

Humor and Philosophy By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

WHEN a man learns to understand why a woman will change the furniture about so that a fellow never knows whether he is to be comfortable or to stand on his head in a corner, then, and not till then, woman can be expected to understand baseball.

Funny that the girl a woman picks for a daughter-in-law never comes within a thousand miles of being the one her son chooses for a wife.

Nothing is more exasperating when you are having a well substantiated fit of double refined worry than to have your friends come round and speak to you in soothing tones as they advise you not to.

Doctors never take their own medicine, and women never wear the kind of things they pick out for their friends.

Some people sit around waiting for something to turn up until death turns them down.

The wise woman knows that the poor man who can earn a living is a much safer investment matrimonially than the rich man who can only use a living.

The man who cares nothing for baseball is regarded by his acquaintances as a fit subject for women's society.

Life.

Life is such a tangled skein
Any way it comes across,
Partly pleasure, partly pain,
Sometimes gain and sometimes loss
How the fates their victims toss
Hither, thither, everywhere!
Lines are tangled, wires cross,
And there's music in the air.

Rising from his downy cot,
Man essays to mighty deeds,
He will clear his corner lot
From the tangles and the weeds.
Fate his effort little heeds
As he struggles with the task,
And it's seldom he succeeds
If a friend should pause to ask.

Plans are very quickly made,
But to put them in effect
Takes an expert at the trade
If on shoals they be not wrecked,
And the best he may expect
As the stars begin to peep
Is that he may then connect
With a place to eat and sleep.

But it is not all a jolt,
There are joys along the way,
He may frolic like a colt
Feeling at a bawls of hay.
There are seasons to be gay
If he will adopt that style
And insist that, come what may,
He will not forget to smile.

Treasures.

"My wife makes her own dresses."
"My wife trims her own hats."
"My wife blacks my shoes every morning."
"My wife blacks my eye occasionally."
"You win. Here's your cigar."

Particular.



"My good man, how far is it to the next town?"
"I ain't your good man."
"My bad map, then."
"Say, if you want to find out anything from me call me Bill."

Confirmed His Judgment.

After listening to her steady prattle for a solid hour the man finally managed to get in a word.
"Were you educated in a deaf and dumb school?" he asked.
"Of course not."
"I just wanted to know."

Wanted the Same Terms.

"How do you like my suit?"
"Is it paid for?"
"No."
"I like it. Give me the address of the tailor. I want one."

Its Busy Night.

"Going to the oyster supper?"
"It has been postponed."
"For what reason?"
"The oyster we intended to borrow is in use for the night."

Deliberation.

We study for a week or more
About a thing on hand,
We turn and twist it o'er and o'er
The nub to understand,
We chase it up and down the lot,
Then make the wrong choice like as not.

Had a Preference.

"Are you fond of flattery?"
"Flattery?"
"Yes."
"Only of the kind that is never unmasked."

Might Crack Them.

"People who live in glass houses"—
"Have to be careful about overheating them."

LIKED THE FRYING PANS.

Indians Found an Exciting Use For the Cooking Utensils.

The Indian, however averse he may be to any kind of useful labor, is not slow to avail himself of a new source of amusement. This was shown some years ago when among the supplies sent by the government to a certain agency in the west were several hundred large frying pans with long handles.

These the Indian agent found in stock when he took possession, and at the end of the year the number had not been diminished. Thinking that perhaps he had not discharged his whole duty in the matter of supplying Uncle Sam's wards with these culinary utensils, the agent began making special efforts to induce the red men to use them.

At first it was hard work, but by the time he had given out about two dozen there came a sudden change. Not a day passed in which the agent did not have applications for at least a dozen, and some days he disposed of twice that number.

When the supply was nearly exhausted he noticed among the applicants some to whom he had previously given pans, and naturally enough he became a trifle curious to know what use they were making of them. He questioned several of the men to no purpose, but at length a young buck more communicative than the rest gave him to understand that if he would visit a certain part of the reservation not far away he would find his inquiry answered.

The next day, therefore, the agent rode out in the direction indicated. About two miles from the agency he noticed on the crest of a narrow spur of the mountain three or four Indians who suddenly disappeared on the opposite side of the ridge. At the same time he heard faintly the cry of many voices.

On turning the point of the ridge he saw a crowd of several hundred Indians who were shouting as if greatly excited. He noticed also several objects, which he at first supposed to be bowlders, descending the side of the mountain toward them with tremendous rapidity.

Instead of fleeing from these moving objects the Indians simply applauded and shouted. Soon he saw other objects like the first descending, and in a short time the whole situation was plain to him.

Having selected a long, smooth slope of the mountain where there were no stones, the Indians had converted it into a sort of earthen toboggan slide and were utilizing the frying pans as toboggans. Seating themselves in the pans, they grasped the handles with both hands; then, crossing their legs over their arms, they went spinning down the slide with great rapidity. The agent let them have the few pans that remained in the storehouse, but did not order a new supply.—Harper's Weekly.

Advantage of the Crinoline.

"The crinoline," says Lady Dorothy Nevill in her reminiscences, "was an odious, hideous and dangerous affair. On one occasion I was as nearly as possible burned to death owing to one I was wearing catching fire, and had I not had the presence of mind to lie down and roll myself in a rug I should certainly have been burned to death. Even at the time when crinolines were in fashion it was generally admitted that they were monstrous things, though some women defended them. One of those, a silly woman, having archly remarked that if crinolines had no other advantage they at least kept men at a distance, added, 'That at least you will admit is a great blessing.'
"To the men," growled an old bachelor who was present.

A Mean Trick.

Being anxious as to his prospects in one of his early attempts to enter parliament, Herbert Samuel consulted his agent, who said the chances were not rosy, because he was a "carpetbagger."

Mr. Samuel thereupon promised to live in the division if he were successful, and bills were immediately posted that "if Herbert Samuel is returned next Tuesday he will come to live here."

Some of the other side, however, posted one of these bills on a pigsty.
Mr. Samuel did not win the election.—London Telegraph.

Taking His Medicine.

He found his hair was leaving the top of his head and took his barber to task about it.
"You sold me two bottles of stuff to make this hair grow."
"It is very strange it won't grow again," interrupted the barber. "I can't understand it."
"Well, look here," said the man, "I don't mind drinking another bottle, but this must be the last."—Wesleyan Christian Advocate.

Great Prospects.

"I'm at the end of my rope! Every resource I have is gone, and I'm broke at last."
"Have you borrowed all you can?"
"Borrowed? No, I haven't tried that."
"And you say you are at the end of your rope. Why, man, you haven't even started!"—Toledo Blade.

Wanted Particulars.

Motorton Senior—You kept the car out rather late last evening, son. What delayed you? Motorton Junior—Had a blowout, dead. Motorton Senior—H'm! Tire or roadhouse?—Puck.

It is better to live rich than to die rich.—Johnson.

A "BETTER WHEAT" CAMPAIGN.

The Oklahoma Agricultural College, co-operating with the Rock Island lines covering the state, has inaugurated a "better wheat" campaign, and the general features of the project are so practical and sensible that they are worth summarizing for the benefit of all northern and western states where any serious attempt is made at growing this great cereal staple. It is estimated that Oklahoma's output of wheat this year—totaling 21,000,000 bushels—represents a loss to the wheat growers of the state of \$2,000,000, due solely to the use of mixed and mongrel seed last fall. Although this mongrel wheat has been plump and heavy this year, it presents such difficulties in milling that it brings from 5 to 20 cents per bushel less than the pure Turkey Red wheat, which is accepted as the standard in the state. It costs no more to raise the pure bred wheat; in fact, the yield is usually larger and the price always higher. The campaign referred to is being carried out in a comprehensive manner. It is to include not only a special train to run over the lines mentioned, bearing experts to give demonstrations and lectures, but the newspapers of the state are publishing articles on better wheat growing. Posters outlining the campaign have been put on display in postoffices, depots, exhibit buildings and other public places. Not only this, but experts have been sent out to find pure seed wheat and lists will be compiled giving addresses of those who will have good seed wheat for sale. Grain dealers and millers' associations, commercial clubs, bankers and business men are all lending a hand in the good work, and with them will co-operate the 15,000 old boys, members of the agricultural clubs, who have been furnished with good seed wheat literature. Schoolteachers have been enlisted in the work and have been urged to ask their pupils to bring samples of wheat to school and study them so they may become acquainted with the characteristics of choice wheat and stir their fathers up to get pure seed. As in many other lines of agriculture, whether it be wheat, corn, cotton, potatoes or what not, the measure of prosperity to be found in a community depends upon the success with which its staple products are grown, hence all are directly or indirectly interested in a real way.

NOT WORTH THE CANDLE.

The tendency mentioned in these notes some little time ago of an over-taxing of immature girls in school as a result of too much study and too little recreation and exercise was brought to our notice the other day. A fine little lady of sixteen had taken an auto trip from a nearby town, yet notwithstanding the trip was in the nature of an outing she was in a hurry to get back so that she could study two hours that night. On inquiry we found it to be the old, old story of two bright, intelligent girls, in the same class and of about the same age, who stood neck and neck in their grades, each being possessed with the desire to excel the other. When we asked the girl in question if her brother ever brought his books home to study she replied, "Yes, but that is all it amounts to, for he seldom opens them." This in a nutshell explains the difference between boys and girls, and it is a fact that thoughtful parents ought to take into account. However, in all too many instances parents are shortsighted and, instead of discouraging overstudy on the part of their ambitious daughters, take a keen interest in their study rivalry and encourage and urge them on to still greater effort. Sometimes her constitution is strong enough so that the immature girl finishes her high school and perhaps a college course, but at the end of that time she is all too often done for—a wreck physically and spent nervously, when these powers should have been so guarded that she would be strong and vigorous and able to meet the duties and responsibilities of living, instead of being a broken down, miserable invalid. The pupil herself should try to look this situation squarely in the face, and if she does not possess that maturity of judgment which will enable her to take the right course she should be assisted by both parents and teachers. This wanton sacrifice of health and vital force to secure grades that will only adorn the pages of musty school records is a travesty on education and an insult to the Giver of life. It is a species of rivalry in which the sacrifice entailed is too great and in which the game is not worth the candle.

CAROB TREE FOR CALIFORNIA.

Bulletin No. 180 of the United States department, written by the director of the Jewish agricultural experiment station at Haifa, Palestine, contains interesting descriptions of a number of plants native to Palestine which, it is believed, might be valuable if introduced in sections of California, where the climatic conditions are similar. Among these is a legume, the carob tree (incidentally it was pods of this tree that the prodigal son would have filled his belly with when he was in a far country after he had wasted his substance in riotous living.) When twenty-five years old this tree is said to produce as high a yield as 8,000 pounds of pods annually, while an acre of the trees will yield a far greater amount of nutriment than an acre of the most thrifty alfalfa. These pods contain 40 per cent of sugar and about 8 per cent of protein and are highly regarded as a food for stock.

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