PLENTY OF TIME TO REFORM

Under the Circumstances, Autoist Concluded He Would Wait to Make Restitution.

"There's a thing that has happened to several acquaintances of mine that I wonder has not found its way into print long before this," said the the toist as a sort of windup to the adventures he had been relating They, say that when a man is drowning or falling from a great height he thinks of all the mean things he ever did in his whole life. It is the same with an autoist when his machine skids and he sees that he is headed straight for a tree or telegraph pole and cannot possible avert collision."

"When did you experience this feeling?" was asked.

"About a month ago. I was going along the highway at a clip of 60 miles an hour, when---"

"You said 50."

"I did, and it was 50, though, of course, if I had been arrested I should have sworn that it was under 20. I was making nearly a mile a minute when I struck a wet spot and the machine skidded. Something went wrong with the steering gear at the same time, and we headed for a big telegraph pole. In five seconds I thought of how I beat a farmer out of a dollar; of how a bank once paid me \$5 too much; of how I poisoned an old woman's cat; of how I stole a boy's marbles; of how I lied about a man, and of the way I cheated a poor drayman in selling him a horse. All these things rose up before me in the five seconds, and I felt ashamed of them, and wished I could live to make restitution."

"And you are now going about and squaring yourself, being that you

'Well, not exactly: I'll do that some other time. You see, the machine took a skip at the last second and came back into the road again."--Ex

FOR A LAW ABOVE PARENTAL

Surgeon Advicates Compulsory Opera tions for Rollef of Deformed Children.

The question of compulsory opera tions upon crippled and defective children, which was decided by Judge Bulsberger at Philadelphia as entire ly a matter for the discretion of the parents, has found a vehement protestant in Dr. E. A. Spitzka. The brain specialist comes forward with the statement that these operations abould be made compulsory by legis lative enactment. Doctor Spitzks said:

"Parents should not be permitted to prevent an operation upon a child when that operation was absolutely necessary for the child's good. If s conference of surgeons finds it is posformity by an operation, then no parent should be permitted to step is and prevent that child from having at least a normal chance to compete with the rest of mankind.

"The good of the community should be considered first and laws should so be made that the parents must be forced to hand over the child for an operation at the hands of competent experts when it is deemed nee essary to have an operation."

Why They Don't Have to Play. Manager Charles Carr of the Blues and a few friends were eating lunch in a grill room one night not long aga mays the Kansas City Journal, and while weiting for their orders were reading the scores of major league games which are posted there.

A Jowish bartender, who is a very conthusiastic baseball fan and likes te talk when any of the players are around, walked up to the table where the men were seated and said: "Look at the batteries, fellows; all

O'Tooles, Finnegana, Cheneys and the rest of the Irish. Those Irish sure like to play ball." 'Well," said Carr, "I don't notice

that there are any Goldsteins, Gold bergs or any other Jews in there doing anything for the national game." "Don't worry about any of us Jews putting our names in the batteries."

🕍 🎕 anid the barkeep; "we own the clube." Clothee Must Be "Amusing." The women are tired of fashions

that are merely chic or lovely and are now cultivating the eccentric They like a dress which they can term "amusing." Their hats, also must be "amusing." Their frocks must be "funny," their ties, belts, coats and hosiery "ducky." The latter term describes articles that are pretty and also amusing.

The clothes now worn include braces for wemen with skirts or trouser effect. Some of the bats are trimmed with two tennis rackets made of plush, with white stockings having black, agreeding trees for clocks, and little curate coats and cabmen's hat ecopied in straw.—London Letter.

Camp Sleeping Outfit. Camp time and summer time seem to be one and the same thing to a great number of persons, and for the camp there are sleeping outfits of camel's bair voiour. These comfortable arrangements consist of a blanket of it, into which one slipe as ifnto a bag, and is buttoned along the saide and at the foot, and a knit cap and sleeping shoes, matching in color, complete the set. It is an exceedingly warm outfit and yet so tight to carry that it can be rolled and added to one's traveling seeds without any appreciable difference in weight.

SURELY HAD LIKING FOR DOG

Georgia Wilson Would Pay Fine, but Retained Possession of Her Prized Pet.

Georgia Wilson, negress, was fined \$10 for being disorderly. Charges were made by Patrolmen O'Hern and Perryman, who told Judge Bacon she wanted to whip a man about a dog. "Would you fight over a dog?" ask-

ed Judge Bacon. "I sho' would ovan dis heah dawg."

"Why? Is it a valuable dog?" "Nossah, I guess it han't we'th so much, but I done been habin' dat dawg evah since it wah a houn' pup, and I jes' lak it, da's all. I haid ruther dat man fight and kick me den dick dat dawg"

"Did he kick the dog?"

"They say he did" "This man in court?" asked Judge Bacon.

"No, I understand," began Officer O'Hern, "that the man she is talking

about claims the dog . "Dat's de troof, Judge; he do. De dawg is mine. When it wah a pup dat same man he say, 'Georgia, if you want dat no 'count pup you can hab him. I done tuk de pup home and raised him. He is a big dawg now and I also likes him."

"But you oughtin't to fight over a dog.

"Judge, dat niggah man, he dun come to mah house an' say if I didn't gib up dat dawg he gwine ter pull mah haih off."

"Did he make any attempt to pull your hair off?"

"Nossah: I dun dahed him ter tech me; dat dawg he stood right twixt mah feet, and hid undah mah dress. If dat man haid teched me dat daws would hab chawed his head off."

"Well, I'll have to fine you for cursing and wanting to clean out that neighborhood."-Memphis News Scim

LAUGH WAS ON PROFESSOR

Interchange of Wit Closed the Cop troversy With the Honors More Than Even.

At the banquet given by the class in salesmanship and advertising of the Y. M. C. A., Department Secretary Miller told a little story of his Oberlin college days.

It happened in the chemistry class. and the professor had just asked Miller to define gravity. The somewhat hurried definition contained the word "pull," and this irritated the instructor. He declared there was no such energy in nature as pull. Whereupou Miller undertook to illustrate his definition by lifting a chair to the level of his chin and then thrusting it straight

"One is push; the other pull," he

Here was the professor's chance. "I have long suspected," he said "that Miller considers his chin the center of gravity!"

The laugh that followed was loud and long, the professor leading, and then Miller subsided.

But when the merriment died away a young woman in the front row

caught the professor's attention. "I would like to ask a question?" she said. "Yes, Miss Myers, what is it?"

The young woman spoke up very clearly. "I want to ask whether you would push or pull a radish?"

And that closed the controversy-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Underweer de Luxe. Jack London, the novelist, has he bood it for the fun of the thing, and many are the yarns be tells of that wild, tree life.

"On an evening of early summer." Mr. London said at a dinner in Los Angeles, "I sat with a group of boboes on a quiet 'dump,' cooking a to. mato-can of coffee. As we chewed our punk-punk is bread, you know-in the twilight a hobo on my left side

"'Hey, Nosey, left off your underwear yet?" "Nosey, who was cutting up stumps

for his pipe, answered: Well. I shed a doormat last week, but I'm still wearin' a couple o' yards o' carpet'"

Home's Where the Heart Is. Mrs. Mand Ballington Booth, who has just completed her annual prison

inspection tour of the South says: "I believe emphatically that a woman's place is home; but where is her home? Mine is all the way from Boston to San Francisco and from Canada to the Guif. The question is not what a woman should be allowed to do, but

can she do it properly? "In this reform—woman suffrage home is the very watchword, for all the interests of the home, and all the evils that affect the home, are largely dependent upon politics. Women not only should have the power to deal with these, but they could wield it effectively."

"Thunder and Lightning Trip." A large photograph of Prince Heary of Prussia and Count Zeppelin, the former in the full dress of a German admiral and the other in regulation "day dress," hangs in a room of a Hamburg betel, where the men posed for the picture. Under the picture is written: "Two famous admirals," and the record of the trip which the friends made in a Zeppelin dirigible balloon from Hamburg to Bremen and return, which, because of the furious storm encountered, has become known as the "thunder and lightning trip"

TURKS ENJOY HORSE RACING

First Event of the Kind at Constantinople Proved Exceedingly Popular.

An enormous and motley crowd gathered on the beautiful plain of Vell-Effendi, on the shores of the Marmora, to witness the first horse races of the Ottoman metropolis. The day was magnificent, the weather propitious and the people at the height of their festive mood. The Moslems and never seen horse races before. To them it was in every way a new spectacie, and to all it was a real sign of advancing times.

Among the many thousands of spectators women predominated. Hours before the show they came from every quarter with baskets of provisions, intending to spend the whole day in gazing at any chatting over the events of the day. The groups of Turkish "hanoums" in their bright, multi-colored tcharshafs, feredjehs and yashmaks were picturesque in the highest degree.

The ladies of the imperial harem watched the races from their carriages. The sultan was fatigued and did not attend and his absence was a great disappointment to performers and spectators alike. Many of the diplomatic body were present on specially constructed platforms and large numbers of the most elegant elements of the European quarter also attend-

There were six races, and the highest prize, 100 Turkish liras, was won by Lieut, Djelal Effendi, a smart officer who rode a beautiful Arab horse. Zip-Zip. There was also a steeplechase, in which only two officers participated, and Rushdi-Bey proved the winner.

Several deficiencies, such as not keeping exact time and the inexperience of the judges, will undoubtedly be remedied on the next occasion.-Constantinople Correspondence Lon don Chronicle.

CRITIC "WROTE UP" WEDDING

His Regular Line Was the Drama and Scustomary Style Showed In His Work.

In the absence of the regular society reporter the dramatic critic of the Daily Doings was detailed to cover a wedding. "I'll do the best I can," he said, "but I feel sure I shall make a mess of it."

This is what he turned in-omitting the preliminary remarks about the size of the house and the delay in beginning the performance:

"Mr. Barker, in the role of the bridegroom, acted the part in a stiff yet listless manner. He has a good stage presence, but mars the effect by a total lack of animation and an almost inaudible voice. Miss Perkins, as the bride, was much more effective Her costume was bewildering, yet true to life. If one may venture to criticise, her effort to overcome her obvious stage fright was a trifle too evident. She was in good voice, however, and her enunciation was clear and distinct.

"It must be pointed out that both Miss Perkins and Mr. Barker were deficient in their lines, and had to be prompted almost constantly by the Rev. Henry Harper, who, as the offi ciating clergyman, was decidedly the star of the performance."

Mothers and "Baby Talk." A kindergarten teacher, in speaking of the attack made on "baby talk" by one of the Tufts college instructors, said: "Of course, we all know that baby talk' is a poor substitute for the real language, but we know also that it is the result of first effort. It will always exist, and thank heaven for it! The people who hate it are those who are too matter-of-fact to be motherly. No mother teaches her baby baby talk' any more than she teaches it to crawl and to adopt the Tufts method. And to curb the lisping prattle of the baby, which is usually intelligible to the mother only, would be like forcing the youngster to stand when it can only creep. To mothers and women who know children the effort to check 'baby talk' is only another of the questionable steps toward making children 'grown-ups.' "

He Overplayed It.

"Hello, Billy, old pal," was George M. Cohan's cordial greeting, says the New York Globe, as a well-known yaudeville performer was ushered into Mr. Cohan's dressing room one night recently. "How's every little thing?" "Track's a trifle slow just now,

George. I'm laying off this week," answered the vaudeviller. "Laying off! Gee whis! I had you tabbed for one of those 'cut-ups' that

worked right through the 365 squares on the calendar. What about it?" "Well, you see, George," said the idle one, "I've been boosting my salary till I've got it so high the mane gers won't pay it."

Emphatically Loyal. The emphasis with which a newly made citisen swore allegiance to the United States of America recently in the cierk's office at the Federal building rather startled Deputy Clerk Lewis, but gave him the impression that n. m. c. really meant what he said, notes the Boston Traveler.

You formerly bore allegiance to Turkey," said Clerk Lewis to the man as he asked him to raise his right hand and swear to the statements to which he had subscribed his name. "Yes," answered the n. m. c., "and

now I swear allegiance to the United States. To hell with Turkey

MUCH LIKE THE HUMAN PACE

Admittedly the Fly Has No Sense, But Is Mankind Really Far Superior?

"It is a mighty good thing for the people of this country," says Alie Petors, that the fly hasn't any sense. A fly will walk deliberately into any sort of a trap with its eyes wide open. Putdown a piece of sticky fly paper and protty soon a dozen flies are fast on it. That isn't so remarkable, but every one of them kick and struggle as long as it lasts, telling every other fly that it is in trouble.

"Naturally, one would suppose that the other flies, seeing what the first dozen had got into, would keep away, but they don't. The more files get stuck on the paper, the more the others want to get on. It is so with any sort of trap. You can't fix up anyhing in the nature of a trap that a fool fly won't fall for. If it wasn't for the fact that a fly can raise a family inside of a week, and that a baby fly on Monday morning may be the great-grandmother of a million files before Saturday night, the tribe would have been extinguished long ago.

"And yet come to think it over, I don't know but that flies show about as much sense as a lot thumans. The fool humans keep walking into traps with their eyes wide open year after year, and don't seem to learn much of anything from either observation or experience. Every time I see a young fellow just throwing himself away and ruining all his chances forever of amounting to anything and doing it with his eyes wide open, I say to myself. Well, I guess there are a good many of us humans who haven't any more sense than so many fool fies."-Topeka Capital.

FARMER HIS OWN BUTCHER

That Was the Old-Fashioned Planand One Writer Considers It a Good One.

A contributor says that every farmer ought to make his own meat. At present, he says, many are buying meat at from thirty-five to fifty per cent. above the cost. The time has returned, he claims, when it will not only pay every farmer to raise his own meat, but to cure it for family use and for sale besides. He goes on:

"Five million dollars a year spent for meat that might have been raised on the farm, and the money kept at home, is Kansas' record. And it is a mistake. It shows we are 'advancing backward' in some things.

"The good old butchering days of our fathers ought to return, and with them a full knowledge of how to cure the meat in various ways, so when the 'fresh' was gone, we should have some of the finest, most appetite sat-

isfying meats on hand the year round. "Kansas has awakened, and the state agricultural college is leading by putting in a killing and curing plant, where all students may learn this useful art from start to finish. What the grain growing farmers of the west have done, the milk making owners of eastern farms have followed, and today there are thousands of farmers' families that never see a home cured ham or taste a rasher of bacon or a slice of sait pork that is not got from

the meat dealer. "Having to spend money for meat. many families lack a sufficiency of this sinew-making food, and who may say that not a few fallures to make good on the farm are due to lack of the meat which stimulates?"-Farm and Fireside.

Freezing Out Hay Fever. "My hay fever," he said, "strikes me on July 2 every year, rain or shine. On July 1 I so to bed a well man and the next morning I rise with watery eyes, a red and swollen nose, clogged up tight and dry, wide-open mouth through witch I breathe with noisy wheezes. My head feels distended. It feels as though it were being stretched on a form—like you stretch a shoe or s glove, you know."

"But today-" we said. "Today," he exulted, "I'm cured. Today for the first July in seventeen years I'm my own man. Cold storage -that maligued cold storage—is what has put me on my feet.

"The cure is simple. Every day or two I spend an hour in a cold storage warehouse, wasdering in a temperature of 30 degrees, among chickens and hogs and beeves all white with

"This treatment seems to freeze the hay fever out of the system, he same as it freezes moths out of fur. It has cured me and dosens of others. I must write to the Hay Fever association about it."-Buffalo Express.

The Truly Great. A bride and groom gave a side lime of added interest to a load of sight seers on a "rubberneck wagon, seeing Broadway," last Thursday after-Boon, relates the New York Sun, owing to the fact that the first spat of their newly wedded life was well under way.

"You seem to be interested very much in that man!" said the groor testily, as the bride looked back with tense interest to a man crossing Long Acre Square, whom the lecturer on the wagon had pointed out in passing as Sig. Perugini.

Who is he, any way?" demanded the groom. "He's Lillian Russell's oldest living ex-husband, that's who he is!"

snapped the bride. And the wagon rolled on while the groom gloomed and the other passen-

WIRELESS AIDS DAN CUPID

Most Modern of Methods Seized on for Use of the Resourceful God of Love.

Cupid has sped his dart by devious ways. The address of a guileless country maid, written on the shell of a new-laid egg has been known to bring her a husband. The girl in the factory has often scribbled her name and address on the material which she helped to make and it has more than once fallen into the hands of a mechanic many miles away and wedding bells have rung. The telephone has cemented romances galore and "Central" has captured her future ford and master by her silvery "hello!" Even the airship has entered the service of Little Dan Cupid. So far as is known, however, for the first time wireless telegraphy has been responsible for uniting two lov-

love and endearment. The young man who has added wireless to the "Alds to Cupid" is Arthur Barr of Elizabeth, N. J. For more than a year he has been experimenting with "C. Q. D.s" and other signals with fellow amateur wireless operators. Their experiments stopped some time ago. Strange messages from the direction of Staten Island was the cause. When Arthur deciphered these he suspected there was "a woman in the case."

ing hearts that never would have met

had it not been for the mysterious

ether waves carrying messages of

Barr's suspicions proved correct in Mariner's Harbor Elsie Shelton, eighteen years old, had been tampering with the wireless apparatus which her brother had rigged. By watching him she had learned to send messages and receive answers. She soon picked up Barr's "Marconigrama" and translated them into the language of love. The messages continued. The couple met and Barr soon expects to make Miss Shelton his wireless bride.

MIGHT HAVE PUT LAST FIRST

Old Lady Wound Up With Excellent Reason for Not Liking the Dominie's Sermon.

Walter D. Moody, meanaging director of the Chicago plan commission, told the following story at a recent luncheon of the Chicago real estate

a particularly brilliant attempt (as he thought) in the preparation of a certain sermon, felt highly elated on the Sunday on which it was delivered. Walking home from church after the service he encountered an old

A Scotch clergyman who had made

lady who was one of his etanchest parishoners. Slipping his arm through hers he asked: "Aunty, how did you like my sermon today?" Expecting, of course, to receive a fine word of approval from the devout old lady, who was a great

grined when she replied: "Good dominie, I did not like it." "You did not like it, aunty! Well what was the reason?"

admirer of the minister, he was cha-

"There are three reasons." "Three reasons! I declare! I pray what was the first one?"

"I do not like sermons that are That was not disconcerting, so the

minister pressed the old lady for the second reason. "Well," she said, "I did not like the

way you read it." "Come now, aunty," continued the minister, "that is not so bad. What

was the final reason?" "Well, I dinna like to tell you, good dominie, but I thought it wasn't worth reading."

Glass Paving Fails.

Seven or eight years ago a plant was established at La Demie Lune, a suburb about four miles from Lyons, for making glass paving material. After many experiments carried out at the factory, the manufacturer applied to the Lyons municipality for the right to make a trial on one of the chief thoroughfares. The necessary authorization was granted, provided that the inventor would bear the entire expense of the undertaking. The place chosen for laying the glass pavement was a section of the Place de la Republique, where traffic of cabs, automobiles and wagons of all kinds is very heavy. The glass bricks remained in place for less than two years, and were then taken out, as they were in very poor condition. The edges were all broken, and in many cases the blocks were split through and through. The opinion of officials at that time was to the effect that this glass pavement could be used under favorable circumstances for footpaths, but not for the middle of

Nothing Like System. "Don't tell me you can't remembee things!" murmured Jobbs to Dobbs. "Memory is all a mater of system. Now, in what year was the Battle of Agincourt fought?"

Dobbs pleaded that his memory failed him on that interesting historical

"Exactly!" replied Jobbs. "Now, how many days are there in a week?" "Seven," came the answer.

"Very well. Twice seven are four teen. Multiply by a hundred-four teen hundred. Number of days in June, thirty. Half of thirty, fifteen. Fifteen and fourteen hundred?" "Fourteen hundred and fifteen,"

hazarded Dobbs. "Right! That's the year of the bat tle. System, my boy. That's what

'does it-system!"

WATER TOYS OF THE EAST

Remarkably Ingenious Are Playthings Provided for the Children of the Orient.

Europe and America turn out, for the edification of their children, many ingenious toys, but the Occidental youngsters have nothing to compare with the strange expanding water-toys with which the children of the far east have for centuries amused themselves

These are placed in small woodes boxes similar to the little paint boxes so often seen in our own country They have the appearance of soiled shavings, broken matches and dilapi dated toothpicks, but when throws into the water the ingenious toys at once exhibit properties that show them to be considerably more than mere bits of stick. The wood of these toys has been kiln-dried, and immediatel, it touches the water it begins to absorb the water and to expand almost indefinitely. As it increases in size it separates and suddenly opens, becoming a very pretty toy. One stick will change into a flower pot containing, it may be, a rose bush in full bloom, Another becomes an obese mandarin carrying an umbrella. Still another will take the form of a sea serpent, very ferocious in its tiny dimensions. Then, too, there are toys which show as whales, tigers, crocodiles, etc. The figures are colored and present a bewildering variety in design and treatement. Their manufacture is a trade secret, kept inviolate by the guild that turns them

out by the thousands. For older children there are provided larger and even more artistic figures, consisting of historical characters—rulers, poets and soldiers—and dwarfed trees and tiny houses, whose doors and windows are full of inmates, are also among this class. The more ordinary kind cost a mere song but the finer toys are quite expensive

NOT EASY TO SEE ICEBERGS

Deadly Menaces to Navigation Said to Be Almost Invisible at Night.

Among laymen there is genuine surprise that on a clear night-dark though it was-a great ship could plow into the heart of an iceberg before discovering its presence. To the nau-

tical mind it is entirely plausible. At about twenty-two knots of speed, the Titanic was covered nearly a statute mile and one third every three minutes, and it takes time for a ship 900 feet in length and drawing nearly forty feet of water to "swing" on its course line. It takes time to stop 50,-000 tons of dead weight when moving

at that rate of speed. In daytime, even, unless the sun is shining brightly against its sides, a berg is not the glaring sheetlike thing that many seem to think it is. On cloudy day they show distinctly gray and dark, while on a moonless, cloudy night they only, at the best, will show as blackness, more pronounced, against that other bischened screen where

murky cloud and murky waters meet. The newest, whitest, anowiest sails that ever drove a racing yacht to victory show as black as blackest night against a somber midnight sky. In other words, they are invisible a short way off, as was the berg whose jagged and submerged extensions tore the very bowels from this virgin Titan .--"The Titanic," Arthur N. McGray, in National Magazine.

The Hypocrite. Rev. George R. Lunn, the new mayor of Schenectady, says: "I don't preach Give to the poor,' but 'Stop taking from the poor." Mr. Lunn, discussing this dictum

the other day, said to the Albany Jourman: "The millionaire social reformer,

unless he is a very sincere man, siways reminds me of the husband who brought home one evening a bottle of champegue and a lobster. "'It is your birthday, dear,' he said to his wife, and I purchased these

delicacies as a little treat for you this

evening with your birthday dinner.' "'You are very kind,' the woman answered, 'but I thought you knew I never touch champagne, love, while lobster invariably disagrees with me. " 'Never mind, my dear, never mind.' the husband answered. That being the case, I'll just eat the lobster my-

self and drink the champagne to your

Shepherd's Life Net Se Bad. W. G. Ayre of Baker and for a number of years known as the sheep king of eastern Oregon, was at Portland re-

cently on a business trip. "The life of a sheep herder has been much maligned," he said, "because during the summer months a more delightful life in the open air could not be imagined. This is especially true in Baker county, where the streams are full of trout and quait are abundant. It is far from being a hermit's life, and the only thing against the occupation is its name, that for some unknown reason has got into disrepute.

Hard Part.

Senator Penrose, at a luncheon at the Auditorium in Chicago told the following story about an office-seeker. "I hear you've get a government job now," one man said to another.

The other enswered gally: "That's what." The first man gave an envious sigh

and asked: "Not after you get it," was the re

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS war in Arnichus al'dens' loci Einte lite Sant (Se soblicité lefte dens'est communation aventuente Cfris de Francesser en Personal Sent Sent Company of Com