

# The Scrap Book

## It Was Easy to Read.

On a Philadelphia paper worked Julius Kaufman, a Dane, who wrote very clever, forcible, pungent editorials, but his writing was impossible.

Kaufman's English was impeccable, but his writing was impossible.

It seemed to have been done with a bent pen and an asphalt mixture.

George Kennedy was the only man on the copy desk who could read it. One day Kennedy came to Edition Thompson, shaking his head. "It's all off," said he. "I've lost my punch. I read this thing of Kaufman's with perfect ease until I got halfway through, and then I stood and don't know why. The second half of his stuff looks just like the first half. But I can't read it."

Thompson took that manuscript over to a corner. By and by Thompson was back with lines of strain around his mouth. "Put it up to Kaufman," said he. "Either he's gone slooow or we have."

So when Kaufman came in they gave him his manuscript and told him to go away somewhere and find out what it meant. By and by came back beaming. "It was easy," said he. "The second part I had you'd wrote in Danish."—Argonaut.

## Lov's Reward.

The sweetest loves there are to duty wed; Whose deeds both great and small Are close knit strands of an unbroken thread.

True love endures all;

Those who may sound no trumpet, ring no bells;

The book of life the shining record tells, Thy love shall chant its own beatitudes After its own life working. A while's time.

Set on thy stiging lips shall make thee glad;

A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong;

Those who are served by thee in every cause.

—Robert Browning.

## Got In the Wrong Room.

In "Charles Dickens and Mind" it is related that Jenny Lind was leaving a German town one morning, having created a furor the previous evening, when a band of students stopped her carriage and rushed it back to the inn, demanding to be shown to her bedroom. There they tore up the sheets and wore them as decorations. Somewhat later an Englishman at breakfast remarked to his neighbors:

"You are English gentlemen, I observe. Most extraordinary people, these Germans—students, as a body, saving mad, gentlement!"

"Oh, no," said somebody else, "exitable, but very good fellows, and very sensible."

"By heaven, sir," returned the old gentleman, still more disturbed, "then there's something political in it, and I'm a marked man! I went out for a little walk this morning after shaving, and while I was gone"—he fell in a terrible perspiration as he told it—"they burst into my bedroom, tore up the sheets and are now patrolling the town in all directions with bits of 'em in their buttonholes."

—New York Post.

## A Natural Mistake.

Uncle Jake was employed around the house in various capacities, including that of valet to the master of the place. Came once from the city some friends of the master, with riding togs of all sorts. One gentleman in particular had a pair of riding boots, and upon retiring he placed these outside his door to be blacked. Careful of their shape, he put long wooden "trees" in them. Uncle Jake dutifully collected these boots and cared for them. The next morning he was very solicitous for the owner and sought to aid him when he mounted his horse. The rider vaulted easily into the saddle.

"Well, sir," exclaimed Jake admiringly, "you certainly git about powerful easy for a geman with two wooden lags—ya, sah."—New York Post.

## Impossible.

A year or so ago an American student in Berlin was attending a lecture in a room drearily close through lack of ventilation. To keep awake he began whispering to a German at his side the story of Mark Twain about the man who lived all his life in a chronic fear of fresh air. The relatives of this man, it is well known, decided after his death to have his remains cremated, and the climax of the story occurs when the undertaker opens the door of the oven to see whether incineration was complete, was supposed to hear the corpse speak out and request him to close the door and shut off the draft. The American sprang the joke as effectively as he could, but never a smile was his reward. His German friend remained for several moments in a perplexed study; then he leaned over to the American and said: "But how could that be? The man was dead!"

## The Governor's Orders.

The governor of a certain state, a man of wealth, but of pernicious habits, walked into a hotel in San Francisco holding his head high and with a swagger in his gait. The elder clerk, who prided himself on his extensive acquaintance and boasted that he never forgot a face, hurried to greet the distinguished visitor.

"Ah, governor," he cried, "delighted to welcome you to our little town."

Turning to the desk, he shouted, "A room with bath for the governor."

The governor leaned over and whispered in the clerk's ear. The expression on the clerk's face changed to one of intense disappointment. He turned again to the man at the desk and called louder than before:

"No bath for the governor; the governor doesn't need a bath!"—Exchange WAS HAMLET FATT?

With His Own Words He Doth Proclaim the Fact Quite Pat.

The traditional Hamlet of our stage is a lean, ascetic young person, an idealized, etherialized, heroic creature evolved for the delectation of the matinee girl. He is a horrid shlim. Is it credible that such a man would have lacked the determination, the purposefulness, to let his revenge into operation upon the discovery? It is all very well to argue about his mental balance. It was his sluggish liver that stayed him and hampered him.

Hamlet's father was a fat and lethargic man by his own account.

Sleeping within my orchard,  
My custom always of the afternoon,  
says he in his ghostly interview.

We may then look for some clew to Hamlet's character as soon as he is alone on the stage. What are his words?

Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt!

It is a keynote that may not be glossed over as a beautiful thought, for the same idea bursts out some lines farther on where he says of the world:

Things rank and gross in nature  
Possess it merely.

Jack—That suffragette has a pretty good opinion of herself.

John—Yes. I guess she is the only man she ever loved.

For Sale—Four head of A-1 milk stock and four pure bred Poland China boars. Chas. Wilson.

W. W. BROWN File, Oregon.

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