

EDITORIALS BY THE CARTOONISTS.



A LESSON IN PATRIOTISM.

JOHN BULL—YOUR ARMY SYSTEM SEEMS TO WORK SPLENDIDLY. HOW DO YOU MANAGE IT? JAPAN—PERFECTLY SIMPLE. WITH US EVERY MAN IS READY TO SACRIFICE HIMSELF FOR HIS COUNTRY—AND DOES IT!
JOHN BULL—REMARKABLE SYSTEM! I MUST TRY TO INTRODUCE THAT AT HOME!
—(From Punch.)



"NOW THAT THE CONVENTIONS ARE OVER I RECKON I'LL HAVE TO GO BACK TO THE WAR NEWS."
—(From The St. Paul Pioneer Press.)

was confronted by a tall, heavily veiled lady, who asked if a letter had been found in a book, which happened to be a morbid problem novel of great popularity at the time, the work of a well-known English woman. The question was asked in a voice which tried hard not to shake. I handed the letter over, and the woman hastily took herself off. Scarcely a month later I ran across her name in the newspapers as defendant in a divorce court.

"Yet the writings we find in books are not always so intimate. Sometimes they savor of domesticity and the delights of the kitchen. Indeed, I have enough recipes for desserts and sweetmeats to publish the collection as a cook book. Now and then a book is a veritable mine. I have found in them gold, silver and precious stones. Embroidery silk by the yard and of rainbow hues may be fished out from some novels; and, alas! an occasional cigarette paper.

"The evidences of masculine forgetfulness are rarer. I have forgotten almost all such instances, but of those which I do remember there is one of which the details are as clear to me

now as if they had happened yesterday. Indeed, it will never leave my mind, for it led to the capture of a gang of criminals.

"A wealthy but solitary old bachelor was found lifeless on the floor of his library one morning. On his body no wound was discovered, and as far as the detectives could ascertain no one had gained access to the house. The case excited great public interest, and I followed the developments with closeness in the newspapers. There had been at first some talk of suicide and more of heart failure; but the autopsy put a new phase upon the case, for it showed that the old man had come to his death through an insidious yet powerful poison. The question then arose, Who administered it? As I was reading the detailed report of the doctors I suddenly dropped the paper. I remembered that a month before a stranger had come in one wet, dismal night and asked for a recondite work by a foreign author. It was a standard treatise on poisons, and a volume seldom read.

"I hurried to the library and sought the book. Opening it and rapidly running over

the pages you may imagine my astonishment and almost horror to find, lying between two pages devoted to a detailed account of the very poison that caused the old man's death, a smirched and thumb marked piece of paper. On it was writing, in a small and angular hand, referring to the chapter and page on which the poison was described. I then looked up the record of the book's withdrawal, and found the name which the man had given. I also found that the book had not been taken out since. Having ascertained these facts, I went at once to the police. Taking the information as a clue, the detectives, after a long and arduous search, followed it to its logical end, and arrested the only relative the old man had possessed, a medical student, whose existence had not even been known. He confessed his share in the crime and, with his accomplices, paid the penalty. That case opened my eyes to the value of inspecting every book as it returned to the library."

WHAT HE TOOK COMFORT IN.

The Ark had just landed.
"There is one comfort, anyway," remarked Noah, "there isn't any old salt left to tell me he was in a worse storm thirty years ago."
With a thankful sigh he proceeded to unship his cargo.

KEEPING HIM ALIVE.

Miss Richgirl—Really, pa, it is cruel to ask George to wait until spring. He says if our marriage is postponed he'll die.
Old Gentleman—Oh, well, I'll lend him enough to pay his board.—(New-York Weekly.)

SUBSTITUTE FAILED.

He Couldn't Eat Candy Instead of Smoking.

"I'll quit if you'll give me a substitute," George had finally agreed, and in his reluctance he drew the words.

Almost from the hour the engagement had been announced, Ernestine had been at him to quit smoking. She had given up arguments. It did not seem to appeal to George that he was ruining his health, depleting his pocketbook, lessening his mental force and all that. She finally worked it down to the simple proposition of giving up his cigars and cigarettes for her sake, and on that she had won the fight—if she could find a substitute.

"I have it, George," she cried, after puckering her pretty forehead with thought wrinkles for as much as three minutes. "Candy is innocent enough, and eating it will keep you from wanting to smoke that horrid, smelly tobacco."

George suddenly had fears for his health—candy was bad for the stomach, destroyed the teeth, took away the appetite. She came back at him with the assurance that one who had withstood the ravages of nicotine for years and years could afford to laugh at the comparatively harmless effects of eating candy.

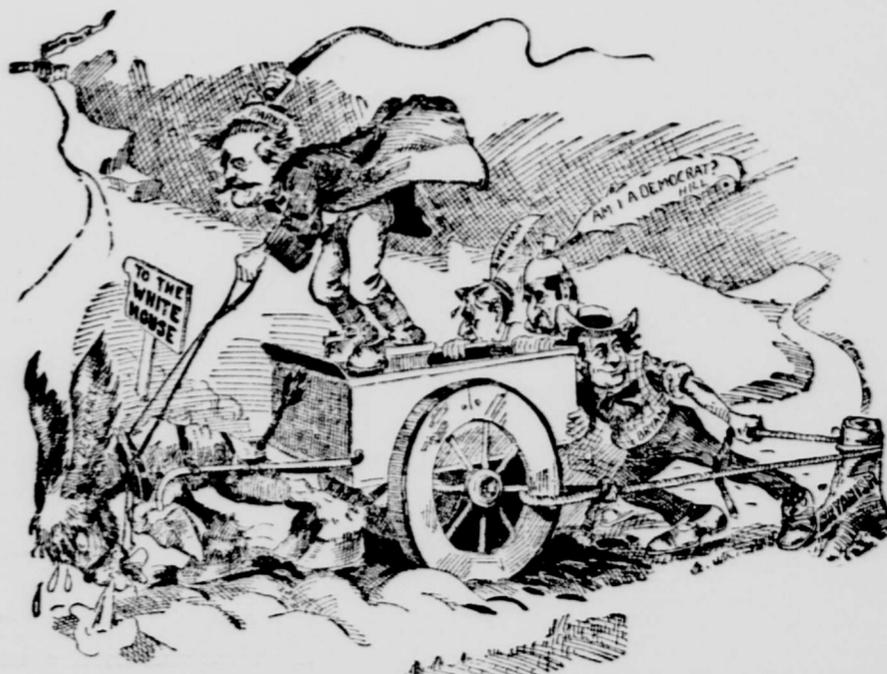
Finally he agreed to try it, and they walked arm in arm to the candy store on the corner, while he smoked his last cigarette.

It was just a week later when he came again.



THE PEANUT STEAK.
A SCIENTIFIC SUGGESTION.

The Minneapolis Journal.



BRYAN—NOW, ALL TOGETHER—PUSH!

—(From The Philadelphia North American.)