



# GATHERED SMILES

**No Chance.**  
Tom—"I tell you, old man, Miss Gabbie certainly has got a pile of money. Why don't you propose to her?"  
Dick—"I've started to do it several times."  
Tom—"What's the matter? Lose your courage?"  
Dick—"No, but I'm never able to get a word in edgewise."

**Scientific Farming.**  
"I hear your son has given up scientific farming."  
"Yes."  
"What was the trouble?"  
"I believe he found that in order to be successful the scientific farmer would have to work just the same as if he were doing it the other way."

**Could Not Help Laughing.**  
The merchant (to applicant)—Where did you work last?  
The office boy—For de Gotham Life Insurance Comp'ny.  
The Merchant—How did you come to quit?  
The office boy—One day de president patted me on de head an' advised me ter be honest an' never tell a lie an' I snorted right out in spite uv meself!

**Unappreciative.**  
"Wonder why Benedict didn't come to our poker session?"  
"Maybe his wife wouldn't let him."  
"But his wife has gone south."  
"And yet he didn't come? Well, I declare, he doesn't deserve to have his wife leave town at all."

**A Quick Shave.**  
"You're hot stuff!" said a parlor Santa Claus, clawing at his beard, to which a playful lad had touched a blazing candle.  
The beard came off and left Santa Claus smooth of face. Feeling his barren chin, he looked at the lad.  
"Cunning little shaver!" he remarked.

**An Amendment Accepted.**  
"Sometimes I think my typewriter knows more than I do," remarked the New York orator. "I was dictating a speech to her this morning and I said 'The ballot is sacred.'"  
"A very proper sentiment."  
"But she changed it. She mixed the letters of the last word a little and changed it to 'sacred.'"

## HER PROPERTY.



Wife—Jack, a burglar is going through your pockets!  
Jack (half awake)—It's your loss, my dear, not mine.

**Clear Limitation of Rights.**  
"Your honor," said the prisoner firmly, "I demand a jury of my peers."  
"Umph!" said the court, "quite so. But, you see, even if the warden could spare them, they would be disqualified."  
Finally the prisoner agreed to waive this constitutional right in the hope of getting a few rascals into the box anyhow.

**Ministerial Troubles.**  
Mr. Johnson—Possun, I understand de collection las' night mounted to fo' dollars an' some odd cents.  
The Rev. Darkleigh (pointedly)—Yes, Br'er Johnson, dar wuz some odd cents, an' a mighty odd dollar dat someone put in an' tuk out de change fur; so odd, I ain't nebbeh gwine ter be able to pass it.

**A Disapprobation.**  
"A reformer has many difficulties to face."  
"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum. "As soon as the public discovers a reformer it makes so much of him that his personal vanity is in danger of being developed until it destroys his usefulness."—Washington Star.

**Not There.**  
"Judge," said Mrs. Starvem to the magistrate, who had recently come to board with her, "I'm particularly anxious to have you try this chicken soup."  
"I have tried it," replied the magistrate, "and my decision is that the chicken has proved an alibi!"

**Degrees of Crime.**  
"They say as how Jabez Walton's boy is up in Noo York leadin' a life of crime."  
"Dew tell! For the land's sake! I wanter know! Hez he gone into anything he could be jailed for, or jest something like life insurance?"—Louisville Courier Journal.

**The Phlegmatic Sultan.**  
Izzit Pasha—Commander of the faithful, the allied fleets are steaming up to the city.  
The Sultan—"So soon! Then let us hurry. There is nothing I admire more than a parade of handsome boats. Come, Izzit. Is my fez on straight?"

**Wordy but Vague.**  
"Have you seen Professor Gabbie-ston, the scientist, lately?"  
"Yes; I listened to him for more than an hour at the club last night."  
"Indeed! What was he talking about?"  
"He didn't say."—Puck.

**Suspicious.**  
Mr. Hiram Offen—"I don't see why you should suspect the new servant girl of gossiping among the neighbors. She seems close mouthed."  
Mrs. Hiram Offen—"But I've discovered that she's also close cared—close to the keyhole."

**Obedying the Doctor's Orders.**  
Do Tanque—"Doctor's doctor has advised him not to drink anything with his meals."  
O'Sonque—"That's tough."  
Do Tanque—"Oh, I don't know. Guzler has simply stopped eating."

**Keeping the Wolf Away.**  
Wigwag—Hello, Scribbler! Writing any poetry these days?  
Scribbler—Only enough to keep the wolf from the door.  
Wigwag—Great Scott! The wolf read poetry, can he?

## AT THE CONCERT.



Wife—Don't go to sleep, dear!  
Husband—How can I with all that noise?

**Where the Shoe Pinched.**  
Jerry—Why did Stella break her engagement with you?  
Tom—Merely because I stole a kiss.  
"She must be crazy, to object to having her fiance steal a kiss from her."  
"Oh, I didn't steal it from her."—Translated for "Tales" from Famille-Journal.

**Every One an Old Friend.**  
The Wife—What luck?  
The Husband (wearily)—None whatever.  
The Wife—Were there no servants in the intelligence office?  
The Husband (sadly)—Lots of them, but they had all worked for us before.  
—Woman's Home Companion.

**Discouraged.**  
"I'm sure," said the clumsy man, as he slipped off his horse again, "that I'll never learn to ride."  
"Oh," replied the ringmaster, "just keep on trying."  
"But," protested the man, "I'm having my own troubles trying to keep on."

**Just a Gentle One.**  
The Man—A fortune teller predicted that I would be lucky in love.  
The Maid (demurely)—And the same prediction precisely was made about me. Do you still think, Henry, that we were made for each other?—Puck.



Wife—Don't go to sleep, dear!  
Husband—How can I with all that noise?

**Soporific.**  
"My dear Mrs. Sharpe," said the Rev. Poudrus-Tawker, "why do you not induce your husband to come to church with you?"  
"Oh, my gracious! It would never do in the world. He snores terribly."

**Along the Same Lines.**  
The Teacher—We no longer have the tortures of the Spanish Inquisition.  
Bright Pupil—No, ma'am; but we have the college fraternity initiations.  
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## IN THE NITRATE COUNTRY

In his "Commercial Traveler in South America" Frank Wiborg writes: "We stopped at a number of the nitrate towns, Pisagua, Iquique, Antofagasta, and I visited some of the mills or officials in order to see something of the industry. Deposits of the crude nitrate of soda, called here 'caliche,' are found in the pampa or rolling plateau beyond the first range of foothills. In some places this plateau is but ten miles from the coast, in others as far as fifty miles. The pampa is an utterly barren desert. On the surface there is nothing to tempt the heart of man, but a few feet down lies the nitrate stratum. This presents much the appearance of rock salt and varies in color, according to the purity of the deposits, from a whitish tint to a dark gray. The upper earth is blown away with dynamite and then the caliche is dug out with pick and shovel, loaded on iron carts and carried up to the mills.

"Here the caliche is first broken into small pieces by heavy crushers and then put into large boiling vats. Inside these vats are coils of steam pipes, by means of which the temperature can be regulated accurately. Sea water is poured in and the caliche is boiled for a certain time. The liquid solution that results is drawn off into settling vats, which are exposed to the open air and the sun. Evaporation is rapid and the pure nitrate of soda soon begins crystallizing and settling to the bottom. After this has gone on for some time the remaining liquid is drawn off and the crust of nitrate is scraped from the sides and bottom of the vat and thoroughly dried in the sun. Then it is graded according to quality and packed for shipment in 100-pound sacks.

"Most of the nitrates exported is used as a fertilizer, but a part goes to the manufacture of powder and high explosives. The nitrate towns are even barer and drier and less inviting than most of the other bare, dry towns of the coast. To some of them fresh water is brought in pipes from a distance of more than 100 miles. Before the day of these pipes it used to be sold in the streets by the gallon. That water even now, though not scarce, yet is not plentiful, is perhaps some excuse for the awful dust that blows everywhere."

**Retribution.**  
"Good gracious! These fat men will be the ruin of me," exclaimed the automatic scales; "that last one simply put me on the bum."  
"Well," replied the chewing-gum machine, "now you can lie in weight for the next one."

**Cause and Effect.**  
"That young woman next door to you goes in for music, doesn't she?"  
"Music, so-called, yes."  
"Vocal or instrumental?"  
"A little of both. She's vociferously vocal and instrumentally in making the neighbors swear."

**Post Mortem.**  
Native—Yaas, Alkali Ike intimated yist'd'd that the new sheriff was a boulder and a two-faced liar.  
Tourist—My! That ought to be investigated.  
Native—It 'is bein' investigated by the coroner.

**Suggestion.**  
"Did you read about the burglars who assaulted the policeman with sausages?"  
"Yes. What of it?"  
"Oh, I thought you could make a joke about their setting the dog on him."

**A Word Splitter.**  
"Here is your week's salary, \$7."  
"But I expected better pay than that."  
"We never pay our clerks anything but Uncle Sam's money—and there's nothing better."

**Cramped.**  
"You're living in a flat now, I hear. How do you like it?"  
"Well, there's no room to kick."

**FINDING THE REAL WORLD**  
Maurice Maeterlinck, the Belgian philosopher, writes in Harper's Magazine on the limitations of the senses and "he wonders of the universe that lie beyond their ken. "What keeps and will long still keep us from enjoying the treasures of the universe is the hereditary resignation with which we tarry in the gloomy prison of our senses," he says. "Our imagination, as we lead it to-day, accommodates itself too readily to that captivity. It is true that it is the slave of those senses which alone feed it. But it does not cultivate enough within itself the intuitions and presentiments which tell it that it is absurdly captive, and that it must seek outlets even beyond the most resplendent and most infinite circles which it pictures to itself. It is important that our imagination should say to itself more and more seriously that the real world begins thousands of millions of leagues beyond its most ambitious and daring dreams. Never was it entitled—nay, bound to be more madly foolhardy than now. "All that it succeeds in building and multiplying in the most enormous space and time that it is capable of conceiving, is nothing compared with that which is. Already the smallest revelations of science in our humble daily life teach it that, even in that modest environment, it can not cope with reality, that it is constantly being overwhelmed, disconcerted, dazzled by all the unexpected that lies hidden in a stone, a salt, a glass of water, a plant, an insect. It is already something to be convinced of this, for that places us in a state of mind that watches every occasion to break through the magic circle of our blindness; it persuades us also that we must hope to find no decisive truths within this circle, that they all lie hidden beyond.

"Let us say to ourselves that, among the possibilities which the universe still hides from us, one of the most palpable, the least ambitious and the least disconcerting, is certainly the possibility of a means of enjoying an existence much more spacious, lofty, perfect, durable and secure than that which is offered to us by our actual consciousness. Admitting this possibility—and there are few as probable—the problem of our immortality is, in principle, solved."

**OVER THE GHASTLY HIGHWAY**  
The scattering overland migration—to Oregon and California—beginning so early as 1846, became a never-paralleled tide by the spring of 1849, when the gold rush was really on, says Charles F. Lumm in McClure's. In all the chronicles of mankind there is nothing else like this translation of humanity across an unconquered wilderness. In its pathless distances, its inevitable hardships, and its frequent savage perils, reckoned with the character of the men, women and children concerned, it stands alone. The era was one of national hard times, and not only the professional failure, but ministers, doctors, lawyers, merchants and farmers, with their families, caught the new yellow fever and betook themselves to a journey fifty times as long and hard as the average of them had ever taken before. Powder, lead, foodstuffs, household goods, wives, sisters, mothers and babies rode on the Osage sheeted prairie schooners, or whatsoever wheeled conveyance the emigrant could scare up, from ancient top bugs to new Conestogas; while the men rode their horses or mules or trudged beside the caravans. A historic party of five Frenchmen pushed a handwagon from the Missouri to the coast, and one man trundled his possessions in a wheelbarrow. At its best it was an itinerary untranslatable to the present generation; at its worst, with Indian massacres, thirst, snows, "tender-footedness" and disease, it was one of the ghastliest highways in history. The worst chapter of cannibalism in our national record was that of the Donner party, snowed in from November to March, 1849-50, in the Sierra Nevada. In the 50's the Asiatic cholera crawled in upon the plains, and like a gray wolf followed the wagon trains from the "river" to the Rockies. In the height of the migration, from 4,000 to 5,000 immigrants died of this pestilence, and if there was a half-mile where the Indians had failed to punctuate with a grave, the cholera took care to remedy the omission. The 2,000-mile trip was a matter of four months when easy, and of six with bad luck. Children were born and people died, worried greenhorns quarreled and killed one another—and the train straggled on.

**COOLIES IN SOUTH AFRICA**  
Writes an observer in South Africa: "The Chinese are everywhere. You see them in the streets of the towns, on the platforms of the railway stations, or about the Rand. There are now nearly 50,000 of them scattered up and down a slice of country about forty miles in length. Some are working in mines which are practically in Johannesburg itself. Yesterday morning I was walking down Commissioner street, when I came across thirty of them at work digging out the foundations of a new hotel. They were prisoners serving terms of hard labor, and were leased out to the contractor at one shilling a head a day. And they were employed in the very center of Johannesburg. Out at Knight's I saw a huge camp where 1,400 more Chinese prisoners are at work making a deviation of the railway line from Germiston to Boksburg.

**GREAT ARMY OF EDUCATION**  
The army of education in the United States is made up of 450,000 teachers, of whom 120,000 are men and 330,000 women. The overwhelming majority of the teachers are natives of the United States, less than 30,000 having been born abroad—one in fifteen.  
Most of the male teachers are between the years of 25 and 35. The majority of the women teachers are between 15 and 25.  
There are 2,300 male teachers over 65. There are less than 1,500 female teachers over 65. Three times as many female as male teachers are put down as "age unknown."  
There are 21,000 colored teachers in the United States, thus divided between the two sexes 7,700 men and 13,300 women. There are 600 Indian teachers in the Indian schools of the United States—240 men and 260 women.  
The average age of teachers in the United States is higher than in England and lower than in Germany. The proportion of very youthful teachers is much greater in the country than in the city districts.  
The largest proportion of male teachers is to be found in West Virginia, where they number 50 per cent of the total. The largest proportion of women is to be found in Vermont, where they form 90 per cent of the whole number. The standard of education is very much higher in Vermont than it is in West Virginia.  
The number of teachers in the United States has increased greatly in recent years. In 1871 there were 125,000, in 1886, 225,000, in 1890, 240,000 and it is at present 450,000.

**WANTED TO MAKE A TEST CASE.**  
Mother's indignation made her willing to take chances.  
The writer's father was in early life apprenticed to a tanner named Fletcher, living in Vermont. Soon after the indentures were effected, Fletcher died, leaving a buxom widow of 350 pounds weight. The tanning plant soon fell into decay; the tan pits reeked with noxious vapors, their green-scummed, loathsome waters, dangerous at all times, being especially so after nightfall.  
Mrs. Fletcher had one child, a bright, curly-haired boy, happy only in mischief, and often unlicky. This boy, Bowman, though frequently warned about his pits, late one afternoon took it into his head to go a-fishing there for an enormous bullfrog. Item, an eager boy poised unsteadily over a dank pool. Item, a huge bullfrog blinking at a bit of red flannel dangling provokingly near his nose. A heavy spring, a smothered shriek, and my father saw a very small boy with very big boots disappear in the quivering slime.  
In a moment father got to the pit, and had him out in a trice—a gasping, choking daub of humanity. At the cottage door stood Mrs. Fletcher, bulky and tigerish. Black lightning shot from her eyes as she asked: "What is that thing, Amos?"  
"It's Bowman, most drowned," was the reply.  
"Well, then (with a look of disgust), if it's God's will Bowman shall be drowned, put him back in again."—Boston Herald.

**How to Tell Antique Sevres.**  
False Sevres in the bric-a-brac shops is offered as genuine by "reputable dealers" in London and Paris as well as in New York. It is old, it is true, but only as old as the "Restoration" in France, although the marks would indicate a much earlier and better period. The counterfeits may usually be detected by the surface of the gliding. In real it was burnished in lines by means of metal nails with rounded points, which were set in a piece of wood.  
The imitations of later date than the real have been burnished in a similar manner, but with an agate. It required considerably more force to obtain a bright surface by the ancient method than by the use of the agate point; hence the burnished lines in the genuine ware are perceptibly sunken, while in the counterfeit were they are flush with the general surface of the gliding. There are other means of "spotting" the imitations, such as the inexact copying of the markings which have served since 1753 to denote the date of fabrication, and the use of chrome green, which was not discovered until 1802; but the test of the burnished parts of the gliding is the easiest for the ordinary buyer.

**I Did Not Understand.**  
Because I did not understand  
Her little ways,  
I let life's best slip from my hand  
In the old days;  
I did not understand.  
Her subtleties of thought and speech,  
Her finer sense,  
Her maiden-like reserves, seemed each  
Cause of offense;  
I did not understand.  
Some answer to her wistful gaze  
When she was sad,  
A tender word, a little praise,  
Had made her glad;  
But I did not understand.  
I failed to read the shy regard  
That lay below  
Her timid eyes, and so was hard;  
I did not know,  
I did not understand.  
But when I saw the wonder rise  
Of love that grew  
And deepened in her dying eyes,  
O, then I knew:  
Too late to understand.  
The elusive, eager soul below  
That look sedate,  
The passionate tenderness, I know  
Too late, too late;  
O, now I understand.  
—Chicago Inter Ocean.

**Senator Hale's Costly Boys.**  
When Senator Eugene Hale married the daughter of Senator "Zack" Chandler, the latter, who was a great lover of children, said: "Now, Gene, I have no use for people who don't increase the census returns. I want you and Mary to raise a family, and I'll settle \$10,000 on every boy you have."  
Time passed, and the Hales were so regularly blessed with children of the male persuasion that the frequency with which "Zack" Chandler was called upon to redeem his promise with checks became a jest among his friends in Washington. One morning the president received the following telegram from Senator Chandler: "For God's sake give Eugene Hale a foreign mission! His wife has got another boy."

**Heroism Up to Date.**  
The Dutch boy in the old story who found a leak one night in a big dike and saved the countryside by stopping it with his finger until found shivering with cold the next morning, has now a rival.  
A birchbark canoe carrying three persons on a western lake is reported to have run on a rock and been pierced below the water line.  
Thereupon one of the party took her chewing gum, bravely held it in the leak until shore was reached and saved the party.  
The moral seems plain.—Springfield Republican.

**Depew Declines Invitations.**  
Senator Depew continues to decline invitations to dinners and other public functions and it is probable that the once famous wit and after-dinner speaker has told his last joke at affairs of this kind. Within the last month there were a dozen annual affairs which the senator never missed, but his chair was vacant at all of them.