

WASHINGTON GOSSIP

If the scandals lately unveiled in the federal printing office have the effect of calling attention generally to the magnitude of the business carried on by this branch of the government and the need of putting it on a business basis, they will have served a useful purpose. Like other branches of the administration, the printing office, starting as a modest enterprise, has expanded beyond all expectation, until it now constitutes a business as great as that carried on by some of the larger corporations. The figures presented by W. S. Rossiter, of the Census Bureau, in the current number of the Atlantic show in detail this surprising growth. In 1790 the nation's printing bill was \$8,785. Government publications were few and comparatively rude. Last year the amount expended for printing was \$7,080,000, and this expenditure is increasing. If Mr. Rossiter's estimate is correct, the government printing done in the present decade will cost more than \$90,000,000. The need or utility of so vast an outlay is open to question. There is good ground for the suspicion that many of the ponderous tomes turned out of the nation's printing presses, to be stored away on top shelves, are of little service to anyone. The tendency to regard this branch of the government as legitimately educational, however, seems to be growing, and the demand for elaborate reports on all manner of subjects, from the forests and fisheries to insect pests and the pedigrees of Indian tribes, seems greater than ever.

The assembling of 15,000 veterans in Denver at the Grand Army encampment was a big thing in itself. Only a few live within the shadow of the Rocky Mountains, and nine-tenths of them had to travel long distances by rail, steamer and stage to reach the leading town of Colorado. Then the wearers of the blue had a line of march which required nearly four hours to cover. Only a few fell out on account of fatigue. Thousands of them past 70 marched with erect carriage and firm step, to the wonder and delight of the 300,000 spectators, who kept up a fusillade of cheers and hand-clapping as long as there was an old soldier to applaud. Yet the interminable conflict closed forty years ago. What other nation has anything to compare with this soldier's longevity? What one could turn out 15,000 to march in a hot sun—men who had quit fighting two score years before? None! The American soldier is the most robust that ever trod the earth. When we consider the hardships of campaigning from 1861 to 1865, the marvel is that any of its participants are alive, still less able to endure a long and fatiguing march in old age. When it comes to vigor in national defenders, the world takes off its hat to the irrefragable Yankee.

The pension roll reached the maximum in its history on Jan. 21 last, the number being 1,094,193. The roll passed the million mark in September of last year and gradually increased for the next four months. The decline began with the first of last February, and by the following May had dropped below the million mark. These facts are developed in a synopsis of the annual report of Pension Commissioner Warner, covering the operations of his office for the fiscal year ending June 30 last. At the end of the year the number of pensioners had declined to 908,441, net increase for the year of 8,879. The report shows the following additional facts: During the year the bureau issued 185,242 pension certificates, of which number only 50,000 were originals. The annual value of the pension roll on June 30, 1905, was \$136,745,205. By the term "annual value" is meant the amount of money required to pay the pensioners then on the roll for one year.

Fifty thousand applications were filed by men and women seeking positions in the government service during a period of six months, said an official of the Civil Service Commission the other day. These applications were made between Jan. 1 and June 30 of this year. Of this number about 45,000 took the examination. As a rule, something like 10 per cent of the people who file applications fail to take the examination. The idea some people have that there is but a small chance to get into the government service through the medium of a competitive examination is contrary to statistics. Thirty-five per cent of the applicants who pass the examinations are appointed. Last year 120,000 applicants appeared for examination. One hundred thousand of them passed and 48,000 of these were appointed. The average age of those appointed was 28 years.

Postmasters throughout the country must pay their debts or retire from the public service. Worried beyond endurance by the army of collectors seeking the payment of debts contracted by clerks in the department, the Postmaster General issued an order in which he announces that the department "will not harbor anyone who contracts a debt on the strength of his official position and then, without sufficient excuse, neglects to make payment."

Acting Postmaster General Shallenberger issued an order excluding from the mails for Canada thirty-eight monthly and weekly publications unless postage is prepaid by means of stamps at the rates for third-class matter in the domestic mails. The magazines had previously been circulated at the publishers' rate of postage, but the postal administration of Canada has advised the department that circulation at that rate would not be allowed to the publications if they were printed in that dominion. Magazines in eleven States are affected.

AN OPPORTUNE PRAYER.

The returned summer visitor asked, "the squire" how Greendale folks liked the young minister. "He's all right, ma'am," the squire returned, emphatically. "Preaches twenty-minute sermons and arranges his parish visits in advance."

"Oh, I see; he's in wholesome awe of the natives." "You never made a greater mistake in your life, ma'am," the squire declared. "He's the religious supervisor of every soul in town. Even Hen Rollins."

The summer visitor looked her interest, and the squire went on: "He got the upper hand of Hen soon's he came. That was in the winter. The Saturday before the first Sunday after he was settled as minister was a real old-fashioned one. It began to snow Friday night and kept on till midnight Saturday. Sunday morning there wasn't anything much to be seen, except the smoke curling up out of the chimneys."

"I see where we set by the fire today," Hen said to the minister, who boarded then with Hen and his wife. "No fire for me," laughed the minister. "My place Sundays is in the pulpit."

"Hen said it was too cold to go out; that there were no paths, that everybody would stay at home; and when he saw that the minister was bound to hold service, he said he might preach in his kitchen and they'd call the neighbors in."

"But it was church or nothing," smiled the squire, "and the minister finally got Hen to say he'd help him out in digging a path to the church. They started in with shovels, and as they went along some of the men joined them, for shame's sake, I guess; for although they worked well enough, it was hard sledding, and they didn't relish the job any too well."

"They used considerable language as they dug, and Hen's language led all the rest. The minister never said a word. He was working as hard as the rest, and they thought probably he didn't hear. Finally they came to an enormous drift. Hen Rollins threw himself on his shovel and began to moisten his lips, when the minister spoke up, so's everybody could hear. 'We'll open this drift with prayer,' he said."

"Open it with prayer they did," chuckled the squire. "But all the rest of the drifts were opened in silence."

WHAT EXCITED THE ELEPHANTS

The buried bones of a Fellow a Source of Greatness.

The great skull of Topsy, the "bad" elephant exhibited at Luna Park recently, solved the mystery which for weeks has invested the conduct of the Thompson & Dundy herd of elephants, says the New York Tribune. They knew the bones of one of their kind were under the earth, and they steadfastly refused to approach the spot.

Topsy was killed by electricity in Luna Park three years ago. Her record of death and destruction was long and black. The Museum of Natural History carted away her skin and relic hunters took most of the bones. The skull, which weighed close to 300 pounds, was buried back of the stables and the incident was thought closed.

Half a dozen elephants were sent from the Hippodrome to Luna Park early in July, in charge of "Pete" Barlow, trainer. They are an obedient and docile herd, and Barlow was nonplused when they shivered, trumpeted and would not budge every time they neared the piece of ground which looked no different from the rest of the scanty patch on which the horses daily exercise.

Their reluctance remained a topic of curious discussion until yesterday, when Barlow, with superstitious forebodings aroused, nervously told the story to Frederick Thompson.

The senior member of the firm meditated a moment, and then burst into laughter. He led the way to the spot. "Dig," he instructed a stableman. The shovel hit an end of the elephant's skull six inches from the surface, and half an hour's effort revealed the entire imbedded set of bones.

Allice, Fanny and Jenny, three members of the herd, who had been closely watching the proceedings, shrieked mournfully as the skull was lifted out, whiffed it for several minutes and then walked silently to their quarters.

Barlow sent the skull to his home in Huntington, L. I., and the hole it occupied was filled in. The elephants seemed to show relief, as they moved willingly over the former grave.

Saying It Politely.

A professor in Columbia College of Law was lecturing on "contracts" to a class which obviously did not care to listen. The young men, says Argonaut, shuffled their feet, and apparently only waited for the clock to strike their deliverance.

At last the minute hand pointed to twelve and the hour was up. With a simultaneous movement they rose from their seats and started toward the door.

"One minute, please," called the lecturer. "One minute, please! Keep your seats. I have still a few more pearls to cast."

We Usually Find Our Level.

Do not hypnotize yourself with the idea that you are being kept down. Do not talk such nonsense. Nobody of any sense would believe it. People will only laugh at you. Only one thing is keeping you down, and that is yourself. There is probably some trouble somewhere with you. Of course, there are employers who are unjust to their help; there are instances in which employees are kept back when they should be advanced; but, as a rule, this is only temporary, and they usually find their level somewhere.—Success Magazine.

It takes nerve for a widow with children who are married for the second time to be jealous of her husband.

Because people are too polite to tell you of your faults, don't imagine you haven't any.

PLYMOUTH ROCK'S CRACK.

Its Origin Involves a Unique and Reticent Bit of History.

Plymouth has been called the cradle of New England. It is on the coast, thirty-eight miles south of Boston, and is a thriving and prosperous New England town, with good schools and churches, and town hall, and shops of all kinds, and comfortable homes.

On the flat strip of land that runs for miles up and down the shore of the bay, the diminutive white houses of the fishermen are crowded close together. In the center of the same flat land-strip, flanked on both sides by the fishermen's homes, is a large, open square forty yards from the waterfront. Here stands Plymouth Rock, the first sight of which gives one a mental shock, for, no doubt, fancy has pictured an immense boulder rising grandly out of the sea; but, instead, the visitor sees only an oblong, irregularly shaped gray sandstone rock twelve feet in length and five feet in width at the widest point and two at the narrowest. Across one part runs a large crack which has been filled with cement, and which gives to Plymouth Rock a highly artificial appearance. The origin of this crack is a bit of unique history, and bears evidence to the early difficulties that at times divided the inhabitants into two factions.

For a long time there waged spirited and bitter wrangling between the opposing parties, and it even settled down upon the much-cherished Plymouth Rock, which one party shared ought to be removed to a more worthy position in the town square, and the other wranglers protested it should not be moved an inch from its position, even though they had to guard it with their pikes and guns.

Finally, the stronger faction drew up their forces around Plymouth Rock, and in attempting to move it up the hill split it asunder, which seemed a bad omen for those who had attempted such a thing, until an ardent Whig leader furnished the sword, and by an eloquent appeal to the other zealous Whigs convinced them that they should not swerve from their plan of carrying the rock to a place in the town square.

"The portion that first fell to the ground belongs to us," he cried; "and that we will transport with all care and diligence to its proper home."

Twenty yoke of oxen drew the Whig section of Plymouth Rock up the hill, and the shouts of the throng that pushed forward around the liberty pole which was to mark the new site. The ceremony of dedicating the rock in its new position was very impressive, and the people stood with bared heads, and in reverent tones chanted their high-pitched psalms in token of thanksgiving.

In the town square this part of Plymouth Rock remained for more than half a century, when a committee of the council resolved to move it back to its original position, and join it, as best they could, to the other half. Accordingly in 1834 on the morning of the Fourth of July, the Plymouth Rock had been reunited in all seriousness to its long-straggled portion, and the union made complete by a mixture of cement and mortar.

To-day four granite columns support a canopy of granite that offers Plymouth Rock an indifferent protection against the rain and the sun, and serves to keep back, in some measure, the thousands of sightseers that come to Plymouth with only one object in view, namely, to press up around the iron bars, and to gaze through them at the revered rock, on which they see the single inscription, cut in the middle of its face in long, plain figures, "1790."

The rock is surrounded by a high iron railing composed of alternate bolt heads and harpoons, and inscribed with the illustrious names of the forty men who drew up the Pilgrims' compact on board the Mayflower that November day as they sighted the coast that henceforth was to be their home.

LIGHT IS NOT NEEDED.

English Scientist Says Sun's Effect on Man is Real.

Dr. Charles E. Woodruff has made an exceedingly interesting investigation of the effects of tropical light on white men. The origin of his investigation was an attempt to prove or disprove the theory that the skin pigmentation of man served to exclude the short or actinic rays of light whose action is to destroy living protoplasm.

If this theory is true, it will explain at once many anthropological riddles. We find in it a reason why white men, while capital colonizers in cold or temperate regions and sagacious administrators of tropical colonies, have failed when they attempted themselves to colonize in hot countries; why blond types prevail in the cloudy, almost sunless regions of the north of Europe, brunette types in the dazzlingly light countries bordering on the Mediterranean, and the negro in Central Africa; and why the type of man living in the tireless city is less blond than that of the countryman who has during a large portion of his outdoor life the protection of the woodland and orchard.

Dr. Woodruff soon felt bound to admit that the sun is not a beneficent deity who thought him to be as weak worshiped, but that he delights in sacrifices and slays ruthlessly those who trust in him. It is hard to believe that man does not need the light, and it is almost a shock to be made to realize that "the vast majority of land animals live in absolute darkness." Yet Dr. Woodruff leaves little reason to doubt his statements, for besides the cogency of his reasoning from universally accepted facts, he fairly bristles with authorities whom he cites in support of his position.

Failed to Convince Willie.

"You should be like the chickens, Willie; just see how early they wake up in the morning."

"Oh, well, I could wake up early, too, ma, if I stood up all night!"—Yonkers Statesman.

"You often hear a man say: 'I know what I would do in So-and-So's place,' but at the same time he does not know what to do half the time himself."

THE DRAGONS.

Prince Vertigern—so run the ancient tales—A stronghold sought to build in wildest Wales; But some fell power frustrated each essay, And nightly wrecked the labors of the day; Till Merlin came, and bade the builders all, Beneath the escarp'd and many-bastioned wall, Dig deep; and lo, two dragons, o'er whose lair Nothing secure might rise, lay sleeping there.

Search the foundations, you that build a state; For if the dragon forms of Wrath and Hate Lie coiled below, and darkly bide their hour, Fear walks the rampart, Fear ascends the tower, And let it not content you that they sleep; Drive them with strong enchantments to the deep. First of such charms is Perfect Justice; then Comes the heart's word that conquers beasts and men No other craft shall serve—no spells but these Drive the old dragons to the whelming sea. —Saturday Review.

Their Growsome Bridesmaid

GEORGE HAYDEN was really no class. The old haunted feeling had returned. He had an impulse to tell Sybil the whole wretched story, but it would be a gloomy beginning to the first hour of his new happiness. Besides which, Mrs. Dove came into sight at the moment.

Those were strange months, those months of engagement. There were hours when both Hayden and Sybil were wildly gay, but again there were hours when a cloud hung over them, when something seemed to be between them, checking their words as if a third person were listening.

In himself Hayden could understand the feeling, for even now, spite of argument, spite of happy future, he could not throw off the recollection of Kate Moon and her despair. But the same mood in Sybil he could not understand. Was the drowned girl always to be between them? Hayden groaned.

"Tell her, I say, tell her, or—"

In desperation Hayden caught up his hat. "I'll stroll down to the church," he muttered hastily the evening before the wedding, after hours of gloom in which he had seen the dead girl walking between himself and his living bride. "I'll see how the decorations are getting on."

It was a lovely old building of gray stone, far famed for its many windows of stained glass, which in a close line told in rich purples and crimson the story of Joseph and his brethren.

One or two gardeners were busy at the choir stalls; some girls talking in subdued tones were garlanding a pillar. Hayden watched their dexterity. Then with a tender impulse he turned his eyes to the altar, where he would kneel to-morrow beside—

A sudden horror clutched him, the blood surged within him and deafened him. Bonding at the altar step was a dark-haired figure in a lilac gown with a pink band across the hem.

Hayden groped with his hand, and, clutching a pew door, closed his eyes in a despairing faintness. His bondage was to be relentless.

When he looked again the figure was gone. The girls at the pillar had turned from their work to speak to another. Unseen in his misery, Hayden stole out at the porch, stunned and cold in the sunshine.

Hayden never forgot the night which followed, as he lay, unwept and hopeless, waiting for his wedding day, and facing in all their details the two years past and the many years to come, from the day when he had played a summer's game with the heart of a girl to all the days when he should live close to the girl he loved, and feel himself a murderer.

Toward morning he began to take a more ordinary view of the matter. This was his wedding day—sunny, happy, glorious. He had been in an excited, unnatural state of mind yesterday. He had brooded so long that his remorse was abnormal.

"The prettiest wedding the village had ever seen," the people said afterward. The pews were packed and a subdued buzz of comment played about Hayden's ears as he waited.

He had not allowed himself much time to kill; but, supported by his best man, he took his place about five minutes before the bride was expected. He determined to throw off useless self-reproaches and do his best in the future.

The brightly colored crowd was an undistinguishable whole to him; but at the end of the aisle was a shaft of brilliant light; it streamed through the porch, and into and through it walked a double line of beauty.

They came on in the sunshine and halted till the end of the lines was inside the door, then they widened the space between them and lined the lower half of the little aisle.

The smile on Hayden's face snapped off as suddenly as if struck by a hand; his features became stiff and ashen-colored; a roar seemed to be filling the church and hurting his brain, the building itself heaved about him.

But the figure on which his eyes had first smilingly rested stood motionless. She stood nearest to him, as first bridesmaid, her back slightly turned; a drooping hat almost hid her features, but she was dark-haired and splendidly poised, and her gown was of lilac with a pink band about the hem! Lilac, among the white gowns beside her!

Then he felt a hand grip his arm firmly. "Keep up, old man, she's coming," some one said.

Then a hush, then a stir filled the church, and between the waiting bridesmaids, shutting from his sight that terrifying form, came Sybil toward him; and chilled, horror-filled, as one in a dream, he stepped to meet her.

"Tell her, I say, tell her—" was in his ears as the marriage service began. A strange vow mingled with Hayden's marriage vows. "Tell her? 'I will.' 'I will.' 'I will.'"

There was no lilac gown among the bridesmaids surrounding her when he



"TELL HER ABOUT ME AND SEE WHAT SHE'LL SAY."

"TELL HER ABOUT ME AND SEE WHAT SHE'LL SAY."

took her away. He could see no one like Kate Moon.

But he told Sybil all the story as they drove toward their new life; and she listened with flushed, averted cheek.

But when he had finished, and a moment's silence like a concrete block of despair had followed, she turned to him and wept upon his shoulder. And "How you must both have suffered!" were her first sobbing words.

But because she was frightened by the new suffering the telling of the tale had cost him, she did not say that she had known the story all along, and that the silence had been as an avenging ghost between them.

One day, long after, when Hayden and his wife strolled into the old church, he noticed a curious thing.

Sybil had walked toward the chancel while Hayden halted by the door, and as she stood a moment in the aisle he saw her white gown turn to lilac in the sunlight, and a band of rose-color fell across the hem.

For a moment the blood flushed into his face, and all the miserable past rose before him.

Then, as he looked, Sybil moved forward and her gown was white again—and again as she moved it was spangled with color.

Then in swift enlightenment he looked up at the famous windowed story of Joseph and he understood.

"It was all for the best, though," he said to himself at last, and in unutterable relief he followed his wife and stood again beside her before the altar—Ulca Globe.

MEDICINAL VIRTUES OF FISH. Carp and the Tench Are Valuable as Curatives.

Fishing literature, prior to the days and writings of Isaac Walton, opens up points of interest which are unique, says the Brooklyn Eagle. Not the least interesting are the constant references of the early writers to the medical virtues of fish. Of course, many of the salt and fresh water fishes mentioned by the old writers are not recognized by the writers of to-day, but the freshwater perch, carp, tench and eel are yet recognized, and it is in connection with these fish that some of the quaintest ideas as to their medical virtues has prevailed.

In the art of healing the carp plays a respectable part. One old writer speaks of the fat of the carp as being of marvellous powers for the alleviation of "hot rheumatism." The manner of its application was by frequent rubbing on the painful part, and the effect was said to be eminently mollifying and salutary. The triangular bones in the throat of the carp, were said to act as styptic. The gall was also said to have been used for sore eyes and "above the eyes," says an old Esculapius, "two little bones exist, semi-circular in shape, which are diligently preserved by noble females against the lunatical disease."

The eel has also a respectable medical history. Members of the profession from Galien to the present day recommend it. Hippocrates, however, makes this exception: "This food is forbidden in tabes and diseased spleen." Galien prescribed it in neuropathic. The monks of Salerno held the eel in abhorrence. They say, according to Dr. Badham, in their dietetic code, "to live on eels is a sure receipt for spoiling the voice." Pliny also held this opinion, but says also, "singularly they are held to be to cleanse the humors, either choleric or phlegmatic, likewise, to cure the infirmities of the spleen, and only that they be hurtful to the throat and make a man to lose his voice—they be harmless now."

"Fon't Forget."

Many years ago, writes Thomas Bailey Aldrich in "Pongapog Papers," a notice Boston publisher used to keep a large memorandum book on a table in his private office. The volume always lay open, and was in no manner a private affair, being the receptacle of nothing more important than hastily scribbled reminders to attend to this thing or the other.

It chanced one day that a very young, unledged author, passing through the city, looked in upon the publisher, who was also the editor of a famous magazine. The unledged had a copy of verses secreted about his person. The publisher was absent, and young Milton sat down and waited.

Presently his eye fell upon the memorandum book, lying there spread out like a morning newspaper, and almost in spite of himself he read, "Don't forget to see the binder." "Don't forget to mail E. his contract." "Don't forget H.'s proofs," and so forth.

An inspiration seized upon the youth. He took a pencil, and at the tail of this long list of "don't forgets" he wrote, "Don't forget to accept A.'s poem."

He left his manuscript on the table and disappeared. That afternoon, when the publisher glanced over his memoranda, he was not a little astonished at the last item; but his sense of humor was so strong that he did not accept the poem—it required a strong sense of humor to do that—and sent the laud a check for it, although the verses remain to this day unprinted.

Facing the Future.

"What is baby's name?" asked the graciously condescending young woman.

"His name is Flyin' Machine Jackson," was the colored mother's reply.

"How did you come to give him such an extraordinary name?"

"Well, you see dat child takes after his father an' I wanted to give him a name dat were gwine to be appropriate. An' every time anybody mentions 'flyin' machine' dey say it's sumpin' dat positively refuses to work."—Washington Star.

CURIOUS DINNER PARTIES.

Episodes of Eccentricity Who Search for Novelty.

Ordinary methods of dining do not suit everybody, even when the costliest luxury is employed. Episodes of an eccentric turn of mind in search of novelty have recourse to strange arrangements, according to the Toledo Blade.

During the recent season at Dinard, the Breton watering place, a very novel dinner was given by two distinguished visitors, the vicomte and vicomtesse de Sausanne. The idea was to make the dining room as much like a real garden as possible, and, with this object in view, real green turf was laid over the whole of the floor and daisies and other flowers were planted in it. In the center of the "lawn" there was a rocky, with a fountain playing and a live rabbit was gamboling near it. The guests attended in flowing draperies, wearing garlands of roses upon them, and they took their seats on cushions on the grass while their food was served to them on wooden dishes, which were laid on campstools in place of tables.

Fruit and wine were scattered in profusion on the grass and in order to obviate all difficulties of passing the salt cellar around a huge loaf of bread, hollowed out and filled with salt was suspended from the ceiling and this was swung around from one guest to another as required.

Somewhat similar in conception was another very curious dinner party given a few months ago in New York by a well-known leader of American society—Mrs. Arthur B. Froat. This was a "farmyard" dinner. One of the largest rooms in a leading restaurant was transformed for the occasion into something that looked very much indeed like a farmyard. Around the walls were scenes representing fields and pastures and the floor was strewn with agricultural implements of all kinds, as if the farmhands had only just left the place.

Pigs and lambs were roaming about, rabbits stopped munching carrots to skip away frightened as the guests entered the hall and at the same moment a representation of a rising sun appeared on the horizon, a rooster standing on a wooden box saluted it in his usual manner. Chickens, ducks and geese immediately began to straighten their feathers and run about.

Dinner was served in the inside of a huge egg, which was placed in the center of the landscape, reaching from the floor almost to the ceiling, and which had been most skillfully fashioned by a decorative carpenter. The table inside was a perfect oval. It was hollowed in the center and within the hollow part were floral decorations which represented the white and yellow parts of the egg. The yolk was made of daffodils and jonquills and the outer fringe of white was made up of lilies and candytuft and such flowers as one might see on a country hedge.

This dinner was really arranged as a sort of rival in eccentricity to one which was given at the same time by another famous New York hostess, Mrs. C. K. G. Billings, which came to be known as the "horseback" dinner. All the guests were bidden to attend on horseback and they trotted into the dining room without dismounting and there took dinner from tables which were just saddle high. While the guests partook of the soup and entrées, the horses munched oats at the managers which had been provided for them. All the guests on this occasion, numbering thirty-five, were ladies.

Why Women Are Late.

"It's just 'o'clock," said Sybil, according to the Kansas City Journal, "and so you have plenty of time to dress yourself carefully for the theater. With this margin of time, Henrietta, you can surely have no excuse for being unprepared at the last moment, a trait wholly confined to your sex."

"Yes, dear, I'll start dressing right now," said his helpmate, dutifully.

"And I myself will show you a good example of promptness," said Sybil, kindly. "I'll start right in now, myself. By the way, where are my shirts?"

"Here they are."

"Put the shirt studs in it, will you? And—er—by the way, this dress suit is rather rumpled. I must have tossed it around in the drawer. You are rather handy at those things, Henrietta—can't you press it into some sort of shape?"

"All right, dear."

"And while you are at it, fix the pearls in my shirt front. Ginger! I wish you'd chase up my cuff buttons."

Mrs. Squilbob flew around with deft and willing hands, gathering the unnecessary apparel together, while Squilbob calmly dressed himself in the intervals of his rapid-fire directions. "Got my top hat?" he asked.

"Good. Now, please fix my necktie, and—why—er—er—"

Squilbob gasped in surprise, looked at the clock hands, which pointed to 7 and then surveyed the furried little woman.

"Ginger!" he said in fine scorn. "aren't you dressed yet? Well, if that isn't like a woman!"

Scholarly Version.

On the campus of Emory College in Oxford, Ga., there is a tablet to the memory of Ignatius Fey, the first president. One day a freshman was crossing the campus with his cousin, who asked him to explain the inscription on the stone.

"Vivit—non—morsus—est," she read, slowly. "What does that mean, Will?"

"That," said the freshman, easily. "oh, that means 'He lives—no, he don't, he's dead.'"

Hopeless.

"Hair needs trimming badly, sir."

"Yes, that's about the way you'd trim it."

"Better let me cut it?"

"No, it's all right."

"Come down over your coat collar."

"Yes, I'm going to have the coat collar cut down."—Cleveland Leader.