

MANY PARCELS LOST

Wonderful Collection in the Dead Letter Office.

It Includes Everything From Bibles to Bassoons—All Sent to Wrong Address—Packages Stamped Until Paper Wore Out.

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In fact, there are more suggestions as to different things to try than you would find in the office of a patent medicine vendor.

Then, there are 176 pairs of hose bundled together. Even the most pessimistic sufferer from hay fever cheers up when he goes by the handkerchief department of the dead letter office.

Think of the joy of King Solomon or good old Brigham Young if they had lived in these days and times and had given to them the contents of the dead letter office.

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Even the most pessimistic sufferer from hay fever cheers up when he goes by the handkerchief department of the dead letter office. There is a single bundle of 1,149 initials and uninitialed handkerchiefs reposing near him, which is about the number that a hay fever patient uses during a 24-hour day.

If the postoffice department decided to give away its toys it could present one—and probably more—to every boy and girl in the city of Washington. They are everywhere—dolls and elephants, and little carts and dishes, and all the other things that are reminiscent of Christmas time.

Sixty-two aviators in the United States are wondering where those aviation caps are that they were told about in a letter, but which they never received. The caps are in the dead letter office with some automobile hoods.

It is astonishing how many motorcyclists must have broken down in the road and written for help during the last year. In the dead letter office there repose four speedometers, 17 tires, 20 pairs of goggles and 136 parts of machinery—the kind of furniture which one always finds around the greasy and perspiring man who has stopped his machine 20 miles from anywhere on a hot Sunday afternoon.

And the dead letter office must ring at night with the disappointed cries of many fishermen. It has received 1,842 fish hooks and 595 pieces of fishing tackle. The only thing the dead letter office hasn't got is the fisherman's alibi.

Yet the office has done some good. It corralled during the past year 573 miscellaneous musical instruments and 6,846 talking machine needles. That meant that there are about 600 disappointed musicians in the United States; but think of the several hundred thousand persons who would have had to listen to them if the instruments had arrived safely.

From musical instruments to hair switches is nothing for the dead letter office. They have 98 switches of hair and 62 accessories stored away. This is nearly equal, in bulk, to the crop of whiskers raised by the Populist party in Kansas during the Bryan campaign of 1896.

A few other side lines in the dead letter office are saws, bicycle tires, shot-guns, horse blankets and picture post cards to the number of about 70,000. There are also brass castings and parts whose aggregate weight is estimated at two and a half tons.

UTILIZING WASTE COAL.

Experts of the United States bureau of mines are very much interested in private tests which will be made in Salt Lake City of a new method of extracting from waste coal various by-products, such as crude petroleum, paraffin wax and ammonia.

Dr. Joseph A. Holmes, director of the federal bureau of mines, and his associates have for years called attention to the great loss of natural resources in the wastage of coal slack and coal dust, and if the method of utilizing this mine refuse is discovered, they say, it will result in benefits both to the coal operators and to the general public.

—like a bow across a fiddle—and left only the bare wicks as a proof of how easily their coverings, so necessary for lights, can be readily utilized for living.

—Binks—Why so gloomy? Jinks—My wife let me have the last word in an argument this morning. "What of that?" "That shows that she is going to do as she pleases, anyhow."—New York Weekly.

Coal slack and coal dust now cost the owners of mines about fifty cents a ton to remove. The new method of extracting by-products from this material which has been called to the attention of the government's mining engineers will make this refuse worth from \$1.50 to \$3 a ton.

The Detroit man's method of producing coal by-products may be used in the manufacture of coke from good coal, as well as in the manufacture of paraffin wax, petroleum and ammonia, in the utilization of the coal refuse.

RENDER VALUABLE AID.

While there have been no summer squalls on the coasts and lakes patrolled by the vessels of the revenue cutter service, the vessels on the Atlantic coast and in the upper end of the chain of great lakes have found plenty to do, as is shown by seven assistance reports sent in by the commanding officers of the cutters.

Among the vessels given aid were a big steamship, a three-masted schooner, a two-masted schooner and four power boats of varying sizes, whose engines refused to work at times when most needed.

The steamer assisted was the American ship Ravenscraig of Providence, R. I. Bound from Providence to Baltimore, she lost her rudder off Fenwick island lightship, and the revenue cutter Onondaga, Capt. B. M. Chiswell, was sent to her aid.

The steamer was found at anchor, on account of having no rudder, and was unable to continue her voyage. Realizing that it would be a difficult task to tow the rudderless steamer, Captain Chiswell hit upon the plan of having the disabled steamer towed by the Onondaga, which steered the towing steamer in this manner for over a hundred miles.

After Cape Henry had been passed, a tugboat came along, and the Ravenscraig was turned over to her to be taken to Newport News for repairs. Captain Chiswell in his report states that his scheme of having the cutter act as rudder worked to perfection, and by it the big rudderless steamer was kept on almost a direct course to the entrance of Chesapeake bay.

ON THE JOB.

Representative Charles G. Edwards of Georgia tells a couple of stories about prominent southerners in Washington which have afforded considerable merriment around the house cloarkrooms, and have furnished material for a good deal of chaffing.

Mr. Lever is the champion defender of the farmer. He thinks, votes, moves and has his being with one purpose in view, that of conserving the interests of the farmer. The other day he was on the verge of voting for one battleship when a colleague came forward with the innocent observation that two battleships would be a great boon to the farmer.

"Why, the farmers will have to supply gun cotton for 'em," replied his colleague. "Don't you know the navy department already has a bunch of applications from farmers in your district to supply gun cotton for the government's battleships if the department of agriculture will send them some gun cotton seed?"

They left Mr. Lever wondering whether the reflection was intended for him or his constituents. Being a serious-minded man, he felt any too happy over either construction.

EMPLOYMENT FOR SOLDIERS.

The war college division of the army general staff has under consideration a plan for employment of honorably discharged soldiers and sailors civil employment upon expiration of their active military service by establishing employment agencies throughout the recruiting service, and it is proposed to issue a pamphlet, entitled "Guide to Employment for Former Soldiers," and, at the same time, to secure co-operation of employers, both in the public service and with private concerns, in employing them in positions they are competent to fill by reason of their experience and training in the army. It is believed that this may be done without difficulty, so far as the government is concerned, and that the civil service commission will do what is possible in that direction.

—Not so much. Keeping an eye on the way the ball teams are being managed keeps him occupied just now.

—More Evidence of Wealth. "Papa, I believe the count will propose."

—All right, Bess. You might put a few extra servants about the place to encourage him.

MRS. BELMONT'S GORGEOUS CHINESE FETE

Newport has been the scene in recent years of many remarkable entertainments which have gone into fashionable records as artistic achievements, but persons identified with summer life there who remember such efforts as private productions by complete theatrical companies are at a loss to recall a more impressively brilliant or historically correct evening's amusement than the Chinese fete at Marble House by Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont, for her daughter, the Duchess of Marlborough, and its preceding dinner at Crossways, by Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish for the hostess and her chief guest.



Mrs. Belmont

The fete and the dinner in the neighboring villa were as thoroughly Chinese in suggestion as it is possible to simulate amid surroundings of colonial and French renaissance architecture. Walls were hung with ancient embroideries that came from the looted royal palace in Peking and are regarded as museum pieces. The costumes of Mrs. Belmont and the Duchess were royal robes ordered from China, that of the hostess, it was declared, having been registered 300 years ago in conformity with a law of the Chinese Empire covering such garments. The costume of Mrs. Fish was once worn by a daughter of the Emperor Keen-Lung, who reigned from 1736 to 1795.

Mrs. Belmont sent out 502 invitations—fully 450 of her friends personally responded to them, and out of that number Mrs. Fish gathered 93 at dinner at Crossways. Edward J. Farmer of New York was adorned as Emperor Keen-Lung. As each guest was announced the imperial "Son of Heaven" merely glanced in his or her direction, but the bronze standard bearer pounded his standard and shouted in a squeaky voice "Ching Chun," meaning "Welcome, most unworthy subjects." All the guests were gorgeous in appearance. Mrs. French Vanderbilt wore a mandarin surplice embroidered with large flowers. Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., wore a close-fitting coat and sleeves, sleeves having flaring cuffs, overskirt, sleeves and a pearl Chinese head dress. The Duchess of Marlborough wore a black velvet skirt with tunic and trousers of cloth of gold and black Chinese head dress. The Duke of Manchester wore a mandarin coat, round hat and queue. The grounds were brilliant with myriad of lights in the trees. Some of the women carried lanterns on staffs as they walked about.

There was no hampered stepping in that ball costume, the pants—in cloth of gold, by the way—made movements easy. And she looked just grand. She walked around among us having the biggest kind of a time. She would have made a splendid-looking boy. She is the most charming woman I ever met. Even if she were not the notable that she is socially, and quite aside from what wealth has done for her, she would still be a wonderful woman. She would make her mark in the world wherever she happened to find herself. She is a splendid representative of America's best womanhood.

"In New York I was being entertained at a dinner given by Speaker and Mrs. Champ Clark when we received news of Secretary Bryan's conversion to the suffrage cause. Naturally the next thing to consider was: When will President Wilson come over to our side? The answer is not easy for, as every suffragist on the inside of the problem knows, the president will get into trouble within his own family circle whichever way he jumps."

When I was in Newport they were getting ready for a Chinese ball. The duchess has a keen sense of humor and enjoys fun as much as any one, and one day she pattered down the stairs attired in her ball costume. There was no hampered stepping in that ball costume, the pants—in cloth of gold, by the way—made movements easy. And she looked just grand. She walked around among us having the biggest kind of a time. She would have made a splendid-looking boy. She is the most charming woman I ever met. Even if she were not the notable that she is socially, and quite aside from what wealth has done for her, she would still be a wonderful woman. She would make her mark in the world wherever she happened to find herself. She is a splendid representative of America's best womanhood.

HERE IS MOST BASHFUL SCION OF ROYALTY

Because of the breaking out of the European war, the society belles of America will not have the honor of entertaining the most bashful scion of royalty in Europe this season. This celebrity is none other than Prince Adalbert, the kaiser's third son, who, dispatches from Berlin stated, was to have been sent by his father to participate in the formal opening of the Panama canal. The prince, who is the sailor member of the kaiser's family, and already has, at the age of thirty, the rank of

lieutenant commander, had made no secret of his desire to go on one of the big battleships of the German squadron that would have followed the American flag through the canal. However, he also had let it be known that he felt aware to be being deluged with social attention.

Adalbert, in fact, while a great admirer of American girls, many of whom he has met in Europe, prefers to admire them at a distance. In fact, he is desperately afraid of all young women, and particularly those of this country, because they are so independent and "aggressive."

He prefers to live aboard ship and is seen little in Berlin court society. American girls would not have found him hard to look at, however, because he is not at all bad looking, tall and slender, and has a clear-cut face indicative of strong personality. He has resisted every attempt made by the kaiser to marry him off.

E. LEE WORSHAM, THE CRUSADER FOR CROPS

In all fairness and gratitude, E. Lee Worsham, state entomologist of Georgia, ought to be decent to the boll weevil. It has made him famous. To it more than to anything else due that wide fame, which led recently to his being made president of the National Conservation Congress.

But is he grateful? Not by considerable! He continues his warfare on the boll weevil with the relentlessness of a fanatic. More than any other man he has contrived to put a crimp in the activities of the boll weevil. Millions of boll weevils in the South rise up and curse him.

But for him there would be untold billions of boll weevils alive in the country today, gaining nourishment from the succulent cotton, raising their families of Rooseveltian proportions—each pair of boll weevils breeds 12,500,000 progeny in 12 months—contented and happy.

Worsham, the "Crusader for Crops," as he is called, makes war on the race. A modest, slender, red-headed Georgian, with drawing voice and sleepy eyes and an air of abundant leisure, he has, concealed about him a most remarkable "punch." His thyroid and adrenal glands—the "pep" glands of the human—must be abnormally developed.

"Her friends are not at all inclined to approve her action as to her divorce."

—Spilled a Nice French Canvas. Artist—The idea of that fellow offering me \$5 for that landscape! Why, the canvas alone cost me \$4. Model—Ah, but that was before you covered it with paint.

MAKES SPLENDID HOT DISH

Tomatoes, With the Proper Mixture, a Welcome Change From Ordinary Method of Serving.

Celery salt, one ounce of bread crumbs, four ounces of minced chicken, one dessertspoonful of meat stock, one-half pint of tomato juice, two tablespoonfuls of tomato catsup, one teaspoonful of chili vinegar, pepper, one ounce of butter, one ounce of ham, white of one-half of hard-boiled egg, a few drops of carmine, onion. Put the butter and bread crumbs into a saucepan and add enough of this stock to moisten the bread. Stir all over the fire until a light paste is formed; then add the chicken, ham, onion, celery salt and pepper. Cut round pieces from the tops of tomatoes and with the handle of a spoon remove the seeds and turn the tomatoes on a sieve to drain. Fill with the mixture, put in a buttered pan and cook in a quick oven. A few minutes before they are done place a teaspoonful of the beaten white of an egg on each and let it cook till the egg is set. Place the tomatoes on a dish and put around each a row of dice-shaped pieces of toast. Then pour also around the dish a sauce made of tomato juice, tomato catsup, carmine and chili vinegar, thickened with browned flour. Last thing before pouring on the dish stir into this a teaspoonful of butter.

RECIPE FOR CUSTARD SAUCE

Ingredients Must Be Carefully Mixed—Best to Make It First Thing in the Morning.

Beat the yolks of the eggs and add one-quarter cupful of sugar. Stir into this gradually two cupfuls of scalded milk. When completely mixed place on the stove in a double boiler and cook until the mixture thickens. Add a teaspoonful of vanilla and chill thoroughly.

It is a very good plan to make this dessert the first thing in the morning. While the breakfast is cooking it can be made ready for the ice box. It will be ready to whip after the breakfast dishes are washed and little time is required for the custard.

An attractive pink pudding can be made if the pink coloring matter that is found in nearly every box of gelatin is used. This can be served on the second day with crushed fruit. When flavored with pineapple and covered with crushed strawberries this is indeed a delicious dessert. It is better to leave the pudding uncolored in that case, as the white and red look very attractive in contrast.

White Potato Meringue.

Pare and grate one large white potato, add the juice and grated rind of one lemon, one cupful of cold water, one cupful of white sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt and the well-beaten white of one egg. Turn into a pie plate lined with puff paste and bake. When done cover with a meringue made of the beaten whites of three eggs, three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and flavored with a few drops of lemon extract. Brown delicately and, when cool, dot with bits of bright-colored jelly.

Cabbage With French Dressing.

Slice a cabbage in thin shavings, place in dish in layers, sprinkle each layer with pepper and salt and pour over it the following dressing: Put one-half cupful of milk in double boiler, beat one egg, one-half cupful of sugar, piece of butter the size of a walnut together and stir into the milk, allowing it to boil. Take from stove and add one-half cupful of vinegar; pour over the cabbage and allow it to cool.

Hang Up Brush.

Fasten a piece of tape or string to the end of your scrubbing brush, so that when finished with it can be hung up and allowed to drain, instead of the water soaking into the back and loosening the bristles and making them soft. For the same reason do not leave the brush in the pail of water when the floor is being washed.

To Go With Soups.

When baking pies you quite often have more dough than needed. Roll this very thin, grate plenty of cheese on half of it and sprinkle with paprika. Turn over other half, prick with fork, sprinkle with salt and cut in strips an inch wide and three inches long. Bake a light brown. Serve with soup or salads.—Housewife.

Tripe With Tomatoes.

Take two pounds of dressed tripe boiled; cut into strips about two inches long and put into a saucepan; drain off the water in which the tripe has been parboiled; chop a small onion fine and let it stew 25 minutes; add a little thickening and then stir in half a can of good tomatoes; season with salt and pepper.

Mend the Garden Hose.

Take two ounces of naphtha, add shellac gradually, working well together to the consistency of fine, thin glue. Spread upon strips of kid, which should be fastened tightly around the perfectly dry hose, over the leak. Allow to remain two days before using.—McCall's Magazine.

Original Hamburg.

One pound bottom of the round. Put through food chopper; also one onion; now add three pints of cold water and a little salt. Boil for one hour, being careful it does not burn. Melt one tablespoonful butter and one of flour together and add to the above. Stir until it thickens.

Clam Cocktail.

When the clams are in the glass sprinkle them with minced green or red pepper. If they are little neck clams add one teaspoonful of very fine minced cabbage, and pour over the same amount of cocktail sauce as for oysters, and made in the same way.

Cream Sauce, Plain.

One pint of cream, three tablespoonfuls brown sugar and one-half small nutmeg grated.

SOFT DRINK IS OLD A LAND OF GAMES

Ancient Physician Believed in Efficacy of Pure Water.

If One Disliked the Taste of Water It Could Be Flavored With the Essence of Flowers, Barks and Roots.

The soft drink is no new diversion, and the inference from this fact might be drawn that not all dwellers in the dim, remote past were hard drinkers of hard stuff, a fact which would seem to contravene much literature descriptive of the habits and thirst of our ancestors.

A suggestion, or perhaps a taste, of some of these very old soft drinks and innocuous tipples may be had by reference to the advice given his patients by a venerable physician who lived when our present business forms and social customs, which many are pleased to call civilization, were young, or perhaps unborn. The name of that physician is now of no especial importance, but if the reader insists upon having it, why here it is: His name was Sangrado, and he was a Spaniard. No doubt there are old chronicles which will give more information than that relating to him. He was a great believer in the efficacy of pure water as a potion or potation, and he wrote this:

"Health consists in the suppleness and humectation of the parts. Drink water in great abundance; it is a universal menstruum that dissolves all kinds of salts. But if thou feelest in thyself any reluctance to the simple element, there are innocent aids in plenty that will support thy stomach against the insipid taste of water. Sage, for example, and balm will give it an admirable flavor, and an infusion of cornpoppy, gillyflower and rosemary will render it still more delicious."

Before the virtues and the vices of the grape were suspected, before headaches, quarrels and goodfellowship were distilled from the peach or cherry, and long centuries before the intoxicating possibilities of barley, rye and corn were recognized, a home and homely tippie was made of honey and water. It satisfied the same kind of a thirst which many old-fashioned children of a recent age slaked with sugar and water—sweetened water—nothing else. Honey water goes back to the youth of the human family, for honey as a sweet and as a "dulcifier" long antedated the sugar of cane.

Water flavored with the essences of flowers, barks and roots were common family preparations. To them were ascribed medicinal qualities, but it was easy to confer this repute upon things grateful to the taste. It was good for the palate and therefore good for the rest of the body. Today men ascribe curative properties to certain liquids, while other men and women cry them down as poison. Perhaps there was a very widespread belief that these palatable preparations were remedial for many of the ills of flesh, but they were copiously drunk because they were wet and agreeable.

Sage tea was an old beverage and sassafras tea had a great vogue, a vogue which lingers to some extent among us. It is drunk as a spring medicine, but it is undeniably fragrant and even to some up-to-date palates has a pleasing flavor. One of the things which impressed the earliest white settlers in this part of the country and of which they glowingly wrote as one of the charms and appealing features of the new world was the abundance of sassafras.

Mead was a temperance drink in early Europe before it was perverted, or improved, according to the point of view, by fermentation. It was honey and water and spices, and later ground malt with fermentation transformed it into a potent liquid. Among early Americans mead was a gentle and harmless drink of sweetened water and flavoring matter, usually sarsaparilla.

When the art or practice of distillation came to be understood by a few select spirits many herbs were changed into ardent waters. A very early recipe for making one of these distillations, cordials or herb tonics gives the following ingredients, with their useful proportions:

"Juniper berries, enula campana roots, calamus aromaticus, gallingall wormwood, speire mint, red mint, caraway and angelica seeds and saffron."

Victim of Insane Patient.

A terrible tragedy of madness occurred near Draguignan, France, a few days ago. Doctor Porre was hastily summoned to attend a peasant named Ghio, an Italian by birth, who was giving unmistakable signs of insanity. The doctor, who had been talking with his patient, turned his back for a moment, whereupon Ghio, who had concealed a razor on his sleeve, sprang upon him from behind and cut his throat, death being instantaneous. The man was overpowered and taken to the gendarmerie. Here he attempted to strangle a gendarme, whereupon another gendarme, in order to save his companion, drew his revolver and shot the madman dead.

Danger.

"Why is it that your husband never attends church with you?" asked the good pastor, who was noted for his lengthy sermons.

"He is afraid to," replied Mrs. Jones. "He is a somnambulist."

Preparing for a Lecture.

"Pop!"

"Yes, my son."

"I think I'll make a trip to the North Pole when I'm older."

"I always said you took after your mother. She always wants to lecture, too."

Educated.

Freddie—How is it you've never read Rabelais and Boccaccio?

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Experience.

As soon as a young fellow has spent a night or two in New York he assumes a bored look and wants you to understand that he is a man of the world.

Cool, Secluded Spot.

Church—He said he was going to spend the afternoon in some cool, secluded spot. Gotham—Went out into the country, I suppose? "No, he went home and spent the remainder of the day in the bathtub."

A Happy Man.

Father of Eight—Yes, the last of my daughters was married yesterday. Friend—Indeed! Who was the happy man? "Father of Eight—I was.—Judge."