MODERN WORK WILL NOT LAST.

Newspapers and Books Printed To-Day Have Short Lives.

"The men who wrote history on tablets of stone in ages gone had a difficult task to perform, and had to cultivate the habit of brevity," says a writer in a German paper, "but what they wrote was preserved. It will he different with the newspapers and books of the present time. The paper upon which they are printed will disintegrate in a few years, and the records, historical, scientific and literary, will become dust. I saw two papers last week which told the whole story. One contained an account of the death of Napoleon Bonaparte. It was printed in 1821, was in a state of perfect preservation, and looked as though it might last, with ordinary care, a hundred years. The other paper was kept because its leading article described the surrender of Sedan, which had taken place a day before. Although it had been printed nearly 50 years later, the Sedan paper had to be handled carefully to prevent its tearing in the creases. One of these papers was printed on old-fashioned paper, and the other on the modern kind. With the two specimens before me I cannot refrain from urging once more that a few numbers of all books and newspapers, enough for all first-class libraries, be printed on good paper for the benefit of those who will live after us.

BOME ERRORS OF THE TYPES. Really Amusing Blunders of Which Record Has Been Kept.

An author who has a scrapbook devoted to typographical errors was showing the articles to a friend. One item concerned a dance. The word "bonnier" was misnrinted, with this deplorable result: "There was no bonier ladies present than the mayor's own daughters, and this fact was further emphasized by the perfect fit of the shepherdess costumes they wore." A country paper, after telling how a cow got in front of a train, said: "As the safest course, under the circumstances, the engineer put on full steam, dashed into the cow and literally cut it into two calves." A New York society editor, misprinting the word "chill," published this statement: "Mrs. Astor was unavoidably absent from the reception, being kept at bome by a bad child."

One by Gen. Miles. Gen. Miles used to tell of a surgeon at a certain post during the civil war who was chaffed a great deal for his "flowery and extravagant style of expression, both written and oral. On one occasion it appears that the colonel of the regiment had appropriated the surgeon's tent for a mess table, without the usual formality of stating his intentions. Whereupon the surgeon sent a complaint to the officer in command. Among other things he said: "I have not so much as a fly to interpose between my head and the star-decked heavens above me." This unique document followed the regular routine and eventually returned to the unfortunate surgeon with the following endorsement: "Col. Brown will cause a fly to be interposed between the head of the complainant and the star-decked heavens above him as soon as possible."-Il-Justrated Sunday Magazine.

Changing a Business Emblem. In a Brooklyn suburb a barber rented a shop that an undertaker had vacated. Among the belongings left behind by the proprietor of the mortuary business was a weatherbeaten wooden representation of a monument, with base, pedestal, shaft and capstone of pine, which stood in front of his show window. The barber repainted the monument, lettered the base with his name and "tonsorial artist," painted sanitary red crosses on the faces of the pedestal, put spiral stripes of red and white around the shaft, and nainted the cap bea green. Then he was ready for business.

"What Is History." What is history but the more or less 'superficial opinions of certain men with respect to the movement and course of events, some of which may be doubted or dented or disputed? There is a wide-spread opinion that history is something apart, something that gets itself done whether or no, and windy orators have been known to appeal to its judgment. But it will have to be written by men who have been trained to interpret it impartially.--Uncle Remus' Magazine.

> He Knew Father. A Brooklyn teacher relates how he once endeavored to convey to a nineyear-old pupil some idea of beauty in the abstract and its effect upon the "cultivated individual: "Now. William" said the teacher, "we will suppose that your mother should place a vase of beautiful flowers in the center of the dining table. What would your worthy father say as he sat down to eat?" "What are those weeds doing there?" said William, promptly.—Harper's.

> > Bhe Knew the Formula.

A stranger approached a little girl who was somewhat accustomed to interviews with the usual question, "What's your name, little girl?". The little girl, without looking up from ber sand-plie, replied: "My name is Edith, and I'm four. She's my little sister; her name's Mildred and she's two. I don't want to go with you and be your little girl, and I know you can't steal my little sister."-Harmer's Bezar.

WANTS KINDNESS IN GREETING.

Poet Objects to Salutation Without the Proper Spirit.

The poet was quite cast down. A friend met him and asked after his health, and this is what he said: "Why do people persist in saying 'Good Morning' when the spirit of Good Morning is not there? Why not give a blow? Then one could offer some resistance to this Monday morning saultation from people who care not whether the morning is good or not; who only want to thrust themselves upon you. Better, far, a silent entrance than a greeting from which the life has fled. What does 'Good Morning mean unless it carries sympathy? So many 'Good Mornings,' and not one little bit of kindness-how hard and metallic most of them are! The first one I got was from a gruff man with a harsh voice. He has set all my nerves to jangling, why could he not leave me alone? Then, in a moment, a girl came and bent over my shoulder. Her voice was sweet and womanly. Her 'Good Morning' soothed me. One day I came along Broadway. The memory of the 'Good Morning' I received will never leave me. I looked into eyes upon which the dew of the morning had fallen—out of which the light of heaven had streamed. It made the whole day different. I believe I could have smiled back at the gruff man if I had been so greeted to-day." "But, my good poet." said his friend, in a hurt tone, "Is that meant for me? Have I set your nerves to jangling?" "God be thanked, no! You are the first man I've met whom I haven't felt like murdering. Here, give me your hand, let me shake it again, and get into sympathy with my kind." "What an odd fellow," said his friend, as he watched the poet walk away.

WHAT SHE WOULD HAVE SAID.

Lucky for Poet That American Woman Was Not His Spouse.

A witty and popular American lady was recently dining with a literary coterie in London, when some one started a conversation about the methods of working adopted by authors. Among the many instances given was that of a well-known poet, who, it was said, was in the habit of writing at night and in the early morning, and who was wont to rouse his wife and exclaim about four o'clock: "Maria, get up; I have thought of a good word!" Immediately on receiving this signal, the poet's obedient helpmate would arise and make a proper note of the thought-of word. About an hour after a new inspiration would seize upon the bard, and he would then call out: "Maria, get up, get up! I've thought of a better word!" The company generally listened to the story with admiration, but the bright eved American remarked: "Well, if he'd been my husband, I should have replied: 'Alpheus, get up; I've thought

of a bad word!"—London Tit-Bita. Red Tape in France.

There is now lying in the Paris morgue a mummy that is the cause of a dispute between the police, who insist that it is an unidentified corpse, and the owner, who is quite sure that it is a piece of furniture. The dispute is the sequel to a fire in a flat. The firemen found the mummy amid the ruins of a cupboard. It was placed in a sack and conveyed to the morgue 'for identification." The owner of the flat has done everything possible to get it back. But the police reply to all representations with the question, "Is a mummy a corpse-yes or no?" "Yes," says the owner, "but-" "There is no but," declare the police; "a mummy is a corpse, and this is the place for corpses."

Shorter Dinners.

Nothing has done more to shorten the over-claborate dinner than the custom of restaurant dining. In a cafe one feels easy at inviting people to steak with two vegetables, a salad and cheese and coffee. At home ovsters and soup, entrees and dessert would also have been deemed necessary. So many people dine in restaurants now that this simplicity is creeping into the cheerfully selected little home dinner. One may invite even one's formal acquaintances to dinner without taxing, as someone puts it, either "the limitations of the cook, the hostess. the family purse, or the patience of the guests."

But Seeing is Believing. Three business men of Chicago, one of whom is said to be rather "close" in financial matters, were on their way to luncheon one day, when they were stopped by several sisters of charity, soliciting aims. Each one of the three men contributed something; but when one of the sisters inadvertently solicited from the "close" man a second time, he protested politely that he had already done his part. As the three continued on their way, one whispered in the ear of the other, "I believe him, but I did not see it." "I saw him do it " whispered back the second man, "but I don't believe it."-Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

** Very Important. "Everybody nowadays seems to be wearing uniforms," said Mr. Sirius Barker, querulously. "The army, the navy, the police, the railroad men, the theater employes-everybody bas some kind of special costume." "That's so," answered the policeman to whom he was relating his troubles. "Well, what I want to know is this: What's the use of having any plain citizens' clothes at all?" "Great Scott, mani-There must be something for the detectives to diaguise themselves in."

CRUDE METHODS OF SPINNING

Which Were Long in Displacing the Spindle and Distaff.

The invention of the art of spinning was ascribed by the ancients to Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, says & writer in The Housekeeper. The date. 1500 B. C., is given as that of the beginning of the art in Greece, under the direction of the king of Arcadia; but pictured inscriptions on Egyptian monuments show that the use of the spindie and distair was known in that country much earlier. The first distaff was simply a stick, around which the fiber to be spun was loosely coiled, held in the left hand; the spindle was a sort of top set in motion by a twirl of the hand, the fiber passing between the finger and thumb of the right hand. This invention was improved upon in the course of time by placing the spindle in a frame and making it revolve by mechanical action of the hand or foot in connection with a wheel or treadle—thus giving the true spinning wheel. The first recorded use of this was in the early years of the sixteenth century, but it was probably made and used long before this. The first apinning jenny a machine working eight spindles, was invented

LOST ART OF LETTER WRITING. Mon and Women of To-Day Have No Time for Such Occupation.

It is a well-known fact that nobody writes letters nowadays. It is true we. spend a vast deal of time at our writing table, that we consume untold

quantities of ink and nibs, while our stationery bill is by no means the most modest item of our ever-increasing expenditure. But we neither write nor receive letters. The utmost we do is to "dash off notes" in answer to invitations, to "scribble a few lines" of congratulation or sympathy, as the case may be, with a friend; to express briefly but forcibly our satisfaction with our dressmaker, or our surprise at our milliner's account. As for our absent relations, on the rare occasions when we remember their existence at all, we send them our love on a post card with a few details about the weather, ending in "tearing haste" with the hope that they will write soon and tell us all their news Of course, they never do, which is just as well, as if they did we should in all probability never have time to wade through their letters.-L'Incon-

Devotees of the Weed.

nue, in Ladies' Field.

Each year the people of the United States smoke nearly \$4000,000,000 cigars, cheroots, stogies and all-tobacco cigarettes, 3.500,000,000 cigarettes with paper wrappers and consume 300,000,-000 pounds of smoking and chewing tobacco and snuff. Every day we smoke 22,000,000 cigars and 10,400,000 cigarettes, and either smoke or chew 500 tons of tobacco, all of which costs \$800,000. Every minute of the 16 hours a day that we are awake, we make ourselves poorer by \$800-for 23.000 cigars, 10,000 cigarettes and a half a ton of plug and fine cut. It is estimated that there are 13,000,000 devotees of the weed, or about as many smokers as voters. This estimate is based on the assumption that one person in each six of cur population is a puffer of smoke.

Mahometan Graves.

The Mahometan may be uncertain of many things in life, but in death he is sure of one thing-that his grave will never be disturbed on any account whatever. With a view to removing the slightest chance of any grave being defiled, a cypress tree is planted immediately after the interment, which makes the Moslem cemeteries resemble forests. In the island of Timor burials are much delayed owing to the necessity of gathering funds for the burial feast, which in most cases means ruln to the family. After the feast, the burial. Directly the grave is filled in, a young cypress tree is planted on it.

When He Wore His Silk Hat. "I was spending my vacation a couple of summers ago in a little Vermont village and my favorite loafing place was in front of the 'Town Grocery' talking to the general grocer," says a traveler. "We were sitting in front on a couple of egg crates one afternoon when an old man wearing a silk hat passed on the other side of the street. 'I don't see how them fellers wear them hats, observed my friend. the grocer. "Now, I've had one for 39 years-left to me by my father--and I've never wore it but twice-once to a funeral and once on a campin' trip.' "

High Character Counts. High character counts in this, as in all other communities. A good man dies in the prime of life, and in the midst of multifarious activities, and the representative men of the city hasten to show their appreciation of his life-work, for no man of brains and conscience works merely for himself. He helps build up the community, and raises the standard of conduct for all other men.-Mexican Herald.

A Proper Kick. "Well," demanded the warden of the prison, "what are you kicking about now?" "I'm kicking about this striped suit." complained the new convict "All the silly dudes are going for stripes now, and it's a shame to make us wear

. Extremes.

She-"There is one thing I cannot anderstand about football." He-"Yes?" She-"Why a game so named should need so much head work."

CONTESTS OF SLEEP-FASTING

Peculiar Entertainment - That Was Popular in the '60s.

"Sleep-fasting matches, before the law put a stop to them, took place frequently in this country," said a snecialist in insomnia. "Yes, back in the '50s and '60s sleep-fasting was as popular a form of sport as football. Champion sleep-fasters were idolized by the girls in hoopskirts and waterfalls. The ordinary youth who had to sleep once 'M' 24 hours wasn't one, two three in those days. W. C. Woodford of San Francisco was the champion of all the sleep-fasters. In the famous contest of 1860 this man kept awake for 168 hours, 48 minutes-over a week. He was a little, thin man of a nervous temperament. Henry K. Jackson of Detroit held the next best record-144 hours 17 minutes. Third came Adolph Mueller of Milwaukee, whose record was 142 hours 57 minutes. These men are all dead now. Why were sleep fasts so popular with our fathers? Besides their unhealthfulness, they were tame beyond belief. What, when you come to think of it, could be tamer than mercly watching a lot of men keep awake?"

WHY THE BASQUE COW DIED. The Owner Had Seen a Woman the First Thing in the Morning.

Prof. Beziat de Bordes of the University of Michigan faculty was lecturing on the Basque people and their eustoms. On the subject of their superstitions he told the following: 'I was walking down the street in a little Basque village one day when a man came excitedly toward me. After glancing furtively about he whispered: 'Hush! She is dead.' 'Who?' I asked, wondering whether the man had lost a lovely daughter or a dutiful wife. 'My cow! She died this morning,' was the answer. 'And,' he added, 'it isn't hard to explain. The first thing I saw this morning when I glanced out of the window was-a woman. Fate is against me."

A Good Loser.

"But," said the girl's father, "what qualifications have you? What is there about you to make you consider yourself worthy of my daughter? Why do you think I ought to accept you as a son-in-law?" "Since you pin me down tó it, I will tell you candidly," the young man replied, "that I have never had a very high opinion of my qualifications. I am here strictly because I hate to give pain. Your daughter accepted me before I had a chance to finish what I had started to say, which was not what she seemed to think it was going to be. If you do not think I am worthy of her and if you are convinced that I am not the man you desire for a son-in-law I will inform you right now that I am one of the best losers you ever saw."

The Prevalence of Drug Habits. The daily press recently has again drawn public attention in connection with an inquest upon a woman who died of an overdose of cocaine to the deadly results of drug habits. All these habits are carried on in secret, and they are far more common than might be supposed. Those who know this best are the chemists and druggists, for they know how much of each of these drugs is sold for consumption in this way. They cannot help it, for the licensed druggists are not in a position to refuse to supply the drugs, provided the poison book is properly stgned.-London Hospital.

Motherly Care. Six-year-old Marion has an eminent-

ly practical mind, and the delights of dolla' tea parties, games, and other infantile joys are easily eclipsed by the promise of being allowed to dust the parlor or help cook. Marion has just acquired a new canary bird of tender age, and has added the care of Dick to her other small duties. On saying her prayers the other night she astonished her mother by adding as a postscript: "And God bless my birdle, and let him grow up to be a strong, healthy useful little canary

Saving Grace of Humor. Blessed are the cartoonists and the satirists and the funmakers. For by enlarging upon our follies and foibles and conspicuitles they awaken us to their elements of the ridiculous and lead us with wisdom to temper exuberance. Blessed is the saving grace of humor. For where humor is treason finds no fertile soil, deceit flourishes not, hypocrisy withers and dies, greed is tempered and reason only rules.

An Exception.

"Children," observed the teacher, "you must not use the expression, 'Up against it.' It is slang." "Well," said a bright lad, "I saw an automobile go into a wall full tilt yester-"Yes, but we're talking about dav." something else now." "But I was goin' to say," continued the lad, "if the ma-, chine wasn't up against it I'd like to know what."

A Joy to Him. "Hey! waft?" cried the first boy, "ain't yer vaccination healed up yet?" "Naw!" replied the other. "Huh! don't it make yer mad?" "Naw! de doctor told mom I mustn't take a bath till it's

Didn't Appreciate His Blessings. Jimmie-"Mamma, why does Bruno howl when the school-hell rings?" Mamma-"I don't know dear." Jimmie -"I should think he would laugh: I'm the one to how!."-Harper's

HAD TO DISTINGUISH HIMSELF.

Jimnie Simply Reversed the Order of

His Activities. The teacher in the kindergarten gave a little talk on "helping mother." explaining that children who were almost six years old could at least dress themselves. A number of children told what they had done in the way of drying dishes, etc. All this seemed to impress little Jimmie very much. The next morning he proudly announced in the circle: "I dessed myself dis mornin'" Of course Jimmle received the highest praise and other children were urged to go and do likewise. The next day Jimmie again announced: "I dessed myself dis mornin'." and so proud was he that at every frequent intervals during the morning he triimphantly repeated this. So it continued on the third day, until the teacher answered that she was very glad to hear it, but thought that a boy who was big enough to dress himself ought to be able to sit quiet without interrupting so often. Jimmie, however, continued to inform the kindergarten at every possible moment that "I dessed myself dis mornin'." Finally the teacher told him that If he interrupted again he would have to leave the circle. Jimmle soon forgot and the teacher sent him behind a screen in the corner. A minute later the principal entered with a visitor and was surpised to see a little head poked out from behind the screen. The teacher explained and the principal, crossing the room, pushed the screen to one side. To her horror there stood Jimmie with not even-hisshirt on. "I didn't dess myself dis

SHE SEIZED THE OPPORTUNITY.

time," he said tearfully, "I undessed

myself."

Family Didn't Often Get Chance to Have Photographs Taken.

A philanthropic Cleveland man heard the other day of a family down in the flats who were in extreme need of financial aid. He made a trip down to the poor, miserably furnished home and found that the family was, indeed, having a struggle to get enough to eat. He pulled three five-dollar bills out of his wallet and handed it to the gaunt, half-starved looking mother and told her to take it and spend it as she thought best. A few days later he returned to see how the family were getting along. All the members in sight still looked poorly fed. "Did you buy some groceries with that \$15?" he asked. "Well, no," said the woman, with some hesitation, you see, it was the first time we that had so much money all at once, and it looked like such a good chance that we each went up and had a dozen cahinet photographs taken." - Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Oregon Apples Sold at \$1 Each.

hoxes of winter banana apples at Hood river at \$8 a box has brought up the question of record prices for apples. The horticultural annals of the state show that in 1856 one box of Spitzenberg apples grown in the Willans-tte valley and shipped to San Francisco netted the shipper \$60. In the same year three boxes of winesaps were sold in Portland for \$102, or \$34 a box. In 1855, 6,000 boxes of apples grown in Oregon were sold at prices which nested the shipper \$20 to \$30 a. bushel, in 1854, 500 boxes were sold at from \$60 to \$90 a box. The first lot of apples grown on grafted trees were gold in Portland by the grower, Henderson Luelling, at \$1 an apple.-Los Angeles Times.

His Wish Came True.

Prof. Edgar L. Larkin, the noted astronomer, was discussing marriage at a dinner in San Francisco, Prof. Larkin believes that it is criminal to continue for life marriages that are unhappy. "Why condemn," he said, with a grim laugh, "men and women to such misery as afflicts our mutual friends, the Blanks? We have all mutual friends in the Blanks' position At the height of their nightly quarrel the other day Mrs. Blank choked back a sob and said reproachfully: 'I was reading one of your old love letters! to-day. James, and you said in it that you would rather live in endless tor ment with me than in bliss by yourself.' 'Well, I got my wish,' Blank

Test Satisfactory-to Himself. A recent number of Simplizissimus tells this "story with a moral": "The Union Bank of St. Petersburg has its own police service. One night the director was sleepless. He wondered

whether the bank police were really trustworthy. He concluded to make a trial. He disguised himself and rushed, pistol in hand, into the bank vault. The police were good for nothing. They looked on quietly while the director pocketed 2,000,000 rubles and carried them away. Since then no one has seen the director."

Not a Reformer. "I should think you could easily show the errors of your political opponents." "Perhaps," answered Senator Sorghum, "but if I should con-

any credit for them. The opposition's mistakes are a part of my capital." Classics on the Turf. "Do you think scholarship assists a man to pecuniary success?" "I should say not," answered the patron of the races. "Half the time the bookmak-

ers can't pronounce correctly the

names of the horses on which they

win the most money."

vince them they would simply adopt

my suggestions without giving me

COULD NOT BE DISHEARTENED.

One Man's Philosophy Rose Superior to All Afflictions.

Brown's cheerfulness was a source of wonder and admiration to his friends. Either his religion or his philosophy taught him to accept everything as & wise dispensation. But then he had a targe share of worldly goods his friends argued, and nothing but adver-

Therefore, when a promising crop was washed away by a flood the neighbors were much astonished to hear him say: "It's all for the best. I was blost with an overabundance last year."

sity would shake his faith.

In the winter his house was burned to the ground. To his neighbors' solicitations he calmly responded: "The house never suited us anyway, so it is all for the best."

Other calamities befell Brown, but still he refused to be disheartened. The climax came when he was in a railroad accident. Both feet were so badly crushed that amputation was песеввагу. Symuathetic friends gathered from

all quarters. They dreaded to hear the lamentations they were sure would great them, for even Brown could hardly be expected to pass this lightly "Guess you are pretty well dis-

couraged, aren't you with both feet cut off?" ventured some one: "Do you think this is all for the best?" But Brown nodded his head, smiling wanly, and said.

"They were always cold, anyway." Ladies' Home Journal.

NO LONGER A HERO TO HER.

Last Drop in Cup of Sorrow for Unförtunate Playwright.

David Belasco was being congratulated on the success of his new G. A. R. drama, "Writing plays Is risky business," said Mr. Belasco, "Past triumphs don't count. He who has Written 20 superb pieces is just as likely to be damned on his 21st piece as any tyro.

There was once a playwright who sat in the front row at the first night of a new piece of his own. This piece failed. It failed dreadfully. "As the playwright sat, pale and

sad, amid the hisses, a woman behind him leaned forward and said: Excuse me, sir; but, knowing you to be the author of this play. I took the liberty, at the beginning of the performance, of snipping off a lock of

your hair. Allow me now to return it

Maine Buried Treasure.

to you."

As an illustration of how justice in sometimes meted out by our courts of law the case of the buried treasure found in New Vineyard serves well. Fessenden Hackett, while employed by Leonard Hackett found some old coin of the face value of about \$1,300 and bullion value of \$550. Both the Hacketts, brothers, claimed the coin, and Fessenden finally bought his brother's claim for \$550 in good money and took all the coin comprising both domestic and foreign money. But he no sooner gets what he believes, to be a clear title than two fellow-workmen with him at the time of the discovery claimed the proportional parts of the money and entered suit to recover it. Of the bullion value of \$550 Fessenden had already paid his brother \$550; now the jury has decided. that he must also pay each of his fellow workmen about \$300, so the buried treasure he found, and which had a market value of \$850, he must pay \$1,150 for. In other words, he is \$300 and court expenses worse off than if he had found nothing.

Novel Telephone. The dictograph of M. H. Turner, which has been attracting attention in London, is a novel telephone designed to give convenient communication between the various departments of a business house or factory. A box a foot long, half as wide and a third as deep has two recessed openings on its outer face, and a row of switches along its base given connection with the different departments in the building. Flexible wires lead to the regular system of conductors of the establishment. The openings are transmitter and receiver, and special microphone of great sensitiveness focus and magnify the sound waves. Speaking in an ordinary tone, the persons conversing may attend to their usual work, walking about the room 10 or 15 feet from the instrument. The words spoken at that distance from the transmitter are loudly sounded at the receiver, but depressing a lever throws the loudspeaking attachment out of gear, when a small receiver at the side of the box is, held to the ear in the usuai way.

George Ellot's Church. At a cost of \$15,000 the three bells in Chilvers Coton parish church tower are being recast and three others added, says the London Standard. As a child "George Eliot" (Mary Ann Evans), the famous novelist, attended Chilvers Coton church with her parents, and long afterward she drew vivid word pictures of the ancient building and its incumbents. "Mr. Gilfil" and "Amos Barton" were the vicar and curate respectively of Chilvers Coton, the "Shepperton" of "Scenes of Clerical Life."

Oh, the Flatterer! Weary Willia Gee, ver a wonder!

How did yer manage ter git a handout from dat frosty-lookin' woman? Hungry Higgins—Dead easy. W'en she opened de door I sez: "Good mornin', mias. Is yer mudder homes

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS

"to espandus on Consistant of tank town for Etata du Suce. Le unbliefes afte done icu exuntages exceptionnelle. Prix de l'abounement un l'anni l'Adit vi Cuellileune 219.0. Cision, and a contain it, its. it.