

MASKERS.

Hop, the great explorer;
Love whom none can bind,
Youth that looks before her,
Age that looks behind,
Joy with brow like Summer's,
Care with wintry pate,
Maskers are and mummers
At Life's gate.

Pow'r with narrow forehead,
Wealth with niggard palm,
Wisdom old, whose hoar head
Vaunts a barren calm;
Haughty overcomers,
In their pomp and state;
Maskers all and mummers
At Death's gate!
—William Watson.

That Club Supper

When Mrs. Myron Tuttle spoke up in the business meeting of the Culture Club and opened her house for the annual supper which that leading woman's club of Three Pines was in the habit of giving its husbands and some special outside guests Mrs. Lawyer White, who was the president, coughed a little wildly to gain time.

Always the club supper previously had been held at the spacious residence of the Springers, who had three full sets of china. This season Mrs. Springer was away, but it had been rather understood that Mrs. Dr. Sprong would offer to be hostess. Mrs. Tuttle had spoken so quickly when the question was put that every one knew she must have planned it long ahead. And everybody, in the midst of her dismay, wondered why.

In the first place, Hetty Tuttle was no housekeeper. She was a large, complacent woman, who did not wince when her small son Tommy scratched the mahogany piano with her embroidery scissors and who was perfectly happy if the house was undusted and the broom was standing in the front hallway when callers arrived. Her benighted husband still adored her after twenty-two years of undone steaks and no place for anything and everything always out of its place. The way Myron Tuttle let himself be walked over was a scandal.

Hetty Tuttle disliked work in any form, so nobody could imagine why she had put herself in the way of taking on so much. Still, Mrs. Lawyer White rather helplessly accepted the offer from this dubious source and then brightly moved that a chairman be appointed to oversee the supper and



relieve Mrs. Tuttle of some of the work.

This was conceded to be a decidedly clever arrangement, for there was no use talking—Hetty Tuttle never could manage the affair herself. Mrs. Dr. Sprong, who was given the post of chairman, began borrowing embroidered lunch cloths of every one right and left that very day, for she knew without asking that Mrs. Myron Tuttle hadn't a couple of dozen laid by, as a good housekeeper should.

"Goodness knows," she mourned, "how we'll ever cook the chickens and things in her kitchen!"

As the time for the supper approached the members of the Culture Club took to dropping in on Hetty Tuttle with cut glass and silver in their arms. They said they thought maybe she would find such things of use in serving so many. Hetty Tuttle accepted all these loans placidly. She was the least concerned member of the club. Seemingly, she did not worry at all over this most important club function of the year, so every one else fretted herself into a fever.

Hetty, the Tuttle's 19-year-old daughter, seemed to catch the excitement, however. Her mother deferred to her in a worshipful way and handed all the cut glass over to her keeping.

"You go right ahead, Minnie," she often said in those days. "I guess you know what is right and can show 'em! I guess Alf Kreeble will see your folks can entertain and do things as well as he, even if they haven't got so much money!"

At that Minnie Tuttle would turn away with reddening cheeks, for she knew that the main idea behind having the Culture Club supper at their home was to dazzle Alf Kreeble and urge him on a trifling faster. Of late he had lagged in his attentions and Hetty Tuttle could not bear to see her daughter unhappy.

The women of the Culture Club will never forget the night of that annual supper. Amid all the hurry and tumult, Mrs. Myron Tuttle moved calm and undisturbed, while Mrs. Dr. Sprong in her black silk, Mrs. Lawyer White in rattling jet and half a dozen others with red faces and glittering eyes bumped into one another in the inconvenient kitchen, called wildly for utensils which were not, exploded at the discovery that there was no sugar in the pantry and had hysterics because Mrs. Tuttle had forgotten to order the special potatoes for baking.

Crowded in the parlors around the

WRECKS TRUCK TO SAVE YOUNG WOMAN.



Frederick Mayer, driver of a hook and ladder truck, is dying in a Brooklyn hospital after performing a splendid deed of heroism while driving to a fire. His horses were on a full run when directly in his path Mayer saw a young woman standing panic-stricken on a cross-walk. On one side, close to her, stood a trolley car filled with passengers; on the other was one of the tall iron pillars of the elevated railway. Had the driver kept on he would have run down the woman; by turning to the right he would have endangered the lives of the passengers. Mayer yelled to the firemen clustered along the sides of the truck to jump, gave the reins a mighty tug and ran full tilt into the iron pillar. There was a crash, the horses were thrown down, badly injured, the truck was overturned and Mayer was pinned under it with skull fractured, leg broken and body crushed.

little tables were the elite of the men folks of the town, waiting for food. The tension was terrible. It was absolutely unthinkable that the Culture Club should have a failure laid at its door. So while all the club women except Hetty Tuttle slaved and suffered and agonized to have things as they should be nobody noticed how Minnie Tuttle and Alf Kreeble were sitting together cozily on the lower stair. Nobody observed that Minnie got Alf all white meat and three orders of dumplings and two pieces of pie and a ridiculous amount of cabbage salad and hovered over him while he ate. Meanwhile Minnie looked very pretty in her fluffy white dress.

"Say," Alf Kreeble told her at last, "you people are certainly swell cooks, Minnie! I bet you helped your mother most of this, now, didn't you? Say, that cake—did you bake it?"

Minnie was young, but she was wise. She smiled seraphically. "I'm so glad you like the supper, Alf," she told him, smoothly. If she had died for it she could not have told who had really cooked the supper—she had been too busy thinking of him and getting her gown ready. "Let's sit over here out of the crowd," she added.

That was why a little later in the evening, when people were talking hard and the women were trying to forget the fatiguing evening they had put in and mentally execrating the serene Hetty Tuttle, that incompetent hostess was beaming. She was watching Alf Kreeble and Minnie in their secluded corner and she could see that Alf was holding Minnie's hand and talking very earnestly.

Mrs. Myron Tuttle heaved a relieved sigh at last and absently rubbed a plump finger across the dust on top of bookcase. "I think," she murmured, "the club supper's been an awful fine success!"—Chicago Daily News.

JEFFRIES AS A TEXT.

Preacher Thinks He Can't "Come Back" and Points a Moral.

"Can Jeffries Come Back?" was the title of a sermon preached by the Rev. John Hamilton Timbrell in the Cedar Cliff Methodist Episcopal church, says the New York Sun. The preacher took his text from the Book of Judges, and after describing the downfall of Samson, he said it pointed a moral to the case of Jeffries, "Can the old-time champion come back?" the preacher asked, and then he said:

"This question, so far as its sporting phase is concerned, may have little or no interest to us save as it touches a great fundamental principle that is of the most profound interest to all thinking men, and one which may lead many of them to read what they otherwise would not, the sporting pages of the sporting papers, to see if Jeffries can come back."

"What is the point in this case? Jeffries won the belt and much lucre, and then stepped out of the ring to have a good time and enjoy himself, and for five years, like Samson, with his head in the lap of Delilah, Jeffries has slept with his head in the lap of a luxurious and bibulous life. While he has slept a big black gorilla has come into the ring and has put the world of sport into about the same condition that ancient Israel was in when Goliath of Gath was swaggering about and bragging of what he could do in the presence of the crowd that was sore afraid to tackle him. And the pugilistic crowd is looking the world over to find some champion who can stand up to the gorilla and down him and take the belt, which means about the same thing to these modern heathen as the wreath of laurel meant to the ancient heathen in the Corinthian games. And with desperation in their glance they turn to Jeffries with this question, which means far more than a laurel wreath to them: 'Can Jeffries come back?'

"A noted athletic trainer has given them his unbiased opinion. He is one

Ready to Bargain.
Sutor (to her father)—Sir, I love the very ground your daughter treads on.

Father (grimly)—Well, young man, you ain't the first party that's had an attachment for it. However, if you love it well enough to come and help pay up the mortgage on it you can marry Sarah. Exchange.

Wise Little Boy.
The uncle is telling the wise little boy a fairy tale.

"Then the princess came closer to the sleeping youth and kissed him on his lips."

"Gee!" cried the wise little boy. "Wasn't she afraid of germs?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Fawning.
"Why is everybody so cordial to Jinx?"

"He bought a couple of sides of bacon just before the meat strike went into effect and he has some of it yet."—Houston Post.

It occurs to every man occasionally that he would like to be a pugilist for about thirty minutes.

THE SALVATION ARMY AND WHAT IT HAS ACCOMPLISHED.



THE ARMY ON THE MARCH.

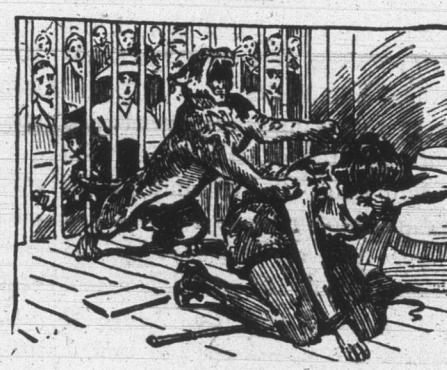
The Salvation Army was born in 1865. It has something to show for the elevation of the downtrodden. One of its champions says:

"The Salvation Army flag is flying in fifty-five countries. It has no less than 7,500 societies and, excepting in heathen countries, is self-supporting. The Salvationists hold services in thirty-two languages and are led by 15,000 officers, assisted by 50,000 local officers, men and women, who earn their living by the sweat of their brows and give their time and money and work to the cause. In its advocacy twenty-five newspapers are published in seventeen languages. There are 17,000 bandsmen who play sacred music without pay. In Great Britain these bands march 54,000 miles a week to attract men and women to the cross. Over 200,000 hungry and wretched creatures are fed by its instrumentality. No man, woman or child who has fallen on the highways of life—and very slippery these highways are—and reaches out a hand and says: 'I want to get up again and want to lead an honest, industrious life,' to every such person there should go out another hand to lift him up. We have many other branches of work. In all we have 120 different departments or plans for benefiting people, and the number is increasing constantly."

"Now, what are you doing to lift up the people who are down? the poor, the drunkard, the sinful, the hungry, and the poor lassies who have gone over the line and who are in the worst hell this side of the river? What are you doing for them all? Do you think it is my special work; that you have no part in it? Will you help me? Will you help the Salvation Army? Will you help with your sympathy and prayer? You may say:

"We have our churches and missions to maintain." What a pitiful condition your city would be in if you did not have. When you have done all this there will be something left for the Salvation Army. The Salvation Army is no longer an experiment. It has passed out of the area of speculation. It is an accomplished fact."

SAVES TRAINER'S LIFE.



At New York the sharp teeth and claws of Clayton, a leopard, nearly cost the life of Mrs. Pauline Russell, his trainer, but the length and strength of his tail saved her.

Clayton would not perform. Mrs. Russell prodded him with an iron bar and called to her assistant for aid. In the instant of turning her head to call, the leopard leaped. He bore the woman to the ground and stood over her, growling and lashing his tail. It was then that the quick-witted assistant, reaching into the cage, grabbed Clayton's tail, took a double hitch around the bars of the cage with it, and rescued Mrs. Russell.

NIGHT TOILERS IN BANKS.

Some Money Repositories Work Clerical Forces Continuously.

Four big banks in the Wall street district resemble the great gold mines of the West in one striking feature, Harper's Weekly says. They have three eight-hour shifts of tollers, and the work never stops. One set takes up the routine where the other leaves off. All night long, Sundays and holidays, a staff of men in each of these banks is busy opening thousands of letters, sorting and listing innumerable checks and drafts that represent fabulous sums of money and getting them ready for the day force, which is the only one the public comes in contact with or ever hears about. If this work was not carried on incessantly the banks would soon be overwhelmed with a mountainous accumulation of work only a part of the night.

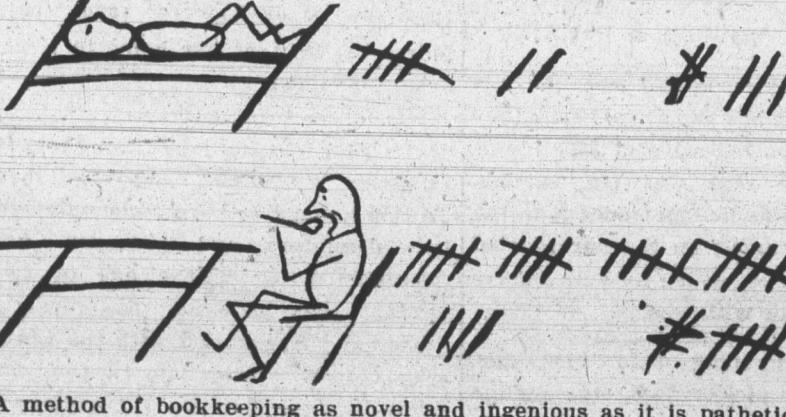
Each of these shifts of night workers at the banks consists of from twelve to twenty men. Some banks get along with but one extra set of clerks at night. These come on duty at midnight and leave at 8 a.m. This plan of working all night long in order to keep up with the tremendous amount of business that comes in by mail was inaugurated about five years ago. The first bank that tried it found that so much valuable daytime was saved that one institution after another took it up, until now there are four that have these three eight-hour shifts of clerks, and several more who work only a part of the night.

Defined.

Willie—Pa, what are "Conversational powers?"

Pa—Oh, any of the South American republics.—Puck.

ODD METHOD OF BOOKKEEPING.



A method of bookkeeping as novel and ingenious as it is pathetic was discovered a short time ago by a New Orleans business man who had been obliged to spend a few days in an out-of-the-way country place. The hotel was postoffice, country store, jail and all else of a business nature the place possessed, but the proprietor and hotel manager could not write. On leaving the place he was presented with the bill shown in the drawing. The figure in the bed means just what it implies, and the four ones with the line drawn through the two ones following, means that the bed was occupied seven times. The dollar sign and three ones designate that the fee for this privilege was \$3.00. The figure drawn as seated at a table and the marks following show that twenty-four meals were eaten at a consideration of \$5.00.—Popular Mechanics.

SHEAR NONSENSE

Stella—Two is company and three is—
Bella—Divorce.—The Sun.

Teacher—How many make a milion, Johnny? Johnny—Not many.

Ever had appendicitis?" "No. There ain't never been a time when I could afford it."—Detroit Free Press.

Barber—Have anything on your face when I get through, sir? Victim—Some skin and a nose, I hope.—Boston Transcript.

George—Do you think I'm good enough for you, darling? Darling—No, George; but you're too good for any other girl.

The chicken stew has two prices in the bill of fare. How is that, waiter?" "With chicken in it, it is 30 cents, without it, 10."

Mother (looking over her boy's shoulder)—Your spelling is perfectly terrible. Little Son—This ain't a spelling lesson.

Policeman—Congratulations, Sarah; I've been elected. Sarah (with delight)—Honesty? Policeman—What difference does that make?—St. Louis Times.

The Father—Did mamma punish you to-day, Tommie? The Boy—Yes, sir. "What did she do?" "Made me stay in the house while she was taking her singing lesson!"

"They are going to lock Jones up for the good of the community." "What's he done?" "He's talking of setting Browning's poems to Richard Strauss's music!"—Cleveland Leader.

The Man—No, I don't suppose that I shall ever marry. I'm too shy, don't you know, and "faint heart ne'er won fair lady." The Girl (helping him on)—But I'm not fair; I'm dark.

"Why," asked a Missouri newspaper, "does our State stand at the head in raising mules?" "Because," said an Iowa paper, "that is the only safe place to stand."—Jack O'Lantern.

Teacher—If you wear one pair of shoes three months, how long will two pairs last? Jimmie—A year. Teacher—Oh, no; how do you get that? Jimmie—I don't wear any in the summer.

"Yes, I do most of my work at night now." "What's the reason?" "Why, I'm a Wileyite and cook my food four hours, and being a Fletcherite it takes me three hours to eat."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Wife—Do you think there is a man that could conscientiously say to his wife, "You are the only woman I ever loved?" Hubby—Only one that I can think of. "Who? You, dearest?" "Oh, no, Adam."—Spare Moments.

A woman went to a bank. She noticed that there was a new face behind the window. "Has the cashier gone away to take a rest?" she enquired. "No," replied the new man; "he has gone away to avoid it."

"How do you extract women's teeth without their screaming? You don't give gas." "But my office is opposite a millinery display. When the women get absorbed in looking at the hats they're oblivious to pain."—Kansas City Times.

Young Lady (on first visit to Western ranch)—For what purpose do you use that coil of line on your saddle? Cowpuncher—That line, as you call it, lady, we use for catching cattle and horses. Young Lady—I dare say, now, may I ask what you use for bait.

The new housemaid had just opened the door in response to Wigglesby's ring. "Is Miss Darrough in?" asked Wigglesby. "Yes, sorry, she's in, but she's engaged," said the maid. "Yes, I know," smiled Wigglesby. "I'm what she's engaged to."—Harper's Weekly.

"Then you don't think I practice what I preach, eh?" queried the minister in talking with one of the deacons. "No, sir. I don't," replied the deacon. "You've been preachin' on the subject of resignation for two years an' ye haven't resigned yet."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Tubb—Old boy, I want to congratulate you on your speech at the banquet last night. O'Sudds (after waiting a moment)—I know you do, pard, and you're awfully sorry you can't do it truthfully. I appreciate the effort, just the same. Nasty weather, isn't it?—Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. A.—I do love lobster, but I never have them at home, because 't seems so inhuman to kill them by putting them in a kettle of boiling water. Mrs. B.—Gracious! I never kill them that way. It would be too horrible; I always put them on in cold water, and let them come to a boil.

"I regret very much that we cannot use your story," said the magazine editor, handing back the manuscript. "It's astonishing how much really good literature we are compelled to decline." "It's more astonishing, though," said the disgruntled author of the story, "that you never let any of it get into your magazine."—Chicago Tribune.

Little Nelly told little Anita what she termed a "little fib." Anita—A fib is the same as a story, and a story is the same as a lie. Nelly—No, it's not. Anita—Yes, it is, because my father said so; and my father is a professor at the university. Nelly—I don't care if he is. My father is a real estate man, and he knows more about lying than your father.