

THE SOLID MAN OF BUSINESS.

The solid old man of business sits in his chair in his downtown office. And he's prone to inquire, in this good old country, how his boy is doing at college.

ABOUT WILD ANIMALS.

CRAFTINESS OF SOME AND STUPIDITY OF OTHERS.

Those Which are Compelled to Live by Their Wits Are as Intelligent and Smart as the Horse and Dog of Civilization.

Last Sunday afternoon a party of three or four were strolling through the grounds of the Zoological Park looking at the animals and watching their tricks and capers.

"Why," gasped Novenda, coloring furiously, "I can do typewriting already—I took a business course in school—and I think I can do whatever else I'm told, but I'm awfully slow about everything." Really, Mr. Page, Novenda has recognized a prominent real estate man in the purchaser of her basket.

"Ob, yes you can," said Mr. Page, with a pleasant smile that inspired instant confidence. "A workman is known by his chips, and it was your berries that made me think you'd do for the place. I could see that you were careful and painstaking. Those are the qualities I'm looking for."

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The first cherries appeared in the Paris market this year on March 11; there were thirty-eight of them, and they were sold for \$15.00.

At Silgo the other day a crowd watched nearly 160 rats cross high above the ground on an electric wire, from the town hall to a flour mill two hundred yards away.

The body of a Tyrolean guide, who fell into a crevasse on the glacier of Grossvenediger in the Austrian Alps thirty years ago, has been found in a remarkable state of preservation at the foot of the glacier.

Postal conditions in the interior of Turkey are still in a patriarchal stage of evolution. When a postman arrives in a village, on mule-back, he distributes the letters in a public place, giving each his own, and then putting the undelivered ones into the hands of relatives or acquaintances of those to whom they are addressed.

The organisms present in a diseased appendix have been discovered by a London physician in defective teeth. He therefore argues that appendicitis may be caused by bad teeth. The doctor found in any man's teeth as many as 100,000,000 of these organisms.

A recent writer in the National Geographic Magazine, tells of a tree growing in the Malay Archipelago, the Anonidium, which produces a fruit used in fishing with results of a remarkable character. The fruit is pounded up into paste and left in bags overnight, after which it is sunk at low tide into deep holes along the reefs.

A Sale of Zola's Medan House. Miscellaneous property in Paris, France, belonging to Emile Zola, has been sold by public auction, at the late writer's Medan house. The scene was rather a pathetic one. Not 200 persons had gathered, and the bidding was slow.

One day an elderly, prosperous-looking man stood beside the shipper in the market car. He was a passenger from the regular north-bound train to three France. The total of the first day of the sale reached 124 pounds.

THE PULPIT.

A SCHOLARLY SUNDAY SERMON BY THE REV. ALBERT JONES LORD.

Subject: Sacrament of Service. Brooklyn, N. Y.—The Rev. Albert Jones, pastor of the First Congregational Church, Brooklyn, Conn., preached in Plymouth Church Sunday morning in exchange with the assistant pastor, the Rev. Willard P. Harmon.

It is a far cry from the "pies limited or used to make" to a superior product made by machinery, but this has been accomplished by a machine invented by a Philadelphia.

For years there has been progress almost every line of baking, with the exception of the succulent pie. Bakers and practical inventors along these lines, who experimented, have declared that machine-made pies were an impossible as perpetual motion.

The pie-making machine has been installed in a baking company's plant in this city, and is now grinding out steadily a stream of pies of all kinds and varieties. With the machine an operator can now produce thousands of pies where he formerly turned out hundreds.

It is every man's duty to consider not only the present but the future welfare. It is a crime for a father to spend his money carelessly at the club, or in hospitality to the club, or squander it in sports.

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FISHING OR AGRICULTURE?

Professor Wisdom was a learned man. A very learned man was he. Why, he'd read Aristotle or Hindostan. An easy as our A. B. C.

One summer time he thought he'd take a summer: From school books he'd get away; He'd take his collar off, and his vest; And watch the farmers making hay.

And thus he chanced to meet a farmer boy. One who was bright, yet had a way Of asking some deep questions to annoy. The greatest thinkers of the day.

The Professor talked on the growth of rams. And explained about the virtues. But balked when that boy asked, "If digging fishing or agriculture?"

—Judson Hacco in New England Grocer.

Just for fun. "Want that woman's club a success?" "No; it had all the discomforts of home."—Brooklyn Life.

Old Rockey—"The young man who married my daughter must be rich." "Impudent."—"Well, sir, I don't know of any better way to get rich than to marry her."—Puck.

Inert Ike—"Wot does 'procrastinate' mean?" "Homeless Homer."—"To put off." Inert Ike—"Gee, but wuzn't we procrastinating from dat fast freight!"

"What landed you here?" asked the prison visitor. "Dis is a case of mistaken identity," replied the convict. "I mean de feller I took for me pal was a fly cop."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Lady—"Ah, my poor man, I am glad to hear you say you never miss a bath." Gritty George—"No! I haven't taken one in ten years and I don't miss it a bit."—Chicago Daily News.

Cholly—"I s'pose you're a lawyer, 'cause you're following these fellows." "No, I'm not a lawyer," replied the other. "I'm a judge." "Then you'll catch up with Cholly."—"That's what I'll do."—Judge.

Paw Figgjam—"What makes you think your teacher is crazy?" "Tonia Figgjam."—"Because when she whipped me yesterday she told me she 'stood in loco parentis' to me!"—Baltimore American.

"Was anybody punished for Gratton's misdeeds?" "Yes," answered the juror. "The business men on the jury lost money and missed their meals."—Washington Star.

"Do you think there is any difference in a man's weight before he eats his meal, and afterwards?" asked the boarding-house lady. "Well, not if he gets the meal here," replied the thin boarder.—Yonkers Statesman.

The Day of the Tortoise.

By Carroll Watson Rankin.

Without much mental effort Mrs. Fraser had named her first three babies May, Augusta and Julia, for the months in which they were born; but she had found herself to take some little thought before the fourth child whose birthday happened to be November 30th, could be christened.

By the time Novenda, who heartily disliked her name, was seventeen, the adjective most frequently applied to her was the word "slow."

No one meant that the girl was stupid, for her brain was active enough, but in every movement of her body she was so deliberate, so exasperatingly leisurely that her own particular adjective stood greatly in danger of becoming overworked.

All attempts to hurry her were futile. When she was sent upstairs for a fresh shirt, she sat, as if she were a tortoise, until she had finished her toilette.

At Novenda's niece's wedding it was not customary—indeed, it was considered almost a disgrace—for any "all day picker" to board the train as Novenda was doing, day after day, with less than half a bushel of the abundant, easily gathered fruit, to her credit.

Still, to the undisguised amusement of the successful pickers, the leisurely Novenda continued to go berrying. She was too painstaking to be rapid. There were no cleaner, evenly blued berries than hers, but it was clear that unless berries suddenly soared to unheard-of prices, Novenda would never capture the large share of the big bag of colored purses each day in the office car.

There were women who could not read or write, chattering, gum-chewing girls, apparently without an idea in their unkept heads, and ragged little boys who spent half of each day in the lake; but the poorest, least intelligent, least careful picker among them all gathered nearly twice as many berries as Novenda.

There was Julia, for instance, picking with apparent nonchalance, both her slim young hands going at once, and her tongue going at the same time, setting four times as many berries as her sister, who went home nightly, tired, soiled, unburned, weighted down by perhaps eighty cents—minus a quarter car fare—and a burning sense of defeat.

To be sure, Julia's berries were not paid for at the highest rate because they so often lacked uniformity in size, color and ripeness. Moreover, they were always plentifully interperated with such extraneous matter as happened to meet Julia's rapid, undiscriminating fingers. If thistle-down grew in her patch, Julia was certain to gather thistle down. If there were green, unripened berries, the swift-handed girl inadvertently gathered these. If there were fallen needles from the scrub-pines, these, too, were industriously culled.

"What! Only a quart!" Julia would exclaim, when the girls, fresh from a good night's rest, had been picking for perhaps half an hour. "Goodness, Novenda, I do believe you're falling behind your usual disgraceful record! All this time, and you haven't picked enough to make a respectable pie!"

"Well," Novenda would retort, "who ever makes pie out of my berries won't have to stay up the night before to pick them over. I don't see any use, for instance, in gathering great big fuzzy caterpillars like the pair in your basket. Do they pay extra for caterpillars?"

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MACHINE PIE AT LAST.

Bakers Have Herebefore Declared This An Impossible Feat.

Lovers of the great American duty—pie—will rejoice to learn that a new era has set in for its unlimited production.

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