



Telephoning. Minnie Midget, on the floor. Puts the dumb-bell to her ear: "All right, baby! I can hear; Give me Forty-Two-Four!"

"Mamma's house; halloo! halloo! Mamma lives at Rocking Chair. That you, mamma? Stay right there I've a message all for you."

Mamma answers, far away. With a big spoon at her ear: "All right, baby! I can hear; What would Midget like to say?"

"Mamma, are you truly, true, Hearing every single thing—"



What I think, and say, and sing— As if I were close to you?"

"Yes, I hear, my little one, Every word's so plain and clear I might almost think you here, Speaking with no telephone!"

"Well, you please to tell the doctor Dolly has the stomach ache; Wants some peppermints to take, All the day I've sat and rocked her

"And please, mamma, I love you!" "All right, baby, here is one Doctor sends by telephone, And a kiss for Midget, too."

"Thank you, mamma; now I'll try To get Seventy-One-Two-Nine— Auntie's house—to talk with mine; All through, mamma, dear! Good-by."

Taking Care of Goldfish.

Many boys and girls have goldfish as pets, and would like to know, perhaps, the best way to take care of them. They should be kept in a broad-mouthed glass vessel—a vessel with straight sides is best—which should always be nearly full of water. A few shells and a small quantity of gravel should be put into the vessel. Many persons are in the habit of dropping bread crumbs into the water for the fish to eat, but that is very bad for them, as the bread soon sours. Regularly prepared fish food may be had, which should be given to them every day or two. It is a good plan, too, to keep a piece of water-weed in the jar; it will grow floating on the water, and the fish like to nibble at it. The water should be changed at least twice a week, and it should be siphoned out, not poured. The best way to do this is to use a piece of rubber tubing, say, 18 inches long. Put one end into the water, and the other end in your mouth. After sucking the water partly up in the tubing, grasp the latter tightly with your thumb and finger, take the end out of your mouth, and still holding it tightly, drop it into the vessel into which the water is to be drained, which should be lower than the fish-jar. The water will at once begin to flow, and will continue to do so as long as the drain end of the tube is kept lower than the end in the jar.

Rock Oil, Not Coal Oil.

There is a widespread belief that the oil generally known as coal oil was discovered within a comparatively short time. As a matter of fact, it has been known for centuries. There is a well, or spring, on the island of Zante that has been flowing for two thousand years. The Greek historian, Herodotus, speaks of this well. It is said, also, that the people of India have used the oil from time immemorial. The boys and girls should remember that coal oil is not the right name for it; it is really rock oil, its scientific name being petroleum (from the Greek petra, a rock, and the Latin oleum, oil). It is called coal oil because many people believe that it comes from coal down in the earth. Some of it does, but most of it comes from rocks that are much older than those in which coal is found. The best authorities say that it has been made by the decay of seaweeds and animals. The oil as it comes from the earth is one of the most disgusting substances known, so far as appearance goes, but it is of the greatest possible service to man. Many things that are in daily use are produced from it, as well as valuable medicines and the most beautiful colors.

When a woman insists upon her rights all a mere man has to do is stand from under

WANDERING BOUNDARY LINE.

The Missouri Shifting Its Course Between Iowa and Nebraska.

The Missouri river has been making trouble again, and as a result the Iowa and Nebraska Legislatures have been asked to appoint a commission to negotiate a swap of land so that the river may again be the actual boundary line between the States.

School children are taught that Iowa is bounded on the west by the Missouri river. The maps bear out this statement, but the map makers have not been on the ground lately. If they had been they would have discovered that in the past year the Missouri has been busy adding some of the State of Iowa to its west bank and a part of the State of Nebraska to its east bank.

Every few years the river forsakes a part of its old channel and seeks a new one. Four years ago Nebraska and South Dakota had to do a lot of reconstructing of the State line, and Nebraska lost several hundred citizens and some fifty farms, but came very near to getting the city of Yankton in return. A little time before that Nebraska and Missouri got into the federal supreme court over a question of jurisdiction over an island in the river opposite Nemaha County, Neb. The river cut off a section of the county and made an island of it, placing it close to the State of Missouri line. The newly made islanders protested against being so suddenly transferred into Missouri, and persist in voting in Nebraska.

Within the last few years changes in the river's course have transferred a lot of Iowa land in what was once known as the East Omaha bottoms to the Nebraska side, while other changes a little further south have transferred a part of Sappy County, Nebraska, to Iowa. As a result the children in each new section have to pay for tuition in the counties of which they are not legally a part, and are unable to take advantage of the free schools on the other side of the river toward the support of which they pay taxes. Land titles are also mixed, and as there is also a conflict of jurisdiction it is becoming a sort of no man's land for criminals.

CHINESE CRUSOES IN PORT.

Put to Sea on a Raft, Leaving Comrades on Desert Isle.

The Nam Sang, arrived here from Hong Kong, picked up three emaciated Chinese coolies on a bamboo raft. The men, who are very thin, say that about a month ago they sailed from Singapore in a junk, the persons on the raft numbering eight all told. Everything went well till their voyage had been a week in progress, and then one morning a terrible storm arose and their vessel was whirled before it like a cork.

After driving before the gale for some hours the junk suddenly went to pieces on a small island and with good luck they all managed to get ashore, though they were severely bruised and battered in the surf. For two weeks the eight men remained on the island, eating shellfish and drinking water caught in the crevices of rocks. As no sail hoisted in sight, three of the most daring decided to build a raft and put to sea in the hope of drifting into the track of steamers.

With the aid of their comrades the three adventurers built a raft out of giant bamboo, which grew in profusion on the island, and with a stock of dried fish and a little water put to sea one day amid the farewell shouts of their less daring comrades.

For six days the buoyant bamboo raft drifted steadily away from the island without a single sail appearing on the horizon, and as their stock of food and water was gone the men prepared to die.

Most Ancient Apple Trees.

The oldest apple orchard in America, if not in the world, is in the center of the ancient town of Manzano, eighteen miles southwest of Espanola, Torrance County, N. M. Many of the trees are more than six feet in circumference, but all are still fruitful and vigorous, although neglected for generations. Little is known of the history of this orchard, but the oldest inhabitants of the valley of the Rio Grande remember the orchard from childhood and claim that the trees have not changed in appearance since then. Venerable Mexicans and Pueblo Indians tell of visiting the orchard as far back as they can remember and finding apples on the ground in all stages of decomposition at least two feet deep.

The Estancia valley has been peopled for ages probably by the kinsmen of the natives found by the Spanish explorers at Gran Quivira, Abo and other ancient cities. Probably in the early days of the Spanish occupation some Franciscan monk found his way to Manzano and there planted the seeds that have developed into these venerable trees. They are no doubt fully 300 years old.

Close by the orchard is a little lake fed by a large spring. A short distance away is a grove of pines and cedars, making an ideal place for picnic and camping parties.

Original Holiday Number.

As a sort of holiday number the London Practitioner announced recently that it was about to issue a special number, dealing entirely with influenza.

Old Favorites

The Girl I Left Behind Me.

'm lonesome since I crossed the hills, And o'er the moorland sodgy, Such heaviness my bosom fills, Since parting with my Betsy, seek for one as fair and gay, But find none to remind me, How blest the hours passed away With the girl I left behind me.

The hour I remember well When she first owned she loved me, A pain within my heart doth tell How constant I have proved me; But now I'm bound for Brighton camp, Kind heaven then pray guide me, And send me home safe back again To the girl I left behind me.

My mind her image must retain Asleep or sadly waking; I long to see my love again, For her my heart is breaking, Whene'er my steps return that way Still faithful shall she find me, And never more again I'll stray From the girl I left behind me.

Come, Ye Disconsolate. Come, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish, Come, at God's altar fervently kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish, Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying, Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure, Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name saying— "Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure."

So, ask the infidel, what boon he brings us, What charm for aching hearts he can reveal, Sweet as that heavenly promise Hope sings us— "Earth has no sorrow that God cannot heal." —Thomas Moore.

MAKE CHILDREN POLITE.

Just by Way of Experiment Try Treating Them Politely.

There was company, and in what turned out to be an evil moment some one gave little Lucie a rose. "Say 'thank you,'" urged her mother. For some reason Lucie declined to deliver the small coin of courtesy. Her mother insisted. The child still refused. The company became uncomfortable and pleaded for Lucie that she was too young to understand. "But I must make her understand," said the adamant mother. "The 'making' went on till, according to the Housekeeper, Lucie grew desperate in her defiance and was carried from the room.

Hard Lines for the Snapshot Man.

The snapshot photographer in Germany is threatened with extinction, owing to the great risk he will run of being mulcted in heavy fines under the act which went into force on July 1. The right of all persons to the exclusive reproduction of their own portraits or those of their houses or belongings is made absolute by the new enactment. Permission may be granted by any one to a photographer to take his photograph or that of his landscape or of his cattle or horses, but there is danger ahead for the amateur or professional without previously arming himself with the necessary authorization. Prosecution and punishment may quickly follow. Even when requested by a friend to take a photograph of a room with its contents, which the owner may desire to use as a picture postcard, the danger is still great, for the room may contain pictures, and if these are recognizable in the photograph the photographer is liable to prosecution by the artist.

The One and the Naught.

Oliver Wendell Holmes once sent two poetical letters to the "postoffice" of an Episcopal fair at Pittsfield, Mass. In one of them the first stanza was: Fair lady, whosoever thou art, Turn this poor leaf with tenderest care And hush, oh hush, thy beating heart, The one thou lovest will be there. On turning the "poor leaf" there was found a dollar bill, with some verses beginning: Fair lady, lift thine eyes and tell If this is not a truthful letter, This is the one (1) thou lovest well, And naught (0) can make thee love it better (10).

Fire and Water.

Why does water put out fire? Water reduces the temperature of the flame below the point of ignition; therefore it cannot burn. Water does not smother the flames even when the burning brand is completely immersed in a tank of water, because the first contact puts out the fire—that is, reduces the temperature of the flame below the point of ignition.

Helpful, Indeed!

Patience—Is her new girl helpful? Patrice—Oh, yes; she often fills in a game of bridge! The good die young and the old singers die hard

As Clean as a Whistle.

Any one who has witnessed the manufacture of a rustic whistle can be at no loss for the origin of the saying "As clean as a whistle." A piece of young ash about four inches long and the thickness of a finger is hammered all over with the handle of a knife until the bark is disengaged from the wood and capable of being drawn off. A notch and a cut or two having been made in the stick, the cuticle is replaced, and the instrument is completed. When stripped of its covering the white wood, with its colorless sap, presents the very acme of cleanness.—London Answers.

The Common School.

In higher education England is certainly the equal if not the superior of this country, but the benefits of that education are necessarily limited, and limited, by the way, to those who have no pressing need for it. In the matter of common schools, however, we have done for our people what no country in Europe has yet attempted. The results have naturally been an industrial and commercial forwardness that has made us sometimes the admiration and sometimes the envy of the English.—St. Louis Republic.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.

We must be in the right mood to see things in the right way. Big fish are caught in deep water. If there is anything God can't do it is to turn a deaf ear to the man who cries to him in time of trouble.

Not to try to be somebody is to be less than nobody. The religion that is ashamed of itself generally dies young. Whenever the Christian opens his Bible he should also open his heart. What a lot of trouble is caused by thinking too little and saying too much. If we had a quicker ear the sword of the Spirit would have a keener edge. "According to your faith be it unto you," is a letter of credit that is still good. Lifting on the burden of another beats training in a gymnasium for increasing strength. The man who robs with poor work is no less a robber than the one who does it with a club. We never forget the lessons we learn in the school of experience, because we pay the tuition ourselves. The man who follows the Good Shepherd will not become stiff in the joints from standing still.

AMAZING CASE OF APHASIA.

Shrewd Business Man Deprived of Speech for Seven Years.

Discussing aphasia at the Academy of Medicine, Dr. William H. Thompson told a story of mental acumen following loss of speech which greatly interested his hearers and which was acknowledged to be one of the most remarkable cases of its kind on record. "A man well known in business," said Dr. Thompson, "came to my office one day and asked that I examine him mentally to determine whether he was competent to make a will. I was informed that seven years before he had lost his speech and since then had been unable to utter a word. He was literally word blind. He could not tell when printing was upside down. He explained that he had considerable property he wished to dispose of and that as he expected his will would be contested he wanted a statement from me. "I examined him thoroughly, found he was mentally acute and in every way responsible. In fact, my inquiry developed the remarkable fact that, while he was word blind, he had developed a remarkable arithmetical knowledge. He was an adept in every sense. Figures fairly spoke to him. Since the time he was stricken he had conducted a big business and had done it in such an astute way that he had accumulated a fortune. He had complete mute aphasia, but was indeed a sharp business man. I was convinced that his mental center for arithmetic was separate and distinct. "To test his acuteness of intellect I misread two or three words in his will and he instantly caught me up and upbraided his lawyer. I made out a certificate to the effect that in my opinion he was perfectly competent to make a will. Two months later this remarkable man was found dead in bed and I learned later that the certificate which I gave him was the means of preventing a will contest."—New York Herald.

ON BOARD THE IWANTATO.

That Was the Name Suggested for a Nice New Launch.

The young man who was Johnny on his yacht last year is Johnny on his yacht this year. Then he had his cap and duck trousers and was going to give his yacht later. He made good as to the yacht, and his nautical goods re fortunately but little the worse or wear, says the New York Sun.

After he had bought a launch at a store he tried to think of a name—something just right, not so swift as arrow, Meteor or Comet, not so domestic in its sound as Mariah G., not so boastful as Dreadnought or Storm King—something neat and appropriate or just that sort of boat and if possible something different from the name of any other craft afloat.

In his perplexity he sought out the summer girl who had admired his appearance in his breezy sea togs last season and asked her to think up a name for his new craft, which he described to her minutely.

The next time he saw she had found a name. It was of eight letters and he wrote it down in capitals on a piece of paper as follows: IWANTATO.

It was a Seminole Indian word, she said; the letters were pronounced as an English and the accent was on next to the last syllable. What did it mean? Well, perhaps she would tell him later—when they were better acquainted, he said, with an appearance of coy reluctance. It was appropriate and romantic and she hoped he would never think her forward in suggesting it.

That settled it and he had the name put on the bow in brass letters and also had made a large flag with the same on it in letters of blue in a white field.

But the significance of the word crept upon his mind. He remembered the tinge of color that depended on the girl's cheek as she confessed that it was romantic and he decided that he would not wait for her to tell him.

So he wrote a letter to Kirk Monroe, he author, who is probably better acquainted than any other white man with the ways and language of the Seminoles, telling him all about it and requesting an early reply as to the significance of the name.

Mr. Monroe answered promptly. He wrote that the name was highly appropriate and from the young woman's point of view undoubtedly romantic. But, in view of all the circumstances—of her pretty confusion when asked as to the meaning and of her promise to tell him when they were better acquainted—Mr. Monroe did not think it would be seemly on his part to deprive him of the pleasure of learning its significance from her own lips.

A few days ago Johnny tried his launch on the bay. She looked very pretty as she started out, with her glistening decks and coamings and with her name floating on the flag at her stern. But new launches are apt to give a little trouble until their machinery is limbered up and this one was no exception.

Two men in a lobster skiff, coming in from lifting, saw the new launch drifting almost in their course and her owner working over the engine. The skiff ran alongside and stopped and one of the lobster men called out: "All right, cap! Throw us your line!"

"Thank you very much, but I think I shall get her to going soon," said Johnny.

"Just as you please," one of the fishermen replied good-naturedly, "but you'd better take down your sign."

"What sign?" inquired the yachtsman, looking around.

"Why, your distress flag. What's the use of signaling 'I want a tow' when you don't want one?"

The name on the launch has been changed and her owner and the summer girl have yet to come to an understanding.

FLASHES OF FUN

If you have anything to say to a mule, say it to his face.—Chicago Daily News.

Anthropology Instructor—What effect has the climate on the Eskimo? Student—Cold feet.—Harvard Lampoon.

Officer—Seen anything of my baggage, sentry? Sentry—She's waitin' round the corner for ye, sir!—Regiment.

"Did I tell you the story of the old church bell?" "No. Let's hear it." "Sorry, but it can be tolled only on Sunday."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He—So they got married and went off in their new motor car. She—And where did they spend their honeymoon? He—In the hospital.—London Tit-Bits.

Footie Lighte—Has your sister a strong part in the new piece? Miss Sue Brette—Why, yes; she has to carry around one of those heavy spears!—Yonkers Statesman.

Mrs. Kelly—"Tis another of thim soovynner post yards from me darter Maggie—the fourth this month, begorry! She sinds me wan every toime she changes her place.—Puck.

Anxious Mother—I hope you are not thinking of marrying young Clarkson. He spends every cent he earns. Pretty Daughter—Oh, well, he doesn't earn very much.—Chicago Daily News.

"Do you ever talk back to your wife?" asked the solicitous friend. "Sometimes," answered Mr. Meekton; "a very little; just to show her that I have not gone to sleep."—Chicago Daily News.

Tommy—Does it make any difference if baby takes all his medicine at once? Baby's Mother (in horror)—Good heavens! Of course it does! Tommy—But it hasn't made any difference.—Punch.

Mrs. Wickwire—If you go first, you will wait for me on the other shore, won't you, dear? Mr. Wickwire—I suppose so. I never went anywhere yet without having to wait for you.—Illustrated Bits.

"Any accident in your motor trip through Italy and France, Morgan?" "Nothing worth mentioning. My wife was thrown out and bruised a bit, but the machine never got so much as a scratch."—Life.

FLASHES OF FUN

"So Jack's been made secretary and treasurer of the company, has he?" "Yes. He has to copy all the letters, and take all the deposits to the bank, and, oh, Mary, I'm so proud of him."—Harper's Bazaar.

Church—I like to see a man who can forget an injury. Gotham—Well, there's that neighbor of mine; he's suing the railroad company for an injured leg, and every once in a while he forgets to limp!—Yonkers Statesman.

A kind old gentleman, seeing a small boy who was carrying a lot of newspapers under his arm, said: "Don't all those papers make you tired, my boy?" "Naw; I don't read 'em," replied the lad.—Canadian Courier.

"But to my mind," said the clerical tourist from the East, "a plurality of wives is unspeakable." "Huh," snorted the good-natured Mormon. "I never even heard of one wife that was unspeakable."—Philadelphia Press.

Young Lady—You are a wonderful master of the piano, I hear. Professor von Spieler (hired for the occasion)—I play accompaniments sometimes. "Accompaniments to singing?" "Accompaniments to conversations."—Tattler.

Waiter—Mr. Brown's left his umbrella again, sir. I do believe he'd leave his head if it were loose. Robinson—I dare say you're right. I heard him say only yesterday he was going to Switzerland for his lungs.—Aly Sloper.

Church—See that man going along with his head in the air, sniffling with his nose? Gotham—Yes; I know him. Church—I suppose he believes in taking in the good, pure ozone? Gotham—No; he's hunting for an automobile garage, I believe.—Yonkers Statesman.

"I cracked a lawyer's house the other night," said the first burglar, disgustedly, "and the lawyer was there with a gun all ready for me. He advised me to get out." "You got off easy," replied the other. "Not much I didn't! He charged me \$25 for de advice."—Philadelphia Press.

"In the summer," remarked the obese passenger with the big diamond stud, "people should eat nothing but cold food and drink the coldest water obtainable." "Ah!" exclaimed the railway detective, "you are evidently a doctor?" "Not me," replied the o. p. "I'm an ice dealer."—Chicago News.

Parson (on a bicycling trip)—Where is the other man who used to be here as keeper? Park Gatekeeper—He's dead, sir. Parson (with feeling)—Dead! Poor fellow! Joined the great majority, eh? Park Gatekeeper—Oh, I wouldn't like to say that, sir. He was a good enough man, as far as I know.—Punch.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Schopper. "I've lost my pocketbook!" "Never mind, dear," replied her husband. "I'll get you another pocketbook and you can easily collect more dress goods samples."—Philadelphia Press.

When the visiting team wins, about all the credit it gets is a reputation for being lucky. Every old timer will tell you there isn't much grace in the modern dance.