

DRM HUMOR

Diversions That Not on the Bills.

TACTFUL QUERY.

Embarrassing Situation a Painful Silence Into a Laughter—A Simple Notice an Audience Roar.

Humor is the unintentional best comedy is that never been rehearsed or but springs to life in when everything of such platform performer de- holding the spot light of attention through a cru- caused by unexpected di-

involuntary humor of is worth remembering For instance:

time a lecturer reached 30. He had to get his sup- dress between then and scheduled starting time. ngly he dressed with more he had intended, and two of his trousers failed to er attention. This showed the glare of the footlights, his dress shirt protruded The audience had a hard- courteous and reconciling- ness of the speaker's ap- th the serious dignity and lecture. Still, all would ell but for the fact that at the address and while the at on the platform in his dis- habilitate the platform e and announced impres-

number on this splendid Dr. Robert McIntyre, who his celebrated lecture "People."

nce shrieked, and to this the tender hearted for those people, that lecturer ow why the announcement ere's beautiful word pic- created just that kind of

me Dr. Thomas E. Green ed to the long introduction ood it as patiently as d so did the audience, but roducer ceased and bowed speaker of the evening- walked forward and said in alsterial tone:

ing to add a phrase to the ing it read as follows: "roducers and our intro- Lord deliver us!"

is a town committee is can- and takes on a degree of never dreamed of aspira- a city committee. At one Day, a makeup artist, was scenes laying out his wigs. e, when a committeeman e to see him. After the etings the committeeman

to goodness you're better'n umber on our course was!" "it" asked Mr. Day, sell Conwell of Philadelfy." ou like him?" asked Day in

said the committeeman. me before that?" "T. Powers of Boston." ou liked him, of course." ou rotten?"

hat did you have before ad Day, now prepared for ann-Heink and her compa-

u hear her?" "ody a-kickin'." Said she was ome talent."

said Day, the settledness of his tone, "you'll like me!" eps the best instance of per- ation on the spur of the mo- und in an anecdote Bob Bur- ched for as having been the e of his illustrious contem- ill Nye.

Burbank were being starred y Major Pond. They were y Canadian provinces and on of the special episode were ia, British Columbia. Bur- a doing heavy dramatic work best possible foil for Nye's ad side racking humor. But dience were several men who evening tasted too frequently ewing bowl. These would ew break forth with remarks e models of untimeliness. when Burbank was in the his most fascinating and trag- and the audience was hold- reath, one whose breath was ng to be held burst out into a snatch of song which utter- cked and discouraged the lec- the speaker stopped, lost and beyond recall.

at as the silence was begin- he felt Nye stepped blandly rky from behind the scenes, and hand on his companion's arm ed thoughtfully over the house. a mild but distinct voice, he

Leslie E. Keeley in the e. The fact that it was a near audience could not hide the ate wit of the remark, and ing was saved and made a instead of ignominious defeat speakers.—Strickland W. Gil- St. Louis Republic.

is celebrity? The advantage known to people who don't —Chamfort.

MENTAL DISCORD.

An Uncompromising Enemy to Happiness and to Health.

It is a law that every state of mind, whether good or bad, affects every cell in the system and is outpictured in the body, says Orison Sweet Marden in Success Magazine. We are thus the arbiters of our fate through our thoughts, emotions and passions.

The time will come when we shall know how to refresh ourselves by mental chemistry—that is, by holding in our minds the antidotes of the things that have wearied us or vexed us, by holding the mental attitude which will neutralize the thought enemies that have thrown our bodies into confusion.

There is nothing so deadly to happiness as mental discord. It paralyzes the thinking ability and destroys the power of concentration and effectiveness.

All diseases and sickness of whatever kind are the outpicturing of some form of discord. If the mind is kept as happy as possible it is difficult for discord to get a foothold in the body. A happy mind is the best possible health producer, disease killer and discord destroyer.

For centuries man's happiness was looked upon by many earnest, thinking people as a condition largely beyond his control. They seemed to think that it depended mostly upon the temperament one happened to develop and that there were other things of so much more importance that we should not consider it too seriously or take precious time to cultivate it directly.

We are beginning to find, however, that even as an economical investment it pays immensely to make a business of being happy and being just as good to ourselves as possible, although not in a selfish way. We could not be good to ourselves in the higher sense by being selfish.

POET OF MANY VERSES.

An Anecdote of Pellegrin, an Eighteenth Century Bard.

The impecunious French poets of the middle eighteenth century used to consort at the cafes, where sometimes they would pick up customers. One of the worst and at the same time the most facile of the bards was Pellegrin, of whom a characteristic story is told in "An Eighteenth Century Mar- quise." One day a newcomer entered the cafe and began complaining that he was going to be married and had no epithalamium for his wedding. Pel- legrin hastened to offer one of his own compositions. A deal was soon ar- ranged, and the price agreed upon was 20 sous a verse. The poet disappeared. The bridegroom was presently accosted by a stranger, who began a con- versation on various subjects and sud- denly said:

"By the by, my friend, what price are you paying Pellegrin?"

"Twenty sous a verse."

"H'm."

"Is that too dear?"

"No"—doubtfully—"not if you fixed the length of the poem."

"I never thought of doing that."

"When is he to bring your epithala- mium?"

"Tomorrow morning."

"Tomorrow morning!" cried the stranger. "Why, you must be rolling in money!"

"What do you mean?"

"That you will have to pay for at least a thousand verses."

"Oh, what a fraud!" exclaimed the bridegroom and rushed off to find Pel- legrin in his attic. The versifier had just completed his hundredth verse.

A Sartorial Freak.

Food is "chow" in the east, meals are "tiffin," and an I. O. U. is a "chit." China and India making these additions to dietetic nomenclature.

The most shocking sartorial thing visible in the east is the dinner jacket of white duck affected by the British and, alas, by some expatriated Ameri- cans. It is cut very short, barely reaching the suspender buttons, and dars widely in front. High collar and black tie complete the abominable combination. Yet no Briton can eat his evening meal without being thus garbed. White duck "pants," of course, cover the unmentionables. The white suits of Mark Twain and Frank Vanderlip which once excited New York are outdone and quite as a mat- ter of course.—New York World.

Barrett Wendell's Pun.

When Professor Wendell of Harvard entered upon his Sabbatical year he remained in Cambridge some weeks after his leave of absence began and persisted in taking part in the depart- mental meeting. The head of the de- partment protested.

"Sir," said he, "you are officially absent. You are non est."

"Oh, very well," replied Professor Wendell; "a non est man is the noblest work of God."—Success Magazine.

A Matter of Choice.

An old darky servant devoted to General Jackson waited on him in the general's last hours. Right after the general's death a preacher asked Bas- tis if he thought Jackson would go to heaven.

"I don't know, boss, of 'e'll go foah sure, but he can ef he wants to," replied the darky.—Independent.

With Due Care.

Dignity is a very proper sort of thing, but don't put on too much of it or you may be taken for the butler.—Lippincott's.

Constancy of purpose is certainly one of the secrets of success.

STEALING A HORSE.

A Bold Afghan Robber Who Had a Sense of Humor.

An East Indian officer, writing of life in Peshawar in the early seventies of the last century, relates the following:

The medical officer of my regiment was informed one night that a valuable and favorite Arab steed of his had been stolen. Over the border, gone forever, he never expected to see his horse again, but next day, much to his surprise, there came to him a bearded ruffian riding bare backed the stolen steed.

He confessed that he had taken the animal, but, learning that it was the property of a hakim (physician), had brought it back. The horse had been tethered in line with others, with men, women and children sleeping in the open about them.

"How did you manage it?" asked the doctor.

"If the sahib will give the necessary order," he said, "I will show him."

The entire scene was reproduced, even to the night watchman asleep in a corner. Noiselessly the Afghan crawled toward the Arab, treading snake-like through the prostrate forms to where it was standing at the end of the row. Softly hissing to attract the animal's attention without causing alarm, he gently raised himself with arm extended.

In his open palm were some lumps of goor (native sugar), beloved of horses, and while the Arab was enjoying these the man was caressing him with the other hand, whence suspended a watering-bridle taken from his wallet. Quickly this was adjusted, and then, stroking soothingly, the robber passed his hand over the animal's back and down the hind quarters. Swiftly the heel ropes were unhooked, then the head gear released, and with a bound he was astride and away, his right hand backward flung, shouting triumphantly as he passed. "Thus was it done!"

The joke was that he never came back! A double restitution would have been too much of a wrench.

A MAN'S WHISKERS.

They Should Not Be Renovated With the Shoebrush.

If men would devote as much loving care to their whiskers as women do to their hair they would contribute greatly to increasing the dignity of the sex.

A woman wouldn't think of coming downtown without having her hair properly arranged. She combs it, and fusses with it, and pads it out with rats, and puts wire cages under it, and runs ribbons through it, and she is a vision of loveliness when she appears in the busy haunts of men.

But a man gives his whiskers no attention further than to brush the eg- shells or clam chowder out of them with the shoebrush. It never seems to occur to him that his whiskers might be made beautiful if he would devote one-half the time to them that a woman gives to her hair. He might easily have made a wire cage to attach to his chin, and then he could weave his whiskers around it in captivating styles and tie the ends together with a pink or blue ribbon.

The alfalfa editor gets tired of seeing the same old fashions in whiskers when it would be so easy to devise new and striking ways of wearing them.

There should be a whiskers club in Emporia. If such an organization were formed and the members held weekly meetings to exchange ideas and compare notes the results would soon be apparent. The town's whiskers would soon become distinctive, and their reputation would cover the country.

Let us have a new deal in splunch.—Emporia Gazette.

A Deadly Weapon.

There is a horrible weapon favored by certain of the hill tribes in the Ghauts of western Assa, which consists of four sharp, curved blades hidden under the fingers and securely held in place by rings passing over two of them. With such a contrivance Shivaji, the Maratha hero, is credited with having disemboweled his Mohammedan overlord when making a pretense of rendering him his humble submission. The vagnaks ("tiger's claws"), as they are called, are distinctly more brutal than their western prototype, the "knuckle duster."—Wide World Magazine.

Its Destination.

"Here's a nickel," said a thrifty housewife to a tramp at her door. "Now, what are you going to do with it?"

"Well, mum," replied the hungry man, "if I buy a touring car I shan't have enough left to pay my chauffeur; if I purchase a steam yacht there won't be enough left to defray the cost of manning her, so I guess, mum, I'll get a schooner and handle it myself."—Everybody's Magazine.

Not an Unmixed Evil.

"Poverty has its blessings," said the philosophic friend.

"That's right," replied Mr. Sudden- gift. "It was annoying to be wiped out in Wall street as I was last week. But it put an immediate stop to two threatened breach of promise suits."—Washington Star.

Thoughtless Babies.

"None of my antics will stop that kid from crying."

"Too bad."

"I should say so. Dern's a baby that can't realize when it is being amused."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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Notice of Sale of Tide Lands. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.—That the State Land Board of the State of Oregon will sell to the highest bidder, at its office in the Capitol Building, at Salem, Oregon on December 27, 1910, at 10:00 o'clock a. m. of said day, all the State's interest in the tide and overflow lands hereinafter described, giving, however to the owner or owners of any lands abutting or fronting on such tide and overflow lands, the preference right to purchase said tide and overflow lands at the highest price offered, provided such offer is made in good faith, and also providing that the land will not be sold nor any offer therefor accepted for less than \$7.50 per acre, the Board reserving the right to reject any and all bids. Said lands are situated in Tillamook County, Oregon, and described as follows: Tide lands fronting and abutting on Lot No. 5 of Section 4, T. 2 N., R. 10 W. Beginning at a point where the section line between Sections 4 and 9, T. 2 N., R. 10 W., intersects the high water of Nehalem Bay, located S. 89° 51' W. 4754.6 feet from the corner common to Sections 3, 4, 9 and 10 and running thence: S. 89° 51' W. 1087.7 feet to low water line. N. 12° 26' E. 651.3 feet along low water line. N. 17° 59' E. 677.0 feet along low water line. N. 89° 51' E. 1350.3 feet to high water line. S. 8° 02' W. 346.9 feet along high water line. S. 89° 49' W. 936.1 feet along high water line to place of beginning, containing 42.9 acres. Applications and bids should be addressed to G. G. Brown, Clerk State Land Board, Salem, Oregon, and marked "Applicator and bid to purchase tide lands." Applicator and bid to purchase tide lands. G. G. BROWN, Clerk State Land Board. Date: This October 4, 1910.

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