

Why the Cullud Gem'man Wanted a Longer Martyrdom.

A colored man from Georgia had lived in Washington but a few days when he was arrested for some slight violation of the city ordinances.

Of course the two Samaritans were somewhat taken aback by this unusual request.

Retribution. I visited a school one day where Bible instruction was part of the daily course.

Paradoxical. Little Reginald came crying to his mother in the parlor.

The Villain's Excuse. A melodrama of the most stirring kind was being played in a theatre in a small provincial town.

Got the worst of it. "Did you have a pleasant time at the picnic, Ronald? I trust that you remembered to fetcherize, and masti-

The Kingdom Saved. When Harry Sullivan, the Irish tragedian, was playing Richard III. one night, and the actor came to the line, "A horse, a horse! My kingdom for a horse!" some merry wag in the pit called out:

Grand Larceny. "If I should steal a kiss, what would you say?" "I should accuse you of petit larceny."

Where She Felt Worst. A little girl came to her mother one evening and said: "Mamma, I don't feel very well."

Annoying. Mother—"Johnny, why are you besting little sister? Surely she has not been unkind to you?"

Tea with Children. "Tea," says the London Chronicle, "in the garden is one of the best established of our mid-Victorian institutions."

Good Business. Shopkeeper (to commercial traveler)—"Can't give you an order. Quite exhausted."

Not Up to Date. Magazine Editor—Your people must be thoroughly up to date. Scribbler—I thought they were!

Their Proper Name. "Now, about Alrhships?" "Well!"

The Lesson. School Teacher—What lesson do you learn from the busy bee? Tommy Tuffaut—Not to be stung.

Helpful Beauty Hints

How to Prevent Wrinkles—Some Health and Beauty Hints—Decorated for Halls—To Make Hair Fluffy—For a Clear Skin—Massage for Removal of a Double Chin.

Wrinkles may be prevented by the rest cure—go into the open air and lie in the hammock, or, if this is not feasible, lie absolutely quiet in a darkened room for the length of about a quarter of an hour.

In order to derive full benefit from his method, granting complete relaxation to your body as well as mind, remove, or loosen, all tight garments, and try hard not to think, or if think you must, let it be soothing, pleasant thoughts.

For the busy mother and the indolent housewife there is absolutely nothing better than this rest cure, as restores all the vitality and energy lost in the course of the day, with a regular routine, and the many disagreeable and bothersome trifles so avoidable in a household.

Health and Beauty. Cornmeal, perfumed with orange root, sprinkled through the hair and brushed out, makes a good dry shampoo.

A camphorated bath is refreshing after a day's work and is not expensive, says a writer. After your regular tub bath take a basin of cold water, drop enough of the mixture in the water to make it look milky and then sponge the body. It only takes a few moments and you will feel repaid for the trouble.

A woman who knows all the ins and outs of the well-dressed world tells us to scent gloves. Pour perfume in the palms of the hand or rub it in flowers on the palms and place in gloves until the odor penetrates them.

Skinning the Face Bad. If wrinkles have already put in an appearance, one has to be doubly careful about one's complexion, and must not under any circumstances accept

Uncared for Nails. There cannot be a beautiful hand with uncared for nails. Nails ought to be slightly arched and only long enough to extend as far as the flesh

To Make the Hair Fluffy. Flattened hair is always irking to the face and with the present hats almost impossible. If your hair is not inclined to fluff naturally try wetting it with equal parts of green soap and water.

To Have a Clear Skin. A clear skin is one of the essentials of good health and beauty, and nothing outwears more to this end than frequent baths and brick rubbings. They will do much to keep the skin soft and the whole body vigorous.

Good Business. Shopkeeper (to commercial traveler)—"Can't give you an order. Quite exhausted."

Not Up to Date. Magazine Editor—Your people must be thoroughly up to date. Scribbler—I thought they were!

Their Proper Name. "Now, about Alrhships?" "Well!"

The Lesson. School Teacher—What lesson do you learn from the busy bee? Tommy Tuffaut—Not to be stung.

THE WRONG BOX.

The Candidate for Matrimony Had an Embarrassing Experience.

Smiling Pat strode into the staid nation room where candidates for the police force underwent their physical test.

"Strip!" ordered the police sergeant. "Pshaw! that!" demanded the uninitiated.

"Get your clothes off, and be quick about it!"

Mumbling and muttering, Pat disrobed, and the doctor proceeded to the test.

"Hop over this bar!" ordered the doctor. Pat did his best, which landed him on the small of his back.

"Now jump under this cold shower!" ordered the doctor.

"Shure, that's funny!" muttered the applicant, as he obeyed.

"And now," concluded the doctor, "run round the room ten times, to test your heart and wind!"

Pat hesitated, then—"O'll not!" he blurted out. "O'll sthlay single!"

"Single?" inquired the doctor, surprised.

"Yes, single!" repeated the Irishman. "What's all this fussing got to do with a marriage license?"

He had strayed into the wrong office.

A MOUNTAIN COLLOQUY.



"Did your husband get that terrible red nose working out in the sunshine?" asked one woman.

"No," answered the other. "That ain't sunshine. That's moonshine."

Fatal Admission. "See here, mister," said the poor man, desperately, "give me any sort of job and I'll take it. I'm simply tired out looking for work."

"Well," replied the hard business man, "there is an opening here, but I guess you won't do it."

Organized Thought. To-day there is no such thing as organized thought. The thought of the world is a jumble, a mass of unorganized mental effort, with no meaning, no sequence, no end, no deliberate result.

Storekeeping Nowadays. Friend (noticing the confused heap of goods of every description scattered promiscuously around the store)—"Hello! what's happened? Been taking an inventory, had a fire or are you going to move out?"

Money to Burn. The big touring car had just whizzed by with a roar like a gigantic rocket, and Pat and Mike turned to watch it disappear in a cloud of dust.

Nothing Omitted. The late Calvin Wells, said a Philadelphia, "was at a social gathering in Pittsburgh at the time of the Boer war.

He Was Captured. Mr. Green—"Now I'm going to tell you something, Ethel. Do you know what last night, at your party, your sister promised to marry me? I hope you'll forgive me for taking her away?"

The Patient Mule. The kind-hearted woman was ver-solicitous about a certain mule belonging to Erastus Pinkley. The mule had a bad and heavy appearance, and never looked more dejected than when its proprietor brought it up with a flourish at the front gate, says a writer in the Washington Star.

Beyond Forgiveness. "Patience—I hear they ran away and got married!"

Not Up to Date. Magazine Editor—Your people must be thoroughly up to date. Scribbler—I thought they were!

Their Proper Name. "Now, about Alrhships?" "Well!"

The Lesson. School Teacher—What lesson do you learn from the busy bee? Tommy Tuffaut—Not to be stung.

THE WILD BOAR.

He's Clever, Swift, Fearless, Intemperate and Dangerous.

When the range is so wide it is difficult to ward the pain; but the sport of the East is generally acknowledged to be pig-sticking.

The boar is, without doubt, the most courageous of all animals.

When at last overtaken he will turn on his foes, charging with sudden and extraordinary rapidity, although perhaps wounded again and again finally taking refuge beneath some overhanging branch or other place where he cannot be reached on horseback.

The Grammar of the Air. A good deal of Aero-Anglo-French was ejaculated last week around the plate at Rheims, and the vocabulary of aviation still seems somewhat in a state of flux.

No Use for Bills. "No," remarked the editor, with a mocking smile, "I cannot use your verses. You will pardon me for saying that they utterly lack sense, rhythm, meter, idea, form, construction and everything else that should be in a poem."

Victorious Even Unto Death. As most of us know, P. T. Barnum died but a few months after his competitor in the "show" business, Adam Forepaugh.

The Ever Delicate Question. "How old are you, madam?" asked the cross-examining lawyer. The woman blushed deeply, and stammered blurted out:

He Was Captured. Mr. Green—"Now I'm going to tell you something, Ethel. Do you know what last night, at your party, your sister promised to marry me? I hope you'll forgive me for taking her away?"

The Patient Mule. The kind-hearted woman was ver-solicitous about a certain mule belonging to Erastus Pinkley. The mule had a bad and heavy appearance, and never looked more dejected than when its proprietor brought it up with a flourish at the front gate, says a writer in the Washington Star.

Beyond Forgiveness. "Patience—I hear they ran away and got married!"

Not Up to Date. Magazine Editor—Your people must be thoroughly up to date. Scribbler—I thought they were!

Their Proper Name. "Now, about Alrhships?" "Well!"

The Lesson. School Teacher—What lesson do you learn from the busy bee? Tommy Tuffaut—Not to be stung.

A LAST RESORT.

A Haughty Citizen Got Some Very Pertinent Advice.

A haughty citizen once strode into the Supreme Court at Washington when an argument was being heard, and took a seat in the enclosure reserved for lawyers.

The attendant received the card gravely, carried it to the clerk, who glanced at it and gave some instructions.

"Why?" he asked. "I sent up my card. It usually gives me a seat in any court in the land."

"But please retire." The haughty citizen did retire.

"Stip," admonished the aged Negro at the door, who has been there for many years, "think it over. Don't do no perflingin' bout that co't. If you should sit in contempt of them you a'bt got nobody to appeal to but God."

When at last overtaken he will turn on his foes, charging with sudden and extraordinary rapidity, although perhaps wounded again and again finally taking refuge beneath some overhanging branch or other place where he cannot be reached on horseback.

The Grammar of the Air. A good deal of Aero-Anglo-French was ejaculated last week around the plate at Rheims, and the vocabulary of aviation still seems somewhat in a state of flux.

No Use for Bills. "No," remarked the editor, with a mocking smile, "I cannot use your verses. You will pardon me for saying that they utterly lack sense, rhythm, meter, idea, form, construction and everything else that should be in a poem."

Victorious Even Unto Death. As most of us know, P. T. Barnum died but a few months after his competitor in the "show" business, Adam Forepaugh.

The Ever Delicate Question. "How old are you, madam?" asked the cross-examining lawyer. The woman blushed deeply, and stammered blurted out:

He Was Captured. Mr. Green—"Now I'm going to tell you something, Ethel. Do you know what last night, at your party, your sister promised to marry me? I hope you'll forgive me for taking her away?"

The Patient Mule. The kind-hearted woman was ver-solicitous about a certain mule belonging to Erastus Pinkley. The mule had a bad and heavy appearance, and never looked more dejected than when its proprietor brought it up with a flourish at the front gate, says a writer in the Washington Star.

Beyond Forgiveness. "Patience—I hear they ran away and got married!"

Not Up to Date. Magazine Editor—Your people must be thoroughly up to date. Scribbler—I thought they were!

Their Proper Name. "Now, about Alrhships?" "Well!"

The Lesson. School Teacher—What lesson do you learn from the busy bee? Tommy Tuffaut—Not to be stung.

THE WRONG BOX.

The Candidate for Matrimony Had an Embarrassing Experience.

Smiling Pat strode into the staid nation room where candidates for the police force underwent their physical test.

"Strip!" ordered the police sergeant. "Pshaw! that!" demanded the uninitiated.

"Get your clothes off, and be quick about it!"

Mumbling and muttering, Pat disrobed, and the doctor proceeded to the test.

"Hop over this bar!" ordered the doctor. Pat did his best, which landed him on the small of his back.

"Now jump under this cold shower!" ordered the doctor.

"Shure, that's funny!" muttered the applicant, as he obeyed.

"And now," concluded the doctor, "run round the room ten times, to test your heart and wind!"

Pat hesitated, then—"O'll not!" he blurted out. "O'll sthlay single!"

"Single?" inquired the doctor, surprised.

"Yes, single!" repeated the Irishman. "What's all this fussing got to do with a marriage license?"

He had strayed into the wrong office.

A MOUNTAIN COLLOQUY.



"Did your husband get that terrible red nose working out in the sunshine?" asked one woman.

"No," answered the other. "That ain't sunshine. That's moonshine."

Fatal Admission. "See here, mister," said the poor man, desperately, "give me any sort of job and I'll take it. I'm simply tired out looking for work."

"Well," replied the hard business man, "there is an opening here, but I guess you won't do it."

Organized Thought. To-day there is no such thing as organized thought. The thought of the world is a jumble, a mass of unorganized mental effort, with no meaning, no sequence, no end, no deliberate result.

Storekeeping Nowadays. Friend (noticing the confused heap of goods of every description scattered promiscuously around the store)—"Hello! what's happened? Been taking an inventory, had a fire or are you going to move out?"

Money to Burn. The big touring car had just whizzed by with a roar like a gigantic rocket, and Pat and Mike turned to watch it disappear in a cloud of dust.

Nothing Omitted. The late Calvin Wells, said a Philadelphia, "was at a social gathering in Pittsburgh at the time of the Boer war.

He Was Captured. Mr. Green—"Now I'm going to tell you something, Ethel. Do you know what last night, at your party, your sister promised to marry me? I hope you'll forgive me for taking her away?"

The Patient Mule. The kind-hearted woman was ver-solicitous about a certain mule belonging to Erastus Pinkley. The mule had a bad and heavy appearance, and never looked more dejected than when its proprietor brought it up with a flourish at the front gate, says a writer in the Washington Star.

Beyond Forgiveness. "Patience—I hear they ran away and got married!"

Not Up to Date. Magazine Editor—Your people must be thoroughly up to date. Scribbler—I thought they were!

Their Proper Name. "Now, about Alrhships?" "Well!"

The Lesson. School Teacher—What lesson do you learn from the busy bee? Tommy Tuffaut—Not to be stung.

The New York Tribune Farmer. is the most thoroughly practical, helpful, useful and entertaining, national illustrated agricultural & family weekly in the United States. PRICE, ONE DOLLAR A YEAR. Send your name for free sample copy to New York Tribune Farmer, TRIBUNE BUILDING, New York City, N. Y. PIKE COUNTY PRESS. \$1.50 A YEAR. JOB PRINTING. Letter Heads, Cards, Posters, Statements, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Circulars, Etc., Etc. NEATLY DONE. Both of these papers one year for only \$1.85 if you send your order and money to The Press, Milford, Pike County, Penn.

Time Table ERIE RAILROAD. AT PORT JERVIS. Solid Pullman trains to Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Chautauque Lake, Cleveland, Chicago and Cincinnati. Trains on sale at Port Jervis at lower rates than via any other first-class line. In effect June 25th, 1908. TRAINS NOW LEAVE PORT JERVIS AS FOLLOWS. EASTWARD. No. 48, Daily, 4:10; No. 6, Daily Express, 5:40; No. 38, Local Express Sunday, 6:15; No. 44, Holiday only, 6:30; No. 8, Daily Express, 6:54 A.M.; No. 708, Way Sunday Only, 7:21; No. 48, Local Express Sun & Hol, 7:55; No. 4, Daily Express, 8:04 P.M.; No. 704, Sunday Only, 8:30; No. 24, Way daily except Sunday, 9:00; No. 2, Daily Express, 4:50; No. 36, Way daily except Sunday, 5:25; No. 708, Local Sunday Only, 7:15. WESTWARD. No. 47, Daily Express, 12:18 A.M.; No. 57, Daily, 8:30; No. 1, Daily Mail Train, 9:10 A.M.; No. 1, Daily Express, 11:30; No. 115, For Buffalo Exp. Sun., 12:15 P.M.; No. 3, Express Chicago Sun. 5:25; No. 6, Daily Express, 6:00; No. 5, Limited Daily Express, 10:05. Trains leave Chambers street, New York, for Port Jervis on week days 8:30, 7:15, 9:15, 10:30 A.M., 1:30, 3:30, 4:30, 6:15, 7:15, 9:15, 12:45 P.M. On Sundays, 7:30, A.M. H. L. SLAUSON, Ticket Agt., Port Jervis. E. W. Hawley, Div'n Passng. Agent, Chambers St. Station New York.

Physicians have long been looking for a harmless headache cure. It has been produced by an eminent chemist of the National Capital. It is known as BROMO-PEPSIN. Bostes curans, every form of headache instantly, Bromo Pepsin is equally and as promptly efficacious in chronic and acute indigestion and the nervous disorders incident there to. It is efforescent and pleasant to take and may be had of all up to date druggists at ten cents a bottle. It comes as a boon to mauked and womankind. For sale at C. O. Armstrong, Druggist. NO ICE. The Commissioners of Pike County will hereafter hold Regular Meetings the 1st Thursday of each mo. betwen the hours of 9 a. m. and 4 p. m. excepting in the months when Court may be in session, and then during Court Theo. H. Baker, Comm'si oners Clerk. Absolutely Harmless. Cures on he Spot BROMO-PEPSIN. "Note the Word Pepsin" CURES HEADACHE, S NEURVENSNESS INDIGESTION & ERIPOVENSNESS All Druggists, 10c, 25c & 50c. For sale by C. O. ARMSTRONG, Druggist. WANTS SUPPLIED!! If you want note books, bill heads, letter heads, statements, show cards, programs, large posters, sale bills, delivery envelopes, tags, business cards or job printing, send description, done up in the latest style for you in an up-to-date and artistic manner called see us. Prices THE PRESS PRINT. J. C. CHAMBERLAIN Real Estate Agent. Houses and lots and lots without House. Dealer in all kinds of Property. Notary Public ALL BUSINESS GIVEN PROMPT ATTENTION Office at Residence on Water Street. Milford, Pa. Mare Humana. A Wilkesbarre magistrate has decided that a cow has precedence over an automobile and does not have to wear a red lantern on her tail when standing in the road at night meditating chewing her cud. Human beings apparently must take their chances. Getting Along with People. Getting along with people is a valuable trait to cultivate. First of all, be amiable and forgiving; do not hear all that is said, never repeat anything and be willing to be pleased while doing your part. Nip and Tuck. Self-confidence is half the battle, but the other half generally makes you lose it.—Puck. Immense Rosebush. A rosebush in a garden at Freiburg, Germany, covers 99 square yards and bears 10,000 buds.

GOT THE WORST OF IT. Illustration of a man in a suit being pulled back by a woman. "Did you have a pleasant time at the picnic, Ronald? I trust that you remembered to fetcherize, and masti- cased each mouthful 160 times." "Yes, sir, an' while I was chewin' my first bite the other boys set up all the grub."—Life. When Harry Sullivan, the Irish tragedian, was playing Richard III. one night, and the actor came to the line, "A horse, a horse! My kingdom for a horse!" some merry wag in the pit called out: "An' wouldn't a jackass do as well for you?" "Sure," answered Sullivan, turning to a flash at the sound of the voice, "I would round to the stage door at once!" Grand Larceny. "If I should steal a kiss, what would you say?" "I should accuse you of petit larceny." He ran the risk and then asked. "Now, if I should steal a dozen, what would you say?" "Oh, that would be grand!" Where She Felt Worst. A little girl came to her mother one evening and said: "Mamma, I don't feel very well." "Well, there's too bad," said mamma, "where do you feel the worst?" "In school," was the prompt reply. Annoying. Mother—"Johnny, why are you besting little sister? Surely she has not been unkind to you?" Johnny—"No, mamma, but she is so fearfully good. I simply can't stand her." Tea with Children. "Tea," says the London Chronicle, "in the garden is one of the best established of our mid-Victorian institutions." Mr. E. V. Lucas—who is a cousin of the caddy—recalls in his story "The Divine Lady" a story of the late Arthur Cecil, who once encountered the following inscription in a garden at Kew: "Tea, plain, 6d.; tea, with strawberries, 9d.; tea, with children, 1s."

Helpful Beauty Hints. How to Prevent Wrinkles—Some Health and Beauty Hints—Decorated for Halls—To Make Hair Fluffy—For a Clear Skin—Massage for Removal of a Double Chin. Wrinkles may be prevented by the rest cure—go into the open air and lie in the hammock, or, if this is not feasible, lie absolutely quiet in a darkened room for the length of about a quarter of an hour. This cure is available to everybody, for no one is so busy as not to be able to take out a few minutes in the course of the day. In order to derive full benefit from his method, granting complete relaxation to your body as well as mind, remove, or loosen, all tight garments, and try hard not to think, or if think you must, let it be soothing, pleasant thoughts. In time the mind will be calmed so as to be just as inactive as the body, and the results will be such as to amply repay the small sacrifice of a few minutes morning and afternoon. For the busy mother and the indolent housewife there is absolutely nothing better than this rest cure, as restores all the vitality and energy lost in the course of the day, with a regular routine, and the many disagreeable and bothersome trifles so avoidable in a household. A mother and housewife has the duty of preserving herself for her family, as well as for her own happiness, and she, particularly, should not neglect to indulge in the rest cure. The idea of taking the rest cure is to recline in the hammock, and try not to think, so as to grant a rest to the nerves. Health and Beauty. Cornmeal, perfumed with orange root, sprinkled through the hair and brushed out, makes a good dry shampoo. In the absence of a hot-water bottle or bag a hot plate wrapped in paper and a soft towel will retain heat until the proper articles can be procured. A camphorated bath is refreshing after a day's work and is not expensive, says a writer. After your regular tub bath take a basin of cold water, drop enough of the mixture in the water to make it look milky and then sponge the body. It only takes a few moments and you will feel repaid for the trouble. A woman who knows all the ins and outs of the well-dressed world tells us to scent gloves. Pour perfume in the palms of the hand or rub it in flowers on the palms and place in gloves until the odor penetrates them. The warmth of the hand drives the perfume into the glove and good perfume will remain for many months. Skinning the Face Bad. If wrinkles have already put in an appearance, one has to be doubly careful about one's complexion, and must not under any circumstances accept except advice given one in a futile attempt to get rid of them. The worst thing one can do is to have one's face skinned. This custom is not at all rare, but it is just as dangerous as it is barbarous, and might as well be termed self-immolation as not, for in more than one instance it caused deadly blood poisoning, the complete loss of eyebrows and lashes, and a skin ruined for the rest of one's life. There have been cases where this process has had perfect results—a delightful, delicately colored, youthful complexion—but they are few and far between, and success cannot be guaranteed by anybody, no matter how skillful the operator may be. Therefore, it will ever be a venture, not to be undertaken recklessly. Uncared for Nails. There cannot be a beautiful hand with uncared for nails. Nails ought to be slightly arched and only long enough to extend as far as the flesh terminating the fingers. They must be well polished and of a rosy hue. The white crescent or half moon seen at the base of most nails should be developed by pressing back the soft rim of flesh, which, unless kept back, will grow over them. This can ordinarily be done after washing the hands, using the thumb nail of each hand and the towel to crowd the rim forward and away from each half moon. To Make the Hair Fluffy. Flattened hair is always irking to the face and with the present hats almost impossible. If your hair is not inclined to fluff naturally try wetting it with equal parts of green soap and water. Rise thoroughly with fresh water, and while the hair is still wet rub your hands through it again and again until it dries. Do not use this treatment too often as it has a tendency to make the hair dry and brittle. To Have a Clear Skin. A clear skin is one of the essentials of good health and beauty, and nothing outwears more to this end than frequent baths and brick rubbings. They will do much to keep the skin soft and the whole body vigorous. Massage the chin with a downward and rotary motion for fifteen minutes with baths with very cold water, and add a few drops of tincture of benzola. Good Business. Shopkeeper (to commercial traveler)—"Can't give you an order. Quite exhausted." Traveler—Let me at least show you my samples. Shopkeeper—Spare yourself the trouble. I can't look at them. Traveler—Then will you allow me to look at them myself? It is three weeks since I have seen them.

THE WRONG BOX. The Candidate for Matrimony Had an Embarrassing Experience. Smiling Pat strode into the staid nation room where candidates for the police force underwent their physical test. "Strip!" ordered the police sergeant. "Pshaw! that!" demanded the uninitiated. "Get your clothes off, and be quick about it!" Mumbling and muttering, Pat disrobed, and the doctor proceeded to the test. "Hop over this bar!" ordered the doctor. Pat did his best, which landed him on the small of his back. "Now jump under this cold shower!" ordered the doctor. "Shure, that's funny!" muttered the applicant, as he obeyed. "And now," concluded the doctor, "run round the room ten times, to test your heart and wind!" Pat hesitated, then—"O'll not!" he blurted out. "O'll sthlay single!" "Single?" inquired the doctor, surprised. "Yes, single!" repeated the Irishman. "What's all this fussing got to do with a marriage license?" He had strayed into the wrong office. A MOUNTAIN COLLOQUY. "Did your husband get that terrible red nose working out in the sunshine?" asked one woman. "No," answered the other. "That ain't sunshine. That's moonshine." Fatal Admission. "See here, mister," said the poor man, desperately, "give me any sort of job and I'll take it. I'm simply tired out looking for work." "Well," replied the hard business man, "there is an opening here, but I guess you won't do it." Organized Thought. To-day there is no such thing as organized thought. The thought of the world is a jumble, a mass of unorganized mental effort, with no meaning, no sequence, no end, no deliberate result. Storekeeping Nowadays. Friend (noticing the confused heap of goods of every description scattered promiscuously around the store)—"Hello! what's happened? Been taking an inventory, had a fire or are you going to move out?" Merchant—That shows how little you know about storekeeping. We have merely been waiting on a lady who dropped in for a paper of pins. Money to Burn. The big touring car had just whizzed by with a roar like a gigantic rocket, and Pat and Mike turned to watch it disappear in a cloud of dust. "Thin chug wagons must cost a hepe av cash," said Mike. "The rich is fairly burnin' money." "An' he's the small av it," snifled Pat. "It must be that tainted money we do be hearin' so much about." Scripture as Understood. When the nice little girl came home from church she was asked the text, and told that the minister said they need not worry, for they would get their quills back. That was too much for the family, so the minister was phoned to ask the text of the day. He replied: "And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another comforter." Tit for Tat. "Pardon me, sir, but where do you come from?" "From County Cork!" "Then that accounts for your brogue." "May I ask you where you come from?" "From Worcester, sir." "Then that accounts for your accent," was the reply. Beyond Forgiveness. "Patience—I hear they ran away and got married!" "Patience—Yep." "Patience—I suppose her father will never forgive them." "Patience—Well, he forgave 'em for running away, but he never will forgive 'em for coming back home!" Not Up to Date. Magazine Editor—Your people must be thoroughly up to date. Scribbler—I thought they were! Editor—No, indeed! You say: "He put his arm around her waist." "Tut, tut, tut! In the first place, she's no waister; and, in the second place, he would knock her hat off." Their Proper Name. "Now, about Alrhships?" "Well!" "Will they allude to them as actual greyhounds?" "Why, certainly not. They will be Eky Loviers, if anything."—Washington Herald. The Lesson. School Teacher—What lesson do you learn from the busy bee? Tommy Tuffaut—Not to be stung.

THE WILD BOAR. He's Clever, Swift, Fearless, Intemperate and Dangerous. When the range is so wide it is difficult to ward the pain; but the sport of the East is generally acknowledged to be pig-sticking. Beaters are assisted by elephants are usually employed to find the quarry, the hunters being mounted and armed with spears. In some parts a long spear of about seven feet is used, like a lance. Nowhere a shorter jabbing weapon is used, which is grasped near the lashed butt end (weighted with lead) and held pointing downward. The boar is, without doubt, the most courageous of all animals. Moreover, he is possessed of one of the worst tempers, and has most effective weapons, with which to vent it upon his foes in the shape of sharp, curved tusks. He stands about two feet six inches or more at the withers, and in spite of his great weight is extraordinarily quick. For about a mile he is too fast for any horse over the rough ground he is generally found upon. His weight carries him crashing through small obstacles, while he can, and will, jump the larger ones. He never loses his head, no matter how hard he is being hustled about—a fact which, no other beast of the chase can boast—and never forgets to put all and every kind of obstacle between himself and his pursuers. When at last overtaken he will turn on his foes, charging with sudden and extraordinary rapidity, although perhaps wounded again and again finally taking refuge beneath some overhanging branch or other place where he cannot be reached on horseback, to stand at bay. Then it becomes necessary to attack him on foot—a very dangerous proceeding. At least two sportsmen must go in together, for he will probably charge once more, and his weight (even if the spear goes into him) will throw a single man over.—Edward Fitz-James in Wild World Magazine. THE GRAMMAR OF THE AIR. A good deal of Aero-Anglo-French was ejaculated last week around the plate at Rheims, and the vocabulary of aviation still seems somewhat in a state of flux. A short and satisfactory word for the motion of aviators in flight is wanting. We would suggest a verb made one in the verb avo, equal "to have" or "to have." This is conveniently bilingual, and would come in handy for the international meeting at Wembley. Most Britishers know as far as "avez-vous" in French, and this would now stand for "Do you proceed through the air in a flying machine?" or words to that effect. "En aviation, j'avo!" (last part) would be the bird's-air utterance at the start, equivalent to the golfer's cry of "Fore!" while "Avast!" and "Avant!" might also be brought into use. We offer this linguistic hint to the various aeronautical clubs and leagues. It has classical authority in the gladiators' cry of "Ave Caesar!"—Punch. Organized Thought. To-day there is no such thing as organized thought. The thought of the world is a jumble, a mass of unorganized mental effort, with no meaning, no sequence, no end, no deliberate result. It should not be so. It can be changed. We have organized thought, and that thought can be moral, beautiful, cheerful, beautiful, successful. The world should have the benefit of this truth. It is high time. The United States is in a position to begin and within a generation or two, yes, in ten years, some pretty plain indications will assure us that by organized thought