

The Scrap Book

Playing Off a Tie.
The last scene in the fashionable life of the Count D'Orsay as told in Mr. Teignmouth Shore's biography of him: Just before the dinner hour a pastry cook's boy presented himself at Gore House with a dish, sent in, so he said, by the confectioner. Having left this in the kitchen, he deliberately walked upstairs to the count's dressing room.

"Well, who's that?" asked D'Orsay.
It was a sherry's officer.
"Really?" exclaimed D'Orsay and demanded that he should be permitted to complete the tying of his tie. Salon or prison, his tie must be perfect.

"But, count!"
"Bah, bah! All in good time."
The officer was quite interested in the tying of that tie. Few men had been so honored as to be allowed to see how D'Orsay tied his tie, and, lo, by the time the tie was tied the sun had sunk to rest and D'Orsay was free till sunrise!

"John," said D'Orsay, calmly walking off to the drawing room, "kick this chap out of the door."
The which was executed, and the writ was not.

Example.
We scatter seeds with careless hand
And dream we never shall see them more,
But for a thousand years
Their fruit appears
In weeds that mar the land
Or fruitful store.

The deeds we do, the words we say,
Into still air they seem to fleet,
We count them ever past,
But they shall last—
In the dread judgment they
And we shall meet.

I charge thee by the years gone by,
For the love's sake of brethren dear,
Keep thou the one true way,
In work and play,
Lest in that world their cry
Of woe thou hear.

—John Keble.

Easily Improved.
There was no getting away from the fact—Flossie's face was ugly. Even her best friends told her so and seldom visited her without offering her advice or suggesting some kind of remedy. But neither paint nor powder nor paste nor patent preparation was of the slightest use. Flossie's face continued to be ugly, and her friends continued to tell her so.

At last she consulted a specialist. "I am willing," she said, "to pay you anything if you will only make me beautiful. I should like you to start on my nose. Can you improve it?"

The specialist looked at it thoughtfully. Flossie's nose was her weakest point. Leaning back in his chair and half closing his eyes, in his best professional manner, he said:
"Well, madam, I can't guarantee to make it really beautiful, but I couldn't help improving it if I hit it with a mallet."

Sounded Like a Joke.
Miss Christie Macdonald has been talking boxing lessons, so the other night she was fully prepared when, upon leaving the theater, she was insulted by one of the loiterers.
Rejoicing in her newly acquired knowledge, Miss Macdonald landed a right hand blow which sent the offender sprawling.

Towering above him, she indignantly said, "How dare you insult a defenseless woman?" and wrathfully passed on.
The brute then looked up and simply murmured, "Defenseless!" — Young's Magazine.

At the Jumping Off Place.
Colonel John H. Carroll, the Burlington railroad lawyer, was in Washington last winter and, needing the services of a man to travel with him in his private car, hired a good looking and well recommended young fellow from Virginia whom he happened to meet.

The man's name was Gilbert, and he never had been on a railroad train except to come up from his Virginia home to Washington. He traveled with the colonel back and forth between Washington and New York, New York and Chicago and Chicago and St. Louis and rode a good deal on the observation end of the car. All the roads the car went over were two track or four track roads.

Not long ago the colonel had his car switched off on a single track road in Ohio during the night. When Colonel Carroll awoke in the morning and went out to the observation end of the car he found Gilbert contemplating the single track with much interest.
"Colonel," he said, "this here railroad seems to run only one way. How are we going to get back?" — Saturday Evening Post.

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God Bless Our Wives.
One of the best known lawyers in Cleveland attended a banquet of his fraternity the other night and responded to the toast, "Our Wives." On this classic and congenial theme he expanded and fairly glowed. But even after his eloquence fades from the memories of those present one personal note will remain. He said in part:

"God bless our wives. They know us from alpha to omega, our secret faults and virtues. But they rise in arms against him who would expose the former or belittle the latter. How well I remember an occasion upon which my own dear wife had me paged in a restaurant where I was eating. She said to the waiter, 'Is Mr. Dash blank here?' 'Mr. Dashblank?' asked the waiter. 'Is he that fat old man with a red nose and bald head?'
"Yes, that's the man," answered my wife. 'But I want you to understand that he isn't fat and he isn't old. And he's not very bald, either. I shall report you for your insolence. His nose isn't a bit red. Get him for me at once. You evidently know him.'
"God bless our wives."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Two Ways Hath Life.
Two ways hath life. One as a stream
With flowers environed quits the source,
The even tenor of its course,
Hardly betrayed by transient gleam.
No echo marks the onward roll
Of waves that without plaint or sigh
Winning scant glance from passerby,
Unhasting reach the appointed goal.
One as a torrent unconfined
Bursts forth headlong with frenzied will,
No agency its rage can still,
Nor barriers curb, nor forces bind,
The first achieves, the second aims;
One limits bath, the other none,
With every day its task begun—
Patience, ambition, are their names.
—Alfred de Musset.

Jogged His Memory.
Here is the story of an actual experience in buying socks in London:
A wealthy but peppery American went into an expensive Bond street haberdasher's the other day, and when he stated his object the clerk carefully measured the visitor's right foot, and the purchase was made. On his way out the visitor's attention was caught by some hosiery near the door. To the clerk, who was obsequiously following him out, he said, "I'll take a pair of those too."
"Yes, sir," said the clerk. "What size do you wear, sir?"
"Why, you pinheaded ass," reminded the other, "do you think my foot has grown since you measured it?"
Then the clerk remembered.—New York Sun.

Bungled It After All.
Here's one of Will Irwin's stories, told in that quiet, drawing fashion which scores every point. Two of his feminine friends, it appears, were walking down the street the other day, when they noticed another woman just in front of them. "That lady's waist is unbuttoned in the back," said one to the other. "I believe I'll speak to her about it."
The other looked over the unconscious subject of comment. Then she shook her head. "I don't believe that I would say anything to her," said she. "I doubt if she is the kind of person who would appreciate your kindness. She isn't very neatly got up, don't you see? Her shoes are horribly run down at the heel."
"I don't care," said Mr. Irwin's acquaintance. "Any woman would be glad of a warning that her waist is unbuttoned. I don't care if she doesn't seem to be a very nice person. I shall call her attention to it."
"And so," said Mr. Irwin, "she walked up to the stranger and tapped her on the shoulder. As the woman turned she said, just as sweetly as she knew how: 'Pardon me. But did you know that your shoes are run down at the heel?'"—Herbert Corey in Cincinnati Times-Star.

The Missing Bed.
The house dated from the fifteenth century, and visitors were permitted to go over it for sixpence a head. Of course Queen Elizabeth had slept there, and the boy in buttons who conducted the party mentioned this three times in the sacred bedchamber. Most of the furniture had a look of the period, though there were a few doubtful embroideries.
"And where," one of the visitors asked, "is the bed in which Queen Elizabeth slept?"
The boy in buttons hesitated a moment and then said, "That's being made, sir."

Turned the Joke.
The following story is told of an English military officer in the Chinese army: Being visited by some friends, the captain, to show the high state of discipline of his command, sounded a night alarm. The troops turned out with commendable alacrity and fell into their places, ready for emergencies, but when they discovered the cause of this sudden interruption to their dreams they laughed heartily, thinking it a good joke. The worthy captain was elated at his success and determined to repeat the experiment. Soon after he invited another party of friends to witness the performance, and the alarm was sounded at dead of night, but not a soldier appeared, white roars of laughter from the tents showed that the joke was on the men's side this time.

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Rank Cheating.
Speaking of family poker parties, this really happened in Cleveland, says the Plain Dealer.

A young married couple attended such a session at the home of a neighbor out on the edge of Collinwood the other night. And when this young couple got home the female end of the sketch said:
"Jim, I hate to say anything about the Halls—they seem to be nice people. But I'm afraid they cheat at cards."
"Nonsense!"
"I knew you'd say that, and it's dear of you to be so unsuspecting. But—well, what was the price of the chips tonight? Five cents each? That's what I thought. Jim, I examined those chips carefully, and they're the very same thing that I could have bought at Jones' store for a dollar a hundred, in all three colors too!"

Why Repine?
Why, why repine, my penance friend,
At pleasure slept away?
Some the stern fates will never lend
And all refuse to stay.
I see the rainbow in the sky,
The dew upon the grass,
I see them, and I ask not why
They glimmer or they pass.
With folded arms I linger not
To call them back; 'twere vain,
In this or 'n some other spot
I know they'll shine again.
—W. S. Lander.

A Phenomenon.
He was an odd character about town. He was known as Tommy and was tolerated because of his quaint ways. Tommy got pneumonia and had a long siege in the hospital, where they treated him so well that he was much averse to the prospect of being discharged as "cured."
One day the doctor in charge was taking his temperature, and while Tommy had the thermometer in his mouth the doctor moved on and happened to turn his back. Tommy saw his chance. He pulled the thermometer out of his mouth and popped it into a cup of hot tea, replacing it in his mouth at the first sign of the medico turning.

When that worthy examined the thermometer he jumped a foot, looked at Tommy, then back to the thermometer and finally gasped:
"Well, my man, you're not dead, but, by Jove, you ought to be!"

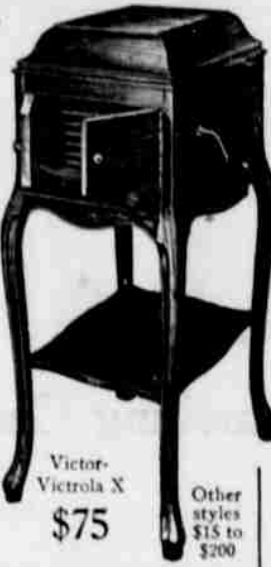
Royal Humor.
The late King Leopold II. of Belgium once made a quick answer to a radical deputy who had said of the king that he would make an admirable president of a republic.
"Really?" replied the king, with his most ingenuous air. "Really? Do you know, I think I shall pay a compliment in your style to my physician, Dr. Thirier, who is coming to see me presently. I shall say, 'Thirier, you are a great doctor, and I think you would make an excellent veterinary surgeon.'"

A Surprise For Horace Greeley.
In the early days of the suffragist movement Miss Susan B. Anthony had no more bitter opponent than Horace Greeley. It was for a long time his custom to wind up all debates with the conclusive remark, "The best women I know do not want to vote."
When the New York constitution was being altered in 1867 Miss Anthony laid a train for him. She wrote to Mrs. Greeley and persuaded the editor's wife not only to sign a petition for woman's suffrage herself, but to circulate the paper and get 300 signatures among her acquaintances. In the committee Mr. Greeley, who was chairman, had listened to the debate and prepared to introduce to the convention an adverse report. He was just about to utter his usual "settler" when George William Curtis rose.
"Mr. Chairman," said he, "I hold in my hand a petition for suffrage signed by 300 women of Westchester, headed by Mrs. Horace Greeley."
The chairman's embarrassment could hardly be controlled. He had found at least one of "the best women I know" wanted to vote, but he re-venge himself later upon the leaders by scathing editorials.

One of Curran's Witticisms.
Curran once had as colleague in a case a remarkably tall and slender man, who had originally intended to take holy orders. When the judge observed that the case involved a question in ecclesiastical law, Curran said, "I can refer your lordship to the high authority behind me, who was once intended for the church, though in my opinion he is fitter for the steeple."

A Comedy of Errors.
When Baron Haussmann went to Constantinople on a visit to Abdul Aziz, who was then sultan, he had an interview with the grand vizier, who did not know a word of French. At the beginning of the interview the old long Turkish pipes were brought in, and then Baron Haussmann began making a very long speech in French. The grand vizier could not understand a word, but listened most attentively till he noticed that his pipe had gone out and clapped his hand for a servant to come and relight it. Haussmann, thinking he was applauding, rushed toward him with outstretched hand, intending to shake hands and thank him. The grand vizier, seeing his hand put forth, shook it warmly and said "Goodby," under the impression it was Haussmann's intention to leave, and quitted the room.

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Bank premises, etc. 12,540.12	Undivided profits, earned 37,724.66
Cash & Due from banks 210,924.94	Circulation 8,500.00
	Deposits 385,999.63
\$631,424.19	\$631,424.19

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Notice to Creditors.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, the administratrix of the estate of Joseph H. Delore, deceased, to the creditors of said estate and all persons having claims against the same to present such claims to the undersigned at the office of T. E. J. Duffy, in Prineville, Crook county, Oregon, within six months from the first publication of this notice.
Dated and published the first time this 13th day of March, 1913.
VIRGINIA DELORE,
Administratrix of the estate of Joseph H. Delore, deceased. 3-13-7t

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