

The Scrap Book

A National Dish.

When Mrs. Elizabeth King was traveling through Germany, in 1840, she had an experience which left her hungry as well as amused at a hotel in Nonnenworth. In "Lord Kelvin's Early Home" Mrs. King tells the story: "There was a very large company in the hotel, and at 1 o'clock the guests assembled in a great hall for dinner. About 150 sat down at the long, narrow table, we as the last comers at the very bottom.

Far from us on a platform in the middle we saw a very stately decorative dish. Dr. Nicol told us it was boar's head stewed in burgundy wine, a famous national dish. He said we must dine on it, so as each course was offered he refused and made us do the same. At length two waiters removed the stately dish, and as it was carried off he rubbed his hands, exclaiming: "Now we shall have some dinner!" But, alas, it disappeared, and the company rose and scattered. It was simply an ornamental centerpiece of wood!

Misspent Time.

There is no remedy for time mispent. No healing for the waste of idleness. Whose very language is a punishment. Heavier than active souls can feel or guess. O hours of indolence and discontent. Not now to be redeemed, ye sting not less. Because I know this span of life was lent For lofty duties, not for selfishness. Not to be whittled away in endless dreams. But to improve ourselves and serve mankind. Life and its choicest faculties were given. Man should be ever better than he seems. And shape his acts and discipline his mind To walk adorning earth with hope of heaven.

—Sir Arthur de Vere.

Shocked His Dad.

A pious and strict father, whose small son balked at going to church, showed the irreverent boy one day a history of New England.

"Here is a picture of the Puritans going to church," said the father. "What good and pious men! Notice their sugar loaf hats. They walk in single file through the deep snow, and each man carries a gun."

"What do they carry guns to church for?" the boy asked with sudden interest.

"For fear of the Indians," was the reply. "The Indians were apt to lie in wait for them at every turning. Ah, what pious men they were, to be sure! Think of them the next time you want to shirk your religious duties. Through snow and sleet, through bitter cold, through the perilous ambushes of the savage Indians, they vented their way to church Sunday after Sunday with pious, thankful hearts. Yet you—"

"Oh, rats!" said the boy. "I'd go to church every day in the week if I could get a shot at an Indian on the way."

Not a Rehearsal.

The inquisitive man saw a hearse start away from a house at the head of a funeral procession.

"Who's dead?" he asked the corner grocer, who was standing in his door watching the funeral start.

"Chou Schmidt," answered the grocer.

"John Smith!" exclaimed the other. "You don't mean to say John Smith is dead?"

"Well, my golly," rejoined the grocer, "you don't think dey doing mit him—practicing, hey?"—New York World.

A Substantial Bone.

So many witnesses had quered his clients' cases by averring that the shots they had heard in a shooting affair were only thirty seconds apart that when pressed to tell what they were doing when each report was heard, naming actions so dissimilar that it must have taken at least ten minutes to switch from one to the other, the criminal lawyer swore that he would maintain consistency above all things in his latest case. Gustave, the Swedish janitor, had heard two shots fired at the injured man, and the lawyer impressed upon him the importance of swearing that he was engaged in the same task at each shot.

In the course of the trial it was brought out that the shots had been fired a month apart, the first being merely a little target practice that did no harm, the second inflicting a serious wound. But there was no time to coach Gustave anew. Said the lawyer:

"What were you doing when the first shot was fired?"

"I was sitting in the kitchen gnawing a chicken bone," said Gustave.

"And what were you doing when the second shot was fired? Be careful how you answer."

"I was sitting in the kitchen," said he, "gnawing that same chicken bone."

A Better Voice.

The late Simon Foll used to tell a good story about a then popular song, "The Farmer's Boy." While spending a holiday in the country in England he went fishing and was caught in a heavy storm. Hurrying to a farmhouse for refuge, he found that the yeoman's daughter had been married that morning and her festivities were in progress. He was made welcome, although his identity was not known, and in due course he was asked to contribute a song. He gave "The Farmer's Boy," which, it goes without saying, was received with acclamation.

But the farmer himself was restrained in his praise. "It wur good," he said, "but ye can't sing it like our cotman. I've heard he a mile away against the wind."

CRUELLY DECEIVED.

A Weary Willie Who Was a Victim of Misplaced Confidence.

The tramp had walked a good three miles and was particularly thirsty. A sudden turn in the road brought him to the foot of a steep hill, at the top of which stood a large house. The tramp paused a moment before attempting the herculean feat of storing the hill. He felt hungry and thirsty. He glanced to the left. These words caught his eye: "Tarry, traveler, and refresh thyself." The tramp was sorry the sign was attached to a pump handle. However, water was better than nothing, so he commenced to



HE COMMENCED TO PUMP.

pump. The spout remained dry. He pumped with more vigor. Still no water. After ten minutes of hard work he said harsh things about the pump and continued his journey. At the top of the hill he mentioned his grievance to a native. The latter pointed to the fine house across the road. "The owner of that house," he said, "has some big water cisterns which have to be filled from a stream in the valley. He is too lazy to fill 'em himself, though, so he rigged up that pump and connected it with his cisterns, and now—"

But the tramp was already sprinting across the road.

Landseer's Pun.

When Solomon's celebrated picture "Waiting for the Verdict" was sent in, as the artist was not one of the Royal academicians, whose exhibits are all "hang on the line," his painting was "skied." Sir Edwin Landseer was in ecstasies over it and exclaimed, "There is Solomon in all his glory and not R. A.'s like one of these!"

A Queer Language.

A German on his first visit to this country tells this pathetic story: "I was here a week or more when I presented a letter of introduction at one of your beautiful homes, where I was at once made welcome. One evening I was invited to a bridge party and won a nice bit of money at a five cent game. The young son of the house, when he saw the score cards, said to me, 'You lucky dog! A familiarity which I would have resented had I not been told that it was an American form of speech. A few evenings later I was looking on when the same boy won at bridge and, wishing to be as polite as he, I said, 'What a lucky puppy.' Then they said all sorts of uncomplimentary things, and I have been doubtful ever since whether I am still welcome in that set. Yours is a queer language."

Breaking It Gently.

Callahan was stopped on the street by Father Clancy. The good priest's countenance took on a sad expression. "What's this I hear, Callahan," asked he, "about your breaking Hogan's head last night? And the two of you friends for years?"

Callahan seemed somewhat taken back. "Sure, I was compelled to do it, your reverence," he explained apologetically; "but, out of consideration for that same friendship, I broke it gently, your reverence."—Lippincott's.

The Last Resource.

The fat gentleman, like many other misguided members of the party brigade, decided to try golf as a weight reducer. Armed with four sticks, a ball and a caddy, he marched off to the links.

The caddy placed the ball upon the tee. Then with a terrific swing the fat man whirled his club through the air. But the little white ball still stayed smiling on its tee, while the club, meeting Mother Earth, broke into splinters.

"Give me another club, boy!" said the fat man.

Also, club No. 2 shared the fate of club No. 1, club No. 3 emulated the evolutions of club No. 2, and club No. 4 flew into a helix.

And still the little white ball smiled on.

"What would you do now?" asked the sadder and wiser golfer, wiping his forehead as he turned in desperation to the caddy.

Holding out the empty bag, the archer replied: "Don't give in, your honor! Give it a swipe with this!"

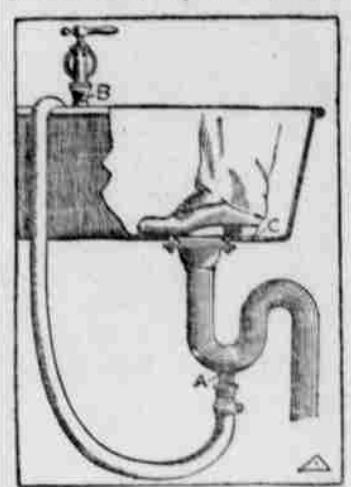
A Good Excuse.

As an instance of acute hydrophobia it is difficult to surpass the story of the Scotch boatman who while crossing a loch was asked if he would take some water with his whisky and replied: "Na; there was a horse drowned at the head of the loch two years ago." The head of the loch was twenty-four miles distant.

TO CLEAN SINK PIPES.

Simple Method of Removing Clogging Obstructions.

Sink pipes often become clogged with refuse and are hard to clean without the proper plumbing tools. The device shown in the accompanying sketch will do the work quite nicely and can be rigged up by any one, says Popular Mechanics. Connect a hose pipe from the brass clean-out cup A to the faucet B, as shown. Place a sheet of rubber, C, and a block of



REMOVING OBSTRUCTION.

wood over the strainer. By standing on the block of wood to hold in the water and turning on the city pressure at the faucet the obstruction can be easily washed out. If the hose can be attached to a hot water faucet the flow of the hot water will wash out all grease that may have accumulated.

THE TEXAN CATTABU.

Cross Between American Cattle and the Sacred Zebu of India.

Six years ago Secretary Wilson of the department of agriculture found in Texas a grade of so called Brahma cattle. Inquiring into their origin, he found that they were the offspring of a zebu bull (the sacred cattle of India) which had been purchased from a circus and liberated in southern Texas. Secretary Wilson found that the Brahma cattle were remarkably free from disease and the thirteenth in all, the region, that the dreaded Texas tick did not attack them and that they took quite naturally to the marshes of the gulf coast and thrived where the American and European breeds degenerated and died.

The secretary of agriculture encouraged A. P. Borden, who had great cattle interests in Wharton county, Tex., to import from India a sufficient number of the sacred cattle to make a thorough experiment as to their adaptability and value. In 1906 a consignment of twenty-five head, mostly bulls, were landed and taken to the Pierce ranch in Wharton county. There they have since thrived and multiplied.

The zebu crossed with the American cattle has produced a new creature styled the cattabu, a name derived from its two parents. The cattabu is as immune from the Texas tick, as is its sire. Its skin secretes a sort of wax which is distasteful to the tick. The cattabu also takes naturally to the marshes of the gulf coast. It is believed that the creature will make possible the utilization of a great amount of waste land.

Ozone Treatment of Water.

Our consul at Nice, France, has recently reported on the new system of sterilization adopted by that city for its drinking water. The water is sterilized by the use of ozone, which is produced in an ozone generator. The generator consists of copper plates between which are glass sheets, and the air between the plates is decomposed by a silent discharge at 17,000 volts pressure. The decomposed air is drawn by suction fans through a purifier, which eliminates the nitrogenous compounds, and thereafter the ozone is conducted to a chamber into which the water flows. The water passes through a layer of gravel on a wire netting and falls into the chamber in the form of a heavy rain. The ozone absorbed by the water is thereafter extracted by having the water fall on stone steps. The water is then absolutely free of germs. There are two plants at Nice, one with an output of forty gallons per second and the other with an output of eighty gallons.

Why Balloons Are Yellow.

Perhaps it is rather late in aeronautics to explain why the gas and hot air balloons alike should be yellow. But a scientist just now explains that only yellow pigment is adapted to the balloon covering for the reason that the textile fabric of the bag must be made air and water tight by a coating of caoutchouc. This substance is disintegrated rapidly under the violet and ultra violet rays of the sun unless the yellow pigment of the bag absorbs them. Chromate of lead, which is used in France, and aniline yellow, used in Germany, are proving unsatisfactory, however, and the balloonists are asking the chemists for a new and better yellow for the purpose.

Progress in Russia.

The new buildings now being constructed in Russian cities are usually from four to five stories high and are divided into single apartments for either business or residence purposes. The old system of heating by means of porcelain stoves has been entirely abandoned, steam or hot water being generally adopted. Most of the houses are provided with electric elevators, and much care is devoted to sanitation.

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