

The Tumor and the College Humoresque. Personal victims of the humorous paper at Yale are the familiar campus characters, Jim Donnelly, the policeman; Pop Warner, the "teeming expressionist," so called because he delivers his goods in an automobile, and Rosenberg, the suit presser, about whom, in a Paganian flight of distress at the time of the Junior prom, the Record uttered these winged words:

Oh, Rosenberg, dear Rosenberg, Thy nose will never forget, That suit of clothes, God only knows, I'm waiting for them yet.

With this same suit presser as hero, the story is told on a popular professor that in leading chapel one morning he stopped short, leaned over and whispered excitedly to the choir, "What's the name of that song, Press On, Christian Soldier, Press On?" "Rosenberg" came from a dozen men at once. "We'll sing three stanzas of Rosenberg," said the leader, with ecclesiastical assurance.—E. R. Embree in Bohemian.

In a Nitroglycerin "Hill." In the "danger area" the severest discipline is maintained. All entrances are carefully guarded by searchers, who rigorously examine every individual that desires to enter, relieving him of any metallic objects that may be carried upon his person, together with matches and other suspicious objects which upon coming into contact with the dangerous chemicals used in this zone might provoke serious trouble. No matter how often an employee engaged within the hill may pass in and out, every time he enters he must submit to this preliminary and essential operation. There are also some 500 girls employed, and these are under the charge of matrons. Hairpins, ordinary pins, shoe buttons, metal pegs within the soles of the shoes, knitting and other needles are all religiously barred. Their hair is tied with braid or ribbon, and, as with the male employees, every time they enter the "danger area" they are similarly searched by the matrons.—Scientific American.

A Hard Knock. Railroad claim agents have little faith in their fellow creatures. One said recently: "Every time I settle a claim with one of these hard headed rural residents who wants the railroad to pay twice what he would charge the butcher if he gets a sheep killed, I think of his story, illustrative of the way some people want to hold the railroad responsible for every accident of whatever kind, that happens. Two Irishmen were driving home from town one night when their buggy ran into a ditch, overturned, and they were both stunned. When a rescuer came along and revived them the first thing one of them said was, 'Where's the train?' 'Why, there's no train around,' he was told. 'Then where's the railroad?' 'The nearest railroad is three miles away,' he learned. 'Well, well,' he commented. 'I knew it hit us pretty hard, but I didn't suppose it knocked us three miles from the track!'"—Argonaut.

The Page Between. A New Orleans woman, well known for her work for charity, recently accepted an invitation to speak at an anti-tuberculosis meeting. On the platform she found herself seated between a bishop and a rabbi, and the tone of the meeting seemed to be rendered extremely solemn by the combination. In order to lighten the solemnity, she said, turning to the rabbi, "Do you know, I feel as if I were a leaf between the Old and the New Testaments." The rabbi turned a sad eyed gaze upon her. "Yes, madam," he said, "and, if you will recall, that page is usually a blank one."

She Was a Bit Bashful. Mr. Peet, a very diffident man, was unable to prevent himself being introduced one evening to a fascinating young lady, who, misunderstanding his name, constantly addressed him as Mr. Peters, much to the gentleman's distress. Finally summoning up the courage, he earnestly remonstrated: "Oh, don't call me Peters. Call me Peet!" "Ah, but I don't know you well enough, Mr. Peters," said the young lady, blushing, as she withdrew behind her fan.—London Telegraph.

The Onion in Cooking. The greatest of French cooks, being asked to give the secret of his success, answered: "The very foundation of all good cooking is butter and onion! I use them in all my sauces and gravies. They have the effect of making a customer come back for more. Butter without onion will drive the customer away after a few days. Roll the onion till it melts or entirely disappears; then add the butter and call the mixture stock."—Exchange.

Artificial Flies. Dame Juliana Berners, prioress of the nunnery of Sapwell, near St. Albans, England, was the author of the first book on angling in the English language, printed in 1486. She gives a list of twelve flies, and now, after a lapse of more than four centuries, artificial flies, constructed after her formula, would prove as successful as any of the up to date creations.

Helpless. Ella—What a helpless girl she is! Stella—Yes. If somebody should provide the martinet and furnish the man she couldn't do the rest.—Canadian Courier.

A Bell-Ridden Town. A well known tourist of the world has stated as his opinion that Lucerne is the most bell ridden town in Europe. He had assuredly never been to Schwyz. To begin with, the countless cattle that pass through the streets in the small hours of the morning on their way to or from the upland pastures wear bells as big as buckets. And there are church bells too. A fine peal they are, no doubt, but the noble art of bell ringing either never existed or has been lost here. The bells are rung by being smitten or banged together by two small boys, whose legs are plainly visible—an alluring mark for an air gun—through the open louvres of the church tower, the sounds produced being about as edifying as the music of a donkey engine in full play. The performance begins at 4.30 a. m. and continues until early service at 5, and it there is a funeral—which is every other day or so—there will be another sustained burst of melody from 6 to 7. During the remainder of the day the ringing is varied and persistent, but it lacks the irritating power of the early morning exercises. Sooner or later public opinion will be aroused. Those boys will be dragged from their perch, figuratively if not literally, and peace and quiet will reign in the spongy capital of the confederacy.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Wolves of the Sea. Of all the inhabitants of the ocean few are more destructive than the sea wolf, a kind of dolphin which attains when full grown a length of fourteen feet and a weight of 3,000 pounds. A swift swimmer, it is quick in its movements, cunning as a fox and has an insatiable appetite. It feeds on the young of seal, whale and walrus and also on the tongue of the adult whale. When a mother walrus perceives a sea wolf, she endeavors to throw her cub on to an iceberg if one is near. Failing this, she gets it on top of her head and swims with it above water. But this is vain. Diving far below, the fish of prey comes up with tremendous force, striking the frantic mother a terrific blow and jolting the cub off her head into the water. Here it falls an easy victim to the assailant and is soon devoured. In its work of destruction the sea wolf is frequently aided by the thrasher, a fish which can deliver a terrible blow with its tail.

Got Something For Nothing. Mark Twain told how he got something for nothing one day in the early sixties when he needed the money. He walked into a hotel and was petting a strange dog. General Nelson A. Miles, who chanced to be present, offered him \$10 for the canine. "To be frank," said the humorist to General Miles, "I haven't really got any right to sell you this animal, but if you'll give me \$3 you may take the pup away when I'm not looking, and I'll not tell who took it." The bargain was closed, and General Miles took the dog to his room. A moment later the dog's owner inquired for his pet, and Mark Twain offered to find the animal for \$3. The humorist then went to General Miles' room and explained all, had the dog returned to him, gave the army officer back his money and returned the canine to its original owner, thereby making \$3.

How to Get Poor Quick. Do not try to save your loose change. It is too small an amount to put in the savings bank. It would not amount to much anyway, and there is great comfort in spending it. Just wait until you get sufficient worth while before you deposit it. Do not try to economize. It is an infernal nuisance to always try to save a few cents here and there. Besides, you will get the reputation of being mean and stingy. You want everybody to think you are generous. Just look out for today. Have a good time as you go along. Just use your money yourself. Don't deprive yourself for the sake of laying up something for other people to fight over. Besides, you are sure of today. You might not be alive tomorrow.—Success Magazine.

Helping the Postoffice. In a history of the great advance in postal methods accomplished by Sir Rowland Hill is given this anecdote: To the postoffice of at that time tiny Ambleside came one day a well to do man to buy a stamp to put on the letter he was about to post. "Is this new reform going to last?" he asked the postmaster. "Certainly," was the reply. "It is quite established." "Oh, well, then," said the man, resolved to give the thing generous support, "give me three stamps!"

His Bachelor's Degree. "I'm so happy," said Mrs. Oldcastle. "My son is to get his bachelor's degree this year." "Is he?" replied her hostess. "Well, I can't blame you for feeling as you do about it. I never thought much of that snippy Wilson girl he's been going with. How did you get the match broke off?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Smoothing the Way. "My lawyer told me he thought I would have a hard time establishing my claims under the will." "What did you say?" "I asked him how much more money he wanted."

When They Are Quiet. "I like to go to church." "Why?" "Well, it's comforting to see a man keep a hundred women or so quiet for an hour."—Bohemian.

Old men's eyes are like old men's memories; they are strongest for things a long way off.—Ellot.

Wasp's Jaws Make Colony's Nest. Wasps readily succumb before the increasing cold of autumn. The few that escape the merciless scourge of mortality are the queens of next season. They pass the winter in some warm cranny, and when the spring arrives each comes forth from its hiding place and seeks a suitable place for the nest that is to be. This found, the queen repairs to a fence or tree trunk and with her jaw rasps off a bundle of wood fiber which when moistened with saliva and kneaded forms the papery substance of which the nest is entirely constructed. Just as bees have invented a peculiar nest building material in wax, so wasps have prepared a special durable paper for the same purpose. The queen mother lays the foundations of the city with her own jaws. She attaches a sort of stalk of wood paper to a chosen support. This may be the branch of a tree, a root in a cavity below ground or a beam in a garden shed. The stalk prepared, the queen builds a few shallow cells, in each of which she lays an egg. As these mature, hatch and develop into worker wasps the labor of the little colony is turned over to them, and thus a vast nest with thousands of cells is evolved.—Chicago Tribune.

The Wrong Nell. Nell is a girl who lives up on Capitol Hill. On Mondays a woman comes to Nell's house to wash clothes. The woman's name is Nell too. One Monday Nell, the girl, was in the sitting room reading when the telephone rang. Nell, the washerwoman, answered the ring. Nell, the girl, then heard Nell, the washerwoman, say: "Yes, this is Nell." "Silence." "How's that?" "Silence." "What! Am I mad because you kissed me last night? Look here, man, you're too fresh. Who are you anyway? I never kissed!" Just then the telephone receiver was wildly snatched from her hand. Nell, the girl, blushing furiously, had grabbed it. She hung it on the hook. "He wanted me," she said. "He always tries to tease me that way. I—I never kissed him in my life." As she disappeared up the stairs the washerwoman smiled and said: "That's a big one."—Denver Post.

A Ghost Under the Sea. The story is told of a diver who saw two ghosts "full fathom five" under the surface. He had gone down to the wreck of a large steamer and was crossing the main saloon when two gray shapes of enormous size came shambling toward him. He did not wait to make notes for the Psychological society, but gave the danger signal and was at once pulled up. Told in the cheerful light of day, it seemed rather a lame story, and another diver went down to see what he could make of it. Toward him also came the shambling gray shapes. He stood irresolute for a moment and then, going boldly forward, struck his hatchet through a mirror! The ghosts were only a dim reflection of his own legs, much enlarged, of course, as everything is that a diver sees through the great frontal eye of his helmet.

Hooded Snakes. The hoods of snakes were unquestionably intended by nature to act as weapons of intimidation, for when suddenly opened, as they are during the excitement of a contest, these give their owners an apparent and formidable enlargement. But the hoods which have been so useful at some period in snake history have now become so enlarged as to tend toward the extinction of their owners, just as the overdevelopment in the tusks of prehistoric animals led straight to their destruction. During a fight the hooded snake in the act of striking his foe suffers from the outstretched and weighty hood—he overbalances himself and topples forward. His assailant, the mongoose and some birds specially, seizes him when prostrate and, ripping up the back of the neck, speedily dispatches him.

Easily Joined. Mr. Russell in his "Collections and Recollections" tells this story of an in-appropriate quotation: The leading citizen of a seaside town erected some iron benches on the sea front and, with a view to combine the commemoration of his own beneficence with the giving a profitable turn to the thoughts of the public, inscribed on the backs, "These seats were presented to the town of Shingleton by Joseph Buggins, Esq., J. P. for this borough—The sea is his, and he made it!"

The Secret of Content. If men today actually possessed the acres on which they toil, they would be in no hurry to leave them; they would be effectively chained to the soil by the sense of independence and proprietorship, as is the case among the rural population of France, who do not rent but own the land.—W. J. Dawson.

The Hard Part. "How is your son getting on in his new position?" "First rate" answered Farmer Dobbs. "He knows more about the business now than his employer does. All he has to do now is to convince his employer!"—London Express.

Revenge. "It took you an awfully long time to pull that fellow's tooth," said the aged attendant. "Yes," answered the dentist grimly. "He married the girl I loved!"

The worst whipping a bully ever gets is from some man who doesn't want to fight.—Chicago News.

Condor Individuality. We had the best chance of studying the colors of the condor here. The bill was horn color, and the red skin of the head extended down, covering it about halfway. The legs were tan, but on each knee was a patch of red. On the breast of each bird the skin was blood red and could be seen occasionally when the breast feathers were spread and the birds were preening. Both had light colored wing bars, and the primaries were well worn. The skin on the throat hung loose, and the lower mandible fitted close under the upper. The chin was orange red, and below this on the neck was a strip of greenish yellow merging into the orange about the sides and back of the neck. The top and front of the head were red, but between the eyes was a small patch of black feathers, and these extended down in front of the eye into the orange red of the cheek. The pupil of the eye was black, but the iris was deep red and conspicuous. The bald and wrinkled pate, the fatty jowls, with the cave-in expression of a toothless old woman—these helped to make up the condor individuality.—William L. Finley in Century.

It Didn't Come Natural. "I have heard that man tell the truth once or twice," said one Wall street man talking of another. "He can tell the truth, I admit, but it does not come natural to him. He reminds me of the Russian moujik." "A Russian moujik set one day in the anteroom of the military commissioner of his town. There was an anxious frown on his face. A friend approached and said: "What is the matter, Piotr?" "I am worried," Piotr answered, "about my son. I don't know what to say when the commissioner asks me about his age. You see, if I make him younger than he is he will be sent back to school, and if I make him older they'll stick him in the army. What the deuce am I to do?" "How would it do," said the friend thoughtfully, "if you told the commissioner his exact age?" "Piotr slapped his leg and laughed delightedly. "The very thing!" he cried. "I never thought of that!"

Pay of Army Officers. When a young man becomes a cadet at West Point, he enters upon a government allowance of \$609.50 a year. On graduation the West Pointer is commissioned a second lieutenant and receives a salary of \$1,400 if unmounted or \$1,500 if mounted. Increases at each five year period bring the pay at the end of twenty years up to \$1,960 in the one case and \$2,100 in the other. The pay of first lieutenants begins at \$1,500 and \$1,600; captains, \$1,800 and \$2,000; majors, \$2,500; lieutenant colonels, \$3,000; colonels, \$3,500. Each officer attains a 40 per cent maximum increase in twenty years. On the average the salary of the army officer is higher than that of the college professor, the minister or the graded civil service employee. The officer has allowances for residence and personal attendance. He may buy household supplies from a government commissary at cost.—Detroit News-Tribune.

Could We Live on Mars? The physical conditions on Mars are in many ways intermediate between those found upon the earth and the moon, and it seems plausible that the life existing upon it should similarly be of a higher type than that found on the moon and of a lower type than that found at present on the surface of the earth. Even if the physical conditions, as we understand them, were equally favorable with those on the earth, civilization would by no means be a necessary consequence. Had it not been settled by Europeans the United States would still be a wilderness. How much less should we hasten to accord civilization to a planet of which we know little, except that if we were transported there ourselves we should instantly die.—Professor W. H. Pickering in Harper's Magazine.

Wise Insects. In his experiments to determine whether it is the color or the odor of flowers that attracts bees and other insects M. Piatan, the Belgian zoologist, brought him of trying a mirror. He selected a flower of striking color and strong odor and placed it before an excellent glass in which the reflection was perfect. All the insects went straight to the real flower, and not a single one approached the reflection in the mirror.—Youth's Companion.

Joining the Great. An Oxford undergraduate was reciting a memorized oration in one of the classes in public speaking. After the first two sentences his memory failed, and a look of blank despair came over his face. He began as follows: "Ladies and Gentlemen—Pitt is dead. Fox is dead. Gladstone is dead!" Then, forgetting, he hesitated for a moment and continued, "And—I—I—I am beginning to feel pretty 'sick' myself!"—Lloyd's Weekly.

The Poet's Son. "Why, Freddy, how dirty you are, and only yesterday you wrote a verse for papa's birthday, promising always to wash your hands clean." "Well, mamma, that was only a poetic license!"—Fliegende Blatter.

Asserting Himself. He—Will you be my wife? She—The ideal! Don't be ridiculous. He—Yes, I know it sounds ridiculous; but, then, I'm not so particular as some men are.—Boston Transcript.

Nothing is impossible to the man who can and will.—Mirabeau.

Kipling at Work. "I have lounged in Rudyard Kipling's den at Brattleboro, Vt., before he deserted America for England and saw him at his work. He sat at his table in a revolving chair. I had a book in my hand and said nothing unless I was spoken to, for I was enjoying a great privilege that was granted to no one else but his wife. He would write for a moment, perhaps for ten or fifteen minutes at a time. If he was writing verses he would hum very softly to himself an air which probably kept the rhythm in his mind. When writing prose, he was silent, but often he would lay down his pen, whirl round in his chair and chat for awhile. It might be something relating to the subject he was treating or bear no relation to it. Suddenly he would wheel back again, and his pen would fairly fly over the paper. He can easily concentrate his thoughts and as easily descend from cloud land to the commonplace of the day, though in his mind and on his lips nothing is ever commonplace. Some of his poems he has written when speeding in a Pullman car at the rate of sixty miles an hour."—Pacific Monthly.

Birds Shot With Water. Shooting a humming bird with the smallest bird shot made is out of the question, for the thickest seeds of lead would destroy his coat. The only way in which the bird can be captured for commercial purposes is to shoot him with a drop of water from a syringe or a fine jet from a small sprayer. Skillfully directed, the water stuns him. He falls into a silken net and before he recovers consciousness is suspended over a cyanide jar. This must be done quickly, for if he comes to his senses before the cyanide whiff snuffs out his life he is sure to ruin his plumage in his struggles to escape. Humming birds vary in size from specimens perhaps half as large as a sparrow to the quickest bigger than a bee. The quickest eye cannot follow them in full flight. It is only when, though still flying furiously, they are practically motionless over flowers that the best marksman can bring them to earth.—New York Press.

The Feeding of Dogs. "No dog kept indoors and indeed very few outside should be fed on meat nor should he be fed from the table at mealtimes, as he will soon become a nuisance, especially when there are visitors. If he is always fed at the conclusion of a certain meal—dinner, for instance—he will wait patiently until the prescribed time. It is a good plan to feed after one's midday meal, giving plenty of green vegetables, bread and potatoes, with a very few scraps of finely cut meat, the whole well mixed and some gray poured over it. If two meals are given, one should be at breakfast time and one in the evening. One should consist of only a little oatmeal and milk or a piece of dry dog biscuit. "At no time should the dog have more than he will eat, and if he leaves anything on his plate except the pattern his allowance should be reduced or a meal omitted."—Suburban Life.

The Shoulder Strap. If it were possible to compile such data it would be extremely interesting to know to what extent women have influenced the uniforms and equipment of their fighting states. A little instance in point is the steel curb shoulder strap of the British cavalry. When Sir George Luck was setting out for Kandahar during the Afghan operations Lady Luck, knowing probably something of the fighting methods of the tribesmen, whose four footknives can cut clean from shoulder to belt, sewed a couple of steel curb chains under each of the shoulder straps on her husband's tunic. As a protection from sword cuts these proved so effective that at the end of the campaign Sir George made a report in relation thereto, with the result that they were adopted as a permanent feature of the cavalry uniform.—Harper's Weekly.

Seized Her Opportunity. He was not a very rapid wooer, and she was getting a bit anxious. Again he called, and they sat together in the parlor, "Just those two." "Oh, but came" at the front door. "Oh, brother!" she said. "Who can be calling?" "Say you're out!" said the deceiver. "Oh, no; that would be untrue," murmured the ingenuous one. "Then say you're engaged," he urged. "Oh, may I, Charlie?" she cried as she threw herself in his arms. And the man kept on knocking at the front door.—Illustrated Bits.

A Rejection Slip. "Sir," said the shivering beggar, stopping the prosperous magazine editor on the street, "I have a long sad story." "Sorry," briskly replied the magazine editor, passing on, "but we are only open for short, funny stories now; full of the other kind."—Success Magazine.

No Thanks. "I broke a record today. Had the last word with a woman." "Didn't think it possible. How'd it happen?" "Why, I said to a woman in the car, 'Madam, have my seat.'"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Good Trade. "Oh, my business is good," said the trombone player. "In fact, I am always blowing about it." "Well, I'm soothed with mine, too," said the chimney sweep. "And mine is out of sight," said the diver.

Do one thing at a time and the big things first.—Lincoln.

Writers' Cramp. Writers' cramp is a serious matter to people whose work requires that they use a pen very much, while for the unaccustomed writer who takes an afternoon off now and then to catch up with her correspondence it is, to say the least, very discouraging. The trouble is more than muscular in this kind of cramp. Very often a low, nervous condition will cause it. Then one should take it as a warning that the system is run down and needs general toning up. Very often, however, the trouble is all in the way you hold your pen. Children now in school are not likely to be troubled with writers' cramp, because they are taught to hold the pen lightly and make all the movements from the arm instead of the hand. The old-fashioned method which most of us learned of holding the pen between the thumb and forefinger is also very likely to encourage a cramp. The muscles become tense and hard, until finally they contract so much that all control over them is lost. The pen should be held between the first two fingers, well up toward the joint. The trouble may often be relieved by putting the hand and wrist into the hottest water one can stand.—Boston Herald.

Tenderness of the Hanging Judge. Mr. Justice Hawkins' tenderness for women prisoners was well known. He admitted it, and he had a great dislike of sentencing these poor creatures to death who had been recommended to mercy and would probably be reprieved. On one such occasion the sheriff asked if he was not going to put on the black cap. "No," he answered, "I do not intend the poor creature to be hanged, and I am not going to frighten her to death." Addressing her by name, he said, "Don't pay any attention to what I am going to read. No harm will be done to you. I am sure you did not know in your great trouble and sorrow what you were doing, and I will take care to represent your case so that nothing will harm you in the way of punishment." He then mumbled over the words of the sentence of death so that the poor creature did not hear them.—London Graphic.

Lobster Fare. Hungry lobsters in their natural state seldom refuse fish of any kind, whether dead or alive. The favorite bait with fishermen is fresh or stale herring, but even shark meat is used at a pinch. Lobsters also eat small crabs, sea urchins and mussel. Indeed, there are few forms of marine life suitable for food which they refuse. Lobsters sometimes capture fish alive, striking them with the smaller of their two great claws, which for this reason fishermen call the "quick" or "fish" claw, but they will live for a long time, especially when confined without taking any food. If you tether the lobster by the large claws, you will find that, like the muskrat, he will go off some fine morning, leaving only his legs in the trap, for this animal has the remarkable power of "shooting a claw," or amputating its limbs, and what is still more wonderful of growing new ones from the stumps left behind.—St. Nicholas.

The Microscope. There is good reason to believe that the magnifying power of transparent media with convex surfaces was very early known. A convex lens of rock crystal was found by Lazard among the ruins of the palace of Nimrud. And it is pretty certain that after the invention of glass hollow spheres blown of that material were commonly used as magnifiers. The perfection of gem cutting shown in ancient gems, especially in those of very minute size, could not have been attained without the use of such aids to the eye, and there can be little doubt that the artificers who could execute those wonderful works could also shape and polish the magnifiers best suited for their own or others' use.—New York American.

Rifled Firearms. In the South Kensington museum are several wheel lock muskets with rifled barrels made during the reign of Charles I, if not earlier. Such barrels were then usually called "screwed." Zachary Grey in a note on "Hudibras," part 1, canto 3, line 533, says that Prince Rupert showed his skill as a marksman by hitting twice in succession the vane on St. Mary's Stafford at sixty yards with a "screwed" pistol.—London Notes and Queries.

The Forests. A true forest is not merely a storehouse full of wood, but, as it were, a reservoir of water. When you help to preserve our forests or to plant new ones, you are acting the part of good citizens.—Roosevelt.

Reputation and Character. Lawyer (examining Jury)—Do you understand the difference between character and reputation? Juror—Reputation is the name your neighbors give you; character is the one they take from you.—Judge.

Strategy. "How did you act when you asked him for my hand?" "Very gentle and courteous. It quite took me by surprise." "I told him you used to be a pugilist."—Houston Post.

Too Late. Muriel—Why didn't you marry him? Everybody says he has reformed. Maud—Yes, but he reformed too late. His money was all gone.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.