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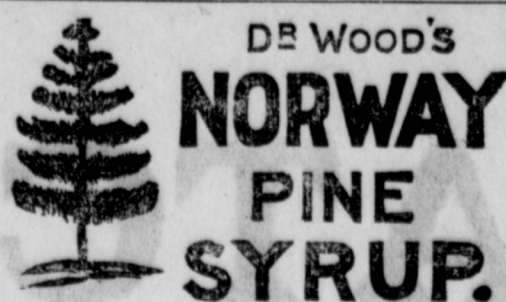
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The Factory Whistle.

Devoutness rather than the gentle manner of punctual habits would seem to have developed in a Kensington young man of whom a correspondent tells. He is coaxed from his bed with difficulty each morning by his patient mother, who long ago taught him to begin the day with an invocation for divine mercy says the Philadelphia Times. The whistle of a neighboring factory is a signal by which he generally guides himself in his matutinal progress toward the downtown office in which he is employed. A recent morning was marked by more than the usual number of maternal supplications that he awake and rise. She tried again this time her voice full of concern, lest he be late.

"John! John!" she cried. "When are you coming down? The 7 o'clock whistle has blown."

Certainly her bosom must have swelled with pride as this reply was wafted down to her:

"To— with the whistle! I'm saying my prayers, mother!"

A Querc Case.

An action is to be brought in the New York court to declare the eighteen story steel structure occupying the "V" formed by the crossing of Broadway and Fifth avenue at Twenty-third street New York City, and known as the "flatiron building," declared a public and private nuisance. The complainant is the occupier of a store on Broadway opposite the high building, whose plate glass windows have been broken twice by the wind during the past three months. In his complaint he holds the building responsible for the antics of the wind, the currents striking the structure and being deflected to the street and against his windows. Among the witnesses will be experts on air currents, architects and people, who in passing, have been roughly handled by the wind, some being thrown to the sidewalk. The petitioner alleges that people avoid the vicinity since the building was erected, and the wind commenced its pranks.

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Youthful Jack: "Oh, mother, I do love cake! It's awful nice."  
Mother (reprovingly): "You should not say you 'love' cake—say 'like.' Do not say 'awful'—say 'very.' Do not say 'nice'—say 'good.' And, by the way, the word 'oh' should be omitted. Now, my dear, repeat the sentence correctly."

Jack: "I like cake; it's very good."  
Mother: "That's better."  
Jack (with an air of disgust): "It sounds as if was only talking 'bout bread."

Jack: "That's a fair offer, Mr. Allen, but—well—I don't know," with a glance at the offered fish and then at the pile, "I think I can do better!"

Graduates of a Gang.

"No, you don't see my children loafing around the streets at night," said the janitor of a city apartment-house. "It costs me something to keep them away from the gangs, but it's worth the money."

"They're all respectable people here on the street, you know, and some are pretty well-to-do. Doesn't seem to be any need of their boys going wrong, does there? Well, the trouble started with letting the boys run wild in the evenings. The janitor of this next house didn't attend to his business. The boys learned he wasn't around at night, so they used to take their boxing-gloves into his basement and light the gas and have great times—regular prize fights."

"Now that was only a boys' caper, and needn't have led to any serious harm if the young fellows had been taken hold of right then and there, and handled right. When the policeman found 'em and drove 'em, possibly one or two of the boys did get a whaling; but they went right back to their hang-out at the corner, and kept on scheming how to have fun."

"Come warm weather, vacation time, and the leader took a notion to jump on a train one day and have a ride. He got out in the country and begged his living for a day or two, and then he hopped on another train and came back. He had a regular picnic, he thought. All the other boys were wild to try it."

"Well, one of 'em did. He got thrown off the first time, so he had to do it all over again. The second time he got under the wheels, and that was the end of him."

"Mind you, all these fellows had been picking up lots of accomplishments while they hung around the corner. In the course of a year they knew how to smoke, they were good hard swearers, they could lie pretty well, and because they could do mischief all round the neighborhood and dodge the policeman, they thought they were about as smart as the next one."

"It happened one day that the leader of the gang was suffering for cigarettes, so what does he do but steal a pair of trousers and pawn 'em. He stole from the wrong man, as it turned out, and his folks couldn't settle the case. The officers on this beat gave the boy a bad name—and there's no denying he was the worst of the bunch—and the judge sent him to jail for thirty days."

"Well, there you have the year's record of six sons of decent people. One of them killed while trying to play 'hobo,' one graduated to jail, four of 'em on the ragged edge of worthlessness, and all of 'em under seventeen years old."

"I bought my boys gymnasium tickets last winter," the janitor added. "They're playing baseball now, and in the fall they'll join a football team, if I have to start one myself. They've got to have company, and they need some way to work off their animal spirits, and I calculate decent company and decent sports in decent places are the cheapest kind."

Could do Better.

Some years ago there lived in a country town an old man who had a propensity for stealing small and portable articles that came in his way.

As he was poor and past labour and well known about town, no further notice was taken of his pecculations than to keep a sharp look-out when he was about.

A dealer had a quantity of dry fish landed on the wharf at an hour too late to get them into his shop, and as he was about covering them with a piece of sail-cloth, he espied old Brown, apparently reconnoitring.

Selecting a couple of fish, he said:—"Here, Brown, I must leave these fish out here tonight, and I will give you these two if you promise me you will not steal any."

"That is a fair offer, Mr. Allen, but—well—I don't know," with a glance at the offered fish and then at the pile, "I think I can do better!"

A Close Call.

A doctor was called to attend a girl sixteen years of age. He gave her a double prescription: part was to be taken internally; and part was for external use only. When the prescription was made up at the chemist's the usual label bearing the word "Poison" was affixed to the bottle containing the lotion. The girl was permitted to take and apply the medicines herself, and the precautions which she took to avoid making a mistake occasioned much amusement to her relatives. By way of a joke one of her friends resolved to transpose the labels immediately after the girl had taken the medicine. This having been done, her attention was directed to the bottles, and the girl at once imagined she had poisoned herself. Within a short time she complained of a burning sensation in the throat and stomach, and otherwise exhibited all the symptoms of poisoning. The doctor was hastily called, the usual remedies were applied, but without success, and it was only when the girl showed signs of complete collapse that the culprit confessed what he had done. The doctor at once poured out a large dose from the bottle labelled "Poison," and, in the presence of the girl, drank it. The effect upon the girl was magical; at once she began to revive, and in a few hours had completely recovered.

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The February Lippincott's Magazine.

The prominent feature in LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE is always a complete novel. That contained in the February number is by Alice Duer Miller, entitled "A Man of His Word." Mrs. Miller, by the way, belongs to a popular New York story-writing family. Both her mother and sister are well-liked contributors to the leading magazines. The motive in "A Man of His Word" is the moral obligation of a member of the Four Hundred to marry a young school-teacher because her mother had saved his life at the expense of her own. Before her death she whispers to her debtor, "Marry my daughter." On this foundation the author has built a tale of compelling interest and infinite diversion.

In addition to the novel, eight striking short stories enliven the pages of the February LIPPINCOTT'S W. A. Fraser's "The Capture of the Canton" is a rattling good yarn of the sea. Beulah Marie Dix contributes one of her striking and unusual stories called "The Scythe in the Oak-Tree." This is a Puritan incident where a man's "masterful temper" runs up against a younger man's obstinacy. "Deceivers Ever," by R. E. Vernede, is a bright sketch of a pretty, perverse girl who hated boys. The cause for such a sentiment is the point of the story. Elliott Flower calls his humorous story "The Demure Wife of Ned Barrett." An obliging friend of the husband's who consents to entertain her for a while is doubtful about the applicability of the adjective.

The poems of the number are by Bliss Carman, Clinton Scollard, Cally Ryland, Rose N. Yager, Elsa Baker, and others.

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