

Mt. Scott Herald

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A cure for idiocy has been found. The supply will never be able to equal the demand.

The labor shortage never seems to have any effect on the demand for political jobs.

There is no trouble from reds in Alaska. Perhaps they are freezing them out there.

Give the youth of the land its circus and it cares not who overturns the neighboring nations.

Once the profiteers begin to squeal they are likely to run up against a shortage of sympathy.

Profiteering is not only a cause of discomfort, but it is a horrid indictment of human nature.

People who neglect to keep their sugar in their safety deposit boxes deserve to have it stolen.

For spring fever the favorite time-tried and fire-tested remedy is a fishing pole and a can of bait.

The coin that went for booze now goes for candy, and yet people wonder why there's a sugar shortage.

Interested as the public may be just now in the matter of sugar, it isn't what you could call wrapped up.

One of the candidates accuses another of using a "smoke screen." Other people thought it was a "gas wave."

With some, where to spend the vacation is the problem; others, however, have nothing to spend but time.

Along with the "pointing with pride" and "viewing with alarm" there should be a lot of hatchet burying this season.

If some of the officials who are holding hearings on sugar could listen in on any housewives' line they'd get an earful.

The price reduction epidemic is one that can sweep the country without the people making any effort to stop it.

And now it is proposed to levy a tax of \$5 on bachelors. An imposition on liberty and the pursuit of happiness!

They have invented a process for making wrapping paper out of garbage. We hope garbage is carried away with the idea.

Remember to save your clothes this year for the centennial celebration your great-grandchildren will be celebrating in 2020.

Perhaps British prejudice will look on the move to get back native song birds as an unfriendly attack upon the English sparrow.

An inscription found on an egg predicts the end of the world. Rather, the prices asked for them would indicate its nearness.

A medical journal says native white Americans do not live as long as they did 20 years ago. Maybe not, but perhaps we live more.

A barber proposes to go over Niagara falls in a barrel. It's about the only way left by which one can get any sensation out of a cask.

Being a paragrapher in this country is not half so exciting or showy a job as being president in Mexico, but it is much more durable.

That Parisian war on freak fashions comes just at the right time, as freaks have so long been the rage as to become painfully commonplace.

It's now up to the German board of tax commissioners to tell the former kaiser how much of that \$30,000,000, 000 indemnity he is supposed to pay.

Something like 80,000,000 pennies are coined annually only, for the most part, to disappear. Probably the collection plates get the great bulk of them.

Austria is finding it difficult to find recruits in organizing her new army. What use she made of her last army is probably still too fresh in the public memory.

Increase in the price of diamonds really doesn't seem to increase the unrest. There's one line, at least, in which the producers feel that their consciences are clear.

Over in Russia and Siberia the ruble went to pieces and so the farmers took to raising just enough food for themselves. This is one of the lessons to be learned from Russia and Siberia.

BROUGHT BACK SAD MEMORY

Little Wonder That Comedian Could Not Look on Buns With Any Degree of Affection.

"I never eat buns," the comedian said sadly, "they remind me of a horrible experience I had once."

The listeners drew near, thrilled by the tenseness of his tones.

"I was on a ship in midocean," went on the comedian dramatically. "Her cargo was self-raising flour and curants, and a touring theatrical party. Suddenly, in the dead of night, we ran into an iceberg."

"There were no boats, so things looked very desperate for us. The huge waves dashed over the sides and down the hatchways."

"Then we heard a curious noise. The water had got to the self-raising flour and presently it began to ooze up in large blobs, like buns, with the curants mixed up in it."

"As the great lumps of dough floated on the water the heat of the sun baked them hard. I got on top of one of the biggest and floated away from the sinking ship."

"But, alas! the ocean thereabouts was full of sharks and they seemed to like my bun. Anyway, they nibbled and nibbled at it, and daily it grew less, until I had hardly room to hang on. I got washed ashore just when there were only two bites of bun left for them."

"Ever since then," he ended, with a sigh, "I haven't been able to look at a bun without shivering."

KNOW LITTLE ABOUT EARTH

Dwellers on This Globe Have Shown No Curiosity Concerning Possible Wonders of Its Interior.

The earth's crust is compared to the skin of an apple by the writer of a leading article in the Scientific American Monthly. Our knowledge of the globe on which we live, he says, is not even skin deep; for an apple as large as the earth would have a skin twenty miles thick; and no one has been much more than a mile into the crust, or has bored into it with tools more than a mile and a half. It is rather humiliating to think that we know more about the sun, ninety millions of miles away, than we do of the solid earth under our feet. We think nothing of dispatching exploring expeditions to unknown regions thousands of miles away; how about a little expedition to points only a few miles distant—vertically downward? Such explorations have been proposed, although the boldest explorer has not dared to suggest going further than twelve miles—a trip that would take him on the surface of the earth only from one end of Manhattan island to the other.

Success Through Optimism.

At one time while building the Panama canal there were eight thousand men engaged in the Culebra cut alone. Every night as much soil slid into the cut as could be taken out during the day. But there was not a sign of discouragement—the men enjoyed the fight. Colonel Goethals walked through the cut one morning just after an extensive slide. The foreman had been on the job since midnight.

"Well, how is everything this morning, Mr. Hogan?" asked Goethals.

"Fine, Colonel, fine. It buried that steam shovel over there and tipped over two batteries of drills and covered all the tracks through the cut but one, but everything's fine, sir. We're diggin'!"—H. H. Moore in The Youth of a Nation.

Assyrian "Ambassador."

The Lady Surma d'Mar Shimum has arrived in London as the official ambassador from the Assyrians in the Kurdistan mountains, says the Argonaut.

Very handsome, not unlike the queen of Montenegro in profile, very bright, lively and animated, Lady Surma d'Mar Shimum is only a little more than 30 years of age. Of fine physique, she is also a highly cultured woman, so cultured that the archbishop of Canterbury closed a recent interview with the "ambassador" with the remark: "It is extraordinary to find so much civilization where one could naturally have expected barbarism."

The Atlantic Patrol.

After the wreck of the Titanic, 11 of the leading nations of Europe joined with the United States and Canada to provide a service for the observation and patrol of ice along the north Atlantic steamship lanes. These nations contribute in different proportions to the expense of this service, but the work is done by the United States coast guard cutters Seneca and Tampa who cruise back and forth during the warmer months when the icebergs come south and send out to all vessels wireless reports of the location and movements of the ice.—Boys' Life.

Had No Experience.

An artist was showing a young woman over his studio. After she had critically examined all the pictures, she remarked:

"I notice several sunsets among your works, but not a single sunrise. How's that?"

The artist, who was rather noted for his bohemian habits, blushed a little at the question, and then stammered:

"You see, it's this way. To tell the truth, the reason I've never painted a sunrise is because I'm never up at that time."

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