

Humor

THE BOY WHO DIDN'T.

And Now He Probably Regrets His Little Plan.

"Please, sir," said the office boy, "may I get away this afternoon?" "What's wrong?" asked the great financier. "Is your grandmother dead?" Little Willie had been taught that honesty was always the best policy. He was a good boy. He never sneaked stamps from his employer, and he never threw the pretty typewriter into fits by whispering to her that he had just seen a mouse scot under her desk. Being a truthful boy, little Willie replied:

"No, sir. I ain't got no grandmother. But the club that's in first place is going to play here today, and I'd like to see the game."

The old gentleman stared at him helplessly for a moment and then drew from his pocket \$2, which he handed to the boy.

Ah, reader, you have already guessed that the great man felt in duty bound to encourage such frankness—but wait. "Here," said Henry Hardrocks, "here's your week's wages. Don't come back any more. A boy that can't get up even a poor excuse on such an occasion as the present one would never amount to anything in this business."

Thus do we learn that in being its own reward virtue continues to have few competitors. — Chicago Record-Herald.

A Love Scene.

"Before I went away you seemed to love me."

"Yes."

"And now you are different."

"You are mistaken—utterly mistaken."

"Are you not different?"

"No; I am indifferent."

But even that did not seem to satisfy him. Some men are hard to please. — Cleveland Leader.

Summer Barnstormers.

"What's them thar actor folks doing prowling around in the hot sun?" asked the postmaster of Bacon Ridge.

"They say they want to get the lay of the town," said the village cutup.

"Was, they needn't be in any hurry about that. They'll get the lay of the town and the country both to-night. The boys are out buying up every acre within four miles." — Detroit Tribune.

Gloomy Outlook.

"What are you worried about, Rastus?"

"I'm worried 'bout rain, dat's what I'm worried 'bout, an' I reckons I's gwinter keep worried all summer."

"But it is almost sure to rain before long."

"Fomah. But when it do it's almost sure to be too much or not enough." — Washington Star.

The Human Mimosa.

"Closely in such a stinky chump. He goes around rattling the dollars in his pocket, but he never spends a cent."

"Yes, I have noticed that too. Do you know why he reminds me of a mimosa plant?"

"No, why?"

"Well, he winks every time you touch him." — Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

He Spoke Too Soon.

"Look here, old chap, forgive me for speaking of it, but you really ought to know. Your wife doesn't play a square game of bridge."

"My dear fellow, that's a compliment to me. It shows that you play such a winning game that she couldn't afford to lose." — New York Life.

A Pointer For Percy.

"Sam—Percy Vere was telling me that he still hopes to have the luck to win you."

"Sam—Well, Percy will find that it takes more than luck to win me. I'm no wally." — Philadelphia Press.

The Obliging Flamingo.

"Shoo, you ugly thing! How dare you sit down on these beautiful little birds?"

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Too Many Trombones.

The following anecdote concerning Donizetti and the score of Rossini's "Otello" is told by the Musical World. Donizetti had asked Sigismondi, the director of the Naples Conservatorio, to look over the score with him, and the two sat down at a table with the work in front of them. Presently Sigismondi began to rave about its "monstrous orchestration." "Terrible was his indignation when he found that clarinets, bassoons and trombones had been employed in one place to swell a crescendo, but when the fortissimo was reached he uttered a cry of despair, struck the score violently with his fist, upset the table and rushed from the room, exclaiming: "A hundred and twenty-three trombones! A hundred and twenty-three trombones!" Donizetti in vain tried to call him back, shouting after him, "Not 123 trombones, but first, second and third trombones." Sigismondi would not listen and when last seen was still repeating, "A hundred and twenty-three trombones!"

Cannibal Japs.

Young Lieutenant Marlinspike's bathing suit revealed on his right arm an Uncle Sam and on his left a peacock, while around his neck a gleaming serpent was coiled, the mouth holding its tail.

"This is Japanese tattooing," the lieutenant said proudly. "Nagasaki work. I was under the needle nineteen hours in all. My two tattooers drank quite a pint of my blood."

"Jap tattooers are all blood drinkers. They like it. They get to like it in the end as you or I like tobacco."

"You see, as they work the blood wells forth. It flows over the design, and then, very carefully, without smearing the wet ink, they lick the blood up delicately with the tongue. Every Jap tattooer as he picks and picks away at you bends down every few minutes and licks the little rising tide of blood away."

"If he is a seasoned tattooer he swallows the blood. He likes it, he says." — New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Russian Women.

A Russian paid the following glowing tribute to the women of his native land: "The women of Russia combine the vivacity and wit of the Frenchwoman with the industry and thrift for which the women of Germany are famous. She is a superb wife and mother and withal a fine mental worker. The Russian girl student is generally in the front rank at the universities. Doubtless some of her fine qualities are due to the fact that in Russia women are free and are in every respect considered to be the equals of men. Russian women are born politicians and diplomats and so intensely patriotic that they esteem no sacrifice too great for their country; hence as revolutionists—however misguided—they are infinitely more daring and devoted than the men. Secrets have been wrung from male revolutionaries by torture, but never from the women."

Sliding Down a Cask.

One of the vintage ceremonies at Klosterneuberg, the famous convent which the Viennese visit annually on St. Leopold's day, consists in sliding down a giant cask of wine. The immense cask was first filled in the famous wine year of 1711. The origin of the sliding is found in a story of a cooper who was in the habit of returning home in a merry condition. His wife fetched him one day from the village inn, and he attempted to hide behind the cask. She seized a broom, however, and with the help of several friends forced him to scramble up one side and slide to the ground on the opposite as a punishment for his conduct. — London Mail.

Clean Food.

It is a good deal more important that food shall not carry the germs of disease than that it shall be chemically pure. Table salt, for example, may contain some soda salts other than the chloride and still be perfectly healthful. Corn bread is less healthful when made from pure cornmeal than when it has some admixture of wheat flour. But food that is not clean may be more dangerous than any adulterated food product sold today, provided the adulterated article carries no disease germs. — Boston Advertiser.

Sympathy.

A kind-hearted little slum girl on a visit to the country saw one evening a mother hen about to gather her brood of chicks under her wings. The little girl rushed up to the hen and shouted:

"Shoo, you ugly thing! How dare you sit down on these beautiful little birds?"

Vicarious Osculation.

He was having some words with her chaperon.

"I'll—I'll kiss her right under your nose!" he said defiantly.

"Oh, well," said that lady, "vicarious kissing like that I can see no objection to." — Boston Transcript.

The Widower.

A widower is like a baby. The first six months he cries a lot, the second six months he begins to sit up and take notice, and he experiences great difficulty in getting through his second year alone. — New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Willing to Tell.

"One-half the world doesn't know how the other half lives," declared a notorious lady gossip.

"That isn't your fault," quietly observed one of her auditors.

Though wrong may win, its victory is brief. — Leonard.

SERVANTS' SIGN LANGUAGE.

Peculiarities of Employers and Tourists Noted by Marks.

Servants and hotel porters in many cities of Europe have a sign language as complete as that of the American tramp.

"It is not generally known," said a courier, "that servants are in the habit of giving useful tips to their successors and to the man who delivers the groceries and meat by marks on the back entrance. In most of the big Paris flats and apartments, such as Americans like to take for the season, the back door is literally covered with barely perceptible signs which nobody but the initiated can understand."

"A freshly engaged domestic knows exactly what to expect, whether his masters are easy or hard to please, whether it is 'monsieur' or 'madame' who is hard to get along with. Other signs tell whether the food is good or not, etc."

"The boy from the grocer's or the baker's or the butcher's will also be informed whether he can expect a big tip or not."

"The system is even more developed among hotel servants. A family arriving from Italy, after having refused to give what some Italian porter considered a sufficient tip, will have the fact advertised in every hotel he visits in Switzerland or France. A little mark on the trunk is all that is needed." — Philadelphia Ledger.

AMERICAN FRENCH.

The Struggles of a New Yorker in a Paris Restaurant.

He gazed complacently at the gay labels on his trunks. "Funny how you hear in Paris"—so he continued his reminiscences of travel—"our thin American accent struggling with the sonorous French tongue. You hear queer mistakes, too—no end of 'em. The queerest I came across was made by a New York man."

"This tourist at the Chatham wanted to say, 'I am hungry.' He should have said, 'J'ai faim.' Then the waiter would have brought him a meal at once. What he did say was: 'Je suis fameux, garcon.' He said there, 'I'm famous, waiter.' And the waiter, impressed, bowed and smiled, 'Congratulations, sir.'"

"No food came. He must have made an error, so he tried again: 'Garcon, j'ai une femme.' That meant he had a wife. The waiter said he was sure she was a winner."

"Rather red now, he took a third dive: 'Je suis femme.' This time the New Yorker said he was a woman. 'And madam dresses in this way for comfort's sake?' the waiter inquired, with a gallant smile. — New York Press.

"Chuck It, Duke!"

While the Duke of Connaught was in Cairo he went for a stroll one morning, and on his way back to his quarters he came face to face with an old Englishman wearing the ribbon of the Indian mutiny on his breast. The duke stopped and spoke to the man about his military service for some little time. Presently the man said not knowing, of course, to whom he was speaking, "Are you in the army yourself, then, sir?" The duke smiled and admitted that he was. "Getting on all right?" was the next question. The duke smiled again and said that he had not very much to grumble at on the whole, though perhaps he was not doing quite so well as he could wish. "No, and you never will, my boy," was the surprising retort of the veteran. "What you want in the army today is either brains or a tremendous amount of influence behind you. You may take my tip, old chap, and chuck it!" — London T. P. O.

Fencing With Umbrellas.

Recently a French publication printed a picture of some American girls fencing with umbrellas and stated that they were trying to acquire thus the necessary skill and assurance to parry, with a simple gesture, an attack of Apaches.

It also stated that this sport was not born in America; that for several years in France a noted fencing mistress, Mme. Guillemot, at the same time that she taught fencing with the sword for hygienic reasons and for personal defense, also taught her pupils to "play" with the umbrella.

The article finishes by saying that it is certainly "piquant" that this modern application of an ancient sport was taught by a Parisienne long before America claimed the original idea.

Spirit of the Open Life.

The great charm of scenery and the country life is the moral feeling that seems to pervade it. This has prevailed through all English literature from Chaucer to Wordsworth and down to our own times. It has cast its spell over almost all of our Canadian poets, who have wooded nature in her most secret haunts and studied her minutest caprices. — Montreal Witness.

Sized Him Up.

Briggs—I have made a will leaving my brain to the hospital and just got an acknowledgment from the authorities. Griggs—Were they pleased? Briggs—They wrote that every little helps. — Illustrated Bits.

Ebb Tide.

Father (eminent stockbroker)—With the flow the sea rises, my boy; with the ebb it falls.

Son (a chip of the old block)—Then would be the time to buy, wouldn't it, daddy?

What comes with the wind will go with the rain. — Irish Proverb.

CLEANING A CLOCK.

It is Not Very Difficult, According to These Directions.

It is very simple to clean a clock, which may sound rather absurd. For an amateur it is not always necessary to take the clock to pieces. With a little care and patience and using some benzine, a clean white rag, a sable brush and some oil a clock can be cleaned and put in first class running order. The benzine should be clean and free from oil. You can test benzine by putting a little on the back of the hand. If it is good, it will dry off, leaving the hand quite clean, but if any grease remains on the hand it is not fit to use.

The oil should be of the very best that can be procured. Vegetable oils should never be used. Clock oil can be procured from your druggist or jeweler. All loose dirt should be removed from the works by blowing with bellows or a fan or dusting with a dry brush. In the latter case great care should be exercised not to injure any of the parts. Dip the brush in the benzine and clean the spindles and spindle holes and the teeth of the escapement wheel. After washing a part wipe the brush on the rag and rinse in the benzine. This should be repeated frequently until no more dirt is seen.

When the clock has dried off the spindle holes carefully. This may be done with a toothpick or a silver of wood cut to a fine point. Oil the teeth of the escapement wheel slightly, using a fine brush. — Popular Mechanics.

LOWESTOFT CHINA.

Story of a Factory Whose Products Are Now Highly Prized.

At the end of the North parade, Lowestoft, is the Warren House, a place of great interest to connoisseurs of china. It was here, in the eighteenth century, that a discovery of fine clay was made which eventually led to Lowestoft manufacturing the china which is now so rare that it is almost priceless.

Initial experiments made by Hewitt Luson, Esq., of Gunton Park, near Lowestoft, with some fine clay discovered accidentally on his estate resulted in complete success and ultimately led to the opening of a factory at Lowestoft in 1758 for the manufacture of fine earthenware and porcelain "soft paste."

In 1775 a finely glazed and decorated "hard paste" was introduced, the efficiency and beauty of which betokened a brilliant success for the proprietors. Contemporary evidence indisputably shows that from 1770 to 1800 the Lowestoft works were at the zenith of their fame. Owing, however, to the enormous expenses and difficulty incurred in procuring china clay from Cornwall and elsewhere (after the original clay was exhausted) and the rapidly increasing competition of other makers its prosperity waned, the collapse came, and the works were closed in 1808. — London Globe.

Clerical Clothes in New York.

"Today I encountered a whim of New York tailors that astonished me," said a western clergyman. "I ordered a suit of clothes from a man who refused to work for me."

"What's the reason you folks are passing me along to another tailor?" I asked. "Do I look hard to fit? Are you afraid you won't get your money?"

"The tailor explained that neither of my guesses was correct. He declined to make my clothes simply because I am a clergyman and require a clerical cut. He let me down easily by stating further that he never undertook to make ecclesiastical garments, that very few of the lay tailors in New York do undertake them. They do not have enough of that kind of work to keep them constantly informed on the requirements of the different religious orders. A mistake would be embarrassing to the clerical men and to the tailor, so they send all such customers over to tailors who make a specialty of such work." — New York Sun.

When Sleep Was Trumps.

A bridge playing set at an eastern university, who usually turned night into day, used to appear at morning chapel with remarkable regularity and were pointed out as an example by the authorities. An alteration was made in the time, chapel not beginning until thirty minutes later, and the dean was astounded to see that none of these men, so regular before, was present. He sent for them and asked the reason.

"Well, sir," said one, "it's like this: When chapel was at half past 7 we could just manage it, but we can't keep awake till 8 o'clock." — Harper's Weekly.

On Ice.

"Yes," said Alkali Ike, "a couple of cow punchers indulged in a very pretty scientific scrap down at Bad Bucko's yesterday."

"It's wonderful how cool those fellows keep under the circumstances," remarked the eastern tourist.

"Yaas; they certainly have to be kept cool, stranger. I believe, for some reason or other, their funerals ain't to be for a couple o' days yet." — Philadelphia Press.

Certainly Would.

City Man (to villager)—Wouldn't it open your eyes to look across at that lot there and see one of our city sky-scrappers covering it? Villager Man—Waal, I guess I would, seein' as I've got twenty head o' cattle grazin' there. — Bohemian.

One cannot talk constantly without saying foolish things. — Chicago Record-Herald.

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