

Make Way for the Ladies.

In Michigan there is an Indian school where the children of the more or less noble red man are instructed in Anglo-Saxon graces and civility. One of the teachers says:

It is very interesting to study these children, especially as we have them from four different tribes.

The boys have a sense of humor. In my flag drill last Friday the partners were a boy and a girl, and where the lines intersect to form a cross I taught the boy to let their partners go first; and much trouble I had to do it.

After the exercise Isaac Crane came up to me, and in his solemn way, said:

'Miss B., in letting the girls pass in front of the boys you have struck at the foot of an Indian national custom.'

'How so, Isaac?'

'It is the custom for the man to go first, carrying his dignity, and for the woman to follow, carrying everything else.'

In Manningham's quaint old diary for 1603 is found this queerly spelled account of a little exchange of favors between the queen and one of her courtiers:

Mr. Francis Curle told me how one Doctor Bullein, the queen's kinsman, had a dog which he doted on so much that the queen understanding of it requested he would grant her one desire, and he should have what soever he should ask.

She demanded his dogge; he gave it, and 'Nowe, Madam,' quoth he, 'you promised to give me my desire.'

'I will,' quoth she.

'Then I pray you give me my dog againe.'

How They Met.

Bennet Burleigh, the English war correspondent, is authority for the following strange story: One day last autumn two officers, newly arrived from different parts of up country, met at Cape Town. Rather lonely and a good deal bored, they scraped acquaintance and found one another agreeable. When the dinner-hour came they agreed to dine together.

The keen edge of appetites having been taken off by a good dinner, the senior officer became a trifle more expressive.

'Do you know,' said he, 'I rather like you, and there's something about you that seems familiar, as if we had met before. I am Major S. of the—'

'Hello, are you?' said the other. 'I'm Lieutenant S., just joined,—your youngest brother!'

There was an unrehearsed scene as the two khaki-clad warriors sprang to their feet and pounded each other on the back which is the Briton's way of falling on the neck and weeping. They had not met for years, and the baby brother had meantime into a tall youth with an incipient mustache.

He—I'm not living with my father in law any more.

She—Well, I don't blame him. 'We had three cases of appendicitis in the past three days,' said a rural exchange. 'That shows how the town is improving. All we could boast a few years ago was ordinary measles.'

'He seems quite celebrated as an author, and yet he has written very little.'

'Yes, for you see, pretty much everything he does is silly enough to afford material for a literary anecdote.'

'Yes, I am a confirmed bachelor.'

'How many times have you been confirmed?'

The telephone is in the Sandwich Islands; and as 'are you there?' in the native dialect is 'kalsihohkauhukoi?' you can imagine what kind of a time they have when they are speaking in a hurry.

'I can't get on with that young woman at all.'

'What's the trouble?'

'Oh, she gets mad when I say she's mature; and she gets mad when I say she's immature.'

'Mertha, you are a Christian Science believer?'

'Of course, Jonas.'

'Well Mertha, don't clean house—just sit out in the yard, while I'm down town, and give all the rooms absent treatment.'

Laura—I am afraid that you love another, Jack.

Jack—How can you talk that way, dearest? I've kissed you 30 times in the last two minutes.

'But if you really loved me you wouldn't keep count.'

Battle—Yes, I find that marriage is economical.

Shyer—You spend less than you used to, do you?'

Battle—Well, not exactly that; but it comes to the same thing; I have less to spend.

Those berries you sold me yesterday were not fresh.'

'That's not my fault ma'am. I had 'em four days ago. It's not my fault that you didn't come along until yesterday.'

They were driving together when Miss Rocks, unsolicited, gurgled forth her views upon matrimony. 'Love is a dreary desert,' she said, 'and marriage an oasis.' Whereupon Mr. Shyly remarked that 'it certainly did require a deal of sand.'

The President's Wife.

The wife of a president bears no small part of the burden of his great office. It is much as it is with a clergyman's wife; a church employs only the minister, but it often demands much of his helpmate.

It is in social affairs that the wife of a President principally appears. Mrs. McKinley, on account of the frailness of her health, has always been excused by com-

mon consent from many duties which ordinarily fall upon the mistress of the White House. At the formal reception she has usually occupied a chair in the receiving line, and instead of attempting to shake hands with those who were presented to her, has merely bowed pleasantly as they passed.

Countless appeals are made to the wife of any President. Persons who seek to

secure some favor from him or know how powerful an ally in their efforts she might be, without realizing how impossible it would become to transact public business in that way. For example, women who desire for their husbands appointments to office, to save the family from want, or for a son a cadetship at West Point, or the pardon of a nephew, often try to secure the intercession of the President's wife.

These requests are usually made by mail but personal appeals are not unknown. Moreover, the influence of the President's wife in behalf of experimental charities, young musicians and new books is constantly sought. In its bestowal the greatest discretion is necessary.

Mr. Sezz't—I'd like to buy a pipstom.
Mr. Se'll'em—I suppose if I buy it I can keep it all my 'lie.



ENJOYING THE SUMMER.



THE YOUNG MASTER.