

# FREELAND TRIBUNE.

ESTABLISHED 1888.  
PUBLISHED EVERY  
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY,  
BY THE  
TRIBUNE PRINTING COMPANY, Limited  
OFFICE: MAIN STREET ABOVE CENTRE,  
LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE.

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carriers to subscribers in Freeland at the rate  
of 12¢ cents per month, payable every two  
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The Tribune may be ordered direct from the  
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The date when the subscription expires is on  
the address label of each paper. Prompt re-  
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Entered at the Postoffice at Freeland, Pa.,  
as Second-Class Matter.

Make all money orders, checks, etc., payable  
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A Vassar girl has jumped 13 feet  
seven and a half inches—and it wasn't  
at a man either.

Senator Hoar, in his estimate of  
great orators that he has heard, in  
Scribner's, places Edward Everett  
at the head of all American orators.

The United States government  
gives its sailors only 30 cents a day  
each to live on, but the American  
navy is better fed than any other  
navy in the world.

A young Iowa lady saved her es-  
cort from drowning the other day.  
There ought to be no question about  
her reward. She should have the  
escort—that is, if she wants him.

Another French duel has been  
fought in Paris, and this time with  
results. The duel lasted for two  
and a half hours, and the results were  
that both the combatants were tired.  
French duels used to make other peo-  
ple tired.

Prominent women in various cities  
are organizing themselves into socie-  
ties for the inspection of streets and  
alleys. Affairs have not yet come to  
such a pass that neglected husbands  
feel called upon to organize societies  
for the inspection of homes.

Civilization advances in some direc-  
tions at a compound-interest rate, so  
to speak. For instance, the popula-  
tion of the United States increased  
a little over 50 percent in the 20 years  
from 1880 to 1900, but in the same pe-  
riod the business and revenues of the  
postoffice increased 300 percent.

The views of Massachusetts and  
Texas on the subject of railroad tax-  
ation are at variance. In the former  
state taxes are collected on both the  
tangible property and the franchises  
of the railroad companies, in the lat-  
ter, the supreme court has held that  
this is double taxation forbidden by  
the state constitution.

A woman minister who married a  
couple in Pennsylvania recently (and  
it is said to be the first marriage cere-  
mony ever solemnized by a woman in  
that state) at once turned the mar-  
riage fee over to her husband. Minis-  
ters' wives have so long been accus-  
tomed to receive the wedding fees that  
the act seems to be quite just to the  
sterner sex.

The woodpeckers are friends of the  
farm and should be protected, ob-  
serves a writer in the American Cul-  
tivist. They have remarkable ton-  
gues—probes they are. The bird has  
a keen ear and locates his prey by  
this sense. When he hears the chip-  
ping of a wood-boring beetle in an ap-  
ple or other tree, and dislodges it with  
his sharp chisel bill and probe, it is  
likely that on his next rounds he will  
find a colony of ants enlarging the  
burrow of the dead grub. The bird  
now brings into use the same tools  
used in catching the beetle, and the  
ants are drawn out and devoured.  
Both insects are injurious to the tree.

A recent report from the census  
bureau shows that Rhode Island is  
still the most densely populated state  
in the Union. "Little Rhody" has 407  
inhabitants to the square mile. Mas-  
sachusetts comes next, with not quite  
349 inhabitants to the square mile.  
New Jersey is third, with a little  
more than 250 inhabitants to the  
square miles, and Connecticut is  
fourth, with a little more than 187  
inhabitants to the square mile. The  
other states which have more than  
100 inhabitants to the square mile are  
New York, with 152.6; Pennsylvania,  
with 140.1; Maryland, with 120.5; and  
Ohio, with 102. Nevada has only four-  
tenths of one person to the square  
mile; Alaska, one-tenth.

## THE TEMPTED.

Pleasure cried: "Come hither, pray!"  
"Stay," said Spotted Duty, "stay!"  
Pleasure cried: "I may not wait,  
Follow now or never;  
Once I beckon, once I smile,  
And I pass forever."

Duty watched him as he fled  
Down the way where Pleasure led—  
Watched and sighed and said: "I'll  
wait.  
Pleasure is but fleeting,  
I am constant—I will smile  
When he comes retreating."

Pleasure left him on a day—  
Fled, and hid herself away;  
Then he gravely said: "I'll turn  
Back again to Duty!"  
But a wrinkled hag stood where  
Once was maiden beauty.  
—S. E. Kiser.

## A CASE OF "SCATTER-BRAINS."

BY MARGARET L. KNAPP.

"The trouble with Billy is he's scat-  
ter-brained."

As Mr. Lemmon said this he filled a  
dipper at the pump and approached the  
teakettle. The tin lid was upside down  
and very hot. He gave it a hasty flip  
which landed it in the midst of the ap-  
ple sauce simmering close by, and  
poured in the water triumphantly.

"Like to get scalded that time," he  
said, fishing out the teakettle lid. "It  
won't hurt the sauce, will it?"

"I don't believe it will. The dipper'll  
melt, Nathan, if you leave it on the  
stove empty."

"That's so." Mr. Lemmon rescued the  
dipper and made a fresh onslaught  
on the pump.

"Billy means well, if he would only  
keep his mind on the main thing," he  
went on. "He's anxious to help. I  
haven't told you what he did yester-  
day. I sent him to the toolbox for  
more nails. There was plenty of 'em  
there, but he took a notion that it  
would be a good thing if he was to  
sort over the whole box, and emptied  
everything out on the ground. I come  
to see what he was doing to keep him  
so long, and there he was, swimmin'  
in tacks. Much as ever I can get  
things straightened out again."

Mrs. Lemmon laughed. She laughed  
easily. She was distinctly a genial  
person.

"I can't think where he gets it from,"  
added Mr. Lemmon.

"He gets it from his father," an-  
swered Mrs. Lemmon unexpectedly.

"Why, you don't say—" Mr. Lem-  
mon turned around to see what she  
meant.

"Certain I do. You're filling the ket-  
tle too full, Nathan; it's spilling over.  
Yes, you're both absent-minded. He  
can't get over it all in a minute. We  
must guide him some. Now, if you'll  
bring the horse around, I'll be ready  
to go as soon as the apple sauce is off  
the stove."

"Dear me, they're as helpless as kit-  
chens about some things," she thought  
affectionately, tying the strings of her  
Sunday bonnet in a firm, square bow.

She looked out of the window at Bil-  
ly, a freckled-faced boy of 10, who was  
tramping up and down beside the old  
horse. Mrs. Lemmon was Billy's step-  
mother, and he had decided opinions  
about her.

"She takes my part," Billy said. "She  
takes pa's part, too. I don't know  
who's side she's on—everybody's, I  
guess. She's great!"

"Ma, say, can I drive?" he asked, as  
she came out.

"Course I expect you to drive. When  
a young man takes me to town, he  
has to do the driving."

Billy clambered into the wagon with  
an important air. Mrs. Lemmon stood  
waiting.

"There's another thing a young  
man's got to do that takes me to ride,"  
she said, after a minute.

"What?"

"Turn the wheel out so I can get in."

"I forgot," Billy turned out sharply.

"Take care—take care! You'll be  
over on the other side the road!" cau-  
tioned his father, coming up to the  
fence, anxiously. It was not the gen-  
eral custom to see one's wife off every  
time she went to the village. Mr.  
Lemmon did not know why he did it.  
It was because she brought an ele-  
ment of fun into the business. He  
felt excited, like Billy.

"No, we're all right. Well, goodbye!"

"Mr. Lemmon looked after his wife's  
erect, comely figure. 'I guess they'll  
get where they say they will as long  
as she's in the wagon,' he thought.

"He was dreadful pleased to have the  
reins. She understands boys."

The place looked lonely to Mr. Lem-  
mon as he went back to the chicken-  
coop he was making. It was a good-  
sized coop, with a door in the front  
for the hens to go in and out. He had  
laid the floor and nailed on three sides  
the day before, and he regarded it  
with satisfaction. "She'll say it's a  
good job," he thought.

"Queer how she come to say what  
she did about Billy," he continued.

"I've told him, I don't know how many  
times, to just put his mind right on  
it—nailed it right in. That's what Billy  
needs—"

And then for a time there were no  
sounds about the place but the sharp  
lap! tap! of the hammer.

It was dark when Mrs. Lemmon and  
Billy drove into the yard. Mr. Lem-  
mon did not come out to take the  
horse.

"Pa said he might have to go back  
to the meadow before we get down,"  
said Billy.

"You and I will have to unhar-  
ness,

then. Quick, now! I'm going to make  
you some waffles for supper."

"Can I grate some maple sugar to  
eat on 'em, ma?"

"Certainly. No, Billy, you don't  
want to undo all the straps, only just  
what's necessary."

"I got mixed up, ma."

"Well, get un-  
mixed, then," said his  
stepmother, good-naturedly.

It was strange that Mr. Lemmon  
should leave the door wide open if he  
was going down to the meadow. She  
shut it, and laid her bundles on the  
table. Just then they heard a peculiar  
sound: Rat-a-tat! Rat-a-tat!

"What was that?" she exclaimed.

She and Billy looked at each other,  
and started.

Rat-a-tat! Rat-a-tat-tat!

Mrs. Lemmon lunged open the cellar  
door. "Nathan, are you there?" she  
called.

"Ma-a!" came a feeble voice from the  
distance.

"It's outside," said Mrs. Lemmon.

"I'm afraid he's hurt. Take this can-  
dle, Billy, and run on ahead."

Billy loped across the yard. She fol-  
lowed with the lamp. "What's the  
matter?" she called, alarmed, for Billy  
was capering up and down beside some  
whitish object, the candle lighting up  
his round face like a hobgoblin's.

"Ma! Pa's in the chicken-coop!"

There could be no manner of doubt  
of it. His hammer resounded on the  
walls, and his muffled voice called  
crossly: "Let me out! let me out!"

Billy got on the ground and looked  
through the door. "I see him!" he  
cried, excited.

"Nathan Hale Lemmon, how come  
you there?" cried his wife.

"I should think you could see for  
yourself!"

She had seen in a flash, and leaning  
against the partition, she laughed till  
the tears came.

"You've been—you've been—oh, oh!  
—you've been and nailed that front  
on from the inside, and then—you  
couldn't get out through the door un-  
less you was a chicken, which you're  
not—oh, my! my, my!"

"He! he!" snickered Billy.

"But why don't you knock in a board  
and get out?"

"Went the wrong way. Couldn't get  
any purchase," said the muffled voice.

"O Nathan, I shall give up!"

"Well, when you get through laugh-  
ing, maybe you'll do something. I've  
been hollerin' here most all the after-  
noon."

"You poor man, you! Really, I feel  
weak! There, Billy, you stop! Run  
and bring the hatchet. Don't cut your-  
self."

It took but a few well directed blows  
with the back of the hatchet to loosen  
a couple of boards. Through the nar-  
row opening Mr. Lemmon squeezed  
out. He was one of the mildest of  
men, but when you have been shut up  
all the afternoon in a hen-coop of your  
own making, you may be forgiven for  
being a little provoked.

It was a grand supper Mrs. Lemmon  
gave them, half an hour later, a sup-  
per fit for the minister, and no allu-  
sions made to late unpleasant experi-  
ences. Right in the midst of it, all  
three happened to look up at once; and  
then there was a fresh explosion. Mr.  
Lemmon helped himself to the last  
waffle. "Well, 'twas rather funny  
when you come to think of it," he as-  
sented, with a laugh.

That was all; only nowadays, when  
he worries over Billy's scatter-brains,  
his wife says, soothingly:

"Now, pa, you remember that chick-  
en-coop."—Youth's Companion.

## NEW METHOD OF TRANSPORTATION.

Will the Pipe Line Be Used for Other Pur-  
poses Than Oil Distribution?

One of the developments of the com-  
ing century, worthy of at least passing  
thought, is the extent to which pneu-  
matic tube principle will be employed  
to expedite transportation which is  
now entirely dependent on steam loco-  
motives.

For example, the long lines of load-  
ed coal cars go from the mines to the  
seaboard, and come back empty to  
the mines. If the weight of a car  
is 25 percent of the gross load, there  
is in this instance more than 50 per-  
cent loss or non-paying freight, the  
empty train requiring about as much  
power to haul it up into the interior as  
was expended in taking it to the ship-  
ping port.

It does not seem altogether unreas-  
onable, therefore, to think that just  
as the miles of tank cars loaded with  
oil, which were seen in former years,  
have disappeared, and that commodity  
is now sent hundreds of miles through  
pipe lines, so may coal, grain, an  
ore be sent speeding through tubes to  
central depots for local distribution.

In the matter of coal transportation,  
in fact, just such pipe line conveni-  
ence was tried experimentally some-  
thing like 10 to 12 years ago by the  
late W. C. Andrews of New York, the  
coal for that purpose being ground  
into powder, mixed with water in suf-  
ficiently large proportion, and carried  
through the pipes in semi-liquid form.

At the delivery end of the pipe line  
there were to be settling chambers for  
the mixture, enabling the water to be  
drained off and the coal paste, if we  
may so term it, to be pressed into  
cakes and dried for consumption.

The project, however, did not extend  
beyond a brief experimental career.

In wooden mills, on the other hand,  
it is a common thing to blow wool  
from one building to another through  
pipes by means of fans, and in pot-  
teries, too, clay paste is frequently  
carried from one point to another  
through pipes. There is, thus, a fair-  
ly good beginning for pipe-line engi-  
neering with solids.—Cassier's Maga-  
zine.

## FRENCH CAVALRYMAN

Rides a Hobby-Horse and Slashes at a  
Turk's Head.

Not only has the cavalry soldier to  
acquire the art of remaining in a sad-  
dle—he has also to learn how, when in  
that position, to attack or defend him-  
self against his adversary. To this  
branch of his instruction an innovation  
recently introduced into the French  
army has added a zest hitherto only  
conspicuous by its absence.

The old system consisted in making  
each soldier in turn mount a roughly  
constructed wooden horse and make a  
series of passes and cuts with lance  
or saber at a sort of Turk's head  
mounted on a wooden stand and  
placed at a certain invariable distance  
from him. He could hardly miss it if  
he tried, and as it is only madmen  
who can derive any sort of pleasure  
from thrashing an unresponsive dum-  
my, it is not surprising to hear that  
the exercise passed for being one of  
the most monotonous and disagreeable  
in the whole course of instruction.

Thanks to M. Monlun, adjutant and  
drill instructor of the Third Dragoons  
of the French army, all this has been  
changed, and the recruits now like  
nothing better.

The horse in itself, if a little neat-  
er in appearance, is still only made of  
wood as before, but the Turk's head  
representing the enemy has been mira-  
culously endowed with life and ren-  
dered as mobile as quick silver, or as  
a Boer commando. The soldier can  
never tell on which side of him it is  
going to make its appearance next, or  
whether it will sweep around him in  
front or at his back. He cannot trans-  
fix it as formerly with mathematical  
precision when and where he will, but  
must keep all his faculties on the alert  
to touch it at all.

The principle of the arrangement is  
simple. By turning a small hand  
wheel at the extreme back of the ap-  
paratus a simple contrivance of dou-  
ble cogwheels causes the rods carrying  
round the horse as a centre. The di-  
rection or rate of speed may be varied  
at the will of the instructor, the dif-  
ficulties being graduated according to  
the skill of the soldier.

The use of the invention bids fair  
to become general not only in the  
French cavalry, but in other countries  
as well, the simplicity of its construc-  
tion making it an acquisition by no  
means costly—something under \$50, it  
is said.—Pearson's Magazine.

## The Conquest of Korea.

Seventeen centuries ago the Japa-  
nese Emperor Chual was playing his  
lute in the presence of his wife and  
prime minister. Whether on account  
of the music or from some other cause,  
the empress became inspired with a  
divine afflatus and began to utter the  
thoughts put into her mind by the  
deity. "There is a land to the west-  
ward," she exclaimed, "and in that  
land is abundance of treasure, gold  
and silver, dazzling to look upon. This  
land I will now bestow upon you."

The emperor pushed away his lute.

"If you go up to a high place and look  
toward the west," said he, "there is no  
land to be seen, but only the great  
waters. They are lying spirits who  
have spoken to you."

Then the god was filled with anger,  
and again he moved the empress to  
prophesy. "You are not fit," she said,  
"To rule this empire. Go the one  
road!"

But the prime minister trembled  
when he heard these words, and said to  
his master, "I am troubled, my heav-  
enly sovereign, by this terrible mes-  
sage. Continue, I pray, to play the  
august lute."

The emperor Chual commenced to  
play softly; gradually the sound died  
away; all was still. They held a light  
to his face and saw that he was dead.

But the empress put herself at the  
head of his feet, invaded the land of  
gold and silver with her warriors, and  
soon made the three kingdoms of  
Korea tributary to Japan.

These things happened, we are told,  
in the year 201 A. D., and the story of  
the valiant empress is as familiar to  
a Japanese as is that of Boadicea to  
ourselves.—The Nineteenth Century.

## Where Men Kiss Men.

American men, as a rule, don't kiss  
each other. Americans abroad, who  
see the French, Italian, and even the  
stolid German osculating upon the  
least occasion, find something in it  
almost funny, not to say extra emu-  
nial. The New York Evening Sun  
asks: What traveler in the land of  
the kaiser but has been moved well  
nigh to hysterics at sight of some son  
or brother, who, setting out for a  
place probably 20 miles distant, is be-  
ing hugged and kissed by his male  
relatives with a gusto that would do  
credit to a set of boarding school  
girls. Boarding school girls in this  
country in fact would show very much  
less gusto. Opposed as the American  
temperament seems to be to kissing  
between men, however, it does seem  
as though there ought to be some way  
of expressing emotion between a hand-  
clasp and a kiss. Individuals differ in  
their attitude toward the kiss just as  
to races—it being largely a matter of  
temperament. There are grown men  
who confess to have never omitted a  
good morning and good night kiss to  
their fathers so long as the two dwell  
under the same roof. But the temper  
of the American people is against it.

## Ropes Jack Tar Cannot Splice.

In the very old days nearly all of  
a yacht's rigging was hemp, but in  
our modern racing craft very little  
hemp rope is used. Not only the stand-  
ing rigging, but a great part of the  
ropes that have to be pulled on with  
hands, like sheets—ropes that trim  
the sails—are made of hemp. This  
is because steel is not only stronger,  
but it does not stretch like cord made  
of hemp.—Home Magazine.

## SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

When the sun is pouring down its  
rays upon the ocean at noon-day none  
of them penetrate to a depth of over  
200 feet. Could a diver descend to  
that depth he would find himself  
shrouded in darkness as profound as  
though he were immersed in a sea  
of ink.

One of the difficulties in operating  
the arc light is the necessary renewal  
of the carbon rods. A substitute for  
them has lately been invented, which  
consists of two aluminum arms point-  
ed with platinum. The arms are L-  
shaped, and are operated by a simple  
pendulum arrangement, which, with  
the arms themselves, is enclosed with-  
in a vacuum bulb. The lamp is to be  
used in a horizontal position and casts  
no shadow. It is claimed that there  
will be no wear of the incandescent  
parts.

The British Museum has recently  
received a specimen of the rarely  
seen "whale-headed stork," which was  
first found on the White Nile in 1849,  
and which until now had been sup-  
posed to be confined to that locality.  
The specimen referred to was shot on  
the north shore of Lake Victoria. It  
is described as a "distinctly weird-  
looking bird, having a gaunt, gray  
body, long legs, and a head surmount-  
ed by a little curled tuft and a scowl-  
ing expression of the eyes." But its  
most remarkable peculiarity is its  
enormous bill, which is shaped like  
the head of a whale.

An interesting theory has been ad-  
vanced to account for the phenomena  
of the Aurora Borealis, which takes  
into account the most recent scientific  
contributions of our knowledge of the  
composition of matter. This theory  
attributes the remarkable play of  
lights to be due to streams of Thomp-  
son's recently-discovered corpuscles  
which are supposed to be emitted  
from the sun. As these approach the  
magnetic field of the earth says the  
Electrical Review, they are deflected  
toward the poles, and when they final-  
ly reach a level of the air of the prop-  
er density they give rise to light phe-  
nomena similar to those obtained  
with cathode rays in vacuum tubes.

In the Interstate park, near Tay-  
lor's Falls, Minnesota, has been dis-  
covered a singular group of "giants"  
kettles, or pot-holes, covering an area  
of two or three acres and ranging in  
diameter from less than a foot to 25  
feet, and in depth from one foot to  
84 feet. They have been bored in ex-  
ceedingly hard rock, and in many  
cases they are like wells in shape,  
the ratio of width to depth varying  
from one to five up to one to seven.

Mr. Warren Upham ascribes their ori-  
gin to torrents falling through glacial  
"moullins" at the time when the north-  
ern territory of the United States was  
buried under ice. As with similar pot-  
holes elsewhere, rounded boulders are  
occasionally found at the bottom of  
the cavities.

The continued experiments of Prof.  
F. E. Nipher, of St. Louis, Mo., with  
"positive photography," have produced  
some very interesting results. He says  
that the plates may be separately  
wrapped in black paper at night, or in  
a dark room, and all the remaining  
work can be done in the light. A  
plate is taken from its wrapper in the  
light and placed in the slide holder,  
and an exposure—a long one—is  
made. After exposure the plate is  
taken out in the light again, and  
placed in the developing bath, and the  
picture is developed, and may be fixed  
in the light. The result is a positive.  
Fine pictures are thus obtained. While  
it is desirable to shield the plate from  
the light as much as possible during  
the changes, yet, Prof. Nipher says,  
all of the operations may be carried  
on without any dark-room conveni-  
ences that may not be secured even  
in the open field.

## How to Acquire Psychic Force.

Mystics who acquire tremendous  
psychic force do not eat meat at all,  
but live on fruits, vegetables, roots,  
cereals and one or two eggs a day.  
They have perfect health and live to  
be very old, many passing the cen-  
tury mark. Would you enjoy the  
ideal breakfast? Asparagus, scrambled  
eggs, dry toast and a cup of weak tea.  
The ideal luncheon? A cold tomato  
and three leaves of lettuce, with pep-  
per and salt. The ideal dinner? Fresh  
peas, boiled onions, a half portion of  
fish, fried hominy and water from the  
spring. Omit bread. No good! Bread  
is the mother, father and remotest an-  
cestor of dyspepsia. J. Pierpont Mor-  
gan is a man of tremendous vital  
force and nearly a giant in stature  
as well as intellect. At an official ban-  
quet given in his honor in London the  
other night all that he ate was a  
small piece of fish and two soft-boiled  
eggs, and his drink was a glass of wa-  
ter. He is hunting for psychic force!  
—New York Press.

## Maud Howe on Docking.

Maud Howe, speaking of the injury  
done to horses by the barbarous and  
foolish fashion of docking, says: "This  
fact is so well recognized by experts  
that there is not one cavalry regiment  
in the whole of Europe or America  
in which the docking of the tail is  
permitted, and in polo playing the  
long-tailed ponies are much the clever-  
est in turning and shifting their  
course, because they have the tails  
with which they were born."

## France probably has the smallest

conscrip-  
tion on record. Emile Mayot of  
Cunel in the canton of Montfaucon  
measures 3 feet 9 1/2 inches in his  
stocking feet and weighs 42 pounds.  
He was accepted.

## HE MOUNTED HIS AUTOMOBILE.

He was always a slow-going chap  
Till he mounted his automobile;  
He never had ginger nor snap  
Till he mounted an automobile;  
But his nature was changed and he cast  
Off his easy old ways of the past  
And became undonably fast  
When he mounted his automobile.

He shied at the things in his way  
Till he mounted an automobile;  
He would loiter and dawdle all day  
Till he mounted an automobile;  
But he went with a whizz and a whirl  
Over child, over chicken and cur,  
As if urged by some sharp, cruel spur,  
When he mounted his automobile.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

## HUMOROUS.

First Athlete—Well, did you break  
a record. Second Athlete—No; only  
a rib.

Sillicus—Do you think woman was  
created from a rib? Cynicus—That  
is a bone of contention.

Wigg—There isn't much work con-  
nected with the average political job,  
is there? Wagg—Not after you get it.

Muggins—Bones has a very indul-  
gent wife. Buggins—Yes; she even  
allows him to sit in the cozy corner.

Nell—Maude and Chollie are to be  
married. What do you think of the  
match? Belle—it won't set the world  
on fire.

Blubb—Our minister's wife suffers  
from insomnia. Slubb—Why doesn't  
she listen to some of her husband's  
sermons?

Tommy—Pop, what are the seeds  
of discontent? Tommy's Pop—The  
seeds of discontent, my son, are what  
the apple of discord grows from.

Hoax—Did you ask Miss Grottox if  
I might be presented to her? Joax—  
Yes; she said she wouldn't take you  
if you were presented with a prize pack-  
age.

Mrs. Chatter—Do you believe all the  
disagreeable things you read in the  
papers about people? Mrs. Tattle—  
Oh, dear, no; only those about people  
I know.

M