SLANG IN THE MAKING.

Many of the Up-to-Date Phrases Cannot Be Traced to Their Origin.

The study of slang in the making has always been hampered by the fact that no investigator ever sees the inventor at his work. In some college student's room, behind the screens of a drinking hall, or among the roustabouts of the levee the words and highly colored phrases taken up by the world so readily have probably first been altered. Where lived the man who coined word "chump?" asks the New York Evening Post. Who first thought of saying to his rival: "Go 'way back and sit down?" No one seems to know, and the inquirer has to be contented with inferior specimens for study. One of these has just come to light in Chicago. It is not one of the elusive sort, full of fancy and inspiring suggestions. But it has the merit of having been designed, as it were, before our eyes. Like the wheat cakes which the white-capped cook makes in the window of a dainty restaurant. It is the word "sep," which is applied to the young women now attending the University of Chicago. Since coeducation has been abolished it is obviously inaccurate to call them coeds. At the same time, the west does not take on the less complimentary terms which the young men in some eastern colleges apply to their feminine fellow students. The new word is certainly as euphonious as the old, more so if anything, because it has no bite. It is highly descriptive and not in the least uncomplimentary.

NEVER VICTIMS OF CUPID.

There Are More Bachelors Than Old Maids in the Census Enumeration.

It is estimated that there are now in the United States 1,500,000 more single men of marriageable age than there are single women, the official figures being as follows: Unmarried men, 15,000,000; unmarried girls and women, 13,500,000. The male population of the United States, although the excess of male immigration and the higher male birth rate, is more than 1,000,000 in excess of the female. The span of life is on the average longer for a woman than for a man, and the marriageable age for women is several years younger than the average for men. As a consequence of this the numbered widows is very largely in excess of the number of widowers, the figures being 2,500,000 and 1,300,000 respectively, says the San Francisco Argonaut.

There are more divorced women who have not remarried than there are divorced men, and for all these reasons the number of the single men of marriageable age is larger than the number of single women. In New York it is [illegible], in Pennsylvania 158,000, in Ohio [illegible], in Illinois 200,000, in California [illegible], in Texas [illegible] and in Kansas 75,000. In Massachusetts the number of unmarried men exceeds the number of unmarried women by only a few thousand. In Utah there are [illegible] unmarried men and [illegible] unmarried women of marriageable age. In Washington the number of single men is [illegible] that of single women.

MODERN DAY MIRACLE.

Where Stood the Famous [illegible] Lily the Stalking Camel Now Browses Contentedly Down.

[illegible]

HUMOROUS.

Black—"Shot-putter yonder owes me a fiver and keeps putting me off." Spots—"Of course; he's the best putter in the club."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Did as Well.—Her Beau—"'Tis said Kipling gets 50 cents a word." Her Brother—"Me, too. Mabel gave me that to say 'No' when you asked if she was in yesterday, didn't you, sis?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Following the Precedent.—"What did you say that made the bill collector so mad?" "I asked him if it wouldn't be a good idea to refer his little bill to the arbitrating judgment of The Hague tribunal."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Means the Same Thing.—"He called me an artistic liar." "Why, I didn't hear him use any such language." "Well, he didn't put it in just those words, but he said I had the making of a successful diplomat in me."—Chicago Post.

"That was a stirring, moving drama at the theater last night." "Plot exceptionally strong, I presume?" "I didn't say anything about the plot. I was referring to the activity of the audience between acts"—Baltimore News.

Tom—"Do you notice any difference in your sister Kate since her engagement?" Dick—"Oh, yes. She seldom wears a glove on her left hand now, and her back hair always wants attention from that hand."—Boston Transcript.

Proof Positive.—Cross-questioning Attorney (in breach of promise suit)—"So, Mr. Baymark, you deny having written any one of this huge pile of honeyed missives?" Baymark (indignantly)—"No, sir; I never wrote one of them. And, besides, she promised me faithfully that she'd burn every drafted one of the foolish things."—Baltimore American.

VENEZUELA'S SPORTING BLOOD

Your Host May Rifle Your Pockets, But He'll Be Willing to Play Cards for the Booty.

Two members of parliament have quaint stories to tell of adventures in Venezuela in times past and here they are while interest is keen in the land of Castro, says a London report.

An honorable baronet while on a visit to the republic had interviews with certain members of the government. He dined with them in the evening and retired at a late hour. He was awakened from his sleep by a noise in his room, and saw, as he thought, one of his hosts disappear through the bedroom window leading on to the verandah.

Concluding that this was a polite custom of the country, the visitor again went to sleep, but in the morning found his trousers upon the floor, their pockets turned inside out. His old-fashioned and highly decorated chain purse was gone, but its contents were on the ground. His gold-edged cigar case and some gold charms attached to his fob had vanished.

The Englishman went straight to the seat of government and complained to one of the ministers, who expressed his dismay, and was thereupon informed that the person seen in the room bore a resemblance to himself.

"Then, amigo," replied the minister, "the thief is no one else but myself."

"Why, that's impossible," the visitor said, "for I should have no difficulty in identifying the perpetrator of my robbery."

Later in the day the Englishman discovered an anonymous package upon his room table. Opening the cover he found all the missing articles save the gold-edged cigar case and one of the charms—a little goddess in diamonds and emeralds.

Never have owners went through a recognition so remarkable some years ago.

Too Much to Say.

"Bridget," inquired the mistress of the house, "were you entertaining a policeman in the kitchen last night?"

"Sure, mum," replied the cook, "I'm a decent woman! I'll say how excerts and it was. It was that he did!"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

In the Blues.

Jason Perkins—I always said, and I'll say again, that the government should own the coal mines.

Elton Gloom—That's exactly my view of the matter. Them darn government clerks should be made to earn their wages by working!—Puck.

Knew a Thing or Two.

Brooklyn—Miss X is a popular young lady who never thought seriously of marriage. And why?

Because, she says, "Dear Boy, there is only reason why I am still single—only Harry."

The Good Is Re-Done.

Dolly—Please, Miss Sharp, mamma says, may you really let your songs go home?

Miss Sharp—Yes, dear. Why?

Dolly—Well, papa says it would be good to be done.—Tit-Bits.

For Fully Prepared.

Student (reading Virgil)—Dido, queen of Carthage, was so fair as she was proud, you know.

Professor—Well, no, Dido's getting far enough.—Yale Record.

Confidence.

Mr. Blue—Did you ever see a jay bird?

Mr. Red—Sure, I've seen many a jay bird.

Mr. Blue—Did you ever see a jay bird?

Mr. Red—Sure, I've seen many a jay bird.

The Only Cure.

Cynicus—I'd pretty to know how you get proper at the head.

Rose Leafe—Why, we practiced it on you some of the people to keep long enough to be married.—Life.

[illegible]

HE TALKED TOO MUCH.

And Resolved to Address All of His Crafty Conversation to Himself in Future.

"The next time I get to feeling right gay and conversational, I'm going to take myself to a nickel car ride, go 'way out into the country somewhere, walk from the car about 300 yards into the woods, and say it all to myself," mournfully, relates the Washington Star.

"And here's why:

"Last summer, when the time came around for me to dig up another two dollars for a dog tag for my fox terrier, I sort o' sidestepped on the proposition. I happened just to need the two dollars for something else at the time, and, as I had been buying two dollars' worth of dog license for that mutt from the district government for about eight years, I concluded that I had done about my share, considering how many dogs there are running about Washington that never saw the color of a tag. Moreover, somebody had stolen the old tag from my dog's collar only a few days before.

"So I decided to become a little crafty and dodge the two dollar dog tax, for the present year.

"'These dog-catchers,' said I to myself, 'never take a peek at the tags attached to the dogs' collars. If they see any old kind of a tag jingling from a dog's collar, they pass on, taking it for granted that that dog's tax is all paid and settled for. Consequently, what's the use of paying two dollars for a little piece of brass that's never looked at, when brass is so cheap?'

"I've got a little tinkering workroom fitted up at my house, and on one Sunday I made a dog tag. I didn't have any model, the old tag, as I say, having been swiped from the dog's collar by some predatory youngster, probably, but, after fooling around for awhile, I framed up a piece of brass and stamped it so that it looked a-plenty like an honest-and-truly dog collar.

"'Now, son,' I remarked to the mutt when I fastened the cutely-stamped piece of brass to his collar, 'all you've got to do is to sit or stand around looking innocent or chesty, as you please, when you see the dog-catcher coming your way, and you won't be bothered. The piece of brass'll bluff him out all right. Don't sneak away or try to crawl under a porch or anything like that just because you yourself know that you've got a phony or bogus dog tax on, and the dog swiper'll never know the difference.'

"The dog wagged his tail as much as to say, 'I'm next, all right,' and the next afternoon when I was coming home from the office I saw him sitting placidly on the pavement watching a dog-catcher with a net just as if his dog tag was as good as any ever issued by the district government. The spectacle tickled me almost foolish, I was so delighted with my own ingenuity. After that the dog-catcher's wagon came by the house time and again while my fox terrier was fooling around in front, but none of the canine kidnapers made any more toward grabbing the dog—the counterfeit tag had 'em fooled proper.

"Well, one evening last week on my way home from the office in the open car—I was sitting in the last seat—I got to telling a friend who sat alongside me about the great dog-tax-dodging game of mine.

"'It's the simplest thing in life,' I told him, 'and a man that's got the nerve to edge up a little piece of brass has got no more right to pay two dollars dog tax than he has to pay a campaign assessment when he can dodge it,' and then I went ahead and explained the thing to him at great length, chuckling gleefully the while and poking him in the ribs at intervals the better to force him to see how cute and cunnin' I had been. I noticed that a roughly dressed black man standing right behind us on the rear platform of the open car seemed to extract a heap of amusement from my recital. He just doubled himself up laughing over it, and he got off the car at P street where I debarked. He was still laughing wholesomely to himself as he walked down P street behind me, and I was glad that my little story of the way I had chiseled the dog department of the district government out of two dollars for dog tax tickled him hugely.

"But I wasn't so glad when, on the following evening, a few moments after I had got home from the office that same black man—and he was still chuckling too confoundedly—alighted noisily from the rear step of the dog-catcher's wagon, turned his net skillfully over my fox terrier with the phony tag and go hence and, to tell it briefly, kicked a big piece when I had to accompany to the pound and fig up a Sunday-night three dollars for charges and two dollars for tag, to get that dog of mine turned loose.

"I'm going to address all of my crafty conversation to myself in the future. It's safer."

Serious Topic for Them.

Pick a few plays with apples, prunes and prepared in the usual way for making pies, cover with a crust made in the following manner: Two cupful graham flour, one-half teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful baking powder, enough water to make a dough that can be rolled out on the board, cover the apples with this and bake.—Boston Herald.

Found the Use of It.

"Say, pa, what's a dollar fidelity insurance company, anyhow?"

"Sudden silence, my son!" replied the old man. "It's something that people who insure very everything but people who insure that it keeps them honest."—Chicago Record.

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets.
Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months. This signature, E. W. Grove
Cures Grip in Two Days. on every box. 25c.

GRAFTER'S FERTILE FIELD.

There Is Much Revenue for Venders of Electrical Frauds in New York City.

The American people, according to the late Phineas T. Barnum, like to be humbugged. Many persons can be made to believe that an electric generating machine always resembles two large spools of green silk set up on end. If they learn differently they are amused at their former belief and proud of their get-ativeness. Electricity is such a mysterious thing, with something of the black art about it, that nothing seems to be too marvelous to be accomplished by it, and many imposters have reaped, and for that matter are still reaping, a rich harvest by making use of the ignorance and almost childish confidence which the investing public has in old and new and startling discoveries in electricity, says a correspondent of the Pittsburg Gazette. The electro-medical appliances which usually can be "writ down" as frauds, with the exception, possibly, of the X-ray, are too many to detail. They are no worse than quack medicines, except that they cost more. Inasmuch as they are not taken internally, excepting again, the subtle beam through the human frame of the powerful induction machine, they can do little harm, and may do good. The modest dealer will ask you $50 for a medical cell which, it is declared, will deliver an electric current by being placed on cracked ice; little neck clams on congealed water would give better results. The wonderful thing about a medical battery I saw "worked" the other day is that it required but one wire to convey the current, there being no return wire or ground connection. The cell, with its adjunct of frappe, is to be placed on the carpet and the victim on a hair mattress—no better insulation can be desired. Oh, it is a great graft. Electric combs, electric corsets, electric rings, pins, brushes and what not are found in the holiday advertisements. It would be unfair to suppose their dispensers were, in all cases, trying to "do" the people into believing their wares contained or were capable of generating an Edison or a Westinghouse current. The word "electric," used in such connection, must be considered as an adjective expression of delight accruing to the purchaser. It is as tangible as a lover's kiss over the telephone.

The Voice of Experience.

"I don't care to marry—at least not yet," said the flirt.

"Why not?" asked the matron.

"Because as matters are now I have the attentions of half a dozen men, while if I married, I would have the attentions of only one."

"Huh!" exclaimed the matron, "you wouldn't have even that."—Chicago Post.

He Had Watched.

"Does the baby talk yet?" they asked.

"No," replied the baby's disgusted little brother, "the baby doesn't have to talk."

"Doesn't have to talk!"

"No. All the baby has to do is to yell, and it gets everything there is in the house worth having."—Chicago Post.

His Unlucky Lapse.

"I had a good job last summer, but lost it on account of my fool absent-mindedness," said poor old Seldum Fedd, pessimistically. "I was actin' as de echo fer a mountain hotel; an' I done all right till one moonlight night, when a smart guy from de city hollered: 'Hello, Smith!' Durn me! I fergot meself, an' answered back: 'Which Smith do you mean?'"—Judge.

It Depends.

Shopper—I want to get a vase that doesn't cost too—

Floorwalker—Yes, madam. Chinaware department, fourth aisle in the basement.

Second Shopper—Where did you say the "vawses" are to be found?

Floorwalker — Art department, madam; second floor, front.—Philadelphia Press.

The Next Move.

"Now, President Roosevelt's letter," remarked the Womanly Woman, "should make us think."

"Yes," replied the well-centered society woman. "I've been thinking how nice it would be if we could only start a movement to make strike 'fashionable for the remainder.'"—Philadelphia Post.

DR. FENNER'S
KIDNEY and Backache CURE
[illegible]
ST. VITUS DANCE [illegible]

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Teachers' Examination.

Examinations of the Teachers for the Schools of Snyder county will be held as follows:

Monroe, Shamokin Dam, June 11.
Selinsgrove Borough, Selinsgrove, June 12.
Washington township, June 13.
Beaver, Beavertown, June 15.
Spring, Beaver Springs, June 16.
West Beaver, McClure, June 17.
Adams, Troxelville, June 18.
Centre, Penn's Creek, June 19.
Middleburg Borough and Franklin, Middleburg, June 20.
Middlecreek, Kreamer, June 22.
Penn, Salem, June 23.
Jackson, Kratzerville, June 24.
Perry, Mt. Pleasant Mills, June 25.
West Perry and Ind. District, Cross Roads, June 26.
Union, Port Trevorton, June 27.
Chapman, Independence, June 29.

Examinations will begin promptly at 8 o'clock, a. m. No certificates will be issued to persons under seventeen years of age.

No special examinations will be given except by a written request signed by at least four members of the board for which the applicant expects to teach.

A cordial invitation is extended to all friends of education to attend these examinations. School Directors are especially requested to be present that they may see the work done by those whom they expect to employ.

Faithfully yours,
GEO. W. WALTONS, Co. Supt.
Freeburg, Pa., June 1, 1903.

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