

HAD TO LICK SOMEBODY.

Teacher's Announcement Not Comforting to Trustees.

By the laws of Maryland corporal punishment in the public schools of that state is forbidden. This prohibition was much condemned by certain of the teachers with old-fashioned ideas, especially by a teacher in one of the schools on the eastern shore some years ago.

The teacher did the best he could, under the circumstances, but moral smothering proved of little avail, he finally laid his case before the board of trustees.

"Gentlemen," said he, after a recital of his trials, "those boys must be licked."

"You can't do that," replied the chairman.

"Then you must assist me in controlling them."

"That, sir," observed the chairman, "is what you are employed to do."

"In that case," continued the teacher, "you must allow me to lick them."

"Corporal punishment is against the law," insisted the chairman.

"Then, gentlemen," concluded the teacher, "with considerable emphasis, 'someone must be licked, and I want to say right here that the next time I have trouble with my boys I'm going to lick a trustee. As I have trouble about once a day, each one of you may expect, on the average, one licking per week. I reckon there's no law against that.'"

"Well, I win two cigars," he said to the proprietor.

The latter looked at the machine. "Indeed you don't," he said. "You have only two cigars."

"Well," said the young man, "look here. Doesn't this say 'Kings or better, two cigars?'"

"It does, but you have two queens."

"I was always taught," said the young man, "that the women were better than the men. So queens aren't better than kings, eh?"

The proprietor laughed, but he didn't hand over the cigars.—Denver Post.

Fat Man Was Disgusted.

The two men had been to hear Lieut. Peary's lecture on "Nearest the Pole," and were later discussing it over the beers, when they sidled from the far end of the bar a stout one with a polka dot vest and a horseshoe in the size of a saucer.

"Did I understand one of you gents say that this here Peary got nearest the pole in the last dash?" he asked.

"You did," answered one of the pair.

"And you say he didn't win out after that?" again queried the fat man.

"Not by a hundred miles," was the reply.

"Wound up back o' the 'also rans' did he?" ejaculated the gaudy sport.

"Then his jockey must have pulled him, and ought to be ruled off the track. I always said 'twas these here pony jockeys what was ruining the penny game," and he turned in disgust to the latest dope sheet from New Orleans.—Washington Post.

Cat Its Own Avenger.

It is a common belief among Chinese that if one commits any crime against certain animals—cats, for example—the soul of that animal will take possession of the wrong-doer until the offense has been purged.

A servant girl, according to the oriental tale, unmindful of tradition, put to death a cat and its three kittens.

She was taken and strangled. Her mistress, suspecting the cause from the fact that the maid was scratching and mewling, apostrophized the body of the dead cat, demanding to know why it thus tormented the girl.

The spirit of the cat, speaking by way of the girl's mouth, denounced the quadruple murder. The whole story was told by the girl in the character of the cat. Then she expired in violent convulsions.

The Clever Street Arab.

Competition is sharpening the wits of the street arab. The other evening a lad of 16 or 17 stopped a passer-by with the not unfamiliar question: "Have you a match, please?"

PUTTING THE CASE PLAINLY.

Old Man Eliphalet Maintained Eye to His Own Interests.

Upton Sinclair in an address at a vegetarian banquet attacked the trusts. "The trusts' effrontery is amazing," he said. "They commit a sin with as virtuous an air as you or I would do a piece of charity. And there is no getting around them, no heading them off. They are like old Eliphalet Hoskins."

"Eliphalet Hoskins was one of the old residents of the Head of Sasparas, a small Maryland village. He was light fingered. He lifted eggs, bars of soap, potatoes, chickens—anything that came in his way. The Head of Sasparas people knew his falling well, but on account of his great age they had pity on him. He was never punished."

"It happened that one night a load of dried fish arrived at the wharf too late for the keeper of the general store to remove it."

"They're an honest lot here," muttered the storekeeper as he drew a tarpaulin over his dried fish, and just then he heard cautious footsteps. He looked up and there was old Eliphalet Hoskins eyeing the mound of fish glotingly.

"Eliphalet," he said, "I've got to leave this pile of fish out here over night. Now, if I give you these two fine fellows you promise not to steal any of the others?"

"Eliphalet looked at the two fish in the storekeeper's hand."

"That's a fair offer, Mr. Smith," he said slowly, "but—well—I dunno—I think I can do better."

MAJORITY OF MEN ARE VAIN.

A Hairdresser Asserts That Many of Them Wear Wigs.

"Nearly every woman wears some other woman's hair," said the hairdresser, "but you might be surprised if you knew the number of men who wear wigs. Many a man's fine head of hair, the envy of his friends, came from the hair store, and is regularly curled and pressed there! Whisper it gently, but most men are even more vain of their appearance than are the frivolous women of the moment. They simply will not stand for a bald head, under 70, and have learned a lesson from their sisters. Often the same hairdresser makes the wig for papa and the switch for mamma, and if mamma can get the money for her new hair any the more easily out of papa for the fact that he is a devotee of the habit himself, who can blame her for encouraging him in the gulleless fad?"

Futile.

After many years of experimenting the people of the earth had succeeded in establishing communication with Mars.

But the signals received were utterly unintelligible.

Many years more were spent in vain in trying to decipher them.

They did not bear the slightest resemblance to any language known on this earth.

Efforts then were made to communicate with some planet whose learned men could interpret the signals.

The only responses received appeared to be couched in even worse gibberish than the written dialects of Mars.

Finding it impossible to secure the services of any planet as an interpreter, the effort was abandoned.

"Go to Jupiter!" recklessly signaled the earth—and tore down its signal stations.

Differ Over Emperor's Mustache.

Mme. Rejane has been giving at her theater in Paris a play in which Napoleon III. is represented. The actor taking the part wears a black mustache, and a warm discussion has arisen in consequence, some persons asserting that the emperor's mustache was yellow.

All who ever saw the emperor have been asked to give their testimony. To the best of their recollection the emperor's mustache was all colors. One editor of a paper confirms that it was yellowish, others say it was reddish-brown, stiffened with black polish, and others maintain it was black.

Several doctors who had often been in close touch with the emperor before 1870 say that his mustache was dark chestnut brown.

Tricks of the Grogger.

"The man is a grogger," said the food inspector. "He makes whisky out of old barrels."

"Grogging is a recognized trade in some slums. You get hold of old whisky barrels wherein spirits have been maturing for years and you pour into these barrels boiling hot water and you wait a few days."

"The result of your waiting is that the hot water turns to whisky. The wood of the old barrels, you see, is so saturated with spirits that the hot water draws out enough to make a strong grade of red eye."

Didn't Mean to Lose Her.

Dismal Old Lady—I don't suppose I shall ever want another pair, Mr. Stibbins.

Oleaginous Elderly Shopman—I hope you'll wear out a lot more shoe leather yet, mum.

EVERY DAY A NEW ONE.

Forget Errors of Yesterday in the Possibilities of To-day.

Here is a pretty bit of optimistic philosophy, inspired by no ordinary occurrence as the daily sunrise.

"Did you know the sun rose every morning? There are many persons who do not know this important fact, or, if they do know, they do not act accordingly. These persons carry yesterday's burdens and successes and failures. The failures of yesterday should be forgotten, because they dishearten us for to-day. The successes of yesterday should not be remembered, because they will weigh against the larger possible successes of to-day. The burdens of yesterday should have been buried yesterday. That is one meaning of the sunrise. It shuts off yesterday. The sun rises as fair and bright and new this morning as though it had not risen anew every morning of these 5,000 years. It brings a new day with new opportunities. Yesterday is shut off from to-day by the curtain of the night and the sun rises in the morning to usher in the new day. There are men in this town who are gray with the burdens of yesterday when they might be buoyant with the brightness of to-day's dawn. They have forgotten that the sun has risen."

CROW HAD \$200 RING.

Feathered Pet's Liking for Bright Things Was Unfortunate.

A \$200 diamond ring was stolen from Mrs. Herman Stoddard's bedroom, Verona, N. J., the black thief was killed and the ring recovered.

Mrs. Stoddard loves birds. She calls her home "The Aviary." She feeds birds and builds homes for them on the estate. So they become quite fearless, but of all, a crow has shown the greatest tameness and familiarity.

The windows of Mrs. Stoddard's room were open, her rings were on a dresser. A maid entered the room; the crow was on the dresser. It said "caw" pleasantly to the maid, flew out of a window and perched on a tree branch near. The maid told Mrs. Stoddard, who could not find her engagement ring, where she had left it. She was loath to believe that any of her pets was dishonest, but the crow was under such strong suspicion that Adolph Schmidt shot it. He cut open its crop; there was the ring.

Around the bird's leg was a leather band with three links of a small brass chain, showing that it had been in captivity at some time.

Parting at the Station.

Those who listened as the man and woman parted at the station heard this conversation:

"Goodby, dear."

"Goodby. Don't forget to tell Bridget to have the chops for dinner."

"All right."

"And be sure and feed the canary."

"Sure."

"Look up the silver every night."

"Very well."

"And don't forget that the gasman is coming to renew the burners. Be sure and have him put the four-foot burner in the servant's room."

"I'll remember."

"Order kindling wood on Wednesday."

"All right."

"Consult the list I made out if you forget anything."

"I will."

"Better not kiss me. People will think we are just married."

"Not if they have been listening."

Dentist's Shrewd Scheme.

A Lawrence dentist, according to the Kansas City Journal, has discovered a scheme for making his patients keep their mouths open. Almost everyone has seen the picture which is rivaling "The Whole Dam Family," and is called "A Yard of Yawns." The picture is a yard long, containing the pictures of a whole family, each member of which, from great-granddad to the baby, is yawning violently. Yawning, as many people know to their sorrow, is violently contagious, and one person yawning has often set a roomful of people to yawning. The dentist simply has the picture hanging in view of the dental chair, and he says that all of his patients are constantly yawning.

Love and Love.

He—I love you!

She—But I have not a farthing in the world.

NOW THE BRACELET COCKTAIL

Another Fascinating Vision of Metropolitan Life.

The cocktail bracelet is the latest for women. There are fashionable women of this city who wear circles on their wrists which sometimes contain a Martini Dry or a Manhattan, says a New York correspondent. The bracelets are now drawback, it is said, and that is they will not accommodate the cherry that goes with the fairy cocktail. The other night a Pittsburg attorney observed a woman of fashion place her lips to her bracelet. He thought that she was paying tribute to her own loveliness, but learned later she was merely refreshing her inner self with a mixture of cordials. The nip contained in a bracelet cocktail is so small that it cannot be called a drink, but a cocktail it is, nevertheless. Of course, the bracelet is hollow. If large enough it holds three thimbles of ready-made cocktail, and pressure on an almost invisible spring permits the fluid to trickle through a tiny hole in the gold shell, which is almost too small to be seen. With one of those graceful movements which appear to be natural with a woman the drink may be imbibed without fear of detection. A Broadway goldsmith sells numbers of the bracelets every week, and as most of the purchasers prefer secrecy in connection with the transaction they pay a pretty penny for the dubiously useful trinkets.

FOR AN OLD-TIME ROOM.

Articles Were Just the Thing Miss M. Was Looking For.

They were at a utility table at a charity bazaar, and everybody seemed to ignore them—to consider them, probably, only ugly little bands of white crocheted cotton, with a cord running through the scalloped edge on one side—but when Miss M. discovered them among a pile of iron holders and dust cloths she bought them, without even asking the price, and in her joy at getting them would probably have paid \$5 for them as readily as she did 50 cents.

"Just what I have wanted for ages," she sighed with satisfaction, as she hugged her little bundles close to her side and departed with her chum.

"What are they—wash rags?"

"Hushers."

"What are they?" demanded her friend.

"Easily telling you're not from New England," replied Miss M., who then explained the mission of hushers.

"They slip over the edges of soap dishes and other articles of the wash-stand furnishing, and, as their name suggests, deaden all noise. They are so quaint and oldtimey, and will give just the finishing touch to my colonial bedroom."

New England Sheep Ranches.

A new use has been discovered for the abandoned farms of New England, so that even if the free alcohol visions do not materialize, the farmers of this section may still have the possibility of fortune making before them. In 1905 a corporation was organized for the promoting of sheep growing through this section, and in two years about 6,000 animals have been imported and leased to the farmers of the state. An educational campaign as to the rearing of sheep has also been conducted through the state and three headquarters ranches have been in operation for the demonstration of the possibility of this branch of the farming industry. The results are said to have been successful. There has been a considerable distribution of sheep, and profits have been earned by the company. If it provides a new means of income from some of the deserted bush-overgrown hillsides and pastures of abandoned farms in New England, it deserves to be encouraged.—Haverhill Gazette.

Origin of "Piccadilly."

A new theory as to the origin of "Piccadilly" was put forward by Archdeacon Bickersteth about 40 years ago, says the London Chronicle. He had discovered a Piccadilly among the Chilterns, the central one of three conical hills near Irvington, and he learned that this hill had at one time been known also as Peaked Hill. Might not London's Piccadilly likewise be a peaked hill. No doubt the hill in Piccadilly is not remarkably peaky, but then the same thing might be said of the Derbyshire peak itself. There is another Piccadilly near Aberystwith, and yet another near Bolton. But in the provinces one always suspects borrowing from London in such cases. There are Hyde-Park Corners in provincial towns that have no Hyde Park to justify them.

Equity.

Until recently there was a partnership existing between two darky blacksmiths in an Alabama town. The dissolution of this association was made known by a notice nailed upon the door of the smithy, which notice ran as follows:

"The kopardnership heretofore existing between me and Mose Jenkins is hereby resolved. All persons owing the firm will settle with me, and all persons that the firm owes to will settle with Mose."—Harper's Weekly.

Paying for Speed.

"It costs more to live than it used to," remarked the economist.

"Yes," answered the energetic man, "but think of how much more business you can transact in a given time and the corresponding results you can get out of life."

REMEDY DID NOT WORK.

Youngster Evidently Would Take Years Getting to Sleep.

Some ten or a dozen years ago my brother next older than myself, then about seven years old, was finding some difficulty in getting to sleep, says a writer in the Boston Herald. My father, noticing his apparent restlessness, went up to his room and asked him what was the trouble, and upon learning the difficulty prescribed—my father is a physician—for him as follows:

"So you can't sleep. Well, now I'll tell you something that will just put you to sleep in no time, and that is counting. You begin now and count slowly up to, say, 100, and then, if necessary, count another hundred, and then, possibly another, and before you know it you'll be sleeping just like a top."

"All right," replied my brother, "I'll try it."

Everything remained quiet until shortly after 10 o'clock, when my father started upstairs to retire.

As he passed the door of my brother's room a little, high-pitched voice piped out of the darkness:

"Papa."

"Yes, my boy."

"What comes after trillions?"

TRAITS OF BURMESE GIRLS.

Not All of Them Are Too Good For The Earth.

The Burmese girl when she is good is so very good that nothing like her is to be found out of the books for young ladies of the early part of last century. But for all that she does not mind being sloped with, if there is nothing expected of her but to be seized in a carriage or a boat, and carried off to some place where her silks will not be too much rumpled, and where there is plenty of cocoanut oil for her hair. The Burmese girls who are not so very good—and there are quite a lot of them—are not so easily sloped with. They dislike the worry of it, when things can be managed so much more simply and without the coquetry which makes a divorce and a fresh combination so much more troublesome. They like variety, and are quite of the opinion of the misguided small boy who said the marriage of one man to one woman was called monotonous.—Chicago American.

The Meaning of "Caliber."

All who have to do with firearms know that the word "caliber" refers to the diameter of the bore of a shoot- ing piece. Thus a pistol of 22-caliber means one in which the bullet is twenty-two one hundredths of an inch in diameter, while a .45-caliber means one with a diameter of forty-five one hundredths. There is, however, a more extended use of the word, which is understood by comparatively few people outside of army and navy circles and gunmakers. A .50-caliber 6-inch gun, says a naval man, "means one that is 50 times six inches, or 35 feet long the length being given in terms of the diameter of the bore. In the same way a 10.45 pistol means one the barrel of which is ten-times the diameter or four and a half inches long. This nomenclature is found convenient because the shooting qualities of a piece depend in some measure on the ratio of its length to its diameter."

The Stout Man at the Reception.

The guest at the crowded reception turned to the stout stranger in the corner.

"Well," he said, "I guess it's about time for us to go up and tell the hostess we have had a lovely evening."

The stout man shook his gray head.

"I can't stultify myself enough to do that," he said.

"Of course, it's the customary thing," suggested the other man. "We can't get out of it."

"The hostess wouldn't believe me," said the stout man.

"I guess she doesn't believe any of us," chuckled the other man.

Again the stout man shook his gray head.

"It is a little different with me," he sighed. "I'm her husband."

And the crowd moved on.

Making Tea Without Fire.

The world was white with snow. Snow flurries rose up and danced whirling like white demons down the road before the bitter wind.

"B-r-r-r," said the half-frozen plasterer, "we'll brew a cup of tea."

"But you've no fire."

"Don't need no fire."

He made a hole in a pile of lime, poured water into the hole and set his tea kettle in the water.

BIRD HUNT IN MIDOCEAN.

Valuable Penguin Chased Over Decks and Recaptured.

A penguin hunt during a winter storm in the mid-Atlantic was one of the odd experiences of R. E. Jones, who returned yesterday from a bird buying trip abroad, says the Minneapolis Journal. Commissioned to buy the stock for the great aviaries at Big Island park, Mr. Jones was returning with some 50 out of the 2,000 birds he had purchased at the various markets in England and on the continent. His traveling proteges were lashed in small crates on the upper deck in the lee of the smokestacks.

One morning when the seas were running high and no passengers dared to venture upon the decks a crate containing a penguin broke loose, crashed down to a lower deck and broke open. Mr. Penguin promptly emerged from the debris and started on a tour of exploration. It happens that penguins are not available in the market every day, this specimen being one of two which Mr. Jones bought on the London docks of a sailor just in from Africa. Consequently he saw that heroic steps were to be taken at once if one of his rarest birds was to be saved. In imminent danger of being washed away by the big combers, he and a sailor chased the escaped prisoner over the sloping, slippery decks until the bird was again safely caged and stowed away.

FISH THAT SWALLOW SAND.

Ocean Denizens Which Load Their Stomachs with Ballast.

An official of the fish commission, at Washington, states that captains of fishing smacks in the North sea have found that codfish at certain times of the year take sand into their stomachs as "ballast." This, it would appear, is done when the fish are about to migrate from the shallow water covering the southern banks of the North sea to the deeper water farther north.

It has been observed that fish caught on the southern banks just before the migration begins and those caught in the northern waters after it is completed have sand in their stomachs and that the sand is discharged after the arrival of the fish at the southern banks on the return migration.

In proof of this it is stated that the sand found in the fish often differs in color and quality from that of the bottom where they are caught.

A Novelist's Mission.

The neglect of Disraeli's writings may be in part due to the fact that most people think it is below the dignity of a statesman, or of any man following what is called a "serious" profession, to compose works of fiction. Certainly, many do not yet understand that the man who writes novels may be a very wise man; they do not realize that accurately to portray human nature and to present pictures of life is not only a most worthy, but also a most difficult task, requiring for its performance an intelligence far above the average, acute powers of observation, and a keen sense of humor. For surely the great novelist is the observer sounding the depths, while others glance at the surface and examine the mysteries of life, while others are content to overlook even the obvious.—Melville's Victorian Novelists.

New Theory of Sleep.

Sir William Gowers has recently developed a new theory of sleep. According to his explanation, the suspension of consciousness in sleep is probably due to a "break and make" action among the brain cells. The activity of the brain is considered to be due to nerve cells, from which spring nerve cords that go on dividing and subdividing until they terminate in little knobs. Formerly it was believed that the nerve cells of the brain were in permanent connection by means of their terminals; but now it appears that these are only in opposition and capable of being separated. The hypothesis is that during sleep such separation takes place, and the fact that narcotic substances are capable of inducing sleep is held to support this view.

Unspartanlike Prayer.

Old Roman sportsmen prayed by every means, human and superhuman, to win their chariot races. Douglas Sladen, in his "Carthage and Tunis," tells how the archaologists have recovered various imprecations used by owners of racing chariots and buried in tombs before the races. Here is an example: "I adjure thee so bind the hands, the head and the heart of Victorious to-morrow as I hold this sack bound. Bind also the members of the horses which as may drive, hinder them from springing forward. Precipitate their driver from the chariot, so that he may be dragged across the hippodrome."

The Formidable Bent Pin.

"Hub!" scornfully snorted the nickel-plated safety pin. "You are not in the same class with me."

"Oh, you haven't any cause to be stuck up," retorted the ordinary pin. "Speaking of classes, some of us have occupied chairs in the foremost schools and colleges."

Not Evenly Balanced.

"But his salary is equal to the amount of work he does, isn't it?"

"Gracious! No; that would be awful."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, he'd be so overworked he'd have nervous prostration."