

Unselfish, short of martyrdom.  
Valiant for the absent.  
Willing to help the best.  
Exemplary in conduct.  
Young and fresh in heart.  
Zealous to make the best of life.

### GREELY'S RETORT

An acquaintance met Horace Greely, and said: 'Mr. Greely, I've stopped your paper.'

'Have you?' said the editor. 'Well, that is too bad.' And he went his way.

The next morning Greely met his subscriber again, and said: 'I thought you had stopped the "Tribune."'

'So I did.'

'Then there must be some mistake,' said Greely: 'for I've just come from the office, and the presses were running, the clerks were as busy as ever, the compositors were hard at work, and the business was going on the same as yesterday and the day before.'

'Oh!' ejaculated the subscriber, 'I did not mean that I had stopped the paper; I stopped only my own copy of it because I did not like your editorials.'

'Pshaw,' retorted Greely, 'it wasn't worth taking up my time to tell me such a trifle as that. My dear sir, if you expect to control the utterances of the "Tribune" by the purchase of one copy a day, or if you think to find any newspaper or magazine worth reading that will never express convictions at right angles to your own you are doomed to disappointment.'

### THE VENTRILOQUIST

Frederick McCabe, the ventriloquist, was a great practical joker. Several years ago he was on board a Mississippi River steamboat, and forming an acquaintance with the engineer, was allowed the freedom of the engine room. He took his seat in a corner, and pulling his hat down over his eyes, appeared lost in reverie. Presently a certain part of the machinery began to squeak. The engineer oiled it and went about his usual duties. In the course of a few minutes the squeaking was heard again, and the engineer rushed over, oil-can in hand, to lubricate the same spindle. Again he returned to his post; but it was only a few minutes until the same old spindle was squeaking louder than ever. 'Great Jupiter,' he yelled, 'the thing's bewitched.' More oil was administered, and the engineer began to smell a rat. Pretty soon the spindle squeaked again, and, slipping up behind McCabe, the engineer squirted a half-pint of oil down the joker's back. 'There,' said he—'I guess that spindle won't squeak any more!' It didn't.

### ODDS AND ENDS

'I know why people laugh up their sleeve, pa.'

'Well, why?'

'Cause that's where their funny bone is.'

Little Son (suffering from toothache)—'Father, did you ever have a tooth pulled out?'

Father (encouragingly)—'Hundreds of 'em, my boy, hundreds of 'em.'

### FAMILY FUN

To find a number thought of.—This is an arithmetical trick, which, to those who are unacquainted with it, seems very surprising; but, when explained, is very simple. For instance, ask a person to think of a number under ten. When he says he has done so, desire him to treble that number. Then ask whether the sum of the number he has thought of (now multiplied by three) be odd or even; if odd, tell him to add one to make the sum even. He is next to halve the sum, and then treble that half. Again, ask whether the amount be odd or even. If odd, add one (as before) to make it even, and then halve it. Now ask how many nines are contained in the remainder. The secret is, to bear in mind whether the first sum be odd or even: if odd, retain one in the memory; if odd a second time, retain two more (making in all three to be retained in the memory); to which add four for every nine contained in the remainder.

The Industrious Frog.—There was a well thirty feet deep, and at the bottom a frog anxious to get out. He got up three feet per day, but regularly fell back two feet at night. Required the number of days necessary to enable him to get out? The frog appears to have cleared one foot per day, and at the end of twenty-seven days, he would be twenty-seven feet up, or within three feet of the top, and the next day he would get out. He would, therefore, be twenty-eight days getting out.

## All Sorts

'How does it happen,' inquired the stranger, 'that all the improvements are being made in this one street?' 'It does not happen at all, sir,' replied the guide, who was showing him about the place majestically. 'This is the street I live in. I am chairman of the Works Committee, sir.'

The 'New York Evening Post' tells of a young teacher of a philosophic turn of mind. 'I wonder,' she said, looking smilingly at her small pupils, 'I wonder, who can tell what to-morrow is?' Up went the grimy hand of the big, 'bad boy.' 'Well James?' 'To-morrow,' said James, 'is the day you apologise for everything you did yesterday.'

A kind but choleric doctor was bending over a sick girl in order to give her some medicine to ease her pain. He was holding the glass himself, but seeing that he should require both hands to lift her up he cried out to the terrified, unnerved mother, who stood beside him: 'Here, take this.' And without a moment's hesitation the agitated woman drained every drop! What that irascible doctor said must be left to the imagination.

A certain stockbroker once went to a horsedealer and tried to pick up a general utility nag. He explained that he was a Volunteer, and wanted a nice, quiet, good-looking charger, which could be driven by his wife in a dogcart, and would not object, on occasion, to being hitched up to a lawn mower. The dealer listened to him with rapt attention, and finally asked in dulcet tones: 'Would you want him to wait at table at all, sir?'

The cross of St. Andrew (says the 'Ave Maria') is always represented in the shape of the letter X; but that this is an error ecclesiastical historians prove by appealing to the cross itself on which the saint suffered. St. Stephen of Burgundy gave it to the convent of St. Victor's, near Marsilles; and, like the common cross, it is rectangular. The cause of the error is thus explained: When the Apostle suffered, the cross, instead of being fixed upright, rested on its foot and arm, and in this posture he was fastened to it; his hands to one arm and the top, his feet to the other arm and the foot, and his head in the air.

A large Japanese python, which died at the Museum of Natural History in Paris a few years ago, had refrained from eating for two years and nine months. It arrived at the Museum in 1899, and was in the fullest health and strength. It was eight feet long, of brilliant coloring, enormous diameter, and of a singularly aggressive disposition. Its keepers, finding that it refused ordinary food, pressed every dainty upon it which was known to tickle the palate of reptiles—geese, ducks, sheep, hens—but it would have none of them. It passed away after a voluntary fast of two years and nine months.

It is a most curious fact, though it may have escaped general attention, that the approach of a train in a tunnel may be easily ascertained some seconds before it is visible to those travelling toward it in an opposite direction. The length of a tunnel is no obstacle to the realisation of this curious phenomenon, and compressed air is the medium which produces the peculiar 'under water sensation.' Without any warning the drum of the ear is pneumatically pressed inward the moment the locomotive of the other train enters the tunnel (which, for all practical purposes, is only a large tube), owing to the limited air space. Many persons must have noticed this peculiar feeling in the ears without giving the matter a second thought.

'Boston is proportionately the most Irish city in America,' writes Mayor Fitzgerald, of that city, in 'Collier's.' It has also more folk of Irish descent in it than Dublin, the chief city of Ireland. An Irishman can be counted on to vote. Of the vote of Boston, politicians claim that sixty per cent. is Irish. There is no approach to such a proportion among the greater cities of the United States, nor any other city of Irish-populated New England. Boston, besides, is one of the most foreign cities of the country—somewhat less than Chicago, but just about the equal of New York. Of about 561,000 people in 1900 only 156,000 were of native parentage, and at least one-half of these were third or fourth generation descendants of the Irish. With the Italians and other Catholics, the Catholic vote of the city reaches well toward seventy-five per cent. of the total.'