

MARTIAN LIFE.

Conditions Make For Creatures of an Advanced Order of Intellect.

Whatever its actual age, any life now existing on Mars must be in the land stage of its development—on the whole, a much higher one than the marine. But, more than this, it should probably have gone much further if it exists at all, for in its evolving terra firma Mars has far outstripped the earth. Mars' surface is now all land. Its forms of life must be not only terrestrial as against aquatic, but even as opposed to terraqueous ones. It must have reached not simply the stage of land dwelling where the possibilities are greater for those able to embrace them, but that further point of pinching poverty where brain is needed to survive at all.

The struggle for existence in the planet's decrepitude and decay would tend to evolve intelligence to cope with circumstances growing momentarily more and more adverse. But further more, the solidarity that the conditions prescribed would conduce to a breadth of understanding sufficient to utilize it. Intercommunication over the whole globe is made not only possible but obligatory. This would tend to the easier spreading over it of some dominant creature—especially were this being of an advanced order of intellect—able to rise above its bodily limitations to amelioration of the conditions through exercise of mind. What absence of seas would thus entail furthered, life there would tend the quicker to reach a highly organized stage. Thus Martian conditions themselves make for intelligence.—Percival Lowell in Century.

RAYS AND SKATES.

They Are Known to Fishermen as the Jokes of the Sea.

The rays and skates are the jokes of the sea. Their bodies are as flat as the pancakes made by the man in white on a griddle in the window of a "beef and" restaurant. Their eyes look upward, and they have tails as slender and tapering as the whip of a ringmaster of a circus.

In the United States the most common rays are called "skates." The whip tailed rays because of their long, slender tails with their erectile spines at the end, capable of inflicting severe and dangerous wounds, are frequently called sting rays. The common sting ray feeds on oysters, clams and other valuable mollusks and in the Atlantic waters is known as the "clam-cracker."

Of the skates the commonest as well as the smallest species on the Atlantic coast is known as the tobacco box; the largest is aptly called the barn door. On the western coast of the United States is found the big skate which reaches a length of six feet, two feet larger than its eastern relative.

Because of its habit of rolling itself up when caught the common skate has been called "bonnet skate." It is also known as the "hedgehog ray."

On the New Jersey coast the trawl fishermen cut off the broad, fleshy "wings" and they are sold for "saddles," sometimes bringing 5 and even 10 cents a pound. These men call the fish "possum," "sea possum" and "hob-tailed skate." As a rule, anglers throw the fish back into the water as being of no value.

Not at All Like Him.

To the studio of an artist who had just finished a portrait of a distinguished resident of a neighboring city a friend of the sitter came to look at the newly painted canvas. The visitor was nearsighted and not particularly well acquainted with studios. He wanted to see how good a likeness had been made of his friend. He kept walking nearer and nearer to the painting and finally put out his finger as if to touch it. The artist was getting nervous at the approach of the finger to the paint, and he asked the visitor not to touch the portrait, as it was not dry. The nearsighted man put down his hand and walked to the door, turning only to say, "If it isn't dry it isn't my friend." And he walked out.—New York Sun.

The Land of Fire and Ice.

An example of the strangeness of Iceland is furnished by the volcano Matla. This is buried under immense snow fields, but from time to time its fires burst through the glittering blanket, and then such floods are poured from the melting ice that a great stretch of country between the volcano and the sea is inundated and huge masses of ice are carried out into the ocean. It is unsafe even to cross the territory lying between Matla and the sea, so suddenly come the floods.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Their Crimes.

Two boys of strict Free church parentage and upbringing in a Scottish town were comparing inequities. One boasted that he had furtively been at a circus show. "Ah, but I have done worse than that," said the other, "for I've been once in the pit at the theater and twice in the Established kirk."—Blackwood's Magazine.

A Pert Answer.

Mistress (astounded)—You can't read, Norah? Good gracious! How did you ever learn to cook so well? New Cook—Shore, mum, O'lay it I not bein' able to trade th' cookbooks.—Town and Country.

His Weight.

"What do you think young Chumpley weighs?" "About 200 pounds on the scales and about ten ounces in the community."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Worship of Serpents.

The small town of Werda, in the kingdom of Dahomey, is celebrated for its "temple of serpents," a long building in which the priests keep upward of a thousand serpents of all sizes, which they feed with the birds and frogs brought to them as offerings by the natives.

These serpents, many of them of enormous size, may be seen hanging from the beams across the ceiling, with their heads pointing downward and in all sorts of strange contortions. The priests make the small serpents go through various evolutions by lightly touching them with a rod, but they do not venture to touch the largest ones, some of which are large enough to inflame a bullock in their coils.

It often happens that some of these serpents make their way out of the temple into the town, and the priests have the greatest difficulty in coaxing them back. To kill a serpent intentionally is a crime punished with death, and if a European were to kill one the authority of the king himself would scarcely suffice to save his life. Any one killing a serpent unintentionally must inform the priest of what has occurred and go through the course of purification which takes place once a year.

Artificial Limbs.

"A manufacturer or dealer in artificial limbs who wears a cork arm or leg himself is much better equipped for business than his competitors who are sound," said a man who uses a cork leg. "In fact, it has become a sort of unwritten law among us to patronize such men when possible. Sentimental reasons may have something to do with the case, but I guess the chief reason is that we consider that if a man can make a limb for himself that fits like the paper on the wall he can make it for others. Manufacturers of artificial limbs know this, and frequently you will find an advertisement like this: 'The So-and-so artificial leg is built by a man who is wearing one and who knows from experience what you want for comfort.' This is a strong argument, for it's no easy thing to get an artificial limb that just fits. Persons who have trouble getting shoes that are just right are in great luck compared to us."—New York Sun.

An Admiral's Stories.

One of the English admirals has a choice collection of stories at the expense of laymen placed in office at the admiralty as a consequence of a turn of the political wheel. Of one lord of the admiralty he told a delightful house of commons how, receiving a report of disaster to a ship couched in technical phrase, he wrote a reply remonstrating with the officer for his use of bad language. Another civilian lord, looking over a chart and observing that one of his majesty's ships, homeward bound, passed within a space of two inches on the chart an island where cast-away sailors were sheltering, wanted to know why it could not call and relieve them. The admiral explained that the two inches on the chart meant a distance at sea of 4,000 miles.—London Strand Magazine.

Boone's Portrait in Oil.

There never was but one oil portrait of Daniel Boone painted from life, and that was by Chester Harding, a distinguished artist of Boston, who came to Missouri in June, 1820, and painted it in the residence of Flanders Callaway, Boone's son-in-law, where Boone was then living, near the village of Marthasville, in Warren county. The Rev. James E. Welch, one of the oldest Baptist preachers in the state and father of Alkman Welch, attorney general of Missouri during Governor Gamble's administration, sat in Boone's bed behind Boone for him to lean against while Harding painted the picture, the pioneer being too feeble to sit alone. Harding's portrait of Boone now hangs in the state capitol at Frankfort, Ky.—Kansas City Star.

The Glass Snake.

The slowworm is the snake which country people tell you has the peculiar property of breaking itself into bits, each piece afterward surviving. The truth differs slightly from the legend. The slowworm is a timid creature and when first captured tightens all its muscles, thus reducing itself to a remarkably rigid state, in which condition it will no doubt snap like a dry twig; but, needless to say, only the upper and vital portions survive the ordeal.—London Globe.

What the Jury Thought.

During a trial for assault in Melbourne a club, a rail, an ax handle, a knife and a shotgun were exhibited as the instruments with which the deed was done. It was also shown that the assaulted man defended himself with a scythe, a revolver, a pitchfork, a chisel, a hand saw and a dog. The jury decided that they'd have given a sovereign apiece to have seen the fight.

A Dainty Combination.

"You can't tell," said uncle to us; "you can't tell Feller I know that's a aesthetic artist—know what he does? He smokes chewin' tobacco in a pipe that's made o' rubber. Honest, he does. An' he claims his health is delict!"—Cleveland Leader.

Didn't Want Agony Prolonged.

Missionary—Will you do me a favor? Cannibal—What is it? Missionary—When you get ready to eat me, I wish you would arrange it so that I can be a quick lunch rather than a course dinner.—New York Press.

Invitation Declined.

"As Shakespeare says," remarked Cassidy, who was fond of airing his "book larnin'," "what's in a name?" "Well," replied Casey, "call me wan that O' don't like an' O'll show ya."—Kansas City Newsbook.

The Real Genius.

"They say it's hard to live with a genius." "Bosh! Were not all women geniuses how would most families exist?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

BURIED HER VOICE.

Why Pauline Lucca Never Sang After Her Husband's Death.

Great stage artists die twice—the first time, when they take leave of the stage and set aside the harp; the second time, when, like ordinary mortals, they go the way of all flesh—and who knows but this last act is not more bearable, not less dreadful, than the first, when, after all the blinding glory, the shadowy curtain of oblivion descends? For Pauline Lucca this first act was of long duration—nearly twenty years. She had time to outlive her glory and to become acquainted with the bad memory of mankind. Ika Horwitz-Barnay tells this story in connection with a visit which she made to the Lucca home in Vienna: "I asked, 'Do you ever sing?' 'No! No! Never!' she almost shouted. 'I never sing, for I lost my voice, lost it suddenly, by suggestion, through the will of another.' After being urged to explain she exacted a promise of secrecy 'until she was no more' and said: 'You know, my husband, the Baron von Wallhofen, was sick for a long time and heard little singing. When I did sing for him it had to be an old song which I disliked, but he was fond of it because of its words. One evening we had a few friends here. He was feeling somewhat better and had his chair wheeled into the drawing room. To please him I sang his favorite song. He wept with pleasure. Then he took my two hands and caressed them, stroked my hair and my face and whispered to me: 'Thank you! Thank you! You are an angel! And, still caressing me, he said, 'So I shall take your voice with me to the grave.' I laughed and said, 'You will outlive my voice and me.' But he repeated, 'I shall take your voice with me to the grave.' Two days later the baron died, and I was never able after his death to sing a note.'—Vienna Neue Freie Presse.

HER FACE WAS NOT FAIR.

But There Was One to Whom She Would Always Be Beautiful. The blind boy raised a rapt face to the light. "And my mother?" he said questioningly. "Tell me how she looks again. I shall soon be able to see, and I know I shall find one more beautiful than all the rest and cry: 'Mother, mother! Why do you not speak?'" His sensitive face was turned reproachfully toward his father. "You have always told me how lovely she is. She is little—no taller than my shoulder—I know that." The old man laid his arm over the lad's shoulders. "You must know now what your blindness would have kept you from knowing," he said. "Your mother is not fair and beautiful now in face, but her soul is what God made for a mother. When you can see, look for the face which holds the greatest love. You will not be mistaken. It will be your mother's."

Where Red Hair Is Disliked.

In Cornwall, particularly the Land's End district, it is not advisable to dub a person "a red haired Dane," though in most parts of England, especially inland, the expression would as likely as not provoke no comment at all or be regarded as simply frivolous.

At a police court case heard in 1867 at Penzance town hall it came out in evidence that the defendant had called the complainant "a red haired Dane," and this led to an assault. The strong repugnance of Cornishmen to be dubbed by this strange appellation is as strong as ever.

The Celtic nations hated the Danes and were always fighting them. And not only in Cornwall, but also all along our coasts, where the Danes or Norsemen made their ravages, this deep rooted prejudice against people with red hair, "red headed," more or less remains ingrained in the national character.—J. Harris Stone in "The English Illustrated."

Meat Versus Song. The great tenor's lunch consisted of a cheese omelet, asparagus, fruit and an ice. "No meat?" said the reporter. "As little meat as possible," the tenor replied. "Meat kills song. The nightingale, the thrush and lark are grain eaters, and their song is sweet. The carnivorous birds, the crow, etc., only croak. And in countries that go in for excessive meat eating—England, for instance—there are few good voices, while in the more vegetarian countries, such as Italy, fine singers abound. Song birds are vegetarian," he concluded. "Carnivorous birds croak."—New York Press.

Where Water Means Life. As illustrating the scarcity of water in some parts of Australia and the high value set upon it, I would draw attention to the case of three Afghans who were murdered in West Australia. Water was scarce, and yet these three orientals washed themselves in a road hole—the sole source of supply—adjoining a selector's homestead. In a fury he shot the three of them, and at his subsequent trial the jury unanimously acquitted him.—Wide World Magazine.

His Great Fault. "Yes," said the would be author, "I've taken a house in the country, but it will be necessary for me to engage a gardener. There's quite a plot of ground around the house; too much for me to handle."

"Yes," replied Crittick, "you never could handle a plot, could you?"—Catholic Standard and Times.

All Pretty. A rash paper announced for its columns a forthcoming story, entitled "The Prettiest Girl in the Town."

A hundred young ladies immediately sent post cards warning the editor not to use their real names.—London Globe.

Brevity. "Too many words are wearisome," said Kwoter. "Brevity is the soul of wit."

"Not always," replied the observer; "but, in any event, it is always commendable."—Philadelphia Press.

Twenty and Twenty-two. What is the difference between twice ten and twice eleven? None whatever. Don't you see that twice ten makes twenty and twice eleven makes twenty-two (too)?

The strongest things are in danger from the weakest.—Roswell.

The Poor Hungry Fish.

"Here is an interesting thing that happened last summer to a friend and myself," said a New Yorker. "We had gone on a fishing trip in a rowboat, but it seemed that either all the fish were at another place or were not hungry. We decided if those fish were not hungry we were. We had taken our luncheon, as wise fishermen will, and in order to keep the bread as fresh as possible had left it in loaf form. My friend asked me to pass it to him, and in doing so the loaf of bread went overboard. We made out the best we could without the bread and later rowed to another place to fish. On our way back we passed the place where we lost our bread. Then we saw the sight of our lives. On each side of the loaf of bread stood a big fish, and for as far as we could see there was a great line of small fish. We wondered what it was, and then the thought dawned on us—those fish had formed a 'bread line' and the two large fish were dealing out the bread. After that we didn't have the heart to try to catch any of those poor, hungry fish."

A Bride With Some Good Points.

Some years ago in an agricultural district in England there lived a farmer who wanted to sell one of his cows. There was not at that time a weekly paper in which he could advertise, so he resolved to follow a local custom and ask the vicar of the parish when giving out his notices at church to advertise the cow.

"Yes, farmer," said the vicar, "I should be willing to oblige you, but you don't attend my church."

Presently, however, they struck a bargain that the vicar should advertise the cow, and the man in return promised to go to church. Now, unfortunately the man was deaf, and on the Sunday following when the vicar gave out the banns of marriage between Joseph So-and-so, bachelor, and Sarah So-and-so, spinster, the farmer took it for granted that the vicar was giving out particulars of his cow and shouted out:

"You might as well say while you are about it that she is a most gentle creature and entirely free from vice."—Stray Stories.

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MASTODONS.

Why Their Bones Are Found Near Salt or Sulphur Springs.

"Wherever you find salt or sulphur springs," says a gentleman connected with the United States geological survey, "you may expect to find the bones of mastodons and other huge creatures that have now become extinct. Many persons suppose that the presence of these bones in great numbers indicates that the animals had a sort of common cemetery, like the llamas of Chile, which when they felt death coming on always made for the nearest stream or pond and, if they could get there, died in the water."

"That, however, is likely only a superstition. The mastodon bones in a salt or sulphur marsh indicates that the animals went there to drink the water and occasionally one got mired and was suffocated. The great numbers of the bones do not prove that a whole herd of mastodons was drowned at once, but that one being mired every year or so during several centuries would in time cause a great accumulation of bones. Missouri has a bone marsh at Sulphur Springs; there is a great mine of them at the Salt Springs in Kentucky and at several places in Ohio and Indiana where there are saline springs. A great spring in Florida, one of the four or five huge outlets which are grouped under the name of Silver Spring, is called 'the bone yard' because the bottom red siliceous masses of mastodon bones."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A WAR OF MAPS.

Bolivia Wiped Out England and the British Isles.

"Bolivia is the only country that ever wiped England off the map," said Frank Robertson. "It came about this way: The British ambassador several years ago gave a dinner for the official and social circle people of Bolivia."

"When they arrived at the embassy," they found that he was not married; the woman seated at the head of the table, and they left. In the name of his government he demanded an apology, whereupon the government gave him twenty-four hours to get out of the country.

"Inasmuch as little Bolivia is way out the ocean and practically lost in the eternal mountains Great Britain could not by guns get the retraction that she wanted, but her mapmakers got revenge by issuing maps wholly eliminating Bolivia."

"Finally this information reached Bolivia, whereupon with a stroke of the pen new maps were ordered for the Bolivian government and the Bolivian schools. They showed more ocean than any other maps ever printed. The British Isles had been sunk into the sea. And so far as the people and school children of Bolivia are concerned there is no Great Britain."—Indianapolis News.

Why He "Let 'Em Grow." "Yes, I've given up shaving," he told his friends. "I never could shave myself, and the last time I was operated on I was in such a blue funk that I shudder to think of it. The barber had a musical ear, and he lathered me to the tune of 'The Blind Boy,' which was being ground out by a barrel organ close by. Slowly, but not too fast, he scraped the process had commenced the tune had changed to the liveliest of jazz, and the musical shaver seemed to be enjoying himself hugely as he did his best to keep time. I was afraid to take a breath for fear it would be my last."

"Then the organ stopped, but only for a second, and when I heard the strains of 'Stop Your Tickling, Jock,' I vowed that rather than run the risk of being finished off in a barber's chair by a musical maniac I would let 'em grow for the future and chance the crop."—Modern Society.

His Parting Shot.

The late Catholic bishop Raphoe, Ireland, used often to tell this story with much enjoyment. "I was suddenly called," he said, "from my home to see an unfortunate sailor who had been cast ashore from a wreck and was lying speechless on the ground, but not quite dead. 'The life's in him still, your reverence—he stirred a little,' so I stooped down and said to him, 'My poor man, you're nearly gone, but just try to say one little word or make one little sign to show that you are dying in the true faith.' So he opened one of his eyes just a wee bit, and he said, 'Bloody end to the pope' and so died."

Every Bird a Weathercock.

"Where's the wind?" scoffed the sailor. "Why, look at the birds. They'll tell you. Don't you know that every bird's a weathercock? Stop moisten' your finger and holdin' it up," he went on in a tone of disgust. "The practice ain't hardly cleanly. Look at the birds as they fly straight at the wind. Every live bird in a tree is as reliable a weathercock as them dead birds on the spires."—New York Press.

A Bit Different.

Towne—There's one thing about my wife—she makes up her mind if she can't afford a thing that she doesn't need it. Browne—Something like my wife, only she buys it first and makes up her mind afterward.—Philadelphia Press.

Possibly.

Possibly the fact that the optimist sees the doughnut and the pessimist the hole is due to the further fact that the optimist has mostly doughnuts and the pessimist mostly holes.—Puck.

Ambition is like love—impatient both of delays and rivals.—De Cham.

Jewelry Protection.

"The general public is not aware of the carefully worked out system by which the large jewelry houses continue to protect their splendid wares long after these have been sold and passed out of their hands," said a detective, discussing daring modern burglaries. "Most large establishments dealing in precious metals and gems have a carefully organized and very efficient detective system, which makes it easy for a patrol to recover stolen goods without charge and with little or no delay in the institution of the search. In the safes of these large jewel houses are minute descriptions of every piece of valuable jewelry which goes out from the establishment. Each piece is numbered too. When the gems are missed the patrol telephones the shop in which the articles were purchased. At once a special detective, thoroughly acquainted with the business in hand and armed with a detailed description of the jewelry, is hurried to the scene of action. This is without expense to the client."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Something Hotel Clerks Remember.

"There's lots less danger of the night clerk forgetting an early call left by some guest than most travelers imagine," remarked a hotel manager the other day. "The fact is," he declared, "the average night clerk could not forget one of those early calls if he wanted to. You know, it's a mighty lonesome job the night clerk has. There is little for him to do, few arrivals to take care of and little to break the monotony of his long vigil. About the only fun the night clerk has is those early morning calls. When I was a night clerk I used to count the hours until I could start in on those early calls. There was nothing else to do or think about, and it would keep going through my mind what fun it would be to make some guest share my forlorn state by getting him out of his warm bed all sleepy eyed. I could not any more have overlooked one of those early calls than I could have overlooked my breakfast when the time came."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

In the Jaws of a Lion.

A lion comes at its enemy at full speed, galloping low, and dashes a man standing upright to the ground by the full impact of its body. Major Liverer states that "the claws and teeth entering the flesh do not hurt as much as you would think," but that the squeeze given by the jaws on the bone is really painful. When knocked over he was still keenly conscious and felt none of the dreamy sensations experienced by Livingston.

Major Swaine, struck down by a lioness going full gallop, was unconscious for some minutes and did not know what had happened till he found himself standing up after the accident. "I felt no pain," he writes, "not, I believe, owing to any special interposition of Providence, but simply that the shock and loss of blood made me incapable of feeling it. There was so pain for a few days till it was brought on by the swelling of my arm on the twelve days' ride to the coast."—London Spectator.

A Woman Governor.

Queens have ruled many nations, but Pennsylvania is the only one of the United States that ever had a woman for governor. A passage unearthed from Amos's "Governors of Pennsylvania," page 126, says: "On the 30th of July, 1718, William Penn died, at the age of seventy-four. By his will his wife, Hannah, was made his sole executrix and assumed the management of colonial affairs, executing this difficult task with rare tact and business capacity. 'She became,' says Watson, 'in effect our governor, ruling us by her deputies or lieutenant governors during all the term of her children's minority.'"

Lion and Unicorn.

The animosity which was supposed to exist between the lion and the unicorn, as referred to by Spenser in his "Faerie Queene," is allegorical of the deep rooted ill will which anciently existed between England and Scotland. Ever since 1603 the royal arms have been supported, as now, by the English lion and the Scottish unicorn in token of the fact that St. George and St. Andrew had at last shaken hands and forgotten their old difference.

An Explanation.

The passionate rhythms of "The Merry Widow" waltz floated through the office, and the boss looked up from his desk impatiently. "Frederic," he said, "I wish you wouldn't whistle at your work." "I ain't workin', sir," the office boy replied calmly. "I'm only just whistlin'."—New York Press.

A Japanese Joke.

Guest—Do you know that fellow of Sayama is telling all kinds of lies to defame your character? Host—If he is telling lies I don't care, but if he'd begin to tell the truth I'll throttle him. Guest—Oh, you will, eh?—Japan Current.

Her Raven Hair.

"Some novelists don't know what they're talking about. Here's one who speaks of a girl's raven hair." "What's wrong with it?" "All wrong. Ravens don't wear hair. They wear feathers."—Liverpool Mercury.

No Gift.

"Would you call that orator's eloquence a gift?" "Not at all. He always charges at least 50 cents admission."—Washington Star.

The greatest quarrels in the world's history have been between people who were once friends.—Atchison Globe.