

SOME MEN ARE SO BOLD.

Complaint from the Lady at the Corset Counter of Intrusions in Her Realm.

"Men are certainly getting bolder," said the prim looking spinster behind the corset counter in the drygoods store, relates the New York Sun. "It's really shocking the way some men go on now when it comes to buying corsets for their women folk."

"You wouldn't think that a solid business man of this town would assist his wife in buying every pair of corsets she wears, would you? But it's a fact, and if I mentioned the man's name you would know him instantly for his name is often printed in the newspapers."

"The first time he came here with his wife he seemed a trifle bashful, but I must say he got over that when he appeared the second time. Why, the way he pawed the corsets you would have thought he was going to wear them instead of his wife."

"He seems to like the job now, and I don't believe his wife has bought a pair of corsets in two years without he comes along to help. He's getting to be quite an expert."

"And he's not the only one—husband, I mean. There are plenty of the unattached husbands coming here on the same sort of errands. They are so brazen that I would like to insult them, but if I did I wouldn't be here."

"A great many women are educating their husbands in corset lore by bringing them along when they buy corsets. The men help the trade along, because if they get their eyes on a pretty corset, no matter how expensive, they willingly pay the price for it. I believe that half the high priced corsets are made expressly to catch the eyes of the men. I mean the silk ones, and not the common, serviceable variety."

"Why, a young woman came here yesterday—a very pretty blonde—wearing widow's weeds, accompanied by a young man. He wasn't her brother, I'm sure. He was too solicitous. She wanted a black corset. The young man's eyes spotted a pale blue silk creation. Would you believe it? That woman bought the blue silk pair. They were double the price of the black, but it didn't make any difference to her, for the young man insisted on paying for them."

"I saw them first," said he, and that was his excuse for buying them. "It makes me mad to see such goings on, but I can't help it. If I could I would banish the man from the corset counter. Above all, I would punish in some way—I don't know how—the man who comes here alone to buy a corset. There are plenty of that kind, too, and the most distressing part of it to me is that they know what they want. I can pass most any kind of a corset off on a woman, if it is within her price, by telling her it will improve her shape and that it is the latest. But if you try to blarney one of those men corset buyers, the looks at you with a steely glare that makes you uncomfortable. Men are losing all sense of propriety."

PASSENGER WITH MOUTH.

Blows Off to the Conductor, Who Politely Hands Him His in Return.

The conductor of the before-dawn car laid his hand gently on the shoulder of the exuberant young passenger.

"The eyes of 20 men and two women were riveted on the tableau, relates the Chicago Record-Herald.

"Just a little lower with the talk, please," he said. "There are others, and some ladies, present."

The woody youth turned on him with a withering gaze.

"You are about the busiest conductor I ever saw," he observed, after a painful pause. "Don't you think you are almost too busy?"

"No, sympathetic brother, I think not," responded the enthusiasm suppressor. "Why do you ask?"

"Because," explained the youth, smiling indelicately at the attentive passengers. "Because, in addition to all your exciting and arduous duties connected with running this car, it seems that you must also become the responsible guardian self-appointed, of the imbecilic travelling multitude. You appear called upon to shoulder the care of zealously watching over your company's patrons. You must needs become the censor of the language and conduct of utter strangers of lesser ability—creatures wholly irresponsible and unable properly to take care of themselves. You, sir, must assume—"

"Excuse me," interrupted His Fareship. "Pardon me, what street?"

"North avenue, sir; if you must know."

"All right; five blocks back. Just follow the tracks. Good luck to you."

Parasitic Maladies. M. M. Charin and Le Play, in a paper to the Academy of Sciences, Paris, have shown by a long series of experiments that the development of parasitic maladies varies with the organ or tissues forming the "soil" of the microbe. For the same parasite the malady can change from one organ to another. The organs have different compositions, and the parasite finding different ailments, develops more or less, destroys more or less tissue, and acquires different functions. Thus it can form alcohol in the liver, though not in the veins. This alcohol may cause illness, and through the parasite one may have alcoholic lesions without having drunk alcohol. Microbes have at their disposal means of action changing with the organ.—London Globe.

In Ancient Times. Old Man Methuselah—Lots of trouble down our way. Old Man Melchisedec—What's the row? "Oh, some fool college professor has gotten out a statement that a man is no good after he gets to be 400 years old."—Chicago Sun.

CURB ON POSTAL FRAUDS.

Legitimate Mail Order Business Protected by Rigid Enforcement of Orders.

"A large part of the mail order business of the city," said an attorney who has defended many postal fraud cases, reports the New York Sun. "has been destroyed by the rigid enforcement of the government's fraud orders. I think in some cases the authorities have applied the rule too strictly. For instance, a merchant bought a lot of chip diamonds for 55 cents apiece, including a fair business profit, one dollar was not too high a price for one of the stones, but a man could advertise diamonds for one dollar apiece until the end of time and get no customers. No one would believe they were genuine diamonds. So the merchant sent out circulars informing the addressee that he had been successful in some contest and the diamond would be forwarded on receipt of one dollar to pay the expense of expressage, etc. In five out of seven cases those who received the circulars, though they knew well they had taken part in the contest, forwarded the money."

"The point is that the people who bit on the circular were more dishonest than the merchant, for he gave pretty close to value received. But the postal authorities held that he was doing business under false pretenses and denied him the privilege of the mails. All such clever schemes for selling cheap jewelry—there were many hundreds of them in operation—have been upset by the government."

FUR ANIMALS ARE SCARCE.

End of a Northern Industry at Hand Through Killing of the Beavers.

That the days of trapping in northern Minnesota are nearly ended, and that the industry will soon be a thing of the past, were the words spoken by George Denis, who has returned from the international border, where he has been on a combined fur-buying and land-seeking trip, says the St. Paul Dispatch.

"I saw no white trappers on this trip," said Mr. Denis. "They were all Indian or breeds. I got some fox, marten, mink and muskrat furs. Otter and beaver, you know, are barred. It is against the law to handle these furs in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana and Manitoba. There are some beaver and otter yet in northern Minnesota, but they are no longer plentiful. I got a few silver fox skins that had been sold up north this winter. The blacks are very scarce and are quoted from \$150 up, but there are some skins that bring as high as \$1,000. It all depends upon the quality of the fur. I shall soon leave on a fur-buying trip 800 miles north of Winnipeg, beyond the Porcupine hills. There I will be at liberty to buy beaver and otter, and there is doubtless ermine to be had there also."

THINKING BRINGS DEATH.

Many People Undermine Their Health and Hasten Their End by Gloomy Thoughts.

Thousands of people actually think themselves to death every year by allowing their minds to dwell on morbid subjects, declares Suggestions.

The idea that one has some incipient disease in one's system, the thought of financial ruin, that one is getting on in life without improving prospects—any of these or a thousand similar thoughts may carry a healthy man to a premature grave. A melancholy thought that fixes itself upon one's mind needs as much doctoring as physical disease. It needs to be eradicated from the mind or it will have just the same result as neglected disease would have.

Every melancholy thought, every morbid action and every nagging worry should be resisted to the utmost, and the patient should be protected by cheerful thoughts, of which there is a bountiful store in every one's possession. Bright companions are cheaper than drugs and plaster.

The morbid condition of mind produces a morbid condition of body, and if the disease does happen to be in the system it receives every encouragement to develop. We need more mental therapy.

The Bane of Russia. It is well known that the Russian people are extremely slow in all their movements, which has been attributed to many causes. The latest writer on the subject places the blame on the national intoxicant, vodka, asserting that it produces a lasting and ingrowing drunk; and, should the tippler be unfortunate enough to sober up before a week has passed, the slightest rapid movement will reproduce an excellent duplicate of the original. As the Russian government derives a large revenue from the sale of vodka, there is a stringent law against getting twice drunk on one spree, and as a consequence citizens must exercise caution.

Pleads Time Limit. An American woman living in Paris had occasion to reprimand a parlor maid for sumful neglect of duty. "Marie," said she, "there's a month's dust on this table." At this observation the maid gave a toss of the head, saying: "Surely, madam cannot secure me for that, seeing that I have been in madam's employ but two weeks."

Conflicting Orders. "Edith," said the girl's mother, "why did Mr. Huggard stay so late last night?" "I don't know," replied the girl, blushing.

"I guess the poor fellow didn't know what to do," chimed in the little brother. "I heard Edith tell him every once in awhile: 'Oh, go 'way,' but next minute she'd say: 'Now, you stop.'"—Philadelphia Press.

METEORITE FARMING

STONES FROM THE SKIES BRING REVENUE TO KANSAS.

Tillers of the Soil Plow Up the Celestial Projectiles and Dispose of Them to Advantage.

Dr. F. H. Snow, of the University of Kansas, has in the past 15 years, brought together an unusual collection of meteoric stones that have fallen in Kansas. Some of them have a historic as well as a scientific interest, states the New York Post. The finding of more than one of the lot has saved a farmer from the man who held the mortgage. During some years of this period meteor-hunting became the popular pastime among the Kiowa county farmers, and Dr. Snow got with certain of the stones romantic stories of their discovery.

It was in 1890 that the attention of Dr. Snow was called to the existence of a collection of meteoric stones in the hands of a farmer named Kimberley. Some years before a shower of the stones had fallen. The cowboys know where many of them were, and, knowing nothing of their value, readily told the farmer, Mrs. Kimberley. In the course of her reading, learned that meteorites were valuable. Her husband was skeptical and traded his collection, one by one, for whatever a neighbor would give. The wife promptly bought the stones and kept them. When Dr. Snow heard of the Kimberley hoard he bought it, paying a price large enough to lift the mortgage from the Kiowa county farm.

The Kansas collector bought for \$500 a 218-pound stone that had been placed on exhibition by a farmer in a country grocery store. The bargain was made while the owner and Dr. Snow drove to the store. When they arrived a telegram from a New York jewelry firm was handed the owner, in which \$1,100 was offered for the prize. From a son of the farmer Kimberley already mentioned Dr. Snow bought one of his choicest specimens, and the money came, as had been the case with his father, in time to relieve a pressing need.

In Washington county, at the northern edge of the state, a tenant farmer named January was lucky enough to have a 185-pound stone fall almost at his feet. A 44-pound piece was broken from it when it struck, and the canny finder drove a good trade in fragments chipped from the smaller piece. The large portion he mounted and exhibited, driving over a large portion of the state with his "meteorite show" and gathering in some hundreds of dollars in admission fees before Dr. Snow bought the stone.

A young woman school-teacher, who saw this Washington county meteorite fall, described it in a letter to Dr. Snow: "I was driving along the road beside the cornfield in which January was plowing, when I heard a rumbling sound. I thought it was my parrot rubbing against the cart-wheel. The sound frightened my horse. Looking ahead, I saw a blue streak passing overhead. Upon striking the ground, it burst with great violence. The meteor fell within 50 yards of where I was, and I drove to the place. It left a hole in the earth about three feet in diameter, two feet deep on the north side and three feet on the south side." The school-teacher and the farmer dug the stone out after quieting both the horse hitched to the cart and the plow team. Before the sale of this specimen was completed the owner of the farm, a New York woman, put in a claim for the stone on the ground that it belonged, like the soil, to the holder of the title.

During the time when meteorites were being found most often in Kiowa county the farmers plowed their land deep and often. They illustrated the old fable of the poor man who prayed to the genii to show him the road to riches. In answer to his prayer the command to dig for the gold that was buried under his farm was given. Digging deep, and planting incidentally while searching for the gold, brought the riches he sought—from the markets. So the search for meteorites has, in one form or another, brought prosperity to the imaginative Kansas farmer.

Luxuries in Alaska. A side light upon the mode of living in Alaska is given by stating the fact that in Seattle recently 7,500 cases of canned cream (15 freight carloads) was ordered by one Seattle firm from a single cannery for shipment to Alaska. This cream is really milk condensed to about half its volume, and is very popular in Alaska. The Alaskans drink it as they eat bacon. In Juneau the cold, or so-called "shut-in" months, are enlivened with club affairs, dances and social functions, at which the men are required to wear dress suits. There are carpets on the floors of the Alaskan log huts, and the more pretentious houses have almost all American luxuries.—Binghamton Press.

Watch Factory Disease. In the year 1890, when influenza was epidemic throughout Europe, many workmen contracted the disease in three watch factories at Madretsch, Germany, and a number died. At one factory at Madretsch, however, the disease did not appear. Investigations showed that oil of turpentine was used in the turning of the metals used for watchcases. The oil became warm and evaporated and the workmen inhaled the air laden with it. This seemed to protect them against the disease. Since then oil of turpentine has been always evaporated in that factory upon a stove and not a case of influenza has ever occurred there.

THE EVOLUTION OF NAMES

First Distinctive Appellations Were Naturally Expressive of Descent.

The adoption of a second name was originally suggested, of course, by the fact that the number of available first names was altogether out of proportion with the increase of the human race.

The first distinctive appellations naturally thought of, says the Philadelphia Inquirer, were expressive of descent. Children were distinguished by their fathers' respective names, one was known as John the son of Thomas, another as William the son of Richard, and so on, and soon these clumsy phrases were abbreviated (to refer only to languages with which we are all familiar) to John Thompson, Thomas Thompson, Tomkins or Tomson, and William Richardson, Richards, Dickson or Dixon. And thus are originated our numerous names ending in "son" or prefixed with "O," "Mac," "Ap," etc.

By and by a man's peculiarities were called upon in this connection. A certain Henry who was noticeable for his height was aptly distinguished from others as "Henry the long one," or "the tall man," and it was not long until the shorter forms "Henry Long" or "Henry Tallman" took the place of the original ones. With this compare Mr. Short, Mr. Black, Mr. Gray, Mr. White, Mr. Armstrong, Mr. Stout, Mr. Wiseman, etc.

In the course of time what more natural than that a man should be specified by his trade? And according to all languages we find Smiths, Carpenters, Merchants, Shoemakers, Tailors, Slaters, Wrights, Wheelers, Shearers, Shepherds, Mariners, Mercers, Hunters, Fowlers, Coopers, Turners, Fullers, and what not.

There was a fourth source of distinctive appellations, and one too convenient to be neglected, viz. a man's residence, and when people got tired of speaking of a certain party as "Charles at the water-side," or "James at the wood," or "Edward at the hill," they just said Charles Atwater (later, Water), James Atwood (later, Wood), Edward Athill (later, Hill), and so on, with all the Vales, Dales, Poles, Buses, Bridges, Townsends, Holmes, Leas, Longbottoms, Longacres, Streets, etc., etc.—that we meet in personal nomenclature.

These were not by any means the only factors in the primary evolution of names, but they are the four principal ones.

APPLES WERE SUPERIOR.

That Was What the Dealer Called Them, But the Farmer Called Them "Superlative."

He had a staid and kindly face and he was standing with his hands behind his back, spellbound in a grocery store not far from the alleged post office, relates the Providence Journal.

"What's interesting me?" he said, in reply to a question.

"That basket there with those red apples marked 75 cents a dozen. They're seven cents apiece if you don't take a dozen, and I've been trying to muster up courage to buy one and bite into it."

"I've a sizable farm of my own back here a ways, and I've been used to apples all my life, but that basket fascinates me like hissing serpents in a cage."

"Every time I come to town I brush by it, and then I go back and stare at it like all possessed."

"And I keep mumbleing to myself: 'Apples 75 cents a dozen, 75 a barr and 75 for ten barrels.' That voluptuous arithmetic, I can't make it out. I was jesting with the clerk on it the first time I saw them."

"Ain't you got your signs kind er twisted?" I asked him. "Don't that card with 75 cents on it there in those apples belong on a ham or a hind-quarter of beef? Or may be it strayed from the strawberry counter?"

"No, sir, he kind of tart like, 'those are superior apples.'"

"Superior!" said I. "They must be better than that—the best that ever grew—superlative, I'd call them, but he didn't seem to want to joke."

"A few years ago I put a notice out near my well that people could have all the apples they wanted if they'd pick them up and cart them off; they were rolling on the ground, but not a soul came after an apple. And here are apples at 75 cents a dozen—more'n six cents each by the dozen. And there's all kinds of queer-looking foreign fruit I can't call by name. I don't know what we're coming to, lately. Half the time I feel as if I'd just been born and didn't know nothing."

Formosa Under Japan.

Since Japan acquired the island of Formosa from the Chinese she has spent over 300,000,000 yen on that possession. During all this time the revenues derived from the island have not reached 100,000,000 yen. Japan has established a modern school system in Formosa, has regulated the camphor trade, built railroads, and 300,000 yen are spent every year for modern fortifications. At Keling the Japanese have constructed a new harbor at a cost of about 8,000,000 yen. The agricultural resources are also now being developed on a large scale.

Conclusive. "Yes, ma'am," said the man with the old valise, "I acknowledge that I used to go trampin' around this neighborhood beginn' for cold victuals, but I don't do that any more. I've reformed."

"What evidence have I of that?" asked the woman of the house, still eyeing him with suspicion.

"Well, ma'am," he said, opening the valise, "the fact that I'm sellin' soap now ought to be enough to convince anybody. Oughtn't it?"—Chicago Tribune.

HORSES IN OVERALLS

UNUSUAL GEAR OF RACERS WHEN UNDER TREATMENT.

For Protection Against Insects After Tendons Are Burned—Turfs Kings Are Thus Clad.

Physical culture, systematically applied, having made it possible to clip seconds from record performances by human athletes, horsemen have determined to apply the same methods to the limbed racers of the turf. It has been demonstrated, states the New York Tribune, that the speed of a race-horse can be increased by the systematic manipulation of the muscles that do the work when the animal is bounding toward the finishing point, carrying with him the hopes and fears of cogateless backers. It is now part of the duty of the trainer of a racehorse to flex the muscles and tendons of the thoroughbreds under his care. This is partly done by manipulating with the hand or massaging the muscles of the horses exactly as the muscles of a human being are massaged to make them flexible and supple. Huge sums frequently depend upon a fraction of a second of speed and the horse whose muscles have been carefully massaged prior to a race goes to the post with a decided advantage over the animal which is just as fast in every respect, save the additional life in the tendons provided by the energetic work of the horse masseur.

When the king of the turf is retired to the stable for the off period of racing he is now kept in thorough condition by daily massage treatment, all the tendons and muscles that are used during his performance on the track being carefully rubbed and kneaded to keep them flexible. If the tendons show signs of being the worse for wear, and it must be remembered that the strain on the tendons of a horse as he pounds down the racetrack at top speed is enormous, then extreme measures are resorted to to restore them to their pristine flexibility. The up-to-date stable is provided with tools especially made to burn the tendons of a horse that has gone stale. An electric machine is used for this purpose, the iron being applied to the tendons by the skilled hand of the stableman and the stiffness literally burned out of the worn tendons.

There are veterinary surgeons who make a regular business of treating racehorses by the physical culture method. In the stables of these men are to be found some of the finest horses on the turf. Some have gone stale, and the secret being carefully guarded, are under treatment by massage and burning for restoration to their former speedy condition.

After the tendons have been burned it is necessary to keep the horse quiet and prevent flies from irritating him. The simple method of protecting the animal's legs is to encase them in a pair of overalls. Sorry indeed is the appearance of the proud king of the turf when he is returned to his stall after electric treatment, with his forelegs, and sometimes his hind legs as well, covered with overalls.

MOTOR CAR MALADIES.

Complaints Contracted by Passengers in the High-Speed Conveyances.

When railway trains were first heard of it was confidently predicted that they would produce alarming disorders in those who had the temerity to travel in them, says Cassell's Journal.

Needless to say, the predictions were wholly falsified; but there appears to be no doubt that certain maladies are induced by traveling in motor cars.

One of these complaints is aerophagia, the result of inhaling torrents of air while traveling at high speed. Amongst the evils produced in this way are digestive disturbances, catarrh and bronchitis.

Then there is the dust, which causes irritation of the nose and throat, and injury to the skin and complexion.

To the list of ailments caused by high-speed motoring may be added strained eyesight and nervous depression. It follows, therefore, that the pastime is one to be pursued with caution by the fair sex, who have to face the additional terror of wrinkled faces and stooped shoulders, the further effects of unrestrained automobile driving.

Exploit with a Whale. Two fishermen of Fremantle, Western Australia, named William Fraser and Thomas August, recently met with a sensational experience while sailing 17 miles off Dongarra at night. Fraser was lying asleep and August was running the boat under full sail. Suddenly the little craft came in contact with a whale, and the latter, becoming enraged, turned on the boat, and eventually sank it, leaving the two men and several spars, masts, and oars floating about in the water. Fraser was unable to swim, but August, who is a good swimmer, collected the floating timber and constructed a raft, on which he placed his companion. August then swam behind the raft and pushed it over the stretch of 17 miles to land, which was reached by 3 o'clock next afternoon. During the time on the raft the men had neither food nor water, and there are sharks in the region.—London Globe.

Landlady Hits Back. "Some young men in this town," remarked Mr. Backboard, "are so fast they seem determined to beat everything."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Starvem, "and others are so slow they seem determined to beat their board bill!"—Chicago Journal.

LIKE MATING WITH LIKE.

English Professor's Observations on the Tendency of Man in Selecting a Wife.

New theories of unconscious selection on the part of man and wife—the mating with like—all opposed to Darwin's idea that men and women depend upon their perceptive and intellectual faculties in choosing each other, were lately propounded by Prof. Carl Pearson, of University college, London, at the Royal Institution, reports the Washington Star.

He maintained that man has an unconscious tendency to select a wife of his own height, with eyes of his own color, a proportionate span from forehead to forehead, a forearm corresponding to his own, and a constitution of like physical vigor.

These theories are expounded by means of tables and diagrams. Among every thousand men the color of the eyes is divided as follows: Blue, 36%; green, 31%; hazel, 12%; brown, 9%.

The eyes of women are generally darker, only 28% of them in every thousand having blue eyes. If these blue-eyed people married at random the result would be that they would mate at the rate of 104 per 1,000, but he had discovered that the actual number of marriages per 1,000 of blue-eyed persons was 140 or 38 above the random average, thus proving that the blue-eyed man and the blue-eyed woman are unconsciously attracted toward one another.

In the same way, men with greenish-gray or hazel eyes tend to marry women with eyes of like color.

The average height of a man he gave as 67 inches to 67 inches, that of a woman as 62 1/2 inches, and he contended that the average tall man has a tall wife, and the short man a short wife.

"One could hardly imagine a man choosing a wife by measuring her from forehead to forehead," said the professor; yet his diagrams demonstrated that as the span of one increased so did that of the other. A like result was produced in the measurement of thousands of forearms, his figures showing that there was a distinct tendency on the part of men with long forearms to marry wives with proportionately long forearms.

REVENGE OF BILLY THE KID

Western Outlaw Took Human Lives in Payment of Debt of Cattle King.

Chief among the stock owners was John Chisholm, whose brand was on thousands of range cattle, relates Outlook. Billy worked for Chisholm a short time, but soon he had his inevitable quarrel with his employer. It was over a question of wages Billy claiming that Chisholm had not squared that account. Only the fact that Chisholm was surrounded by a guard of hard-hitting cowboys, with reputations as "killers," kept him from assassination when he and the young desperado parted. As it was Billy managed finally to exact a terrible penalty from Chisholm. It is more than likely that the Kid swore his vendetta against Chisholm and other cattle owners simply as a matter of course instead of a pugnacious affair of principle.

Billy would naturally take sides with the rustlers, who were making life miserable for honest men in Lincoln county. He soon became a leader of the desperate crew and was in the thick of many of the deadly encounters that took place during the course of the "war."

It is estimated that he put a round dozen notches on his gun handle during this fiercest of range feuds, every notch representing a human life. Two of his victims were a sheriff and his deputy who had driven him and part of his gang into an adobe house.

One day the Kid turned up at one of the Chisholm cow camps. He had not forgotten his old feud with the cattle king of the Peecos. Three of the cowboys were at a fire cooking supper, and 20 yards away Barrett Howell was hobbling a cow pony. Billy rode up to Howell and asked him if he worked for John Chisholm. On being answered in the affirmative, the Kid shot the cowboy through the head, at the same time crying in his high-pitched voice:

"Well, there's your pay."

The cowboys at the fire sprang to their feet as they saw their comrade fall, but Billy's revolver spoke twice more and two of them fell dead. Then, covering the remaining cowboy with his revolver, Billy shrilled this message:

"You tell John Chisholm he owes me money. I'll credit him with five dollars on the bill every time I kill one of his men. If I kill him, the account is wiped out."

Japanese Decoration. In the Japanese army men are not promoted for distinguished conduct on the field and officers do not assume the rank of a superior officer who may be killed. By distinguishing themselves they gain nothing but decorations. The Order of the Golden Kite is a most coveted honor. Every man seeks to obtain it, not only because it carries with it certain monetary rewards, but for the honor which its possession bestows on the wearer. No officer attains higher rank except by going through the necessary course of study and passing the examinations. Mere bravery cannot bring promotion.

Reassuring Him. The Young Man (with some embarrassment)—There is one question you haven't asked me yet, Mr. Hurpoo. You haven't wanted to know whether or not I think I can make a living for your daughter.

The Other Man—That isn't necessary, Henry. She'll see that you make the living, all right, if she's at all like her mother—and I think she is.—Chicago Tribune.