

PUTS BABIES ON DEFENSIVE

Writer Calls on Them to Give Reasons for Their Admission to the Country.

We desire to call attention to a flagrant violation of one of our most important statutes.

Under our immigration laws, no alien can land in this country who has no money and no capacity.

Every baby comes here from a foreign shore. He is a vagrant. Why, he hasn't even clothes on his back.

These intruders ought to be guaranteed under the pure infant act, or else they should be promptly shipped back to the sender.

GOOD JOKE ON THE OFFICERS.

Long and Stern Chase of College Students That Ended in Something of a Fiasco.

Once, in a college town, the rumor that students were carrying concealed weapons reached the ears of the local police.

In this particular college town the students were no different from students the world over; in other words, they dearly loved to bother the police to the best of their ability.

What have you in that pocket? the latter asked sternly.

Instead of answering, the student and all his companions, as if panic-stricken, started to run.

The American Voice.

I think myself that what, as much as anything else, laid the foundation of the American voice was the nervous ill-health, lasting over three or four generations, of the American woman.

The top-floor girl sighed reflectively. "I wonder," she said, "if that is the reason my hair is so much thinner on the right side."

The Erudite Barber.

"I don't see," said the erudite barber as he stropped his razor, "why our customers complain that men of our profession are exceedingly loquacious."

Wall from a Waiter.

"Men go about," he said, "complaining of being mistook for waiters, but it is on the other foot really that the shoe rests."

The Crimean Crime.

Kinglake was all for war. "He us to say," says Mme. Novikoff, "if peace would emancipate the wretched."

Why Church Bells Any More?

Every once in a while a discussion arises as to the use of church bells. Their utility was long ago given up.

MAKE ALL COMERS WELCOME.

Turkish Feast in Which Open House is Very Literally the Order of the Day.

Every year in Turkey, in the month of Ramadan, as they term it—which is the month when the Koran was revealed, in 26 parts, to Mohammed—it was for years a general custom in Turkey for the Turks to open their houses.

No matter how poor or how rich the persons, and whether a complete stranger or near friend, they come just before the sunset hour, and all are seated at the truly hospitable table before 12 o'clock.

After all this more meat courses, fish, and the vegetables are served, and such sweets as rice milk, (gullaj sudaj), native blanc mange (mahallabi), pliat with hishab or junket (yaourt), and coffee.

DESIGN IN SHIFTING BUREAU

Suggestion of Sherlock Holmes Found Useful by Girl Who Likes to Be Well Dressed.

Apparently, the room was comfortable, but it had one insurmountable drawback.

"There is only one place to keep the bureau," said the tall girl; "therefore I cannot live here. I must have a room large enough to permit hauling the bureau around."

"Sherlock Holmes put me on to the necessity of switching my looking glass around every little while, if I wish to preserve a uniformity of good looks."

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He Was No Hayseed.

Many years ago when Londoners had not the excursion facilities for getting into the country that they enjoy now, Charley, a cockney friend, was staying at a farmhouse and soon made himself at home.

Where's the door and the windows, uncle?

"Doors and windows? Why, that's a haystack."

Long ago in the days when our caged blackbirds never saw a king's soldier.

"Come over the water to Charlie," a minister of Thrums was to be married, but something happened and he remained a bachelor.

The Revealing Vision.

Long ago in the days when our caged blackbirds never saw a king's soldier, without whistling impudently "Come over the water to Charlie,"

Why Women Grow Prematurely Old.

Women, condemned to the steam-heated life of our American cities, fed on the too abundant meat diet, which is our bane, breathing and sleeping wrongly, suffering the lack of physical exercise, which oddly enough, is the result of our so-called "busy" lives,

Whither It Went.

"I didn't bury my treasure!" he cried. "I cremated it."

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WILLING TO LET MATTER DROP

Prisoner Was More Than Ready to Save the Valuable Time of the Court.

"Jed Blake to the bar," ordered the judge—in a rural Alabama court. A big, hulking negro ambled up to be arraigned for murder.

"Jed," began the judge, "you are charged with the gravest crime known to the law, that of taking the life of a fellow man. One of the forms of punishment for murder is death. Have you made any arrangements for your defense in this case, Jed?"

"No, suh, judge. I ain't done nuthin'."

"Have you a lawyer, Jed?"

"No, suh, judge. I ain't got no lawyer. I ain't got nuthin', judge."

"Well, Jed," said the judge, showing a little impatience, "have you talked to anybody about this case?"

"I talked to de sheriff some dat night when he come after me, judge; but you knows dat didn't do no good."

"For your information, Jed, I will state that it is within the province of this court to appoint counsel to any defendant who has none. I am now ready to appoint you a lawyer. Do you want one?"

"No, suh, judge. I don't want nuthin'," replied Jed, rather dolefully.

"See here," snapped the judge, "I won't have any more of this foolishness. You say you don't want any lawyer. Well, then, what do you intend to do about this case?"

GOLD FOUND IN OLD BRICKS.

Walls of Mexican Adobe Houses Yield Treasure for the Men Who Know.

There are many remarkable towns in Mexico, but none more interesting than Guanajuato. "The Hill of the Frog." It might more properly be called the "gold brick town," for the houses have been found to contain much gold.

This is a curious situation, but it came about naturally. Guanajuato—pronounced Wah-nah-wah-to—is one of the oldest mining towns in Mexico; but the value of the place as a town was discovered when a railroad company decided to build a station there.

When it became known that the old adobe buildings would be torn down pieces taken at random were assayed. It was found that because of the old process, which lost much gold and silver, they assayed from \$3 to \$24 a ton. The mean value was estimated to run about eight dollars gold a ton.

The old buildings have brought about \$30,000 Mexican in gold, and persons who have built since the new machinery has been installed in the mines are bemoaning the fact that the new houses do not contain as much gold as the old.—Scientific American.

New Method of Keeping Potatoes.

A German publication, "The Practical Adviser in Fruit Raising and Gardening," states that a new method for keeping potatoes and preventing sprouting consists in placing them on a layer of coke. Dr. Schiller of Brunswick, who has published the method, is of the opinion that the improved ventilation by means of coke is not alone responsible for the result, but believes that it is due to the oxidation of the coke, which, however, is a very slow one. Coke always contains sulphur, and it is very possible that the minute quantities of oxides of carbon and sulphur, which result from the oxidation, mixing with the air and penetrating into the potatoes are sufficient to greatly retard sprouting. Potatoes so treated are said to keep in good condition until the following July.

Clock That Tells Much.

One of the most wonderful clocks in existence is now in the possession of Louis Desoutter, who has had the honor of taking it to Buckingham palace for inspection by the queen. Her majesty showed great interest in its beautiful mechanism.

Built in Memory of a Dog.

Of the memories to dogs the most imposing of modern date is "Tell's Tower," a structure on the seashore near West Kirby, Cheshire, England. It is in honor of the great St. Bernard dog Tell, ancestor of most of the rough-coated champions of England, and himself winner of every prize in the kingdom. He was majestic in appearance, noble in character and of undaunted courage." Built by the late M. J. Cumming Macdonna, the tower is a sort of summer house, in the base of which is a vault containing Tell's remains, guarded by an effigy of that remarkable animal.

One Comfort.

A certain lady prides herself upon always looking at the bright side of things.

"My dear," moaned her husband one day recently, as he tossed restlessly on his bed, "it's the doctor I'm thinking of. What a bill he will be!"

"Never mind, Joseph," said his wife. "You know there's the insurance money."—Stray Stories.

AND THE DEACON PROCEEDED.

After Pastor Had Elucidated Text from Which He Had Drawn His Sermon.

The colored parson had just concluded a powerful sermon on "Salvation Am Free," and was announcing that a collection would be taken for the benefit of the parson and his family. Up jumped an acutely brunette brother in the back of the church.

"Look a year, pahson," he interrupted, "yo ain't no sooner done tellin' us dat salvation am free dan yo go askin' us fo' money. If salvation am free, what's de use in payin' fo' it? Dat's what I want to know. An' I tell yo' plintedly dat I ain't goin' to gib yo' nothin' unthil I find out. Now—"

"Patience, brudder, patience," said the parson. "I'll elucidate: 'S'pose yo' was thyrsty an' come to a river. Yo' could kneel right down an' drink yo' fill, couldn't yo'? An' it wouldn't cost yo' nothin' would it?"

"Oh, cou'se not. Dat's jest what I—"

"Dat water would be free," continued the parson. "But 's'posin' yo' was to hab dat water piped to yo' house? Yo' have to pay, wouldn't yo'?"

"Yes, suh, but—"

"Wal, brudder, so it is wid salvation. De salvation am free, but it's de havin' it piped to yo' dat yo' got to pay fo'. Pass de hat, deacon, pass de hat."—Everybody's Magazine.

'TWIXT THEORY AND CONDITION

Where the Gifted Playwright Is Confronted with Circumstances He Cannot Control.

Consider the apprentice playwright's vision of his work. He has dreamed a dream and the people of that dream tread out their drama before his mind's eye, all flawless, perfect, just as he made them. He sees them as real people, not as actors. The scenes by moonlight are moonlight indeed to him; he can smell the roses in the garden where his heroine walks, but sadly enough, this illusion of reality, which continues for a little while after the conclusion of his writing, is apt to be the greatest reward his work will bring him.

When the play is staged and he finds that the harvest moon for his moonlight love scene must be discarded because the moon-machine is creaky and there is danger that the audience may hear the moon go up, when the heroine whom he pictured to himself with "elf-gold hair" must play her part as a brunette because elf-gold wigs do not suit her, and when his "pathetic father" has been given to a comedian who "gets a laugh" upon all of his heart-rending speeches, then it is that the playwright begins to comprehend the difference between "the dream and the business."—Booth Tarkington in Collier's.

Literature and Dreams.

Robert Louis Stevenson owed much of his inspiration to dreams. In one passage he attributed some of his finest work to the "brownies" who tenanted his brain during moments of unconsciousness. "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" owes its origin to a dream. "I had long been trying to write a story on this subject," writes Stevenson, "to find a body, a vehicle, for that strong sense of man's double being which must at times come in upon and overwhelm the mind of every thinking creature."

Great Things in Little.

The Italians are wonderfully clever in working with the most minute things. A skillful Italian has made a beautiful little boat out of a pearl. The sail is of beaten gold studded with diamonds. A tiny ruby serves as a headlight. The rudder is an emerald, and its stand is a little slab of ivory. The boat weighs less than half an ounce, and is valued at \$5,000.

When the Deaf Heard.

"I'm stone deaf, your honor," declared a prisoner in the dock at the police court. "I didn't hear a word the officer said about me, and I can't hear what you are saying."

Sustaining Life.

Mrs. Andrew Cross in her "Reminiscences" describes an old nurse, born at Broomfield, England, who lived to be nearly 100. "All her life she had eaten a dew bit and breakfast, a stay bit and dinner, a nommet and crummet and a bit after supper," eight meals in all. Besides this it was her invariable custom to mix together all the doctors' stuff left after any illness in the house and swallow it, on the principle that what had cost money should not be wasted."

A Necessity.

"He had just been accepted. "And do you really think you can be happier with me than with anybody else in the world?" he asked.

Caught a Baby Whale.

The smallest specimen of a baby whale ever caught by a British trawler was landed at Grimsby the other day by the King James. It was brought up in the trawl net in the North sea, and was so small—18 inches long and three pounds three ounces in weight—that the fishermen could not realize that it was a whale until an expert certified the fact.

The local officer for the board of fisheries secured this specimen, which could not have been calved more than three or four days, and immediately dispatched it to the laboratories of the fisheries department in London.—London Standard.

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"And do you really think you can be happier with me than with anybody else in the world?" he asked. "No," replied the girl, "but if these 500-button gowns are to be fashionable I must get a husband quick and get him in practice."

VETERANS' TRIBUTE TO LEE

Most Impressive Scene of the Civil War Was That After Surrender of Appomattox.

Men who saw the defeated general when he came forth from the chamber where he had signed the articles of capitulation say that he paused a moment as his eyes rested once more on the Virginia hills, smote his hands together as though in some excess of inward agony, then mounted his gray horse, Traveler, and rode calmly away.

If that was the very Gethsemane of his trials, yet he must have had then one moment of supreme, if chastened, joy. As he rode quietly down the lane leading from the scene of capitulation, he passed into view of his men—of such as remained of them. The news of the surrender had got abroad and they were waiting, grief-stricken and dejected, upon the hillside, when they caught sight of their commander on the gray horse. Then ensued one of the most notable scenes of the history of the war. In an instant they were about him, bareheaded, with tear-wet eyes; thronging him, kissing his hand his boots, his saddle; weeping; cheering him amid their tears; shouting his name to the very skies. He said: "Men, we have fought through the war together. I have done my best for you; my heart is too full to say more."

From "Robert E. Lee, the Southerner" by Thomas Nelson Page, published by Scribner's.

WANTED HIS FAVORITE ALIVE.

Peculiar Order Placed by Small Devotee of Popular "Alice in Wonderland."

The son and heir is seven years old—old enough to spell out, with helps over the hard words, "Alice in Wonderland," and to enjoy it hugely, especially the memorable duet between the Mock Turtle and Griffin. Recently, as a great treat, he was permitted to accompany his pretty young aunt to luncheon at one of New York's famous restaurants, and, as a crowning joy, invited to select his own delicacies. Long and earnestly he pondered over the bill of fare; then his eyes grew big and his face illumined as he laboriously read the list of soups.

"Yes, thank you, I've decided what I want," he said with nervous gaiety, then with an impressive knitting of his brows he addressed the attentive waiter.

"I'll have one very, very small mock turtle, but don't make it into soup—just bring it along alive and kicking."—Lillian Dymovoy Rice in Woman's Home Companion.

The Teeth Came Back.

She was going to the poultry yard to give the chicks their supper. She was a disciple of deep breathing and never lost an opportunity to inhale and exhale vigorously when she was out in the fresh air. On this occasion one of her porcelain teeth flew from its bridge and a long search failed to bring it to light. She lived far from a dentist and was in despair, but on the very day on which she had decided to go to the city to have her teeth replaced she prepared a fat hen for dinner to have in readiness when she should return, hungry and with her full complement of teeth. When she opened the coop her surprise and delight were unbounded—for there was her white porcelain tooth with its two tiny pivots uninjured and its porcelain base the worse for its sojourn in the interior regions of a chicken. She tells it only to a few intimate friends, for every one does not know that her gleaming white teeth are partly porcelain.

Don't Know When to Stop.

No person will deny that every man ought to have a work to do, something to which he can devote his best energies and abilities. In this country, however, we do not seem to have reached that point where we know when to stop. The mistaken notion seems to prevail that the man who accomplishes his aims must die in the harness; that, like the captain, he must stick to the ship till the last.

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