engaged in some kind of occupation. The gathering at the dinner tables in the dining room brought most of them together—all very cheerful and apparently possessed of excellent appetites.

The little community is a department of the Y. M. C. A. Every resident is a member of the association. Every two months the officers of the department are elected by ballot. Devotional exercises are held every morning after breakfast, those who desire to do so acting in rotation as leaders.

Mr. W. M. Danner, secretary of the Denver Y. M. C. A., to whose energy and organizing ability the health farm is chiefly indebted for its existence and prosperity, in his address at its second anniversary last spring said: "In a financial way the health farm has passed the danger line. It always costs more to establish any kind of work than you estimate from the architect's drawings or from the preliminary sketches. From the sales of produce and contributions we have supplemented our income, and have gotten along very nicely. The average monthly cost per man at the farm is \$30.55, but none of the men have been required to pay over \$25 per month. Through the generosity of friends and sales of produce we have been able to keep our heads above water. There is a very sympathetic touch, and a very deep sympathy with our movement in all the associations throughout the country."

The work in the orchard and garden is all done by the residents, who are paid for their labor. From the garden the table is supplied with fresh vegetables in season, the surplus fruits and vegetables being sent to market. A large quantity of cider vinegar is made from the cheaper grade of apples, bringing in a considerable income.

All the residents, or patients if we are so to call them, live in handsome square tents, set in regular streets among the orchard trees and connected by board walks. Large openings in the sides for ventilation are protected by wire screens to keep out



The interiors are furnished like an ordinary bedroom and a small stove is provided to dress and undress by in very cold weather, although its use is not encouraged.

One interesting feature is the names on the tents, showing by what association, organization or individual they were given, for instance, New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Boston, etc.

The foregoing is largely in general terms. The reader wants an answer to the main question: "To what extent are persons affected with tuberculosis cured or benefited at the farm?" A careful record has been kept for the past two years. It shows that from May 21st, 1903, to April 30th, 1905, there were 165 persons admitted as residents at the farm, of whom 35 were still present on the farm at the time of the report, leaving 130 to be accounted for.

Of this number 69 so far recovered as to accept positions, mostly secured for them by the department, and go back to work; 15 went back home; eight left to reside with friends; eight went away because they could not accustom themselves to tent life; six were sent to hospital and seven died.

Of 75 residents who worked on the farm 65 were improved.

Of the ex-residents, so far as heard from, 57 have gained and 32 have lost. Of the latter, 15 returned to the farm, of whom 13 again gained and 2 lost.

For the information of those who may desire to assist in furthering the work, it may be stated that the most pressing needs of the farm at the present time are a heating plant and a hospital or infirmary.

Those who wish information in regard to entering the farm as residents or assisting the work by donations, should address W. M. Danner, general secretary, Denver, Colorado.

The Canon's Joke.

Dr. Goodall, of Eton, was proverbially fond of punning. About the same time that he was made provost of Eton he received also a stall at Windsor.

A young lady of his acquaintance, while congratulating him on his elevation, requested him to give the young ladies of Eton and Windsor a ball during the vacation.

"I am afraid I cannot accede to that request," said the doctor.

"Oh, doctor, do. It would be so charming," she exclaimed, as she playfully tapped his wig with her fan and caused the powder to fly about.

"There, my dear, there is your answer. You see you can get powder out of the canon, but not the ball."