Jerome Fumes at Murphy.

It's a Pipe.

A Vitascopic-Stenographic Interview with the Demon District-Attorney Which Shows that with So Much Smoke There Must Be Some Fire—A Few Kind Words from the Clockmaker.

By Roy L. McCardell.

YOU are hitting the pipe now? A. I am hitting everything.

Q. What kind of a pipe are you smoking? A. Well, it isn't a gas pipe. I leave that to Charlie Murphy.

Q. You are going to run independently for District-Attorney? A. Yes. I am my own boss, and don't you forget it! Anyway, I have no chance with Tammany, after the break I made about the present regime of bartenders.

Q. Have you any objection to bartenders? A. Not when they are behind the bars.

Q. Do you think you will be elected? A. I think so.

Q. Devery ran for Mayor independently and was defeated. So did the late Pat Gleason, of Long Island City. A. But I am not running for Mayor. I do not want to put people in office; I want to put them in jail.

Q. How about Devery, the "Man Higher Up," Richard Canfield and a lot of others you were going to send to jail? A. Well, I did my best. Even the District-Attorney has to have some help.

Q. What has become of your axe? You haven't smashed a door in a long time. A. I am using it to nail lies with just at present, but I have a better use for it.

Q. What is that? A. I am going to smash some old machines with it.

"I Am Going to Smash Some Old Machines."

Q. Do you think you will have any trouble getting 2,000 names signed to your petition? A. I do not. Getting names signed is easy.

Q. How so? A. Well, you can say you are going to get a book out like "Fads and Fancies" or "New York's Swells," and you cannot only get signatures on subscriptions, but get them on checks, as well.

Q. Will you have any signatures on checks? A. It costs a lot of money to run a campaign, but I will have the backing.

Q. All the money you want? A. All I need.

Q. And you think you will be elected? A. I intend to find out whether the people of New York want to be ruled by the men they elect or by the big chief, who, according to the song,

"Sits in his tepee, cheering braves to victory.
Swamp 'em, swamp 'em, get the wampum! Tammany!"

Q. Would you rather make a nation's laws than its songs? A. I don't care to make either. I want to make trouble for a lot of dishonest politicians, grafters and crooks.

Q. Well, will you? A. I can't say just now.

Q. Why not? A. Can't you see? My pipe's gone out.

Compulsory Bangles.

MUCH stress is laid by those desirous of reforming marriage expenses in Sind, India, upon the abolition of the ivory bangles. A set of these bangles, which is the first of the articles of jewelry which must be provided by the father of the bride, cost from $25 to $50, according to whether the bangles are ivory only or inlaid with gold. The bangles are fragile and and easily broken, and, moreover, become quickly discolored, when they have to be discarded and new ones provided.

A Hint for Lovers.

BEING "in love" is very different from loving, and may be only a selfish emotion, which is the direct opposite of loving. Being in love without loving, is bondage—sometimes pleasant and sometimes painful, but always bondage, says Leslie's Monthly. True loving means freedom—freedom both for ourselves, and, as far as it is in our power, to give it, for all whom we love; for when we truly love another human being we love him for the sake of his best strength, his best use and his best happiness, and not at all for the sake of ourselves.

Women Have Such Funny Ways

Some of the Best Jokes of the Day.

She—Did your sister get any duplicate wedding presents?

He—Yes: she married a widower with two boys.—London Tit-Bits.

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"He's married, all right."

"How can you tell? He has no wife with him."

"I know, and see how happy he is even at this dull summer hotel."—Cleveland Leader.

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"You told him to diet himself," said the young doctor's wife.

"Yes," replied the young doctor. "I told him to eat only the plainest food and very little of that."

"Do you think that will help him?"

"It will help him to pay my bill."—Philadelphia Ledger.

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"What a supremely satisfied look Mrs. Witcherleigh has."

"Yes. She has just succeeded in getting her husband paired off with a homely old lady who won't let him get away from her this evening."—Chicago Record-Herald.

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Cholly Callow—At any rate the fortune-teller said I had the make-up of a gentleman about me.

Miss Snapper—About you? Then why in the world don't you put the make-up on?—Chicago News.

The Bartender's Visitors.

By Walter A. Sinclair.

Oh, give us a job, Bartender, Bartender,
For we need it, as you know;
And we're sure that you will oblige us, oblige us,
As we really need the dough.
We want no job up at Special Sessions,
We know you've only one or two;
And though we hate to make bad confessions,
Any old thing will do. —Old Song.

THE Big Bossest in his wigwam, his face was drawn and grim.
'Twas mostly drawn by cartoonists who had had a knock on him.
And as he sat there gloomy, weighed down with woe and care,
There came in hesitating a hopeful millionaire,
And dragging at his coattails, about to bolt and run,
All pale and palpitating, came papa's only son.
The father cleared his thorax, his hair was thin and gray,
And looking at the chieftain these words to him did say:
"This here's my big boy Willie, who's starting out in life,
We want to see him triumph amid campaigning strife.
I've brought him around to you, sir. He's such a precious limb
We're hoping you'll be making a bartender out'n him."

The Big Boss wiped his glasses and a moment silent sat,
When there upon the table lay a contract, nice and fat.
A smile played o'er his features though it was bereft of mirth,
But still it was a smile that you could take for all 'twas worth.
A moment he was silent, then the chilly silence broke.
The Big Boss breathed in softly, then in quiet tones he spoke:
"You're on the right track, stranger, and you've good ground to believe
The saying 'It's more blessed for to give than to receive.'
The bar is overcrowded, but perhaps I'll find a place,
And when your boy can fill a can he'll get into the race.
I'll give your son a workout and his chance will not be slim.
Keep hoping I'll be making a bartender out'n him."

Taking No Chances.

Speaker Cannon, at a dinner he attended in Washington some time ago, talked about mean rich men, says the Philadelphia Ledger.

"The meanest rich man in Illinois," he said, "lives in Vermillion County. He is a bachelor and we'll call him Crust.

"One day the superintendent of the local cemetery told his salesman to call on Crust and see if he couldn't work off a cemetery lot on him.

"The salesman set out with a hopeless air, and in a half hour he was back again.

"'No go,' he said.

"'Couldn't get him, eh?' said the superintendent.

"'No,' said the salesman. 'He admitted that I reasoned well and that the lots were fine ones, but he said that if he bought one he might not get the value of his money in the end.'

"'Why,' said the superintendent, 'there's no fear of that. The man will die some day, won't he?'

"'Yes,' said the salesman, 'but he says he might be lost at sea.'"

Time Between Orders.

They both represented big Eastern establishments and were talking shop.

"How's business? Getting many orders?" asked the stout man.

"More than I can handle," said the short man. "How's it with you? Had any orders lately?"

"Well, business is pretty good. I haven't had an order for a year and a half, but I exped. to get one next fall," said the stout man, according to the San Francisco Chronicle.

At which point Chief Clerk Brownell came out of his trance and became possessed of an irrepressible curiosity. Calling the short man aside he said:

"Who's your stout friend?"

"Travelling man," said the short citizen.

"Well, he certainly has put the jinks on me. What's his line?"

"Suspension bridges."

The Pleasantest Moment of His Life!

The Boy—Look out, father! Here's a bull coming straight for us.—London Sketch.

THE WOMAN'S CORNER In Which Much Will Be Found to Interest Home-Makers

Margaret Hubbard Ayer's Beauty Hints.

For a Double Chin.

BEAUTY SEEKER—Why don't you try to wear the ventilated chin strap at night? Perhaps the trouble is caused by sleeping with the mouth open. Try vibrassage. Henna paste will make your hair a reddish tinge. Here is the formula: Powdered henna leaves, 1-4 pound; acetic acid, 4 drams; white honey, 4 drams; powdered rhubarb, 4 drams. Add enough water to form a paste. This paste is applied to the hair, which has been previously washed. The ends of long hair are fastened in braids around the head and the hair is thoroughly covered with the paste, which is left on until it dries. The henna is then washed off with water which has been softened by a little refined ammonia. The longer the paste is left on the deeper the tinge—fifteen minutes will give a good color.

A Hand Bleach.

MRS. M. F.—Here are recipes for the hands: For rough hands—Rosewater, 100 grams; glycerine, 20 grams; tannin, 50 centigrams. Apply a few drops to the hands night and morning. The following is a recipe for whitening the hands: Sweet and bitter almonds, blanched and pounded into a paste, 250 grams each; lemon juice, 60 grams; sweet milk, 30 grams; sweet almond oil, 90 grams; brandy, 180 grams.

Superfluous Hair.

MRS. B., E. M. R., Miss M. H. and others. Here are some good depilatories: Sulphydrate of soda, 100 grains; chalk, 300 grains.

Make into a thin paste with water and apply to the hairy part, and let it remain a few moments and then scrape it off with a blunt blade—a paper knife, for example. The effect of this depilatory is to destroy the hair, which comes off when scraped.

Another good depilatory is made as follows: Sulphide of soda, 100 grains; slaked lime, 30 grains; starch, 30 grains; lime water, 4 fluid drams. Apply as the preceding. Barium sulphide is also used as a paste for depilatories. The standard formula is: Barium sulphide, 60 grains; powdered chalk, 400 grains.

Mix with water. The barium sulphide must be absolutely dry to be effective when it is mixed with the chalk. Enough water should be afterward added to make a thin paste.

Change Him Into a Lion.

GRACE AND STRENGTH FOR THE GIRL WHO EXERCISES.

THE two chief obstacles to gymnastic prowess—lack of time and lack of money—may both be obviated by any woman or girl who will study and practice the following simple exercises:

The exercises may be performed in your own room, with no more expensive apparatus than a common chair. Ten minutes in the morning and ten at night is all the time needed. The various manœuvres are not only for muscle, nothing but for imparting grace and symmetry to the figure.

First stand beside the back of the chair, your left hand grasping the top, your right hand on your hip. Bring forward the outer foot (leaving both knees stiff), raising the foot to an angle of 45 degrees from the ground. Bring it back and then do the same motion with the foot down from the body center, and then, and finally slowly and deeply while doing this, it will strengthen and develop the muscles and tend to reduce the size of the abdomen.

Stand with sideways to the chair, holding the top rail. Grasp the top of the chair with the right hand and the other of the seat with the left, then [illegible] by means of the [illegible] the seat of the chair [illegible] the chair and [illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible] the