

LATEST WHIM OF JANITOR

Mrs. Audley Learns He is "Superintendent" and Sees People Only by Appointment.

Mrs. Audley, who had moved into a new apartment, was driven to the verge of distraction by the persistent failure of the janitor to perform certain services which were essential to the comfort of herself and her family.

One morning when the boiling point she had reached the basement. "I want to speak to the janitor," she announced emphatically.

"Do you mean the superintendent?" inquired the voice of a woman at the other end of the wire.

"I mean the janitor; but if calling him 'the superintendent' makes him do his work more promptly—the superintendent."

"The superintendent ain't in his apartment at the present moment," replied the voice, with unmistakable haughtiness.

"Are you the ja—superintendent's wife?" telephoned Mrs. Audley.

"I am Mrs. Macbeth, the wife of the superintendent," admitted the voice.

"Well, I am Mrs. Audley. Please send your husband to me as soon as possible. There are things that must be done in my apartment, and that it was his business to have done days ago, and I want. What! busy? He may just as well be busy doing the work I require as the work required by anybody else in the house," said Mrs. Audley hotly.

"Oh," murmured Mrs. Audley, and, hanging up the receiver, sat down to laugh.

"The superintendent never sees nobody except by special appointment," came the voice from the basement.

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ORIGIN OF BARREL UNKNOWN

This Receptacle for All Manner of Things Has Been Used Since Time Immemorial.

Nobody knows who invented the barrel. It has been used since time immemorial.

Barrels are used for all manner of articles, solid and liquid. There are barrels for holding sugar, salt, apples, potatoes, and so on; for all sorts of oils, from the heaviest lubricants to the most volatile products of petroleum; for beers, wines, and all sorts of beverages. It is contended that the barrel is the strongest structure of its size that can be made from an equal amount of wood. Its contents are frequently the strongest that can be made from liquids.

The barrel has tremendous power of resistance to pressure from within and from without. A barrel set on end will, it is claimed, support half the weight of a railway car while the truck is taken from beneath for repairs. Yet the primitive barrel is put together without nails, screws, bolts, or pins—it is entirely self-fastened.

The barrel is smaller at its ends than it is in its middle, so that the wooden hoops, self-locking, may be driven on, tightening the staves and pressing the heads into the chimes. Although not calked, barrels are water-tight. A small barrel is a keg, a big barrel is a cask, and a still bigger barrel is a hoghead.

MULE DEVoured THE PIANO

Animal Totally Wrecked a Musical Instrument Near Him on a Steamboat.

"Mule ate piano shipped. Send another next boat." This message was received recently by a local piano house from an "up-the-river" purchaser whose \$500 instrument had been forwarded via Mississippi river steamboat. In its usual pine box the piano was installed on the lower deck next to a lanky, sleepy looking mule bound for the cotton fields of upper bends. Although provided with plenty of oats and hay, the mule ripped off a portion of the outer box, disposing of six octaves of black and white ivory keys, running the troublematic scale up to "G" in the treble clef. He had gnawed away the felt hogany panels in front, masticated felt dampers and hammers by the dozen, completely wrecking the melodious "insides" of the instrument. Steamboat Bill, stoking a boiler twenty feet away, said the mule "must have had his foot on the soft pedal," as he did not hear a note. When discovered the animal was unconcernedly gazing longingly across the river at a grass covered levee. It will cost \$300 to repair the piano.—New Orleans correspondent Montgomery Journal.

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SECRET SURELY SAFE

Everything All Right If It Was Told Only to Mabel.

And She Thinks It Absurd to Question Her Ability in That Line, and Forthwith Proceeds to Give Proof of It.

"Mabel," said Harriet, "can you keep a secret? If you can, I've half a mind to tell you something."

"Can I keep a secret?" returned Mabel. "Well, I rather guess I can! Hannah Brown was in here Thursday and told me how her mother threw a china plate at her father at breakfast last Thursday morning, and missed him, breaking all the teacups on the mantel-piece and entirely ruining their new ormolu clock, and I've never breathed a word about it to anybody yet. And two weeks ago yesterday, Lulu Henderson was in here and told me in strictest confidence how her father had really had to take the family portraits down off the wall and send them to a pawnshop over in Philadelphia to raise money enough to pay for the second instalment on her mother's new motor car, and 40 elephants couldn't drag it out of me."

"What's more, poor Mrs. Windles was over here day before yesterday and confided to me the unhappy fact, which she wouldn't have got out for anything in the world, that her daughter Susie is not really over in New York studying music, as everybody has been given to believe, but has actually gone out to Reno and taken a cottage there for a year, so that before next spring comes around she can qualify as a resident in order to get a divorce from Jim Shlobberts, who, Mrs. Windles says, though outwardly kind and considerate and generous, as a matter of fact is the meanest, most brutal old skinflint in private life that was ever inflicted upon a long-suffering woman."

"There are at least three of the most important secrets in this town, confided to me by people who know me, and who are fully aware that even the fire of the Inquisition could not lead me to betray them—and yet you ask me if I can keep a secret!"

"Have I told anybody that Marie Shoemaker's first husband had been an English butler before he turned up here and married Marie representing himself as the younger son of the British peer?"

"Have I ever breathed to a soul what I have known all along, that the reason Tom Traddles resigned as paying teller in Col. Blathers' bank was that Betsy Blathers proposed marriage to him and he refused even to think of it, thereby getting the whole Blathers family down on him? Did I ever tell you what Jessie Sikes told me after Sunday school last Sunday, that she knew you dyed your hair and bought your complexion by the box from a mail-order house? You know I never did, what's more, I never will. Can I keep a secret? Suppose you try me!"—Harper's Weekly.

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LITERATURE FOR ALL MOODS

That is What Librarians Are Expected to Select for Their Exacting Patrons.

Infinite are the requirements and profound the judgment of librarians. The other day a little girl who does the family marketing rushed into a branch library with the announcement that the sewing society was going to meet at her mother's house that afternoon and wouldn't the librarian please send around a book suitable for the elocutionists of the circle to read aloud while the others worked. The young woman appealed to sent the sequel to a particularly charming story that had beguiled the tedium of that same circle on a previous afternoon. In a short while the little girl returned the book.

"Ma says this ain't the kind of a story they need today," she said. "They ain't workin' on baby clothes and shirtrwaists today. They're darnin' in men's socks and mendin' shirts, and they want something suitable."

There was a consultation of librarians. Just what kind of literature would fit the mental attitude of women engaged in darnin' socks and mendin' shirts was a question hitherto unconsidered. They decided on a woman's rights pamphlet called "The Eternal Warfare." Apparently it suited, for the child did not bring it back.

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