

Nos. 1, 2, and 3 are Here.

...ANNOUNCEMENT...

**GLIMPSES OF SOUTH AFRICA
IN PEACE AND IN WAR**

By **WYMBLE FLEMMING**, —a Native Afrikander, born in Cape Colony—Lived in Africa 28 years—Travelled extensively in all parts of Africa—Familiar with every inch of country where fighting is going on—Large experience as a newspaper correspondent for Cape, English and American papers—Author of many sketches on South African life.

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Call and See Them

INTELLIGENT MIKE.

A Little Story Written For Our Youthful Readers.

"Talking about intelligent dogs," said the man who lives on Ellsworth avenue, "we have a bull terrier named Mike at home who knows more about the English language than most people. We call him Mike because he has such classical features.

"We've had him since he was a pup, and in his younger days he did nothing but eat and bark, bark and eat, day and night. It didn't seem as if he took any time for sleep. As long as he did his barking around the stable it didn't matter much, because we couldn't hear him from the house, but one day he got into the kitchen. He was barking as usual, of course. Mother put him out. As Mike tumbled as gracefully as he knew how down the steps leading from the back porch to the walk mother said to him:

"Mike, you've got to stay away from here."

"That was all she said, and I don't know whether you will care to believe me or not, but that dog has not attempted to enter the house since. Sometimes he comes down the garden and looks toward the kitchen, and then, as if he had suddenly remembered something, he turns and trots back to the stable.

"Somewhere around 3 o'clock one morning last summer Mike awoke me by sitting down beneath my bedroom window and barking. I opened the window and looked down at him.

"Mike," I said, "it isn't respectable to carry on like this at 3 a. m. Shut up and go away."

"That dog hasn't been heard to bark since."—Pittsburg Press.

All but the Public.



"What sort of a reception did your new tragedy have at its first production yesterday?"

"Oh, magnificent! Only the public didn't seem to take very kindly to it."—Heitere Welt.

Breaking It Gently.

Foreman (quarry gang)—It's sad news Ol hov fur yez. Mrs. McGahar-raghty. Y'r husband's new watch is broken. It was a foine watch, an it's smashed all to paces.

Mrs. McG.—Dearie me! How did that happen?

Foreman—A ten ton rock fell on 'im.—New York Weekly.

Troublesome Man.

"That man," said the walking delegate, "gives me more trouble than all the rest of the union put together."

"What's the matter with him?"

"Why, if he isn't constantly watched he is sure to work hard and fast."—Chicago Post.

A Complaint of Etiquette.

"It was a game fight, wasn't it?" said the pugilist.

"You might call it so," replied the disappointed spectator. "It made me think of a game of cribbage or some other quiet home amusements."—Washington Star.

Not Realism.

"I thought you said this was a realistic novel."

"Isn't it?"

"Judge for yourself. It contains the statement that they were married and lived happily ever afterward."—Chicago Post.

Up to Date.

Hoax—I invested in a horseless carriage last week.

Hoax—Indeed! Then you're right in the push.

Hoax—That's what I am. The baby's getting too big to carry.—Chicago News.

One or the Other.

"Henderson tells me he means to name his new boy George."

"Old or new style?"

"What do you mean?"

"Washington or Dewey?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Good at One Thing.

"I wish I was fitted for some business pursuit," she said.

"You're pretty good at monologues," he replied, "and people have been good living at that before."—Chicago Post.

Big lot of kid gloves at 1-3 tomorrow at Paton & Co's