The Daily Times

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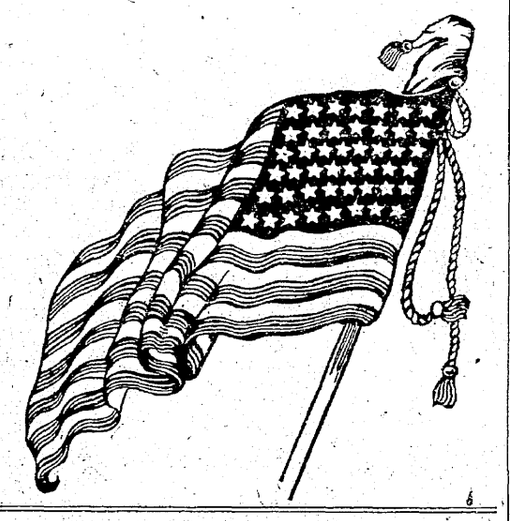


THE WEATHER.
Rain tonight and Saturday; moderate southwest winds.

TIDES AT SEATTLE TOMORROW.

First high water	3:38 a. m., 14.4 ft.
First low water	8:49 a. m., 11.9 ft.
Second high water	12:33 p. m., 12.3 ft.
Second low water	8:29 p. m., 0.7 ft.

The accident whereby a little boy at Elma has lost the sight of an eye through a badly aimed arrow ought to serve as a warning to children all over the State. The trouble is that the lesson is learned only after irreparable injury has been done.

Seattle Lodge of Elks proposes to build a new home for its 1,800 members—the structure to cost approximately $100,000. The organization has set an example in enterprise by encouraging its membership to form a building association whereby each Elk in the City will become a stockholder and an aggressive advocate of the improvement of the valuable property at the corner of Fourth Avenue and Seneca Street.

Great Britain has promptly disavowed any connection with Mexican troubles—and the possibility of strained relations between the United States and Germany. Fate has a strange way of pushing America to the front to bear the brunt of other nations' burdens. But Emperor William might profitably take notice that France once landed an army in Mexico, with disastrous results to Maximilian, Archduke of Austria.

Olympia has been granted the "Temple of Justice," as provided in the appropriation bill just passed by the Legislature of Washington. The decision settles, for a considerable time at least, the location of the State Supreme Court. Although nine-tenths of the lawyers and litigants in Washington preferred the University grounds at Seattle, the lawmakers chose Olympia. In one particular the decision is to be commended. It effectually disposes of the agitation for capital removal for at least a generation.

That "Utopia" which a certain band of those who claim to be Mexican "rebels" was on the point of inaugurating at the little town just across the boundary of Lower California, called Mexicali, seems to be near dissolution through dissension among themselves. They have aimed at a colony in the desert where there will be no such thing as an "employer" or an "employe"—and find themselves unable to attain that ideal state because there is no one who will do any of the work. They all want to be commanders-in-chief.

A special brand of "college cats" are to be bred for the special benefit of Wellesley College. This is the aristocratic school for young women in Massachusetts, which is so refined that the young ladies do not have a college "yell," but a song as their identifying mark. The cats will probably be trained in the same manner. It would not be startling if six of them should be arrayed upon the same fence about midnight, and instead of emitting the sounds of the ordinary cat, they should burst into song with the Sextet from "Lucia." The "Higher Education" is certainly productive of some wonderful results.

"Prosperity is a pleasanter theme for Seattle than politics"—says The Post-Intelligencer. Certainly it is. But what of the theme which that newspaper has been preaching for months and months? What of the theme of slander and defamation which that newspaper has been consistently spreading? What of the damage done to the good name of Seattle through the columns of that newspaper, and the correspondents of outside newspapers who receive their material through the proof-sheets of The Post-Intelligencer? "Prosperity" is a pleasant theme, but is it not time that some one should be called to account for the assassination of that prosperity?

JOE SMITH "NO JOKE."

WHILE THE TIMES refused to participate in Joe Smith's campaign for Councilman further than to print the absolute news touching candidates—The Post Intelligencer most viciously attacked Smith on several occasions.

Three distinct editorial attacks were made in that publication, and two of them—undoubtedly written by the editor-in-chief—were more vicious than the other.

The serious charge which was made against Joe Smith in the editorials of The Post-Intelligencer attacked him as an attache of "yellow journals"—The Times and Spokesman-Review being especially pointed out.

It is rather odd that the editor of The Post-Intelligencer should have overlooked the fact that Joe Smith worked longer as a correspondent and reporter for that paper than for any other newspaper in Washington—to say nothing of being its correspondent in the Philippines.

The amusing part of the affair, however, is the fact that in spite of the vicious attacks made by The Post-Intelligencer, Joe Smith came within a few hundred votes of "nosing" the ninth man out of his place—Joe having received slightly more than 20,000, while Goddard, the ninth man, received less than 21,000.

The next man after Joe Smith received 17,000, so it will appear that Smith led on the second nine by over three thousand.

It is fair to observe that if Brainerd had had one more editorial denouncing Joe Smith he would have won hands down!

HOMEWARD MOVEMENT OF JAPANESE.

A STATEMENT issued by a Japanese transportation line tends to show that the return movement of Japanese to their native land is still under way. As compared with emigration from that country into the United States and Hawaii—the ratio is about as 2 to 1.

In January, for example, the number of Japanese passengers from Japan to the United States was 145, of whom 78 were laborers and 67 non-laborers; while to Hawaii the figures were respectively 150 and 15, a total of 165. The grand total is 310.

At the same time the number of Japanese returning home was 661. From America went 597, a segregation showing 25 first class, 89 second class and 419 third class, and from Hawaii went 64—all third class.

While the movement from the United States is 419 as compared with 145 into this country, the ratio does not hold with respect to Hawaii. As compared with 165 who went into the Islands, there were only 64 who returned. They are practically all of the laboring class; and they are going into Hawaii twice as fast as they are leaving.

MISSION OF THE NAVY LEAGUE.

GENERAL HORACE PORTER, former ambassador to France, has been credited with many acts of patriotism, not the least of which was the restoration of the remains of John Paul Jones to the soil of the United States.

Just now General Porter is coming to the Pacific Coast for another act of patriotism. He is President of the Navy League of the United States, which this week is meeting in annual convention in Los Angeles.

In view of the conditions, known of all the world, on the Pacific Ocean, the importance of the present meeting as an educational influence cannot be overestimated. Its object is most commendable. It would spread before the people of the entire country information as to the Navy—and it would awaken interest and activity in all matters tending to improve and strengthen that military arm.

The league, with its 7,000 members scattered among thirty-three States, has an intelligent idea of some of the crying needs of the hour. They include (1) a larger navy, (2) more rapid promotion of officers, (3) a merchant marine that shall be an auxiliary to the navy, (4) a naval militia—and (5) diffusion of knowledge emphasizing America's opportunity for world leadership on the Pacific.

At this time, with possibility of war with Japan and a situation that would invite an adversary eager to take advantage of a practically defenseless coast, the convention of the Navy League will be able to do much good in driving home the stubborn facts to the intelligence of the people of the United States.

One of the most effective methods of avoiding trouble is to be ready for it. The league is performing a great public service in urging that this nation be ready to fight any and all comers "at the drop of the hat." Such a condition of being everlastingly prepared would make irresistibly for continued peace.

OLYMPIA THE PERMANENT CAPITAL.

THE BIENNIAL DISCUSSION over the removal of the Capital of the State from its historic location at Olympia to some other and more energetic city has been effectually settled for all time through the passage of the bill providing for the erection of a large and handsome structure upon the old foundations which were laid in Olympia about fifteen years ago and abandoned through lack of funds.

The energetic lobbies from some of the more ambitious of the smaller cities of the State may now cease their activities in this direction and find time to devote their energies to something more likely to bear fruit in the development of their homes and their business enterprises.

At the same time the taxpayers of the State at large are assured of the fact that there will be no such extravagant waste of the public money as was contemplated in the movement to abandon Olympia as a capital.

She has one State House in active use now, which would be practically useless as an asset of the State if devoted to any other purpose,—and also the foundations for another, which cost the State an immense amount of money and should be in practically as good condition now as they ever were.

There never was a good reason for removing the capital from Olympia to any other part of the State.

It is true that Olympia is not in the geographical center of the State, and also true that it is not on the main lines of railroad within the State. But Olympia is very close to the largest group of the larger cities of the State and within easy reaching distance of Seattle, Tacoma or Grays Harbor.

It is true that Olympia is not exactly what might be called a "metropolitan" city, but that is an advantage rather than a disadvantage. It centers the interests of the legislators on the work before them. It enables any man to find almost any other man whom it is necessary for him to consult without delay.

It prevents any of the members from wandering very far from the beaten path of legislative duty in search of amusement in the theatre, distant private homes or attractive restaurants.

When the Legislature is in session in Olympia there is very little for the legislator to do save attend to the business which he was sent there to transact.

Should any of them seek relaxation in a social or dissipated way, it is easy enough for the sergeant-at-arms to find them. Such might not be the case in a large city—productive of more varied amusements and providing more in the way of temptations to laxity.

THE OPINION OF AN EXPERT.

SIR FREDERIC VILLIERS belongs to the old school of "war correspondents." He is one of the type of men who lived and had their greatest importance before the days of the invention of the telegraph,—or at least before the cable came into general use in the way of transmitting news of the battlefield to the public through the medium of the newspapers.

Not much has been heard of Sir Frederic Villiers in recent years, but, according to a modest dispatch which recently came over the wires of the Associated Press, he seems to be living in Portage La Prairie, Manitoba, a pleasant little town just west of Winnipeg on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, where a few trees break the monotony of the great wheat prairie.

Sir Frederic Villiers seems to be a great deal of a pessimist in his consideration of the chances which the United States would stand in a war with some real power. But there is no reason for alarm over what he says.

There was a time when his words would have been considered of some weight, but he has been out of the game for a long time and he is becoming an old man—perhaps without knowing it.

At any rate, he knows little at the present time concerning the fighting strength of the United States—and certainly Portage La Prairie could not possibly be considered as a watch-tower from which a very comprehensive view of the situation could be obtained.

Following is a summary of the message of warning which this formerly expert observer of military affairs sends to the people of the United States:

"Unless the United States drops its spirit of bravado and recognizes that it is a nation of imperfection, having for its defense an army and navy wholly untrained and unfit for a war with any great power—an exchequer incapable of standing the drain that a war would involve, and a misguided people who understand that the aim of the republic is money-making—I foresee that republic's downfall.

"Today, if Japan attacked our neighbors to the south, there could be but one outcome—certain, quick and absolute defeat. The day is not far distant when the United States will have a terrible awakening."

Pleasant reading—isn't it?

But these are the words of a man who does not understand the American people—only our weakest points. He is totally mistaken, and yet he is a man whose words carry weight.

It takes something like this recent mobilization of the men of our army—our marines and the ships of our navy—to show to Sir Frederic Villiers and to the world at large that we are really not so helpless as we seem, and that at least the "skeleton" of our army is ready to move into action, fully equipped and fully supplied, at a moment's notice.

MARRIED LIFE THE SECOND YEAR

In Which Helen Learns to Appreciate a Home

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

THE telephone rang shrilly. Helen was dressing the baby, so she called to Delia to answer it. Delia came grumbling, for she hated the phone.

"Hello! What? I can't hear what you're sayin'. What?" she screamed again. Delia always shrieked through the receiver at the top of her voice. Warren said she didn't need the telephone—she had only to open the door.

"Yes, this is Mrs. Curtis's. Yes, she's here. What's that?"

"Wait, I'll come." Helen put the baby down and hurried to the phone.

"Yes, this is Mrs. Curtis. "Who?" in a tone of amazement? "Katherine Grant! Where are you? How did you find me? How did you know?"

Then she listened eagerly for several moments, with an occasional "Oh!" "Well can't you come now—at once—and have luncheon with me? Yes, I'm all alone. We'll have a wonderful time! Yes, as soon as you can. Take the subway—it brings you within a block, just one block west."

AN OLD SCHOOL CHUM.

Helen hurried out to the kitchen. "Oh, Delia," excitedly, "Katherine Grant, my old boarding school roommate, is in town and is coming for luncheon. Fix us something that will be dainty and nice and set the table as attractively as you can."

Unlike most maids, Delia delighted in unexpected company, and her impromptu dishes were always a success.

Helen finished dressing the baby, and then herself—choosing her prettiest tea gown. She was all a-thrill with excitement. Katherine Grant, who had become a successful magazine writer, and whom she had not seen since she was married.

When a half hour later the bell rang, Helen rushed to the door herself. After the first excited greetings, after the baby had been exclaimed over and admired, and the little apartment shown, Katherine was installed in an easy chair in the nursery and they proceeded to talk.

"And so you're happy—ideally happy?" demanded Katherine.

Helen flushed. "Why, yes—of course."

"And is marriage, and a home, and a child everything you thought it would be? You were always such a sentimental, romantic little thing, and since you've married I've often wondered if the reality was what you pictured it. And it has been—it is? You are still very much in love with your husband and he with you?"

"Why, of course." If there was a forced note in her voice, Katherine did not notice it.

"Well, I'm glad some one's life is as they planned it—mine certainly isn't."

"MY WORK!" SHE SAID, BITTERLY.

"Why, Katherine, you have your work—youve been so successful."

"My work!" bitterly. "Do you think any woman is ever satisfied with just her work? Do you think she is ever content with anything less than home—than her man and her child?"

"But surely, dear," glancing at the graceful figure before her, "you can have all that."

"Oh, yes, I suppose I could have it if I was willing to take it with any one who chose to give it to me. But I'm hardly ready to do that yet."

"You mean that there is some one—"

Katherine smiled cynically. "Isn't there always some one?"

"And there is some reason why. You don't mean that he is married?"

"Oh, no—nothing like that."

"Then why—"

"Why don't he care for me?" with another bitter laugh. "It is unreasonable of him, isn't it?"

"Oh, dont—I don't like for you to be so bitter; you never used to be."

"Perhaps I hadn't any cause then."

"Oh, I wish you could tell me, dear—not if you'd rather not, of course."

"There isn't much to tell—except that I thought a very wonderful thing had come into my life. And well—after a while he stopped caring—and I didn't. I kept on. It's so hard for a woman to 'let go.'"

THE SECRET OF HER WOE.

"You mean he has come to care for some one else?"

"No, I don't think there is any one else. There may be, of course; but somehow I never thought that. And I think I should feel it if there was."

"Then why—"

"Oh, I suppose I cared too much and showed it too plainly. He is a man who wants always to pursue; I think the very certainty of my love palled on him."

"But if he is that kind of man, aren't you better off without him? Was his love worth the having?"

"Perhaps not—only I happened to want it more than anything else in the world. And somehow, I keep on wanting." She rose suddenly and walked over to the window. "Let's not talk about it. It doesn't help any, does it? Unless it makes your lot seem happier by contrast."

"Oh, Katherine, don't! How can you say such things?"

"I know I'm in a horrid mood; I shouldn't have inflicted myself upon any one today."

Here Delia announced luncheon, and, for the time, they talked of other things—of Katherine's plan of taking a small furnished studio for the few months she expected to be in the city.

It was after 4 before she started to go, and then not until Helen made her promise to come to dinner next week to meet Warren?

As she kised Helen goodby she said wistfully:

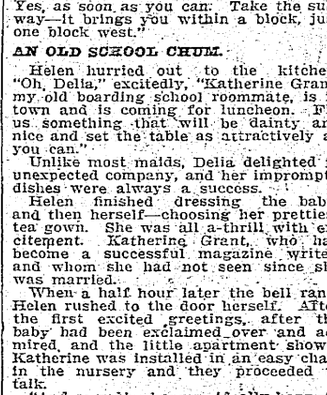
"I can't help envying you. I wonder if you know how happy you ought to be with all this—your home, your husband and your baby. Sometimes I think we take things for granted, and don't realize our happiness until, in some way, it is taken from us."

WAS KATHERINE RIGHT?

The words haunted Helen for hours after. Was Katherine right? Had she more cause for happiness than she knew? Her home, her husband, her baby—yes, she had all these. And yet—

She thought of Warren's selfishness, his lack of tenderness and of sympathy. If Katherine knew all that, would she still envy her?

Or were the primeval necessities for a woman a home, a husband and a child? And, having these, she should not expect more? Were tenderness, congeniality and sympathy added luxuries which she had no right to demand?



NEW.

"Well, my boy how old is your little brother?"

"He isn't old at all; he's almost new!"

THE MANICURE LADY

She Compares the Gould Wedding With That of Her Sister Mayme's.

"GEORGE," said the Manicure Lady, "don't you think the great author was right when he said there was only two kinds of weddings in this world, the happy and the unhappy?"

"I refuse to answer," said the Head Barber. "A husband ain't compelled to testify against his wife. Why do you ask?"

"Well, I suppose the subject is a little stale now," said the Manicure Lady, "but I was thinking about the wedding of Miss Vivien Gould and the wedding of my sister Mayme, both of which happened to occur on the same day.

"Of course, George, I don't mean that the big wedding was unhappy, and I certainly hope that it will never turn out to be such; but I'd like to bet that the bride and the groom had a lot more worry and a lot less real happiness out of their ceremony than Sister Mayme had up to the house.

"I suppose them international weddings is always sure to draw a crowd, the same as Harry Lauder and Vesta Victoria does, and I don't think the little American bride cared a rap for all the publicity that she got; but I couldn't help wondering if she wouldn't have gave a whole lot to be in Sister Mayme's shoes.

"I'm going to tell you about the wedding up to our flat, and after I have got through telling it, I'm going to leave it to you.

A QUIET HOME WEDDING.

"Our wedding wasn't one of them fashionable affairs. It wasn't held at no church full of costly flowers, and we didn't have no ushers, except one friend of brother Wilfred that is a usher down to the Broadway Theatre.

"There was a few flowers, nice little carnations and some violets and pansies, and there was a best man and a bridesmaid and some of our regular friends that came in and sat down quiet like, not fighting for their seats.

"We had the minister from the church where Mayme and me has went ever since we was kids in the Sunday school, and there was a wedding cake that mother had made herself, and after the ceremony we all sat down and ate like natural people usually eats natural food.

"Of course, George, I will admit that Wilfred put a kind of crusher on the leading vaudeville actors, and he paid a compliment to the bride in some lines which he had wrote especial for the occasion. I hate to bore you with it, but it's part of my story, so here goes:

"When Helen wedded great King Menelaus
He little knew he soon would get the raus;
But Paris proved to be the candy boy,
He came and carried Helen off to Troy.
I love my sister Mayme, and know that she
Will to her husband ever faithful be.
I know she won't allow no gay Lothario
To carry her away into Ontario."

"That wasn't such a slouchy poem, the way it seems to me," said the Head Barber. "I bet it went good."

"It didn't go good at all," said the Manicure Lady. "The old gent was the only one that laughed. He always laughs lately at anything Wilfred writes, because the boy came home last week with a hundred-dollar check for a funny poem that he had sent to one of the leading vaudeville actors; and he paid the old gent the $60 he owed him.

"But for the rest of the crowd, George, the poem was a freeze. Outside of the old gent's laughing, George, the silence was so intense that you could have heard a fly dropping into a cup of coffee.

"I wouldn't have cared so much for that one break on the part of Wilfred, but he had to recite two more poems, and even offered to sing a popular song he had wrote, called 'I Thought That Jemesy Loved Me Till He Hit Me With a Spade.' Then the people began to look kind of pale and tired, and mother whispered a gentle 'Nix' to her oldest and only son."

"But I'll bet at that," ventured the Head Barber, "that the wedding was a happy party."

SHOES FULL OF FEET.

"It was," said the Manicure Lady. "It was just a plain, home affair. There was a lot of rice thrown, and a few old shoes; but I think it's a whole lot better to throw old shoes, empty ones, at the wedding, than to throw old shoes with feet in them at the bridegroom a few months later."

"That ain't likely to happen in the Gould case," said the Head Barber. "They tell me this Lord Decies is a regular fellow."

"I guess that's right," said the Manicure Lady. "But they do say that something like that happened not long ago in Chicago."

Amenities of Artists

Albert T. Reid and Harvey Parsons, two well known Kansas artists, are very good friends. Reid was one of Parson's teachers.

Recently Reid drew a handsome water color picture depicting a pretty girl dressed in a milkmaid's costume. She had one arm thrown lovingly about the neck of a big, fine Holstein cow—the kind they raise in Kansas. In the other hand she carried a milking stool. The girl and the cow were wandering through a field of daisies. It is a good piece of work and was accepted readily and gladly by the publishers who ordered it.

Just about the time Reid had it finished Parsons wandered into his studio.

"What are you working on?" asked Parsons. Reid pointed to an easel on which stood the picture of the girl and the cow.

Parsons looked it over for some time, and, blowing out a big wreath of pipe smoke, asked:

"What is that girl going to do?"

"Going to do?" ejaculated Reid. "Why, milk the cow, of course."

"What is she doing with her arm around the cow's neck?" asked Parsons.

"Leading the animal to the lot," replied Reid, mixing some paint.

"Well, where is the milk pail?" demanded Parsons.

"She hasn't any milk pail," replied Reid.

"H'm," replied Parsons. "Then maybe she isn't going to milk the cow."

"Well, maybe she isn't," assented Reid.

"Well, if she isn't," persisted Parsons, blowing another puff of smoke, "what is the girl going to do with that milk stool?"

"Oh," snorted Reid, "she is going to hit the darned cow over the head with it!"—Kansas City Journal.

Other Attractions.

"I fear we are losing our ideals in the mad rush for wealth."

"Oh, I don't know. The mad rush for the ball park will soon begin."—Kansas City Journal.

THE OLD MAID'S CLUB

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

THE OLD MAIDS' CLUB was in session. "Girls," said the president, "this is our first official meeting in four weeks. This evening you are expected to give in detail just what you think on the question of women remaining unmarried. In other words, my sisters, are you still for the cause?"

There was a long pause, broken only by a nervous giggle from Mollie B.

"Mollie," said the President, sternly, "have you been wearing that hat again?"

"Just a very few times, Marian; just on stormy days."

But Mollie's was a telltale little face, which spoke more plainly than words.

"Mollie," said the brown-eyed girl sweetly, "didn't I see you in Tom's motor in the park the other day?"

MOLLIE BRAZENLY CONFESSES.

"Yes, you did," said Mollie defiantly, "and I'm always going out in it. And I may as well tell you girls that I'm a traitor to the cause. I'm not going to be an old maid, and I'm glad, glad, glad of it, so there!" And Mollie cast an imploring glance at her fellow members of the Old Maids' Club.

"Oh, Mollie, how heavenly! Of course it's Tom. When did it happen?" And the girls gathered eagerly about the traitor.

"Of course you will all despise me," said the culprit, "but if you only knew how heavenly it is to be in love you would forgive me."

For fully half a minute the brown-eyed girl had been gazing at the shirtwaist girl.

"What is it, Peggy?" said the latter, uncomfortably. "You've been staring me out of countenance for the last—dear knows how long. What's wrong with me?"

MARIAN LOOKED SO DIFFERENT.

"I don't know what it is, Marian, but you do look different. Doesn't she, girls? Perhaps it's the new way you are doing your hair, and that pretty, fluffy waist you have on. You see I'm so used to seeing you in plain, severe clothes that I hardly recognize you in frills. Yes, that must be what changes you so."

"Whatever it is, Marian, you look awfully, sweet," said little Susie, with a loving pat on the shirtwaist girl's back.

"I know what it is," said Fan slowly, "you're in love, Marian. Come, now, fess up!"

"Yes," said Marian, honestly. "I am, and I wish I'd never started this silly club. Don't be old maids, girls; get married, it's far better. I beg you not to be old maids."

"We won't," rose in prompt unison.

"Girls," said Fan, "A few weeks ago we made a silly compact. Just how silly it was has been proven by the fact that every one of us has broken her word."

"Except me," murmured Susie.

PEGGY A TRAITOR, TOO.

"Peggy," said Marian. "Are you a traitor, too?"

"Yes, I am. You see I was rather a traitor in my heart right from the start. I knew that if Jack ever looked at any other girl I couldn't stand it, and, when he did, I just told him the truth and we've been engaged for two weeks now."

Susie, the member who usually had least to say, broke into a soft little laugh.

"And so it seems," she said merrily, "that I am to be the only old maid after all. I'll have to visit you all and be the old maid aunt."

"Oh, old maids, old maids, aren't you all ashamed of yourselves? You have all promised to marry the very first man who asked you. Where are all your fine vows of spinsterhood? Traitors, every one of you!"

THE SOLE REMAINING MEMBER.

The shirtwaist girl rose to her feet. "Ladies," she said, solemnly, "henceforth this club has but one aim in life, and that is to marry off its remaining members as soon as possible. Those in favor of the motion please say 'Aye.'"

"Aye, Aye, Aye, Aye," rose in chorus.

"That being settled," said the sole member of the Old Maids' Club, "we may as well telephone downstairs for the boys to come up, for all four told me they would be here promptly at 9:30."

Kentucky Hospitality

Opie Reed, the novelist, who is at present at the Palace, tells a good story about Kentucky hospitality.

"Last summer," he says, "I borrowed a saddle horse from a friend of Henry Watterson of the Louisville Courier-Journal to take a jaunt through a mountainous section of the Blue Grass State. One day it was exceedingly hot and I stopped at an inviting farm house to get drink for my horse and self. Under a shade tree I noticed a kindly, elderly man. A darky was making him a mint julip. I introduced myself and asked him if I could have a drink of water. The way he said 'no' jarred me.

"'You can't have water, but you'll have a big mint julip with me,' was his dogmatic, but yet social reply.

"'But I don't want a mint julip,' I replied.

"'A mint julip is all I've got for you,' was the response. 'My grandfather made this whiskey and you can't insult him or it by refusing a julip.'

"The upshot of this exchange of courtesies was that I took a mint julip. Then I took another and another and then one more. My host was a country gentleman by the name of Alex Thompson and I found later on he was a friend of Watterson's. Well, I stayed there three days and the time passed as quickly as greased lightning. The julips so engaged my attention that I lost my borrowed horse. He strayed away somewhere. Not long afterward I met Watterson in Louisville and he shouted at me without any introductory remarks:

"'Opie, what in h—l did you do with my friend's horse?' I then told him the whole story—made a clean breast of it.

"'So you've been with Alex Thompson and his mint julips for three days,' he said, as he looked at me with a softening expression.

"'Do you know him?' I asked.

"'Know Alex Thompson? Do I know him?' replied Watterson. 'The last time I saw him and his mint julips I did not get away from there for three weeks.'"—Oakland Tribune.

Not to Be Made Light Of.

Marie Dressler is as famous for her epigrams as she is for her generosity. An actor at the opera house was recalling yesterday one of her justly famous bits of repartee.

Miss Dressler was inviting some of her friends to a birthday party.

"There'll be a birthday cake, I suppose?" some one remarked.

"Yes, there'll be a cake, never fear," was the reply.

"And candles, of course?" went on the alleged wit.

"My friend," said Miss Dressler, "this is to be a birthday party, not a torchlight procession."—Rochester Herald.

HIS LITTLE JOB.

"Boy, has the cashier told you what you are to do in the afternoon?"

"Yes, sir; I am to wake him as soon as I see you coming."