

# WHAT ARCHITECTS



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JOHANN MOST

ONCE more the pistol of the assassin has brought anarchy and the anarchist to the cynosure of the world's eyes. The red emblem of the order is once more subjected to the scrutiny of the world's police powers, and once more the question arises: What is anarchy? What is this hydra-headed thing against which the searing fire of the bleeding necks is no longer effective?

The question may be answered in a paradox—perhaps must be answered so. Anarchy, broadly speaking, is at once the gentlest and the most violent of social remedies. Its apostles have been gentle dreamers on the one hand and scourges, armed with fire and sword, on the other. In its advancement the individualist and the assassin have been coupled in the public mind. The man who would do right simply because it is right, and the fiend who, conceiving all society to be wrong, would add one more gigantic wrong to the whole in order to set all right again.

In a word, anarchy, of whichever type, means an abolition of the government of man by man and the constitution of a society without government. It is not a new idea in men. It has been contended that the principle antedates the reformation. But as "anarchy" the movement belongs to the times of Proudhon in France, who voiced it in the mildness of the philosopher, and to Hess, the German, who in 1843 flung its red banner to the breeze under which the Russian, Prince Kropotkin, came later as an ex-

ponent of the terrorism for which one form of anarchy so long has stood. For anarchy is of two classes, individualistic and communistic. The first is the philosophy of the thinker, which has advanced as the object of its being the attainment of "Liberty, not the daughter but the mother of order." That other anarchy is that which through the influence of terrorism shall crumble empires and republics alike, while from their dust shall rise a free people who shall be in no need of restraints at the hands of their fellow-men. Disciples of this philosophy would build communistic centers upon the ruins of government which violence should have brought about.

To-day that form of anarchy such as is giving concern to the police and military powers of the world has its hotbed in continental Europe. Vienna, beyond all the other capitals on the continent, is said to harbor its doctrinaires. Switzerland has contended with its "propaganda of action," which Kropotkin stood for in 1879. Italy, France, Spain, Russia, and nearly every other continental country has felt its force. London itself has been a nest of anarchistic vipers in times past. From all this territory, too, the gradual closing in of the police power has forced both leaders and tools of anarchy to seek asylums in America. The problem of anarchy as now presented to the United States government has to deal almost wholly with this foreign born element.

Its principles, as voiced by the manifesto of the Geneva conference in 1882, stand in great measure for the propaganda of action of to-day:

Our ruler is our enemy. We anarchists are men without any rulers, fighting against all those who have usurped any power or who wish to usurp it. Our enemy is the owner of the land who keeps it for himself and makes the peasant work for his advantage. Our enemy is the manufacturer who fills his factory with wage slaves; our enemy is the state, whether monarchical, oligarchical, or democratic, with its officials and state officers, magistrates and police spies. Our enemy is every thought of authority, whether men call it God or devil, in whose name the priests have so long ruled honest people.

Our enemy is the law which always oppresses the weak by the strong to the justification and apotheosis of crime. But if the landowners, the manufacturers, the heads of the state, the priests, and the law are our enemies, we are also theirs, and we boldly oppose them. We intend to reconquer the land and the factory from the landowner and the manufacturer; we mean to annihilate the state under whatever name it may be concealed; and we mean to get our freedom back again in spite of priest or law. According to our strength we will work for the humiliation of all legal institutions, and are in accord with every one who defies the law by a revolutionary act. We despise legal means because they are the negation of our rights. Between us anarchists and all political parties, whether conservatives or moderates, whether they fight for freedom or recognize it by their admissions, a deep gulf is fixed. We wish to remain our own masters. It is ours to conquer and defend common property and to overthrow governments by whatever name they may be called.

This is the anarchy which stands for the "propaganda of action." It is no rejection of that constructive anarchy of Proudhon and of Tucker, who advocated "Liberty, not the daughter, but the mother of order." It has no kinship with socialism and no little affinity with the socialistic atmosphere that Germany, the hotbed of socialism, is prohibitive of anarchy.

## WHEN POLLY DANCED A MINUET

Now high and clear, then low and sweet  
The music rippled through the air.  
While waxen candles shed soft light  
Upon the gay throng gathered there.

The fragrant breath of new-mown hay  
Came from the fields that lay outside,  
And perfume from the roses stole  
Through doors and windows open wide.

The dusky fiddlers' rosin'd bows  
Flew o'er the quick responding strings  
And Love tripped with the dancers gay,  
And touched them with his shining wings.

The powdered hair framed faces young,  
Their coats were gay as Joseph's own,  
And tongues and feet as lightly flew  
As seed from ripened thistles blown.  
—New Lippincott.

## ROSES AND VIOLETS.

THE curtain had been rung down on the matinee performance at the Empire Theater and the streets in the vicinity of the popular playhouse presented a lively scene. An animated crowd choked the pavements and impeded progress in all directions. Private carriages drew up at the curb to receive their aristocratic owners, while less fortunate patrons succeeded in making their way to homeward-bound electric.

A number of the younger element—and that class had formed a good part of the large audience—hurried around to the stage entrance. There they waited patiently for the appearance of the various members of the company, their laughing chatter revealing their enjoyment, but more particularly their devotion to the "star."

An audible murmur of admiration greeted John Leonard as he paused an instant outside the door. The girls had ample opportunity to view the hero of the afternoon, minus make-up and romantic surroundings.

Richard Alton smiled slightly as he joined Leonard, and together the two men started for their hotel. Alton impersonated the villain in the famous drama, a most thankless character, save that it afforded him capital scope to display his talents. As an actor he excelled in the heavy parts, and in that line, as well as all others calling for strong scenes, he far outshone the leading man in the eyes of the critics. But to the matinee girls he represented the enemy of virtuous manhood, as personified in Gerald Marden (John Leonard) and the persecutor of the idol of their girlish hearts, Laura Kingsley.

"Miss Kingsley's popularity seems at its height," said Leonard, as a commotion in the street behind him attracted his attention. Alton did not speak until the carriage which was dashing down the street passed them as they stood on the crossing. He caught a glimpse of the occupant, and she saw him as he raised his hat involuntarily. She nodded to both men and smiled cordially, but for one brief instant her eyes rested on Alton with a swift gleam which would have betrayed pain, but for the smile on her lips. Alton caught the expression and walked

on in silence. Leonard made no comment, but kept pace with his friend.

When they reached the hotel Alton became talkative.

"You said Miss Kingsley's popularity was at its height just now, Jack," Alton said slowly.

"Well, so it is, and she deserves all the praise and homage that can shower upon her. Did you notice those girls waiting to see their favorite? They adore her, and I glory in their admiration and willing worship."

Leonard smiled a trifle cynically.

"You mean you join with them in their worship," he said significantly.

"Why not speak plainly, Dick? Praise for them, but none for yourself, eh? That will never do, old boy. Your heart's secret would probably interest Miss Kingsley more deeply than a crowd of schoolgirls and their feeble affection."

Alton looked at him eagerly.

"That is if she has a heart to give you in return," Leonard went on. "Some members of the profession think otherwise, I must confess."

Alton's hand closed on his arm fiercely.

"Don't mention her if you hold any such opinion as that," he said, threateningly.

Leonard laughed a bit sharply.

"Don't dare up, old man. But you know her past experience, Dick; Jim Morton broke her heart years ago, before he died, that's all, old man. I do not think you can bring happiness to her at this late day."

Alton arose and faced him calmly, resolutely.

"I mean to try, Jack," he said simply.

"To-night I shall send a bunch of violets to her room, and if she accepts them in my name I shall rejoice."

"And I shall send her roses," Leonard interrupted, airily; "the costliest, most fragrant shower of American Beauties my salary can stand. No violets for me, my boy; the way to win a woman's regard by flowers is through the rose. It costs more, you know, and thereby makes a better impression, and then it is love's own messenger, Dick. Had you forgotten that?"

When Alton entered the theater that evening his cheeks were flushed and his eyes glistened, but his manner was reassuring. He made his way between the rows of set pieces to the narrow stairway leading to the second floor. He paused on the landing and looked about for the call boy. That individual did not materialize on the instant, but in his place appeared a beautiful little creature closely resembling a picture-book fairy.

"Oh, Dick," cried the fairy, ecstatically, "what lovely flowers! Are they for mamma? She loves violets."

"Does she, Dolly? I am glad to hear that."

The fairy was a trifle surprised at the fervor of his tone.

"Yes, they are for mamma, and you must handle them carefully; they are not as durable as the 'props,' Dollykins. And, mind you, don't lose the note—that's far more precious than the flowers."

He detached several of the modest flowers from the pretty bunch and put them in the child's other hand as she reached for the bouquet. She danced

away from him in delight, kissing her hand to him as she skipped down the stairs. On the lower floor she confronted the leading man in the act of ascending. Her eyes widened as she saw the huge cluster of roses Leonard endeavored to conceal from her.

"Give me a rose, Mr. Leonard?" she begged saucily, placing the violets behind her.

"I guess not," Leonard answered shortly. "These flowers come too high, young lady, to waste their fragrance in a child's careless hand."

Little Miss Dolly looked after his retreating form with angry resentment blazing in her big, brown eyes.

"I'll just tell mamma," she confided to the violets. "I don't think she likes Mr. Leonard, anyway. Dick isn't stingy," she added, a little smile dispelling the frown with the swiftness of magic. "And—I think mamma likes Dick."

At the close of rehearsal the following afternoon Leonard accosted Alton.

"I congratulate you, Dick," he said, extending his hand with cordiality. "I misjudged the lady's choice, it seems. I bow before the violet's supremacy and hail that particular flower as love's accepted messenger in this important instance."

Miss Kingsley had approached the two men unheeded and laid her hand lightly on Alton's arm. Then she turned to Leonard, smilingly.

"The violets told me one story," she said, with bewitching naivete. "A very sweet and welcome one, I admit, but the little maiden who brought them to me told another. She was only a child, but she loved violets, as did her mother. She held them tenderly and was rewarded with a cluster all her own. The generous giver marred the beauty of the florist's creation to please a child and the child appreciated the act. So did the child's mother. She realized the difference between the man who offered the modest violet, enriched by the wealth of his heart's best love, and one who imagined the more expensive the flower the more impressive his suit."

Leonard bowed and walked away without a word.

Dick bent his handsome head and kissed Miss Kingsley. "My darling," he whispered, softly. "My beautiful wife that is to be." And she realized that for her life had just revealed its brightest colors, and the man before her brought treasures beyond price and hitherto unknown—love and happiness. —Indianapolis Sun.

**England's Royal Library.**  
The royal library at Windsor castle contains about 100,000 volumes, and among them are many literary curios. A unique Caxton on vellum, the Bible which Charles I. took with him to the scaffold, the same monarch's copy of Shakespeare and an original copy of "The Faery Queen" are among Windsor castle's literary treasures.

**Novel Employment for Firemen.**  
On a recent Sunday the fire department of Berlin was called upon to disperse four different swarms of bees which had taken up quarters in the streets.

Love is responsible for a good many frosts in summer and for a few hot waves in winter.

## ACTIVITY IN THE COAST STATES.

Industrial Development That Indicates Steady Forward Progress in Oregon, Idaho, Washington and California.

**Pacific Cable Assured.**  
The Pacific coast was agreeably startled last month by the announcement from Albany, N. Y., that a company had been incorporated there for laying a cable across the Pacific ocean.

The route will be from San Francisco to Honolulu, thence to the Midway Islands, to Guam and to the east coast of Luzon. The cable will be 6,912 miles long, completing the telegraphic system of the entire globe, and making a total of 164,586 miles, all of which, excepting 16,171 miles, is controlled by private individuals.

At the coming session of congress a bill will be introduced to push through the construction work of the cable.

The estimate of cost by Rear-Admiral Bradford, of the Naval Bureau of equipment, is \$10,000,000.

The special demands by the government on this cable will be reduced rates and absolute control over the line in time of war.

**Washington Coal at Honolulu.**  
The purchase of the Sandwich Islands has opened up the coal trade in Honolulu. Large shipments are made there each week from Puget Sound ports. The trade is increasing and the present demand may be doubled the next twelve months. New interest is being infused into coal mining and many new locations are being made. Several hundred acres have recently been covered by coal land applications in Stevens county, Washington, and the Washington owners of fine deposits in British Columbia near the boundary line are getting in readiness for the extensive development of their large holdings.

**California Fruits in Europe.**  
The latest American invasion of Europe is the carrying of fresh California fruits to London and Paris in the heads of the competition of the Spanish and Italian fruit growers. A Valencia orange, paper says: "California oranges, peaches and pears reach Paris, after traversing six thousand miles, in a more appetizing condition than ours," and adds that her fruit growers can only compete with America by employing America's improved methods of cultivation.

**Where They Do Things.**  
During 1900 several young men from Eastern states and some from the fatherland, settled upon land in Lincoln and Adams counties, Wash. Some had only a few cents left after paying the government filing fee, \$22, but by exchanging work with neighbors, and by working for others, managed to get their land all broke and sown to wheat last fall, and on these same claims the threshers are turning out thirty to forty-five bushels per acre.

**University of Southern California.**  
The University of Southern California has been opened under favorable auspices. The \$100,000 endowment fund, to which Mrs. Anna Hough, a sister of the late Jay Gould, subscribed \$25,000, subject to the condition that the university raise the remainder by November 1, is now complete. Mrs. Hough has now announced that she will give \$40,000 toward a second \$100,000, subject to the same condition as the first.

**Big Sawmill Starts.**  
The Simpson Lumber Company's mill at South Bend, Wash., which has been for several months in course of construction, began operation Sept. 28. This is a first-class modern mill and one of the best on the Pacific coast, having a capacity of 125,000 feet per day.

**A Juvenile Banko Man.**  
Tommy had been quiet for fully five minutes. He seemed to be engaged with some deep problem.

"Papa," he said.

"Well?"

"Do unto others as you would have others do unto you—that's the golden rule, isn't it, papa?"

"Yes, my son."

"And it's puttickly right to follow the golden rule, isn't it, papa?"

"Yes, indeed."

Tommy rose, went to the cupboard and returned with a knife and a large apple pie. The latter he placed before his astonished sire with great solemnity.

"Eat it, papa," he said.—San Francisco Bulletin.

**Shrewd.**  
"I insist that my daughter shall play nothing but classical music," said Mr. Sirius Barker.

"For what reason?"

"None of the neighbors know a thing about it, and she can murder a piece all she wants to without their daring to say a word."—Washington Star.

**Cabinetmaker is One of the Circumstances that Alter Cases.**  
A woman may love flattery and yet despise an awkward flatterer.

**Different Sorts of Baldness.**  
He—You don't mean to tell me you are going to marry that old bald-headed professor?  
She—He is rather bald, but think how many young men of to-day are bald on the inside of their heads!—Stray Stories.

**As a rule the more a man wants the less he gets—and the rule isn't too stuck up to work rear end forward, either.**

**His Misfortune.**  
"What is the matter, Tommy?" asked the mother of the small boy in tears.

"I'm lonesome. The other boys wouldn't play fair."

"What was the game?"

"We were playing United States Senate. I resigned and the other boys forgot to coax me back."—Washington Star.

**Every man has more confidence in his luck than he should have.**

Don't mourn for those who are dead; think what they are missing.

**Harvested While You Wait.**  
The department of agriculture at Washington has issued a report of the general agricultural conditions in the Pacific coast region. It says that although the tendency for the last twenty-five years has been toward a gradual reduction of the area of individual farms and ranches, they are still of a size much larger than the average farm of the East, or even of the Middle West. This is particularly true in California.

Transportation of the enormous quantity of Pacific coast wheat has been reduced to a science. A large saving is made by loading ships directly from the cars, trains being run from the wheat fields to tidewater at a very few hours' notice. In Washington and Oregon, however, the wheat is run through an elevator, where it is re-cleaned and mixed with other grades of wheat to bring it to the required standard grade, after which it is re-sacked and loaded on the vessels, or cars, for final shipment.

**About 27,450,000 bushels of wheat are exported annually on the Pacific coast, with a total value of about \$20,000,000.**

**Useful, Beautiful and Valuable.**  
The chief attraction at the interstate fair held at Spokane last month was the magnificent display of polished marble and onyx from the quarries in Stevens county, Wash. There were five different districts represented. These exhibits speak volumes for the possibilities of Washington as a producer of the finest marble and onyx known. The extent of the deposits is very large, and sufficient in themselves to supply a considerable portion of the large demand for material of this kind.

**Connects North and South Idaho.**  
The commissioners representing the state in the construction of the Little Salmon wagon road, in Idaho, have accepted it from the contractor. The legislature last winter appropriated \$12,000 for the construction of this road and this appropriation was supplemented by donations of \$3000 in the Oregon Short Line and an equal amount by the Pacific & Idaho Northern railroads. The total amount of \$18,000 was expended upon the 27 miles of road between Goff and Round valley.

**The Way of the West.**  
Forty new houses are in course of construction in Pendleton, Or., a town of 5000 population. One hundred and twenty-five have been built all occupied, meaning an increase in population of 500. This is not a boom but merely a natural growth that is general throughout the West.

**Taps a Good Country.**  
Articles of incorporation of the Tacoma Southern Railway & Navigation Company were filed last week, with a capital stock of \$4,000,000. The new company announces as its object the construction of lines of railway from Tacoma to The Dalles, Oregon, on the Columbia river.

**Harney Coming to the Front.**  
Harney county, Oregon, is steadily gaining in wealth and population. The cattle sales from that county will amount to \$1,000,000, this year, as against \$800,000 last year, and the agricultural products are about double what they were last season.

**To Build a Big Refinery.**  
The Standard Oil Company will erect the third largest refinery in the United States at Point Richmond, Cal., near Frisco. Over three million dollars will be spent on the new plant.

**Music Hath Strange Charms.**  
"It requires tact and diplomacy to collect little outstanding accounts these days, especially when dealing with city employees," said a Manayunk business man the other day, according to the Philadelphia Record. "It's no use making a bluff or pleading poverty when dealing with policemen. Their hearts are like adamant. You must go gently—kind of slap them up, as it were. Strike them about pay day before their wives get at the wallet; for, of course, if their better halves get it first you are left, and the poorer get as hardly enough let to buy his tobacco until the next month."

**Gets Huge Moose Horns.**  
Hunters of the moose have encountered old fellows with enormous spread of horns, and some of these have been preserved as trophies of the chase. An Indian hunter of the Hudson Bay Company has slain the monarch of all moose. Its massive antlers, having a spread of six feet two inches, large enough to take in the figure of an outstretched man, now adorn the dining hall of the country house of Mr. Olcutt, a New Yorker, at Bernardville. The moose was shot last season at the head of the Copper River region in Alaska, some 300 miles above Cooks Inlet, whence it was afterward brought on a dog sledge. It was then shipped to a Chicago furrier, who had the head mounted.

**The Scholar and His Mattress.**  
A famous scholar, whose hobby was the derivation of words, had occasion to store his furniture while proceeding to the continent in quest of the origin of the term "Juggins." During his sojourn in Berlin he received from the warehouse company the following letter: "Dear Sir: We have the honor to inform you that the mattress you sent to our store had the moth in it. Since the epidemic would expose the goods of other clients to injury we have caused your mattress to be destroyed." The scholar replied: "Dear Sir: My mattress may, as you say, have had moth in it, but I am confident that it had an 'e' in it also."

**Juvenile Financier.**  
"Father," said Jack, "would you like me to give you a birthday present?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Then now is the time to double my weekly pocket money, so's I'll have the money to buy it when your birthday comes."—London Tit-Bits.

**Oom Paul a Temperance Man.**  
Mr. Kruger, as every one knows, is a constant smoker; it is not, perhaps, so well understood that he has only once tasted alcohol in his life. That was at Bloemfontein, after the signing of the alliance with the Free State. Kruger is said to have taken off a bumper of champagne, and put down the glass with a face of disgust.

**Didn't you hear about it?** "No."

**Why, the thing happened right down in your own neighborhood.** "I know; but my wife's away for the summer." —Philadelphia Press.

## CORDIALITY OVERDONE.

**Lady's Poor Memory Led Her Into a Peculiar Position.**  
Whoever has a short memory for names and faces will be able to appreciate the experience of a resident of Detroit, whose story is told by the Free Press of that city. The lady's friends, who recognize her inability to fit names and faces together, say that she usually makes up in tact what she lacks in memory.

One afternoon recently, says the lady, who tells her own experience, I was sitting on the veranda when a rather nice-looking young man, carrying a small satchel, came up the walk. He bowed pleasantly, and I returned his greeting as cordially as I could, while racking my brain for his name.

He looked familiar, but I could not recall his name. Here was an old friend from out of town, probably—perhaps a relative of my husband—and I must not fall in cordiality. So I greeted him warmly, shook hands, and invited him to be seated. I said I was delighted to see him, and knew my family would be equally glad. I regretted that so long a time had elapsed since we had last met. I hoped his family was quite well, and of course he had come to dinner.

Thus I rattled on, fearing to let him discover what a hypocrite I was, and hoping all the while that his name would come to me. Finally he managed to say:

"I'm afraid you don't know who I am."

"Oh, yes, I do," I responded. "Of course I know perfectly."

"No, I am sure you don't even know my name."

"Well," I admitted, "your name has escaped me for the moment; but I am so wretched on names! Don't tell me; I shall recall it in time."

"Do not say," responded the young man, pleasantly. "I am only the sewing machine man. I came to repair your machine."

**Take Out Jocko's Brain.**  
No convincing proof has yet been given that any particular portion of the brain is exclusively concerned in intellectual operations. Goltz, the most prominent representative of the dwindling band who still refuse to believe in the localization even of the motor functions, has lately published an interesting paper containing the results of observations on a monkey, which was carefully watched for eleven years after the removal of the greater part of the gray matter of the middle and interior portions of the left hemisphere of the brain. The character of the animal, whose little tricks and peculiarities had been studied for months before the operation, was entirely unaltered. All its traits remained unaltered.

On the other hand, disturbances of movement on the right side were very noticeable up to the time of its death. It learned again to use its right limbs, but there was always a certain clumsiness in their movements. In actions requiring only one hand the right was never willingly employed, and it evidently cost the animal a great effort to use it. Before the operation it would give either the right or left hand when asked for it. After the operation it always gave the left left by a long course of training, in which fruit or lumps of sugar served as the rewards of virtue. It learned again to give the right.—Popular Science Monthly.

**Walker Gave the Horse Away.**  
"J. Brisben Walker has one of the most adventurous natures of any man of importance I know," said Harvey Wells, of Denver, who is at the Savoy. "When Walker was remaining a mile or so of river front in Denver that he later turned into a fine park a sudden rise of the Platte washed away a lot of things, including the ground under a stable on the improvement Walker was making. When Walker came on the scene to look over the damage done a horse that had been in the stable was half submerged and in danger of being smothered in the quiescent and rolling mud that the angry waters made of the half-prepared ground. Walker asked several men to go and help the horse. When they refused he started laying planks along the treacherous ground, just as they do to get drowning persons from an icy river. In a short time he was in a position where a false step meant an even chance for life or death. He got both the horse and himself out of the scrape. Then he turned around and discharged every man on the job, and wound up by giving the horse away."—New York Times.

**Management.** "Don't you think you lose patience with your husband on rather slight provocation?" said the near relative. "I have to provoke him sometimes," was the placid answer, "so that he will lose his temper, and then give me anything I want so as to atone for the way he has acted."

**Hub!** exclaimed Mr. Rox, after reading his morning mail, "our boy's college education is making him too blamed smart." "What's the matter?" asked Mrs. Rox. "I wrote to him the other day that I thought it would be kinder for me not to remit the check he asked for. Now he writes: 'Dear Father—I shall never forget your unremittent kindness.'"

**If a father gave nineteen cents to one of his sons, and six cents to the other, what time would it be? Why, a quarter to two, of course.** If a postmaster went to a menagerie and was eaten by one of the wild beasts, what would be the hour? Nothing could be easier. Eight P. M. If a guest at a restaurant ordered a lobster and ate it, and another guest did the same, what would be the second guest's telephone number? Absurdly simple. 8-1-2.

**Matches Contraband in France.**  
Tourists in Europe this year have been admonished to remember that matches are a government monopoly in France and are liable to be taxed at the rate of a franc per match if an attempt to smuggle them in is discovered, writes a Paris correspondent. These government monopolies lend sometimes to the exercise of an almost childish tyranny. In Italy, for instance, where salt is a monopoly, and is consequently at an exorbitant price, it is punishable offense for the private individual to extract it from the sea water.

## FLASHY FUN.

**Mrs. Gaswell—The Czar of Russia now has four daughters. Mr. Gaswell—Oh, the dear little Czardines!**

**Clerk—I suppose you want a grand piano, madam? Mrs. Wyndfall (disdainfully)—Grand, I want a magnificent one.**

**A Bald Assertion: Barber—Your hair will be gray if it keeps on. Scantylocks—Well, I hope it will keep on.—Baltimore World.**

**She—So you went to see Hamlet? Do you think Hamlet was mad? He—I expect so. There wasn't over five pounds in the house.**

**Friend—Each side of the question presents difficulties. Statesman—Exactly! I think I'll take a bold stand on both sides of the question.**

**Minister—Bridget, these potatoes taste mouldy. Bridget—Yis, sorr, Oi dare say, sorr—they set next to your barrel o' sermons in the suller.**

**If a doctor will whip his horse into a mad gallop just before he turns the corner to a woman patient's home, he will always keep her practice.**

**Pertinent and Impertinent: "Doctor, your tonic made a new man of me." "A new man? Well, how is he off financially?"—Chicago Record-Herald.**

**Ferdie—How much does it cost per mile to run your auto? Algy—Well, it costs about a cent a mile to run it, and about ten dollars a mile to repair it.**

**"What are you doing there?" cried the farm dog as he observed the hen in the coal bin. "Oh, I thought this was a good time to lay in coal," cackled the hen.**

**Kind: Mrs. Kingley—The dressmaker says she won't make me another gown unless you pay her bill. Kingley—That's good of her. God bless her.—Life.**

**Tough Party (in hardware store)—I wanted buy a dog muzzle, see? Clerk (affably)—All right, sir. What size do you wear?—University of Chicago Weekly.**

**"There is no doubt that this scheme will pay," said the promoter. "Yes," answered the purchaser of stock. "I suppose so. But who is to get the money?"**

**Staidhome (telling the news of the village)—My nephew, Clarence Tumwater, has become a finished elocutionist. Beenaaway—That so? Kill him yourself!**

**"Our college colors are pink and old gold," said Miss Frocks. "Our college colors were black and blue when I was initiated into the secret society," added her brother.**

**"Who is the smartest boy in your class, Bobby?" asked his uncle. "I'd like to tell you, Uncle," answered Bobby, modestly, "only papa says I mustn't boast."**

**Bought Medicine Himself: "I've just been drugged and robbed," said he: "I think it is a shame!" The officer just yawned and said: "What was the drug-gist's name?"—Life.**

**Ma—It's time we thought of Grace getting married. She is already 22 years old. Pa—Oh, let her wait till the right sort of a man comes along! Ma—Why wait? I didn't.**

**I don't mind it under certain conditions,** replied the canal boat mule. "You don't appear to like your exercise on the towpath." "No. That's where I draw the line."

**Hostess—Dear me! what shall I do? Husband—Do? What's the trouble now? Hostess—Why, our guest, Mr. Stout, is so fat, and I have nothing but a spare room to put him in.—Illustrated Chippie.**

**Chippie—I'd just like to know what you mean by being engaged to both Cholly and me at once. Miss Pinkie—Why, bless me! there is no harm done; you can't either of you afford to marry me, you know.**

**General—Stop that reporter. Alde—What! Don't you want him to send home an account of your heroism? "No. I don't want to be an American hero for a week and a punching bag for the rest of my life."**

**He was obviously anxious, and she seemed almost willing. "I shall refer you to papa," said she, with a becoming blush, "before giving you a final answer." "But I am perfectly willing to take you without any reference," said he, magnanimously.**

**Management: "Don't you think you lose patience with your husband on rather slight provocation?" said the near relative. "I have to provoke him sometimes," was the placid answer, "so that he will lose his temper, and then give me anything I want so as to atone for the way he has acted."**

**"Hub!" exclaimed Mr. Rox, after reading his morning mail, "our boy's college education is making him too blamed smart." "What's the matter?" asked Mrs. Rox. "I wrote to him the other day that I thought it would be kinder for me not to remit the check he asked for. Now he writes: 'Dear Father—I shall never forget your unremittent kindness.'"**

**If a father gave nineteen cents to one of his sons, and six cents to the other, what time would it be? Why, a quarter to two, of course.** If a postmaster went to a menagerie and was eaten by one of the wild beasts, what would be the hour? Nothing could be easier. Eight P. M. If a guest at a restaurant ordered a lobster and ate it, and another guest did the same, what would be the second guest's telephone number? Absurdly simple. 8-1-2.

**Matches Contraband in France.**  
Tourists in Europe this year have been admonished to remember that matches are a government monopoly in France and are liable to be taxed at the rate of a franc per match if an attempt to smuggle them in is discovered, writes a Paris correspondent. These government monopolies lend sometimes to the exercise of an almost childish tyranny. In Italy, for instance, where salt is a monopoly, and is consequently at an exorbitant price, it is punishable offense for the private individual to extract it from the sea water.