

The Scrap Book

Anything For a Change.
"I am tired of seeing that everlasting mackerel brought in for breakfast," grumbled a boarder, "and I intend to speak to the landlady about it." Some of his fellow victims applauded, but most of them doubted his courage. The matter was under discussion when the landlady appeared. "Miss Prunella," began the bold boarder, "I was about to say in regard to the mackerel that we desire a change."
"It's good mackerel," responded the landlady grimly, "and there will be no change."
"Then, for heaven's sake," resumed the bold boarder, "order the girl to bring it in tall first for a while."

NEXT DOOR.
We saw the tapers burn
In the home so close to ours;
But, however our hearts might yearn,
We dared not send our flowers.
"He will not understand," we said,
"Our loving thought of his loved dead."
O city, thus you hide
The pity in every heart!
Those who are at our side
You sunder a world apart.
A little barrier built of stone,
And my neighbor grieves—alone, alone.
—Smart Set.

Got It Cheap.
"A corruptionist," said a senator, "once entered a voter's house. In the voter's absence he pleaded his cause to the man's wife. Finally, spying a wretched kitten on the floor, he said: 'I'll give you \$20 for that animal, ma'am.'"
"She accepted those terms."
"The corruptionist, thrusting the kitten in his pocket, rose to go. At the door he said:
"I do hope you can persuade your husband to vote for me, ma'am."
"I'll try to," said the woman, "though Jim's a hard one to move when his mind's made up; but, anyhow, you've got a real cheap kitten there. Your opponent was in yesterday and gave me \$50 for his brother."

Orders Must Be Obeyed.
"A martinet," said a military officer, "is generally a fool."
"They tell a story of a martinet of the civil war, a captain. He got orders from headquarters one day that his men were to change their undershirts."
"But, captain," said a sergeant, to whom this order was communicated, "the men only have one undershirt each."
"The captain frowned. Then he said: 'No matter. Military commands must be obeyed. Let the men change undershirts with each other.'"

He Didn't Buy.
Among the older rank of San Franciscans, says the Argonaut, there is a citizen eminent in the world of finance and liberal enough in all large ways who nevertheless is a little "near" when it comes to trifles. He is ready enough to accept those courtesies which still mark the meetings and meetings of the old style San Franciscan, but he has rarely been known himself to stand treat. Recently he came upon a coney lotterer, as if waiting for somebody, near the entrance to a well known bar. "Hello, lob!" he said. "What are you doing here?" It was an opportunity long desired, and the gentleman addressed made the most of it. "Well, John," he replied, "I'm just waiting round for somebody to come along and buy me a drink." "All right," was the reply, "I'll—I'll join you!"

A Forecast.
An Irish fireman applied for a place as engineer. He answered the officials' severe questions during the examination in a satisfactory manner until one asked, "Suppose you were running your engine sixty miles an hour on a single track and, running around a curve, saw another engine come toward you at the same speed and only a short distance away, what would you do?"
"I'd bless myself."—Lippincott's.

Burr's Pious Retort.
Aaron Burr at one time attended a church in Albany where all the aristocracy of the town was to be found on each Sunday. Soon he fell into the practice of being late, and finally the wardens of the church asked the minister to reprimand him openly. On the next Sunday when Burr entered late as usual the minister stopped in the middle of his sermon and said, "Sir, I shall appear at the judgment seat against you!"
Burr gazed at him placidly and answered, "Sir, in all my practice I have found that class of criminals that turns state's evidence the most to be despised." There were no more public sermons in that church.

A Game of Chance.
The belated husband carefully inserted his key in the lock, slowly opened the door and entered the dark hallway on tiptoe. Shutting the door noiselessly behind him, he turned to ascend the stairs, when the form of his wife loomed up before him and he started back.
"Oh, it's you, dear?" he blurted, smiling guiltily. "And you haven't retired, worrying about me! Really, dear, I had no idea it was so late. I'm very sorry, but you see," he went on to explain, gaining confidence through his wife's silence—"you see, dear, I became so interested in a little game of whist that I didn't hear the hours strike on the clock at the club!"
"Go to bed!"
Without another word he obeyed. She stood below and watched him

sheepishly ascend the stairs to his room. As his door closed after him the hall clock chimed the hour, and, smiling grimly, she emitted a deep sigh and murmured:
"Three! It's a lucky thing I got in first!"

Particular on That Head.
An American, while visiting Kingston, Canada, saw flames issuing from a house he chanced to be passing at nighttime. Rushing around the corner, he burst into a fire engine station, shouting "Fire!"
At his entrance and cry an old man, the only occupant of the station, who sat reading a newspaper, slowly arose, carefully deposited his paper on the chair and hobbled over to a desk, on which was a large book. "Now," said he, taking up a pencil and opening this volume, while the American stared in amazement, "wot's the street and number?"
"I don't know, but it's just around the corner!"
"Well, you'd better go back and find out the number," advised the old man, shutting the book. "When the boys get back from dinner and hear there's a fire, they'll be pretty anxious to know just where it is!"

Embraced Them All.
"Nowhere, not even in Russia, are the girls so pretty as in America," said a visiting Russian. "It seems wrong and stingy that a man can only marry one of them. Every American, surrounded by all this beauty, must envy the snap that a friend of mine in Russia had. 'So you are engaged,' a man said to my friend, 'to one of the beautiful Vromsky triplets, eh?' 'Yes,' my friend replied. 'But how can you tell them apart?' the man asked. 'I don't try,' said my friend."

Hit the Wrong Target.
A Richmond man bought a turkey from old Uncle Ephraim and asked him in making the purchase if it was a tame turkey.
"Oh, yais, sir; it's a tame tu'key of right."
"Now, Ephraim, are you sure it's a tame turkey?"
"Oh, yais, sir; dere's no sot o' doubt 'bout dat. It's a tame tu'key of right."
He consequently bought the turkey, and a day or two later when eating it he came across several shot. Later on, when he met old Ephraim on the street, he said:
"Well, Ephraim, you told me that was a tame turkey, but I found some shot in it when I was eating it."
"Oh, dat war a tame tu'key of right," was Uncle Ephraim's reiterated rejoinder, "but de fac' is, boss, I'm gwine to tel yer in confidence dat dem dere shot was intended for me."

Quite Good Enough.
She had just received a message through the telephone and, still holding the receiver to her ear, said to her husband:
"The Thompsons want us to dine with them tonight. Is it good enough?"
Before he could speak over the wire the answer came:
"Yes; quite good enough. Come along."

An Ideal of Patriotism.
Let our object be our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country. And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace and of liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever.—Daniel Webster.

Easy Bookkeeping.
A young husband, finding that his pretty but rather extravagant wife was considerably exceeding their income, brought her home one day a neat little account book. This he presented to her, together with \$50.
"Now, my dear," he said, "I want you to put down what I give you on this side, and on the other write down the way it goes, and in a fortnight I will give you another supply."
A couple of weeks later he asked for the book.
"Oh, I have kept the account all right!" said his wife. "See—here it is."
On one page was inscribed, "Received from Willie \$50," and on the opposite page was the comprehensive little summary, "Spent it all."

Calming Him Down.
"If women just had a little tact and didn't fly to pieces their own selves when their husbands get to jawin' and tearin' around, there'd be less trouble in fam'lies," said Mrs. Grim to a neighbor.
"I suppose that's so," replied the neighbor.
"I know 'tis," replied Mrs. Grim. "Do you suppose I lose my head and my tongue and go all to pieces and say things I'm sorry for afterward when Grim gets into one of his tantrums? Well, I don't. I just keep cool and calm him down."
"How do you calm him down?"
"Well, sometimes with a stick and a broom handle, or maybe I'll grab up a pail o' water and douse it all over him. There's plenty o' ways to calm a man down if a woman will only keep cool herself and try 'em."

A Real Surprise.
"Where are you goin', ma?" asked the youngest of the five children.
"I'm going to a surprise party, my dear," answered the mother.
"Are we all goin' too?"
"No, dear. You weren't invited."
After a few moments' deep thought:
"Say, ma, then don't you think they'd be lots more surprised if you did take us all?"

THE FAMOUS PANTHEON.

Magnificent Tomb of Many of the Great Men of France.

The Pantheon in which the attempt was made to assassinate Major Dreyfus has been called the Westminster abbey of France. Famous men of France are entombed there. On its site Clovis built a church to the apostles. It has been sacred ground since 500 years after the birth of Christ. The church built by Clovis was destroyed by Norman pirates about the year 1000. It was replaced by the abbey of St. Genevieve, of which now only the bell tower remains. Louis XV. built the Pantheon. It was a splendid pile, the combined work of two famous French architects, Soufflot and Rondelet. It is in the form of a Greek cross. In front it has a superb portico of twenty-two Corinthian columns sixty-five feet high, reposing on a magnificent perron of twelve mighty steps. In the interior are sixteen windows, with thirty-two Corinthian columns, and high above all, more than 300 feet in the air, stretches its vast dome.

Here lie Mirabeau, Voltaire, Jean Jacques Rousseau, Marshal Lannes and many other famous Frenchmen. The building is filled with superb frescoes, and it is the goal of every ambitious Frenchman to find a resting place here among the honored dead of his race.

Napoleon the Great took the Pantheon and turned it over to the ecclesiastical authorities, who once more called the structure the Church of St. Genevieve, but it still remained in the eyes of all Frenchmen the resting place of the hero dead of their race.

Lannes was buried in its crypt. Then came Portals, Cabanis, Vien, Lagrauge, Bonaiguille. In all, thirty-nine Napoleonic heroes, statesmen and great citizens were put there, with grandiose processions, cannons booming, solemn music, solemn discourses, flags and flowers, with vast multitudes surrounding.

With the restoration Louis XVIII. liking the Pantheon idea without the Pantheon name, had Gros begin the great work of interior decoration. In the high part of the dome he painted the apotheosis of St. Genevieve. During this period a few statesmen and soldiers had the honor of being buried in the crypt. Soufflot was the last. In 1829; then came the popular revolution of 1830.

During the siege of Paris the crypt was used as a powder magazine. When the leaders of the commune were pressed down that way they took it for headquarters.

The ecclesiastical authorities remained in charge from the second empire until 1885. The death of Victor Hugo put them to embarrassment. The French government decreed that the great poet be put in the Pantheon crypt, and as he went in the ecclesiastical authorities went out. It has been said that Voltaire and Rousseau had been taken out years previously. Then years ago, therefore, the republic wished to know the truth. Reverently, scientifically and historically the two sepulchers were opened. They were found intact.

In 1889 parliament decreed that the remains of four more Napoleonic heroes be transported to the Pantheon. They were Lazare Carnot, grandfather of the martyred president; Marceau, "colonel at sixteen and general at twenty-one"; Baudin, the Republican revolutionary representative of 1848, and De la Tour d'Auvergne, "the premier grenadier of France."—Baltimore American.

Trying to Age Violins.
While a man in Philadelphia has been trying to invent a varnish that will make a new, cheap violin sound like a Stradivarius, a well known violinist and maker of the instruments has been working along a different line to secure the same effect. He says that age has nothing to do directly with the tone of a violin; that the amount of "bowing" it receives is what makes the tone superior. He makes use of an electrical machine which sends vibrations through the instrument, and he claims that in thirty days as much bowing can be given the violin by this means as it would get in fifty years in the ordinary way.—Pathfinder.

A Lake of Oil.
Five miles south and west of Glenn pool, Tulsa, on the Korndorfer lease, the Prater Oil and Gas company has drilled in, at a depth of 2,340 feet, a well of high grade oil, offsetting another big well at the same depth producing the same grade of oil. This strike is remarkable in that both these wells are at least 500 feet deeper than wells in the Glenn pool and reveal entirely new sand, with every indication that the entire country thereabout is underlain with a lake of high grade oil at a depth until now never discovered. It is possible that many if not all wells in the Creek oil fields will in time be drilled to the new sand.—Kansas City Journal.

The Blows of Chance.
Chancellor Kirkland of Vanderbilt university is known to his students by the brief name of "Chance."
Besides being chief executive, he is also head professor of Latin and the boys say, prize long talker at chapel exercises.
One day while conducting a class in Horace, he called on a certain student to read, who did so in utter innocence and absolute accuracy as follows:
"It is hard for us to endure the blows of chance."
The class burst out in a roar of laughter, and as the "Chance" joined in the dumfounded student perceived the modern significance of ancient words.

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