

Sketches of the Day

Good at Addition.

Sammy's mother talked to him long and earnestly about the poor marks he had been getting in his work at school. She painted in alluring colors the career of the little boy who studies his lessons and gains the love and respect of his teachers. She went even farther; she promised him that if he got good marks she would give him a whole dime, all for his own. Sammy seemed impressed.

That afternoon he returned from school fairly dancing with joy.

"Oh, mother," he shouted, "I got a hundred!"

"Sammy!" cried his delighted mother. She hugged him and kissed him and petted him and gave him the dime.

"And what did you get a hundred in?" she finally asked him.

"In two things," replied Sammy, without hesitation. "I got forty in readin' and sixty in spellin'."—Everybody's Magazine.

In Fowlville.



Mr. Dorkin—Of all the fool fashions you women take up! Now what will be the good of that immense beaver hat when it goes out of style?

Mrs. Dorkin—Chump! Look what a warm nest it will make.

The Depotism of the Press.

We clip the following for the benefit of those who doubt the power of the press:

"Owing to the overcrowded condition of our columns, a number of births and deaths are unavoidably postponed this week."—Everybody's Magazine.

Squealed.

The dapper little traveling man glanced at the menu and then looked up at the pretty waitress. "Nice day, little one," he began.

"Yes, it is," she answered, "and so was yesterday, and my name is Ella, and I know I'm a little peach, and have pretty blue eyes, and I've been here quite a while and like the place, and I don't think I'm too nice a girl to be working in a hotel; if I did I'd quit my job; and my wages are satisfactory; and I don't know if there is a show or dance in town to-night, and if there is I shall not go with you, and I'm from the country, and I'm a respectable girl, and my brother is cook in this hotel, and he weighs 200 pounds and last week he wiped up this dining room floor with a fresh \$50-a-month traveling man who tried to make a date with me. Now, what'll you have?"

The dapper little traveling man said he was not very hungry, and a cup of coffee and some hot cakes would do.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

There's a Reason.

Mr. Dubbs (with newspaper)—It tells here, my dear, how a progressive New York woman makes her social calls by telephone.

Mrs. Dubbs—Progressive. Huh! She's probably like me—not a decent thing to wear.—Boston Transcript.

A Strange Coin.

Nephew (just returned from abroad)—This franc piece, aunt, I got in Paris.

Aunt Hepsy—I wish, nephew, you'd fetched home one of them Latin quarters they talk so much about.—Boston Transcript.

A Gentle Hint.



Mrs. Henry Peck—I don't know what to buy mother for a birthday present, do you?

Mr. Henry Peck—Yes; buy her a traveling bag.

Its Language.

"Pop, did you say a bird told you about how I was naughty yesterday?"

"Yes, my son."

"Pop, did it tell you in pigeon English?"—Baltimore American.

The Aftermath.

"Christmas is a hard day for the women," said Mr. Nippy as he watched his wife basting the turkey.

"Yes," said she, "but think of the days and days afterward when we don't have to cook at all."—Newark News.

Good Place for Gamblers.

Governor Glasscock, of West Virginia, while traveling through Arizona, noticed the dry, dusty appearance of the country.

"Doesn't it ever rain around here?"

"Rain?" The native spat. "Rain? Why, say, pardner, there's bulldogs in this yere town over five years old that hasn't learned to swim yet!"—Everybody's Magazine.

Editorial Omniscience.

"Father," said the small boy of an editor, "is Jupiter inhabited?" "I don't know, my son," was the truthful answer. Presently he was interrupted again. "Father, are there any sea serpents?" "I don't know, my son." The little fellow was manifestly cast down, but presently rallied and again approached the great source of information. "Father, what does the north pole look like?" But alas! again the answer, "I don't know, my son." At last, in desperation he inquired, with withering emphasis, "Father, how did you get to be an editor?"—Concordia Kansas.

Another Tong War.

Silas (reading morning paper)—I see, Mandy, they're having another war of the Tonga down there in China town.

Mandy—Land sakes! You'd think with all them Chinese laundries around that flatirons would be handier things to fight with."—Judge.

A Surmise.

"What is Mrs. Gibson's favorite book?"

"I don't know," answered Miss Cayenne; "from the interest she takes in knowing the names, occupations and home surroundings of everybody she sees I should think it ought to be the city directory."—Washington Star.

Cause of Delay.

He was the bridegroom, and he was waiting at the church.

"I can't imagine why my bride is late," he said.

"Well, you will," replied the best man, "after you're married. They are hooking her dress up the back!"—Yonker's Statesman.

An Obliging Doctor.

Sick Wife—Doctor, I will double your fee if you will prescribe a trip to the seashore.

Doctor—Very well, madam, I shall do so.

Sick Wife—What were you intending to prescribe?

Doctor—A trip to the seashore.—Meggedorfer Blaetter.

A Last Resort.

"You remind me so much of my brother," she said coyly as they sat in the parlor.

"I'm awfully glad of that," he answered gallantly. "I have always admired your brother. In what way am I most like him?"

"Well, Harry seems awfully fond of me, yet he never offers to kiss me."

After that it was unnecessary for her to ring in any of her relatives.—St. Louis Star.

Too Easy.



"Now, Willie, what's the difference between one yard and two yards?"

"A fence! Gimme a harder one!"

Cold Comfort.

In a country store a young boy was under discussion by the cracker-barrel committee. Jones had just remarked, "That boy's a regular fool. He doesn't know nothing; he don't know enough to come in when it rains." Then he discovered the boy's father, who had overheard the remark, and, wishing to appease him, he said, "Well, Sam, taint your fault. You learned him all you knew."—Lippincott's.

Reasons Enough.

Father—You seem to look at things in a very different light since your marriage.

His Newly Married Daughter—Well, I ought to, after receiving fourteen lamps and nine candelabra for wedding presents.—Tit-Bits.

Out of Hearing.

Rodrick—in the stock market news I see there is money on call.

Van Albert (sadly)—On call, eh? Well, if I should call with a megaphone none of it would reach me.—Mobile Item.

Another Knock.

First Actor—I approached the clerk of the Red Dog Inn and told him actors deserved special terms.

Second Actor—Ah, indeed! And what did he say?

First Actor—He said they deserved six-month terms in the county workhouse.—Chicago Journal.

Sure of His Answer.

An individual, well known on the Berlin Bourse for his wit, one morning wagered that he would ask the same question of fifty different persons and receive the same answer from each.

The wit went to first one and then another, until he had reached the number of fifty. And this is how he won the bet: "I say, have you heard that Meyer has failed?" "What Meyer?" queried the whole fifty one after another, and it was decided that the bet had been fairly won.—The Aragonaut.

Plenty of Poor Stuff.

"But do you think," asked the visitor in the local option town, "that prohibition really prevents?"

"Well," replied the native, "it prevents a fellow from getting the best of whisky, but it doesn't prevent whisky from getting the best of him."—Catholic Standard and Times.

A MAN WHO HAD COURAGE.

In St. Ives, in Land's End, bird killing used to flourish almost without protest. It has not wholly ceased yet, to be sure, but one little incident took place which seems to have been remembered here and there, and to have brought about a merciful truce. In "The Land's End" W. H. Hudson relates the occurrence as he heard of it. He was talking one day to a woman who deplored the way her fellow countrymen were killing birds of all kinds. "I'm sure," she said, "that if some one living here would go about among the people and talk to the men and boys, and not be afraid of anything, but try to get the police and magistrates to help him, he could get these things stopped in time, just as Mr. Ebbethwaite did about the gulls."

People, natives and visitors, amused themselves by shooting the gulls along the cliffs and in the harbor. Harrying the gulls was the popular amusement of the boys; they were throwing stones at them all day long, and caught them with baited hooks, and set gins baited with fish on the sands, and no person forbade them.

Then Mr. Ebbethwaite appeared on the scene. He came from a town in the north of England, in broken health, and here he stayed a number of years, living alone in a small house down by the waterside. He was very fond of the gulls and fed them every day; but his example had no effect on others, nor had his words when he went about day after day on the beach, trying to persuade people to desist from these senseless brutalities.

Finally he succeeded in getting a number of boys summoned for cruelty before the magistrates, and although no convictions followed, nor could be obtained, since there was no law or

body in the town, but as he had been dead some years, nobody had remembered to tell me about him.

It now came out that the very strict protection awarded to the gulls at St. Ives dates back only about fifteen to eighteen years. The fishermen always had a friendly feeling for the birds, as is the case of all the fishing places on the coast, but they did not protect them from persecution, although the chief persecutors were their own children.

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by-law to help him in such a case, he yet in this indirect way accomplished his object. He made himself unpopular, and was jeered and denounced as an interfering person, especially by the women; but some of the fishermen now began to pluck up spirit and second his efforts, and in a little while it came to be understood that, law or no law, the gulls must not be persecuted.

That is what Mr. Ebbethwaite did. For me it was to "say something," and I have now said it. Doing and saying come to pretty much the same thing. At all events, I have on this occasion kept Ruskin's words in mind concerning the futility of prodding and scratching at that thick, insensible crust which lies above the impulsive part in men unless we come through with a deep thrust somewhere.

TAME SEA GULLS.

Caught Young and Kept Around House, They Have Never Left It.
I have had a pair of tame gulls for the last five years; a writer in the Field says. I got them from Sealiff Island when they were about three months old and had their wings cut.

For about two years they used to run about with the fowls and would eat anything in the way of meat, bread and cakes. I was advised to put them into the garden to eat the slugs, but

they wings were well grown and they fly to sea (which is only about five minutes from my home).

They always came back about our meal hours. I called them Paddy and Polly. Paddy is afraid of nothing; he comes into the dining room and walks around the table, taking food from everyone, and one day he had the boldness to turn two cats from their saucer of bread and milk and finished the contents himself. Another day we were having tea outside the hall door when he flew on to the table and helped himself to bread and butter. If there is no one in the front of the house they fly around to the back and tap at one of the kitchen windows to be fed.

They go away sometimes for three or four weeks in the autumn during the mackerel fishing season, and I expect they get food enough at the fishing curing station, about a mile away. Sometimes they have brought young ones with them on their return, but the latter never get very tame and generally go away when they have acquired their full plumage.

The Philosopher of Folly.

"I see by the papers," says the philosopher of folly, "that the dentists will form a trust. I suppose it will be known as the 'Teeth Ring'."—Cleveland Leader.

Wireless telegraph apparatus is prohibited in British India except upon government license.

Don't Weep At The Ice House.

in labor conventions and thus carry the leaders' schemes, frequently abhorrent to the rank and file: so it was at the late Toronto convention.

The paid delegates would applaud and "resolute" as Gompers wanted, but now and then some of the real workingmen insist on being heard, sometimes at the risk of their lives.

Delegate Egan is reported to have said at the Toronto convention:

"If the officers of the federation would only adhere to the law we would think a lot more of them."

The Grand Council of the Provincial Workingmen's Ass'n of Canada has declared in favor of severing all connection with unions in the U. S., saying "any union having its seat of Gov't in America, and pretending to be international in its scope, must fight industrial battles according to American methods. Said methods have consequences which are abhorrent to the law-abiding people of Canada involving hunger, misery, riot, bloodshed and murder, all of which might be termed 'result of the practical war now in progress in our fair province and directed by foreign emissaries of the United Miners of America'."

Some people swell up on "emotion" brewed from absolute untruth. It's an old trick of the leaders of the Labor Trust to twist facts and make the "sympathetic ones" "weep at the ice house." (That's part of the tale further on.)

Gompers et al. sneer at, spit upon and defy our courts, seeking sympathy by falsely telling the people the courts were trying to deprive them of free speech and free press.

Men can speak freely and print opinions freely in this country and no court will object, but they cannot be allowed to print matter as part of a criminal conspiracy to injure and ruin other citizens.

Gompers and his trust associates started out to ruin the Bucks Stove Co., drove its hundreds of workmen out of work and destroy the value of the plant without regard to the fact that hard earned money of men who worked, had been invested there.

The conspirators were told by the courts to stop these vicious "trust" methods, (efforts to break the firm that won't come under trust rule), but instead of stopping they "dare" the courts to punish them and demand new laws to protect them in such destructive and tyrannous acts as they may desire to do. * * * The reason Gompers and his band persisted in trying to ruin the Bucks Stove Works was because the stove company insisted on the right to keep some old employees at work when "de union" ordered them discharged and some of "de gang" put in.

Now let us reverse the conditions and have a look.

Suppose the company had ordered the union to dismiss certain men from their union, and the demand being refused, should institute a boycott against that union, publish its name in an "unfair list," instruct other manufacturers all over the United States not to buy the labor of that union, have committees call at stores and threaten to boycott if the merchants sold anything made by that union. Picket the factories where members work and slug them on the way home, blow up their houses and wreck the works, and even murder a few members of the boycotted union to teach them they must obey the orders of "organized Capital?"