Crusty.

"Yes," Miss Frocks went on, "Mr. Templeton and I are to be married. Why don't you offer congratulations?"

"Oh, I've no grudge against Templeton," replied the crusty old bachelor.

Adaptation.

"Snicker's jokes are very thin," complained Dinsmore.

"Perhaps he makes them that way for your special benefit," suggested Winterbottom.

"How's that?"

"To enable you to see through them."

Springs of Mis-Conduct.

"You haven't any manners, Jack. Why didn't you offer to escort that young lady home?"

"Oh, I have manners, all right, but I didn't have any street car fare."

Safer on His Back.

Pinching-bug—Say, what makes you wear your fur overcoat in such hot weather?

Caterpillar— Oh, half the moth balls we get now are no good.

Summer Geography.

"Pa, what is a lake, anyway?"

"A lake, Jimmie, is a large body of water surrounded by men, women and children in bathing suits."

An Exhaustive Trip.

Harriet—Harry's got home.

Clara—Did he have a good time?

Harriet—I guess so; he borrowed half a dollar to pay the hackman before he kissed any of us.

Those Printers.

"Well, that's the worst yet."

"What's the matter?"

"My magazine poem entitled 'Baffled' appears under the head of 'Raffled.'"

A Sure Result.

"Say, old chap, Coffup and I have a bet we wish you to decide for us."

"No thanks."

"Why not? We're both friends of yours."

"Exactly. So what's the use of my making an enemy of one of you?"

Farmers Fight Over Laborer.

Kansas City papers contain an account of three farmers being arrested there while fighting over the posession of an idle man, whom each wanted for a farm hand.

How She Proves It.

"Maggie says she is a daughter of the revoluiton."

"Can she prove it?"

"Sure. Her father runs a merry-go-round."

Pride of the Poor.

Mrs. McChane (triumphantly)—I see ye are takin' in washin' again,

Mrs. McProudee (whose husband had lost a paying job.)—Sure, it's only to amuse th' children. They wants the windies covered with steam, so they can make pictures on thim.

Gold Cure for Disordered Nerves.

"That eastern girl who is suffering from unstrung nerves made a mistake when she tried to doctor herself."

"What did she take for it?"

"Diamond rings and anything else she could lay her hands on."

Don't Blame Her.

"Why didn't she graduate?"

"She got mad at the examiner hinting, as she thought,, at her age. He asked her what great national event took place in 1860."

King Edward Has Many Guests.

A very noticeable circumstance is the number of distinguished people—political, official, diplomatic and social—who have dined with his majesty during his visit to Windsor castle. This is especially remarkable because, during the last reign, the late queen more often dined with her family alone in the small dining room called the oak room. The king, however, has introduced the practice of having a good-sized dinner party every day.

World to End This Year.

This is the recent decision of one of the prominent societies of the world, but the exact day has not yet been fixed upon, and while there are very few people who believe this prediction, there are thousands of others who not only believe, but know that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the best medicine to cure dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, billiousness or liver and kidney troubles. A fair trial will certainly convince you of its value.

Very Blunt.

"The editor is kicking about some of the jokes Witlittle is turning in. He says he believes Witlittle sits down and grinds them out."

"I don't believe it. If he was to grind them out they might have a point to them."

She Couldn't.

"Just walk this way madam," said the clerk who was bow-legged.

"I'm—er—I'm very much afraid, sir, I can't," blushinlgy replied the fair customer who wasn't.

Never Existed.

Jaggles—Are his characters drawn from life?

Waggles—Of course not. He writes dialect.

Hence the Term.

Clarence—Why do you say the wedding was patriotic?

Algernon—Well, the bride was red, the groom was white and her father, who had all the bills to pay, was blue.

A Conscience Document.

"That last cook sent us back a postal card."

"What for?"

"She said on it that we'd find three of our best plates at the bottom of the pile stuck together with mucilage."

His "Call."

Booker Washington says that during the early days of freedom almost every Negro who learned to read would receive "a call to preach" within a few days after he began reading. He tells of a colored man in Alabama who, one hot day in July, while he was at work in a cotton field, suddenly stopped and, looking toward the skies said:

"O Lawd, de cotton am so grassy, de work am so hard, and de sun am so hot, I believe this darkey am called to preach."

NOISY COLLEGE BOY.

AVERAGE SPECIMEN IS GOOD DEAL OF A NUISANCE.

Kansas Judge Tells How and Why the Youths Get Themselves Disliked—Much Truth in What He Says—Comments, However, Are Too Drastic.

That the college boy is often too exuberant all who know him will admit, but that he is as much of a nuisance as Judge Frank Doster of the Kansas Supreme Court declares some will question. "Among other things," said the judge in a recent newspaper article, "I would reform the college student or kill him off. I knock on him. I know we pretend to dote on him and affect to believe that he is the hope and first care of the State, but it's a lie. We don't. Nobody but his mother does. From the time he first starts out to render 'Gallia est omnis divisa in partes tres' he becomes an insufferable nuisance. If at that stage of his career his own gall could be divided into 3,000 parts instead of three and he left with only one of them the relief to mankind and to himself would be inestimable, because an infinitesimal fraction of the whole of what he has would suffice the needs of any ordinary mortal.

"Why do I say these hard things about him? I say it because he is self-important, noisy, conceited, ignorant of all practical wisdom, parts his hair in the middle, flaunts his fraternity badge and school colors in an offensive, challenging sort of way in everybody's face, and prances upstreet yawping his ear-splitting college yell to the fright and disgust of all timid, sensitive folk within sound. I saw him at the Twentieth Kansas reception, a bigger man than Funston—bigger even than Gen. Hughes—making more noise and taking up more room than the whole procession, elbowing everybody out of the way and drowning the voices of the orators and the music of the bands with his idiotic 'Rock chalk, jay hawk; rah! rah! rah! Washburn, rah! Baker, hurrah!" or whatever the infernal Siwash gibberish is. I have seen somewhat of this world and I think I have correctly sized up a good many people in it, and I give it as my mature and solemn judgment, based upon a careful, unprejudiced comparison of the many classes of people who cultivate the habit of making a holy show of themselves, that, with the exception to be hereafter noticed, the average college student is the most obtrusive and elephantine ass that fronts the grieved and frowning face of heaven. I was a college student once myself.

"Now, I am not objecting to what this creature learns at school. It's what he doesn't learn that I am talking about. He's lazy. He doesn't design himself for any of the usual work of mankind. Nobody ever heard of a college student who was fitting himself for anything but one of the learned professions, so called—that is, one of the professions of learning how to live off the balance of mankind. He's going to be a lawyer, a preacher, a doctor, an editor, an author, an orator, a statesman, and no doubting thought ever ruffles his serenely egotistic soul that when once he vaults into the arena of affairs the things of this world will be speedily set to rights.

"But when he finally does land out the much-abused, long-suffering world gets its revenge. The world just trips him up and rolls its big self over him and mashes the wind out of him and then picks him up and chucks him into a little 8x10 office, with cobwebs on the ceiling and fly specks on the windows and two broken-leg chairs on the floor and a dozen second-hand books in a wobbly old case with the glass broken out, and, refusing to pay his board bill any longer, goes off and leaves him to learn wisdom from the ant.

"Nor have I any spite at the college student. I only think he takes up too much room and makes too much noise and costs too much money and is too smart in the budding days of his career. If he could only be induced to subside somewhat, to practice a little the modest habit of self-effacement, go out and soak his head, turn an X-ray upon his inwards and see himself as others see him, we could possibly endure him instead of filling up with wicked wishes for his assassination. But he won't."

TAMAGNO GETS A REBUFF.

Trouble Made for Him in Paris by His Propensity to Drive Bargains.

Ernesto Tamagno, like many other distinguished singers, is noted for his prudence in financial matters, and during his stay in this country many amusing stories were told of his small economies, which were remarkable in the case of an artist who has always received enormous compensation for his services.

That his spirit for bargaining is not altogether confined to money matters has recently been shown in a fashion that has put the tenor into an embarrassing position in Paris. He went there on his way to London, where he is singing at Covent Garden, to take part in the performance at the opera given in honor of the retirement of Mme. Laurent, an actress of melodrama who has been for several years at the head of the orphanage for the children of French actors and has been decorated by the government for her efforts in this field with the cross of the Legion of Honor.

All the noted French actors and singers were delighted to take part. Even Mme. Patti, who was in Paris when the plan was proposed, said she would take the role of Juliette in the third act of Gounod's opera. Signor Tamagno said that he would sing in honor of Mme. Laurent.

But it appears that his passion for bargaining proved too strong for him and he could not bring himself to give something for nothing. So he decided that as it would be out of the question to expect payment in money on such an occasion, he would suggest the Legion of Honor as the appropriate reward for his services.

He adopted this course, says the New York Sun, with the most unpleasant results. The suggestion was, of course, rejected by the officials to whom it was made by the singer's friends, and President Loubet was so disgusted by the affair that he refused to attend the performance. The tenor also declined to take part, as his suggestion that he would like the decoration was received with so little courtesy. The result of the matter was that he left Paris vowing that he would never return. The feeling over the affair is such that he will in all probability never be asked to sing at the opera under any circumstances.

DEEDS RATHER THAN DREAMS.

Decline of Imagination and Its Most Noticeable Results.

It will be difficult to impress the community that humanity is greatly the loser by the decline of imagination. President Thwing of Western Reserve University professed to regret this passing emotion in an address he made recently in the West, but it was no doubt largely a regret of the perfunctory order, and one naturally to be expected from a man of letters. If we have in this practical age lost the pleasures of imagination, we have through the immutable law of compensation gained greatly in realization. There may be no modern mind capable of producing another "Faery Queen," but there are countless minds working for humanity's betterment and weaving in place of the web of fancy the staunch though homely texture of enduring benefit.

The decline of so-called imagination began with the decline of chivalry. It went out with the false ideas of honor, with the vauntings of bedizened men, with the bitter class distinctions, with the contempt for the profession of letters and with the poorly cooked food and other wretched creature comforts of that period of hampered progress. In its place has arisen a practical method of thought in which there is scant room for the dreamer of dreams. In its place has come a higher regard for humanity, a wider sphere for woman, a new tenderness for childhood and a general betterment all along the marching ranks of civilization.

Imagination is a sweet and gracious quality, but its decline leaves no void in a scheme of life that believes in deeds rather than in dreams. The world may be too much with us, as old Wordsworth said, but that was a poet's protest, and poetry is declining, too.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

CLUBS MADE UP OF FREAKS.

Queer Associations of Queer Individuals in Some Parts of Europe.

There have been associations of all sorts of individuals formed in this country, but none of them would bear comparison for freakishness with some of Europe's clubs. At Hoogstraelen, a small Belgian town, a baldheaded club, to secure admission to which a calvous area of twenty-one square centimeters, or eight and one-quarters square inches, is imperative, has lately been founded. Its antithesis exists in the Long-Haired Club of Ghent, whose members must wear either a beard of thirty centimeters (one foot) or hair of twenty centimeters (eight inches) in length. "Les 100 Kilos," a Parisian club for which no one weighing less than 100 kilos (232 pounds) is eligible, is in striking contrast with "Les Fifty Kilos" of Marseilles, to which entrance is alone permitted to such as are over 170 centimeters (5 feet 7 inches) in height and under fifty kilos (118 pounds) in weight.

For several years the president of this club was a Mr. Be, who, though nearly 6 feet, weighed less than ninety-eight pounds. Two years ago, however, he took unto himself a wife, under whose solicitous care he so rapidly gained flesh that in less than twelve months he was compelled to resign his membership. Berlin boasts of a Big Mouth Club. In the clubroom is kept a wooden ball as large as a medium-sized orange which every candidate for admission is required to insert in his mouth before his name can go for ballot. In the same city, too, there is a One-Handed Club, composed only of such as have suffered the loss of a hand.

Two Smart Women.

Mother (anxiously)—I am told that your husband plays poker every night at the club—plays for money, too.

Married Daughter—That's all right. He gives me all his winnings——"

"What? Do you——"

"And he always plays with Mr. Nextdoor."

"What difference can that make."

"Mrs. Nextdoor makes her husband give her his winnings, too, and then she gives the money to me, and I hand her what my husband won from hers, and so we both have about twice as much money as we could get out of them otherwise."—New York Weekly.

Literary Curiosities.

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 Shakspeare, and an original copy of "The Faery Queen" are among Windsor Castle's literary treasures. The King has taken a keen interest in the doings of contemporary writers, and a curious little hobby has been the collection of pen-nibs used by them. In it are included a Browning nib, a Hardy nib and nibs of other distinctions.

A Remarkable Family.

Count E. de Keratry informs the Paris Matin that his grandfather was born in 1698, and his father in 1769, he himself being born in 1832, so that three generations have lived in the 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th centuries. The Keratry family numbers only 12 generations from 1297 to the present time, an average of two generations to a century.

Pretty Japanese Custom.

The Japanese have a custom of celebrating the blossoming of the fruit trees by a general holiday.

For every humorist there is in the world there are at least a thousand women who are unable to appreciate his jokes.

How we long for another chance to clean the mud off our clothes!

Business Repartee.

Strange Lady—What's the price of the iron bedstead?

Dealer—Twelve dollars, madam.

Strange Lady—How much off if I pay cash?

Dealer—Madam, if you don't pay cash the bedstead is not for sale.

Horrible Revenge.

Mr. Brutle—I'm going to bring Cadleigh home to dinner on Thursday.

Mrs. Brutle—Why, I thought you hated that fellow so. Besides, I'll have to cook the dinner on Thursday.

Mr. Brutle—Yes, I know.

Brassy.

"I suppose," said the girl in the pink shirtwaist, "you have participated in every form of outdoor amusements?"

"No," replied the girl in the Gainsborough hat. "There's one more river to cross."

"River? Oh, I see! The golf Styx."

He Sells Both Kinds.

Up on Fourth avenue there is a storekeeper who likes to be right. Over his widnow is the sign: "Bird cages and aquariums." In the window another sign reads: "Bird cages and aquaria." The storekeeper comes out sometimes, looks over the signs and chuckles as if having dodged a difficult problem.

A Coincidence.

"I suppose it is only a coincidence?" said the young man who is anxious to learn.

"What is?" inquired the experienced friend.

"The fact that most sensational reformers have been men who were so rich they didn't need any more money, or so poor they had lost all hope of getting any."

Cozy Corners in the Home.

Church—Have you a cozy corner in your house?

Gotham—Oh, yes; my wife has arranged two of them.

"You must enjoy them after a hard days work?"

"Enjoy nothing! The cat has one and my wife's dog occupies the other."

Fortified.

Mrs. Hatterson—I'm going to meet my husband at 1 o'clock to select some decorations for the drawing room.

Mrs. Clatterson—What do you want him with you for?

"Well, in case they don't turn out right I can say it's his fault."

When Willie Got Home—

"Mrs. Knox," said the hostess at dinner, "your little boy doesn't seem to have much appetite."

"No, he doesn't; that's a fact."

"Don't be bashful, Willie," urged the hostess. "Won't you have some more of anything?"

"No, ma'am," Willie replied; "I filled up on cookies before we come, 'cause I heard ma tell pa that we wouldn't get much here."

Hide-Bound.

Ascum—What are you so down on the English for?

Cassidy—Why shouldn't I? Look at the stories they do be tellin' about thim.

Ascum—Yes, but they tell stories about the Irish, too, which you say are lies.

Cassidy—Aye, but all the lies they tell about the English are true.

The Giddy Things.

Mr. Manhattan—I hear you suburbanites go to bed every night at 8.

Isolate, (of Lonelyville, indignantly)—It's no such thing. Why, I have an alarm clock to wake me up in the morning and can't wind its alarm up till the hour hand is past 9 o'clock, so we have to sit up that late every night except Saturdays.

N. P. N. U. No. 34—1901.

Just So.

Little Elmer (who has an inquiring mind)—Papa, what is firmness?

Prof. Broadhead.—The exercise of will power, my son.

Little Elemer—Well, sir, what is obstinacy?

Proff. Broadhead.—The exercise of won't power, my son.

Lost Opportunity.

"And didn't you hear of it?" inquired Mrs. Gabble.

"Not one word."

"Why, I've known it for a week, so I supposed every body had heard of it."

Might Be Cheaper.

Tess—So he jilted her, eh? That must have made her feel cheap.

Jess—Not so cheap as he might wish. She computes the damage to her heart at $25,000.

Too Much Criticism.

"I hear your husband is ill, Mrs. Jones."

"Yes'um."

"Nothing serious or critical, I hope?"

"Critical? I should say he were. He ain't satisfied with nothin' he ain't."

Simple When You Know.

"I was up in the mill district today. Frightfully noisy up there."

"That's right. I've got a friend who lives up there. He can't hear himself talk in his house."

"My! Boiler shop next door?"

"No, He's deaf and dumb."

A Matter of Policy.

"See here, Cassidy," said DeKanter, "I caught one of your bartenders today putting water in the whisky."

"Well, sor," Cassidy replied, "ye must understand that we have to make some concessions to the temperance people."