

The Scrap Book

He Wouldn't Repeat.

When Harry Lauder went to London for the first time the stage reputation he had made in the provinces had not made much of an impression on the metropolis. With a shrewd sense of the value of striking effects, Lauder decided he would arouse the Londoners to his peculiar merits in a novel manner. From some boneyard or other he procured the most skeleton-like specimen of horseflesh he could find. On this he planned to make his first stage entrance.



RUBBED HIS ACHING BACK.

The old horse was tractable enough with Lauder astride awaiting his turn in the wings, but when the little fellow urged him forward for the grand entrance there was a balk, a buck, and Harry was indignantly shot to the front of the stage over the horse's head, the animal peering after him with what might be termed an amused expression. Lauder slowly and painfully rose to his feet, while the gallery applauded and stamped and cried lustily:

"Do it again, 'Arry; do it again!"

Lauder rubbed his aching back, felt cautiously of his bones, looked back at the horse, and, turning to the audience, he said:

"Like—I will!"

And he didn't, but thereafter his popularity was assured.—Judge.

The Face of Life.

Life cried to Youth: "I bear the cryptic key. I grant you two desires, but only two. What gifts have I to crown and comfort you?"

Youth answered: "I am blind, and I would see."

Open my eyes and let me look on thee."

"'Twas done. He saw the face of life and then

Cried brokenly, "Now make me blind again!"

—Edwin Markham.

A Supplementary Statement.

An aspiring pugilist went on for a preliminary bout at one of the athletic clubs not long ago. As he pulled on his gloves he beckoned the referee over and asked him to make an announcement. The referee obliged.

"Kid Binks desires me to say," he shouted, "that this is his first appearance in any ring."

The pair of fighters fiddled for a moment, and then Kid Binks' antagonist slipped one over. Kid Binks fell so hard that he fairly splashed. The referee began to count him out, but the intelligent Mr. Binks looked up and whispered something to him. The obliging referee turned and addressed the audience. "Mr. Binks," said he, "wishes me to supplement his statement of a moment ago. This is also his last appearance in any ring."—Cincinnati Times-Star.



THE OBLIGING REFEREE.

What the Books Cost Him.

When Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll was living in Peoria he was called upon one day by General John A. Logan. The colonel was upstairs at the time, and General Logan was ushered into the library, where on a table were three volumes of Voltaire's works, an edition de luxe representing all that was best in the bookbinder's art. General Logan picked them up one at a time, absorbed in his admiration of their beauties. While so engaged Colonel Ingersoll entered the room.

"Colonel," said the general, holding one of the volumes in his hands, "this is the most magnificent volume I have ever seen. I do not want to seem impertinent, but would you mind telling me what these books cost you?"

"Those books," began the colonel, the twinkle in his eye growing brighter at each word, "cost me—the governorship of Illinois."

His Low Voice.

The late Justice Brewer was presiding years ago over a civil case in which one of the important witnesses was a horse doctor named Williams. The doctor was a small man with a weak little voice, and the counsel on both sides, as well as the court and jury, had great difficulty in hearing his testimony.

During cross examination the counsel for the plaintiff became exasperated and began to prod and harry the little man.

"Dr. Williams," he shouted, "if we are ever going to get anywhere with this case you must speak up so the court will hear you. Speak up loud and strong, sir!"

The small sized veterinary tried, but it was evidently no use. Whether from embarrassment or inability the sound would not come.

"Well, your honor"—began the counsel indignantly, when Judge Brewer stopped him with a gesture. Leaning over the bench he said in his kindly tone:

"Mr. Attorney, you must be patient with the doctor. He cannot help it. Years spent in the sick room have apparently made speaking low a second nature with him."—Green Bag.

A WOMAN AND A CHECK.

Mrs. Black Was Not Absolutely Helpless in Money Matters.

Some few persons still cherish the idea that all women are absolutely helpless in business matters and that they are so lacking in financial ability that they cannot safely be trusted to handle money.

Mr. Black belonged to this class. He had been in the habit of paying all the household bills at the end of each month, and his wife, though allowed unlimited credit, had never had an allowance. One day the Blacks happened to be passing the comparatively new building in which the bank was situated.

"Do you know, John," remarked Mrs. Black, "I have actually never been inside the bank since it was built more than two years ago?"

"You haven't!" exclaimed John. "If that's the case I guess I'd better give you a check this month and let you pay the bills. Do you think you'd know how to cash it?"

Mrs. Black received the check, which, by the way, happened to be an unusually large one that month.

That evening Mr. Black asked, not without sarcasm, if she had succeeded in indorsing it properly.

"Oh, yes!" returned Mrs. Black cheerfully.

"How many bills did you pay?"

"None. It seemed a pity to waste all that money paying bills."

"Then what in the world did you do with it?"

"Oh," returned the little woman serenely, "I just deposited it in my name and opened an account of my own with it!"

Setting Her Right.

On one of the corners of a busy thoroughfare sat an old man blind and minus one leg. A sympathetic lady who was passing stopped and gazed at him in pity.

Finally she approached him and began asking him questions. She asked him if he were married, how many children he had, where he had worked last, how he had met with the accident that had incapacitated him for work and a thousand other questions.

Finally the unfortunate one became peevish. "Madam," he exclaimed harshly, "you may think this is an information bureau. It is not. It is a collecting agency."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Plain Clothes Men.

In a small South American state which had recently undergone a change of administration the new potentate summoned an artist and ordered new designs for all the official uniforms.

"I wish showy costumes, very showy," he said, "for the people are impressed by them. I have here some sketches that I myself have made. Look them over and be guided by these ideas as far as possible."

The artist examined the sketches carefully.

"This," he said, turning the pages, "is evidently for the navy and this for the army, but, if you please, what is this—a long red plume on a three-cornered hat, yellow dress coat trimmed with purple, and—"

"That," replied the chief of state gravely, "is for the secret police."

His Hilarious Outburst.

There is a doleful looking but substantial Scot living in London whose business ability is above the average, but everything he does is done with the glum and melancholy air of a man constantly wrestling with some problem of the soul. He rarely speaks unless spoken to. He never smiles, and his eyes have a fixed but intense expression. One day he was returning to London with several companions. The whole party were Scotch, but the glum man's companions were of general type. One of them told a humorous tale, over which the rest laughed up-



HE TOOK ONE ASIDE.

roariously. Not so the human problem. He sat in a corner of the railway carriage glowering at his mirthful friends. Half an hour afterward, however, when all were standing at a street corner before separating, he took one aside and said solemnly and slowly: "Ye would observe that I did na' laugh at yond' story. Well, I saw the joke. Ye might not think it, but I have a keen sense of humor."

Grass and Glass.

A Scotsman was employed to mow the lawn of a close fluted old lady. She insisted that he must cut it very short, adding that one inch at the bottom was worth two at the top. He did it so well that she was moved to produce a whisky bottle and a glass, which she filled about half full.

"Fill it up, mem," said Sandy, "for it's no like the grass. An inch at the tap's worth twa at the bottom!"

MAN IN THE MIDDLE

"That was the proudest moment of my life," said Summers at the gathering of Confederate veterans.

"What moment?" asked Venable.

"The moment when General Lee referred to me in flattering terms, which, I confess, I did not deserve."

"What? General Lee referred to you? When? How?"

"It was during the fighting before Richmond. One night just before 'taps' I lighted a fire and was making some coffee."

"Coffee? Chicory, you mean. We had no coffee," interrupted Venable. "I say coffee, and I mean coffee."

"When did you get it?"

"In a Yankee camp we had walked over during the day. Well, as I was saying, just as the coffee began to emit its delicious odors the sergeant called out, 'Summers, you're wanted.' 'And you,' 'And you,' speaking to different men of our company."

"I was there," said Venable. "I remember perfectly. He called me too."

"There were a dozen of us," Summers went on, "assembled in an orchard."

"An apple orchard?"

"Yes, an apple orchard. Well, the sergeant ordered us to fall in and marched us to the colonel's headquarters. The officer of the guard was there with several of his men and among them a fellow—I don't know who he was, but he didn't belong to our company or to the regiment. The colonel looked us over, and we were taken, the stranger along with us, to General Lee."

"And drawn up in line before his tent," put in Venable, "the stranger between you and me."

"I have forgotten about the stranger," Summers went on, "but I remember that General Lee came out and looked at us as if searching for some one. Presently his eye lighted on me, and he said:

"That's the man. I wish I had a dozen like him. I could use them all."

"With that he went back into his tent, and we were marched to camp."

"Do you mean to tell me," said Venable, "that all these years you have thought the general referred to you?"

"Of course he did."

"Why, he not only looked at me, but he pointed at me."

"You?"

"Yes, I."

"Well, now, I like that. Whatever put it into your stupid noodle that he referred to you?"

"Because shortly before I had been detailed, as his orderly, and when I left him he commended me for my faithful attention."

"And I had held his horse under fire while he climbed to an eminence to get a look at the enemy. I tell you, it was hot down there in the hollow, the shells shrieking over my head."

Summers got up from his chair and stalked about with his hands in his pockets, glaring like a tiger.

"I'm sorry to destroy the illusion of a lifetime," remarked Venable, "but truth is mighty and must prevail."

"The egotism of some people if fired at an enemy would have more effect than a machine gun."

"The self esteem of others is worse than a charge of dynamite."

At this moment a white headed man entered. The veterans made him welcome, placing a glass before him. He filled his pipe and sat smoking in that stolid fashion especially to be noticed among the German people.

"We're glad you've come, Markheim," said one of the assembled veterans, "not only because we love our enemy, but we needed some one to stop a wrangle between Summers and Venable."

"Vat wrangle?" asked the old man.

"I'll state the case, and you, being a Union veteran and consequently impartial, may be able to decide between them."

"Vell, go on."

"One night when we were fighting McClellan before Richmond Summers and Venable were marched with a squad of a dozen men to General Lee's tent. They were drawn up in line. The general looked them over and said:

"That's the man. I wish I had a dozen like him. I could use them all."

Summers claims that the general referred to him, since he had served him faithfully as orderly. Venable claims the honor, since he had held the general's horse under fire. Which is right?"

"Nelder, Sheneral Lee point to me. I vas der man in der middle."

"You the man in the middle!" cried Summers. "What were you doing there?"

"I vas a spy."

"A spy?" cried the company in a breath. "Tell us about it."

"You see," said Markheim, "I vas a young feller shunt come from Shernany, and I didn't know vat to do ven I got to dis country, so I vent into der Union army. Von day my captain delts me Sheneral McClellan vants a man to go to Richmond to see how many of you fellers dere vas. I comt, and I see Sheneral Lee, and I talks mit him. Den I vas arrested. Sheneral Lee vas a ferry conscientious man and wouldn't identify me unless he could bick me out from udder men. Next day he send for me, and I tell him I don't care nottings about der national troubles and if he let me off I go vork a farm in Nort' Carolina. I been vorkin' dot farm ever since till I comt here last veek."

"By thunder!" exclaimed the company.

"I nefer vants to be der man in der middle again. If it hadn't been for the kind heart of Sheneral Lee I would haf been in der middle of a guard, vith a rope around my neck. Ve trink to Sheneral Lee!"

THE M'KINLEY LILY.

Flower Preserved in Jar Shows Likeness to Dead President.

Alameda county, one of the counties that border on the Bay of San Francisco, has a great variety of products, of which it has for several years maintained an interesting exhibition in the rooms of the Chamber of Commerce at Oakland, its chief city. The work of preparing the flowers, fruits and vegetables for exhibition is in the hands of W. D. Nichols, who according to St. Nicholas, has a process by which he is able to preserve them for a long time without losing their form or color.

One of the exhibits is what is known as the McKinley lily. A large lily was placed in a glass jar with the preserving fluid, and after several weeks its petals began to droop a little. A visitor noticed the resemblance to the features of the late President of the United States, William McKinley, when looked at from a particular point of view, and the flower has since been called the McKinley lily. Every effort is being made to keep it in existence in its present state as long as possible, as it has proved a great attraction and object of interest to visitors.

The Shah's Highway.

We think we have the worst roads in the world. It is true we have some bad ones, but most of our highways, compared with those of Persia, would be as a paved street to a ploughed field.

You would think that the keeping of the "Shah's Highway" would be one of the first cares of a state. Yet so little attention has been given to this subject by the Persian government that there are not a dozen good wagon roads throughout the whole country. The caravan routes, are, except in a very few cases, merely trails. Not only are the wagon roads bad as well as scarce, but it is an astonishing fact that, although Persia is one of the oldest of civilized states, a country comprising an area of 628,000 square miles and a population of 9,000,000, she has but six miles of railway. Though the states of the Western hemisphere have a civilization less than one-tenth as old, there is not one of them with which, in this respect, Persia does not suffer by comparison.

Food for Giants.

Archdeacon Sinclair recently addressed a working boys' club in England, after watching the lads in an exhibition of gymnastic stunts, and said he should like to recommend the eating of oatmeal as a preparation for them. "I had four brothers," said the archdeacon, "all six feet high, and my father had fourteen brothers and sisters ranging from six feet to six feet eight inches—all brought up on Scotch oatmeal porridge." This may be a valuable suggestion for the heads of large families who are trying to solve the high cost of living problem. They should know, however, that the breakfast foods of to-day are not the Scotch oatmeal that built the giant Sinclair family.

No Two and a Half Cent Pieces.

Some people are never content to let well enough alone. Some fellow wants the United States to issue a two and a half cent piece to meet various quick change stunts that would "save the Nation \$30,000,000 a year," so he says. After thinking till every hair of Tip's head has turned silver gray, Tip holds to the persuasion that we had best hold on to the plain one hundred plain cents to the dollar system as founded by George. Even as it is, poor Tip gets flummoxed and short-changed every once in so often.—Tip, in the New York Press.

Increase of News Space.

Seven New York daily papers used 121 1-4 columns in their report of the Jeffries-Johnson fight at Reno. The same papers nearly half a century ago told the entire story of the battle of Gettysburg in 25 1-2 columns. The facilities for gathering and printing news have increased since the war, but not to the extent these figures indicate. The papers gave all the details of the brutal prizefight because the people demanded them, and a good many more wanted them than are willing to admit it.

London's Apprentices.

The Lord Mayor of London is trying to revive the old system of apprenticeship, and while he shows he knows what he is talking about when he says that many boys are ruined by the lack of some trade, still many parents say that after making great sacrifices to keep their boys four or five years learning a trade, they find that once the boys have served their time, their masters have no further employment for them.

Bad Company.

How do men feel whose whole lives (and many men's lives are) are lies, schemes, and subterfuges? What sort of company do they keep when they are alone? Daily in life I watch men whose every smile is an artifice and every wink an hypocrisy. Do such a fellow wear a mask in his own privacy, and to his own conscience?—Thackeray.

Danger of the Gun Wad.

A Virginia newspaper sixty years ago, before the days of shells, advised against any plan for carrying a loaded gun muzzle downward on horseback or on foot as very dangerous, since the paper wads and shot or ball might slip down away from the charge and burst the gun, tearing off an arm when fired.

Poetry and Pickles.

O woman, in our hours of ease, Uncertain, cranky, hard to please, And in our hours of toil the same, With all our faults on you to blame, How sweet, angelic and divine Around our lives your own you twine, With pickles and preserves to last Until the groundhog's shadow, cast Upon the snowy plains, foretells That spring comes laughing up the delta! —Benetown Bard in Atlanta Constitution.

Liked the Cackle.

Little Eleanor, who was very fond of chickens, stood crying over a dead rooster. Thinking that something good ought to be said, she remarked between her sobs:

"He was always so glad when one of the hens laid an egg."—Delinquent.

Where He Failed.

He could tell you every horse With a record on the track, Every pugilist, of course, That had failed in "coming back;" In golf he knew the best, And in tennis 'twas the same, But he couldn't keep abreast Of the aviation game. —Denver Republican.

Suspicious.

"Henry," said the small boy's mother, "I wish you would see to Willie."

"What's the matter?"

"I strongly suspect he's using his athletic clothes as an excuse for not properly dressing himself in the morning."—Washington Star.

The Three Sweetest Words.

Three sweetest words? They are, by heck, That lovely phrase "Inclosed find check!" E. W.

Nay, nay, fair sir; as sweet again That dulcet trio "Here's that ten." —Chicago Tribune.

Don't Mind It Now.

"This doesn't smell like the last gasoline I had," said the man who recently bought an automobile.

"It's all right, sir," said the garage man. "You're getting used to it."—Yonkers Statesman.

Nautical Hugh.

A nautical person named Hugh. When informed that his cap was askew, Cried: "Avast there! Belay! I wear it that way." Because it is picturesque! —Lippincott's.

A Purist.

Salesman—Here's a shoe, sir, that will fit you like a glove.

Buyer—Gloves don't fit my feet. Have you one that will fit me like a shoe?—Boston Advertiser.

As It Often Happens.

I once went in an auto race And never lost my poise. The other cars came in ahead, But mine made most the noise. —Buffalo Express.

Italy's Tax on Salt.

Italy's tax on salt is a grievous burden upon the poor. The profit from the salt monopoly goes to the huge expense of armaments. The armaments are required by the triple alliance, and the triple alliance is required by the position of Italy as a first class power.

DOWAGER GOING OUT.

Title Gives Way to Christian Names in Social Circles.

The word "dowager" seems to be going quite out of fashion, and many who should so style themselves prefer to use instead their Christian names. Strictly speaking the mother of a married peer or baronet is the dowager, but it has become the custom when two ladies bear the same title to call the elder one by her Christian name, the distinction dowager being dropped altogether.

At court, however, all widows of peers and baronets are styled dowager when the peer or baronet regnant is married. The Christian name was adopted some years ago in cases where there were more than two ladies bearing the same title in order to make a distinction between the dowager and the wife of the holder of the title, and the innovation has become so popular that peeresses and baronets' wives who should style themselves dowager elect to be known by their Christian names. Thus the widow of the late Earl of Dudley is known as Georgiana Lady Dudley, but actually she is Dowager Lady Dudley.

The Cows of Muscat.

Muscat is famed as the hotbed of smugglers in the Persian Gulf, the nerby desert tribes being regularly supplied with arms despite the efforts of the British patriot. But to the writer the odd antics of the cows of Muscat seemed nothing short of freakish. They actually eat fish. No grass grows, so the wily Arab teaches his family cow to subsist on dates and dried fish. The milk tastes queer to a foreigner, which is probably why the Arab likes it. He also claims it is richer and makes more butter, but most ridiculous of all is the deception practiced on cows when the calves are weaned. A calfkin, or sometimes a goatskin, is stuffed with rags and tied not far from where the mother cow is anchored. This eddy of her late lamented offspring soothes her nerves and keeps her from "going dry," according to Arabic tradition.

An Awkward Compliment.

Inspector General Horaday, of the Grand Army of the Republic, was relating incidents of famous national encampments.

"I remember a little Jap, who attended one of our banquets," he said, smiling, "and a queer compliment he paid to a colonel's wife."

"I sat between the two, and the lady said across me:

"'Mr. Takashira, you compress the ladies' feet in your country, don't you?"

"Oh, no, madam, that is a Chinese custom," said the Jap. "We Japanese allow our ladies' feet to grow to their full size. Not that—"

"And he bowed and blissed in the polite Japanese way.

"'Not that they could ever hope to rival yours, madam!'"—Washington Star.

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