

Raising Babies by Chart.
The jet machines in the form of charts and goniometers raise our children under printed directions tucked in the walls. And these machines are proud of the completeness of their throats to these charts—actually proud because their babies are "schematic" youngsters.

Monday I was shown such a chart—a businesslike, austere product of some pseudo scientist's brain and printer's ink.

"Isn't it complete?" said the near mother. "Read it."
I read: "Aerated milk, 9 a. m. Sterilized quarter orange, 9:30 a. m. Pasteurized milk, 10 a. m. Slice of health toast, 1:15 p. m. 1/2 cup of Modified milk, 3 ounces, 10:45 a. m. Walk eighteen steps, 11 a. m. Two teaspoonfuls distilled water, 11:15 a. m. The rest of the chart was similar to this.

"It is complete," said I, "but I should like to edit the next one they get out."

She opened her eyes and raised her brows. "You know the way superior people, especially the recently superior kind, do it—so's you get a taste in your mouth right away as if she had chomped you a grapefruit to eat without sugar."

"By putting in a blue right here," I said, refusing to be frozen by her manner. "Twelve thirty to 1 o'clock, leave baby a little."
She didn't even thank me for the suggestion—actually, she didn't. Women are peculiar propositions. What?—Molestation.

Interviewing a Chinaman.
I remember one distinguished Chinese who gave the newspaper man a big surprise. We knew that he was a high officer and that he had come to this country on a mission of importance, but not one of us dreamed of getting from him more than a perfunctory interview through one of his interpreters. This was a secretary we conveyed to the big man our desire for an interview. He talked with his secretary in Chinese for a few moments, and then the secretary in halting English invited us to accompany him and the chief to the officer's suite. We fled in, dropped into the seats to which we were bowed by the statesman and waited for something to begin.

As we hesitated in peculiar suite the big man's face, lying back in his chair, he cocked one leg over the other, lighted a cigar and dropped a bomb by saying: "Fire away, boys. I'm ready. But before you begin who was the best race?"—San Francisco Call.

Are Metals Alive?
"Metally" has a life," said a metallurgist firmly—"but not much life, but a life. And metals can be stimulated, depressed, poisoned.

"Platinum wire, immersed in water, gives off an electric current that may easily be measured. If you put bicarbonate of soda in the water, the stimulated wire gives off a stronger current. Put in bromide of potassium, and the depression of the current is weaker current. Finally, put in oxalic acid, and the poisoned wire gives off no current at all. It will never again give off any current. It is dead."
"Now, I leave it to you," said the scientist, "depress a metal, exhilarate it and finally administer to it a fatal dose of poison, have you not a right to say that the metal has life?"

A Mollified Subject.
Nollekens, the sculptor, was a man of pretty wit and of neat resource in compliment. He had at one time for a sister a woman of great beauty, but of an extremely nervous and impatient temperament. During her sittings she would constantly change her position, and with each shift of posture her expression changed. At last the sculptor's patience gave way.

"Madam," he cried, "of what avail is your beauty if you will not sit still till I have reflected it in my model?"
The sister smiled and said vainly and was as motionless as a lay figure during the remainder of her sittings.—St. Louis Republic.

"Strong Even in Death."
There is a characteristic story of an American woman formerly well known in London that will bear repeating, says a writer in London *Tribune*. The lady is said to have written the following letter to a royal personage:

"Sir—My medical attendants have just informed me that I am in a hopeless condition. I feel very happy, but I know that you would be represented at my funeral. I enclose a check for \$1,000 to cover all expenses."

When He Got Sense.
Husband—Have you still the letters I wrote you before we were married?
Wife—Yes. Why? Husband—Bring them here. I want to burn them. I am just making my will, and I am afraid that if any of my relations see those letters after I am dead they will think I was of unsound mind.—Lustige Blätter.

Easy, but Heavy.
"I suppose it was hard work to follow my argument?" said the lawyer.
"No," said the juror. "It was easy to follow it, but it was difficult to keep awake until the destination was reached."

Disappointed.
"Tommy, you've got a new little brother. Aren't you glad?"
"A brother? I thought it would be a horse." Papa promised me one for such a long time.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A foolish consistency in the beholding of little minds, adorned by little talents, and philosophers and divines.—Macaulay.

The New Judge's Notes.
Chief Justice Falconbridge of Ontario, Mr. Justice Britton and Mr. Justice Hildred, a newly appointed judge, were sitting together as a court in Toronto, and some legal specialists who were present, the presentation of argument on behalf of one of the clients was rather prolix and not very much to the point, to put it mildly. Mr. Justice Hildred, who was sitting on the bench, to the same extent inured against the tediousness of the proceedings as were his colleagues, was observed to pass to them a slip of paper, on which presumably he had written some notes on the case. Immediately the "notes" were read, however, by his colleagues there was a subdued suggestion of indignation on their part. It turned out that the "notes" read after this fashion:

THE "NOTES"
(With apologies to Mr. Richard Kipling.)
"O is it makes that boomin' notes?"
"Asked Fildon-Parade."
"It's comin' again, argument."
"The color sergeant said."
"Ow moon 'ave I to pay?"
"Asked Fildon-Parade."
"The chief and his two hired men."
The color sergeant said.

"For his doesn't know his law, he misrepresents the facts; his light is so rotten you can see through all his cracks. And he's pretty sure to get it where the court does deliver judgment in the morning."
—Cleveland Leader.

A Boomerang Contract.
The author of "A Temperance Town" and "A Texas State" spent much of his time in his country home, but one day he appeared unexpectedly in New York at the Lambs' club. Going straight to the cafe, he made one large, inclusive gesture, which brought every man present about him. "It's on me," said Mr. Hoyt. Then he told his story.

It was before the days of electric and gasoline motors, and he had bought a little steam yacht. He engaged as his engineer one of his Yankee neighbors and offered him liberal wages, with the provision that the engineer should find his own coal. It was a long way to the nearest coal yard, and Mr. Hoyt had all the trouble he was looking for. "But where shall I get the coal?" the new engineer asked.

"I don't know," said the foremost of American stage humorists. "Steal it." So the bargain was struck. All went well until in the early autumn Mr. Hoyt was invited to give a lecture on how much more coal he would have to purchase for the winter. Of several tons on hand in the spring only two or three sufficient remained. The theft was readily traced to the engineer.—Saturday Evening Post.

The Sun and the Telescope.
The popular notion is that the astronomer points his telescope directly at the sun and fires his vision point blank across the chasm of millions of miles. Instead, says a writer in the *Radio Magazine*, the errant sun rays are focused by a cyclostatic great circular mirror driven by clockwork in such a manner that it throws its light into another mirror above, and this in turn sends the large concentrated beam far into the interior of the telescope house. The two mirrors move in automatic adjustment to each other, so that the solar beams may be shot into the building, no matter in what portion of the sky the sun may be situated. At the farther end of the building the reflected sunbeam strikes a concave mirror which catches the light and, flashing it back toward the opening whence it first entered, focuses it into a perfect image of the sun.

Female Diamonds.
The jeweler held a magnifying glass to a superb white diamond.
"Do you see those little diamonds on the facets?" he said. "They are invisible to the naked eye, but the glass shows them quite plainly, doesn't it? Well, they are the proof that this diamond is a female; hence we call it a male and female diamond, the males, of course, being those that don't produce these growths."

"Female diamonds are always the finest. In fact, nearly all the diamonds of wide world fame are female."—New York Press.

Society of the Cincinnati.
The Society of the Cincinnati was an order established by the officers of the Revolutionary army in 1783 to perpetuate their friendship and to raise money for the relief of the widows and orphans of those who had fallen during the war. It was so named because it included patriots headed by Washington, between whom and the Home of America, general, Cincinnati, there were supposed to be many resemblances.

Present Troubles.
"Ah, pretty lady," said the fortune teller, "you wish to be told about your future husband?"
"Not much," replied Mrs. Galley. "I've come to learn where my present husband is when he's absent."—Philadelphia Press.

Evolution.
"Father," said little Rollo, "what is evolution?"
"Evolution, my son, is a sort of apology which man has invented for displaying so many of the traits of the lower animals."—Washington Star.

Royal Remedy.
Mistress—Your child's very bad, Jane. Are you doing anything for it?
Nurse—Yes, ma'am. The chemist 'ave giv' me some creamed structure of Queen Anne.—Punch.

He is sufficiently learned that knows how to do well and has power enough to refrain from evil.—Cicero.

A Cabby Stung.
Foreigners often fall a prey to the unscrupulous wiles of the British cabby, who besets take advantage of the stranger's want of familiarity with English idiom, coinage and locality. We have heard of the intelligent foreigner being driven about six statute miles in a journey from London bridge to Charing Cross. That cabby got the best of it, but a recent attempt to impose upon foreign credulity was frustrated cleverly by a son of Gaul, whose taste for joking led him to try to bamboozle a cabby into attempting it with him. He demanded in exceedingly broken English to be driven to a certain place, the fare to which was exactly a shilling. It may be remarked that he really could speak English as well as he could his mother tongue. On arriving at his destination he asked, still in a struggling fashion:

"Ow moon 'ave I to pay?"
"Five shillings," promptly responded the cabby.
"And 'ow moon is 5 shillings?" queried the traveler, taking out three half crowns and laying them across his palm.
"Them three's right," said the cabby, pointing to the coins.
"Oh!" said the Frenchman. Then, dropping his assumed imperfect acquaintance with the vernacular, "Well, here's a bob for you," he said and departed, leaving his erstwhile John stammering with a perplexed expression on his face which took some time to disappear.—London Tit-Bits.

Rules For Right Eating.
The rules for eating, which ought to be part of every child's A. B. C., are few and simple, though neglected by half of the adult population. Expressed in don'ts, they are: Don't eat in a hurry; don't eat when tired; don't forget to chew well; don't drink much with meals—do it before; don't eat all one kind of food; don't take much cold food at one time.

Most of us live as if unconscious that there are such things as laws of health whose violation brings pain and sickness. The stomach will bear as much abuse as a medical man says any organ of the body, perhaps more than most of them. But when it rebels there is usually one more cross despatch inflicted on society and destined to spend the rest of his days alternating between a diet of soft eggs and toast and sundry excursions into mince pies, pork and cabbage and other things that he likes, but which make him miserable. —Charles H. Cochrane in Metropolitan Magazine.

He Hung on to the Record.
A fish story which was rummaging involves an old man who had little regard for the truth. Two young men made it up to go to the old gentleman's house and outgeneral him by telling the biggest lie to the old man who held the record. After being at the old man's house some time one of them asked the old gentleman if he had heard about the big fish. He said he had not and asked them where it was. The young man told him a gasoline launch had exploded on the river and the whole river was on fire. The old man sat quiet for a moment, then turned to his wife and said, "Mother, I told you something terrible had happened on the river today when I caught that catfish with his fins all burned off."—Chicago Tribune.

How She Helped.
A servant girl who had been through the mill before was being cross examined the morning after her new engagement. Said her mistress: "And did your last mistress assist you in cooking, Maggie?"
"Weel, aye, in a way she did," admitted Maggie.
"How'd she do it, now?" asked her mistress.
"By stoppin' oot o' the kitchen, ma'am," was Maggie's retort, and the mistress gracefully retired.—London Answers.

A Hot Kettle.
"A knife that cuts butter when it is hot" (and under no other circumstances) are sometimes met with, and the reason of this is easily explained. Heat expands metal and in proportion to the amount of metal which is heated. There is no metal in the breadth of a blade than in its thickness, and the former therefore is expanded immensely more than the latter. In other words, the wedge-like shape is lengthened, and the tool becomes "sharp."

The Greater Ache.
"You might think you've got such a headache," said the woman, "but you can't stand it at all. You'll never get over it, never in the world! You can't stand it another minute without dying of it, but just wait till you get the toothache good and hard, then stand by the mirror and see the headache go way back and sit down."—New York Press.

Anatomy.
"How many ribs have you, Johnny?" asked the teacher.
"I don't know, ma'am," giggled Johnny, squirming around on one foot.
"I'm so awful ticklish I never could count 'em."—Ladies Home Journal.

What's Dad A-Doin'?
"Mammy's knittin' dad a pair o' socks."
"An' what's dad a-Doin' o'?"
"Frazzle to the Lord for about"—Atlanta Constitution.

Making a Monkey of Him.
"I have something to tell you. I have a tale about my ancestors."
"I presume your ancestors had tales about themselves."—Detroit Free Press.

Nothing can be done at once hastily and prudently.—Publius Syrus.

Figures Tink Out For Yourself.
Calculations of a great many interesting propositions for the student are included. J. Dunk of Baltimore has compiled a rather remarkable arrangement of the titles of a song from "The Medicine"—"I Want What I Want When I Want It." In the following twenty-five squares the words are so arranged that by beginning in the upper left hand corner and reading across or down, not up, the sentence can be read in 18,421 different ways, according to the arrangement. There is no time this week to verify the count, but any one who has leisure, here is the arrangement:

I	Want	What	I	Want
Want	What	I	Want	When
What	I	Want	When	I
I	Want	When	I	Want
Want	When	I	Want	It

A sentence which could be read forward or backward, such as "How was I ere I saw war," if it had nine syllables, could be written in the same arrangement of squares and could be read in 25,422 different ways, or double the above illustration, as it could be read down from the upper left hand corner or up from the lower right hand corner.—Baltimore News.

Borry He Spoke.
The conductor was inclined to seek for sympathy. "Do you see that woman on the left, which side of the car, up near the front?" he asked the man on the back platform.
"Yes, I see her."
"The one with the dicky hat?"
"Well, I think she's tryin' to beat me out of a fare. When I went in to collect she never looked around, an' I ain't quite sure that she didn't pay me before, although it's almost possible that she looks to me like a woman who'd be glad to stir up a fuss. I can pick 'em out as far as I can see."

"You never spoke a woman is wiser than a fare like that, but I'm ready to bluff her way anywhere. I wish to thunder I knew whether she had paid her fare or not."
"I wouldn't worry about it any more," said the thin man. "I paid the lady's fare some time ago. She's my wife."—Aronson.

Live and Die on the River.
"The river population of Manila is a class by itself," said a traveler. "Not to be outdone by Canton, she has her sampans, known as 'pangoses' and loaded up with almost anything in the city limits, where thousands of children are born, grow and die on these floating cargo carriers. They never dream of any other world than that which floats about them. Their boats are small, but accommodate a family of five to seven. They have a fire pot, a platform and a rice kettle. The cabin covered portion is very small—in fact, don't see how they live—and it is a wonder to me that the children don't fall overboard and drown. You will often see a woman sitting at the end of the boat, roasting with a child straddled on her back, looking for all the world like a little monkey."

Seized the Opportunity.
There were bold thieves and bold methods in the earlier days in Holborn. Here is an example:
Said a stout athletic old gentleman to a well dressed stranger who was passing: "A rascal has stolen my hat. I tried to overtake him, but—I'm so out of breath—I can't stir another inch." The stranger covered the other with critical eye. The victim was puffing and panting as for dear life. In the pleasant tone in the world the stranger said, "Then I'll be langed, old boy. I'll always out-walk you." So saying he snatched that article from the sufferer's head and departed like the wind, leaving him with head as bare as a babe's.—St. James' Gazette.

Antiquity of the Census.
The idea of the census is almost as old as history itself. King Amasis of Egypt took a census of his people 500 years before our time. The Athenian soldier established a census for the purpose of facilitating taxation. We learn that about 443 B. C. Servius Tullius took a census of Rome. During the chaos of the dark ages the census dropped into oblivion, but was revived again about the beginning of the eighteenth century.

Folding a Coat.
Here is the way to fold a man's coat when you want to pack it in a box or a trunk. Lay the coat out perfectly flat, right side up, spread by the seams, smooth out all wrinkles and lay it on a level surface in the trunk. Fold the revers back and double the coat over, folding it by the center seams. Smooth out all wrinkles and lay it on a level surface in the trunk.

Fifteen Dollars in Her Inside Pocket.
Midge—What did Molly mean by saying that joining the Audubon society was a good business proposition? Marjorie—The dues are only \$5, while a hat with feathers costs at least \$20.—Harper's Weekly.

His Promotion.
"No Jack's been made secretary and treasurer of the Home Guard, has he?"
"Yes. He has to copy all the letters and take all the deposits to the bank, and, oh, Mary, I'm so proud of him!"—Harper's Bazar.

Right overboard turns to wrong—Spanish Proverb.

D. F. LAMEY
School Books
Big Bargains In good hand school books. Some just as good as the new books.
We Buy All the books that you don't want which are used in the school.
New school books We carry a complete stock of New School Books for the High School and all the lower grades.
Stationery A large stock of school Stationery, Tablets, Pens, Ink, Pencils, etc. Also a fancy line of Stationery in latest styles and fancy-colors.
Now is the time to buy a Talking Machine. We sell them so that you can easily own one yourself and entertain your friends.

D. F. LAMEY

That Fall Suit
You'll soon want it and it probably needs cleaning and repairing. Bring it in NOW. Or if you think you need a new one, come in and see my new line of Fall samples, and leave your order. I shall be rushed with work soon, so the earlier you come the better.
Math Peck
Merchant Tailor
Barrington, Illinois

Boom Your Business
Did you ever think of the field of opportunity that advertising opens to you? There is almost no limit to the possibilities of your business if you study how to turn trade into your store. If you are not getting your share of the business of your community there's a reason. People go where they are attracted—where they know what they can get and how much it is sold for. If you make direct statements in your advertising see to it that you are able to fulfill, every promise you make. You will add to your business reputation and hold your customers. It is the persistent advertiser who gets there. Have something in this paper every issue, no matter how small. It will not cost as much as you think. If you do not employ an ad writer and do not wish to write your own copy we will get up your ads in a manner which will satisfy you, and at no additional charge. We will be pleased to quote you prices.

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