

OUT OF THE GRAB BAG



A Gentleman

WHAT constitutes a true gentleman? Bishop Doane has answered it as follows: "A gentleman is but a gentle man, no more, no less; a diamond polished that was a diamond in the rough; a gentleman is gentle; a gentleman is modest; a gentleman is courteous; he is slow to take offense; he never gives it; he is generous; he is slow to surmise evil, as being one who never thinks it; a gentleman goes armed only in consciousness of right; a gentleman subjects his appetites; a gentleman refines his tastes; a gentleman subdues his feelings; a gentleman controls his feelings; and finally a gentleman deems every other better than himself."

Summer Bored

Some "Rural Rests" are run so slick, Town folks get taken in, And find the mosquitoes are most too thick And the mattresses most too thin

Ability of Primitive Inventors

THE millionaire who has started with nothing says that the accumulation of the first one thousand dollars requires more ability and self-control than to amass the remainder of the fortune.

On this principle, it has been conjectured that, considering the originality of the primitive inventors and the difficulty of overcoming obstacles, they had greater ability than the moderns.

The inventor of the needle and thread and the art of sewing, than the inventor of the sewing-machine.

Of the process of breaking the wild horse and ox to plow and wagon, than the inventor of the locomotor on rail or common road.

Of the wheeled vehicle, especially the hub-and-spoke wheel, than the inventor of the finest coach or carriage for the rail or otherwise.

Of the fireplace and chimney, than the inventor of steam or hot-water heating.

Of crude electrical experiments, including Franklin's, than the inventor of telegraph, telephone, and wireless apparatus.

Of unleavened or leavened bread, than of the dishes of the fifteen thousand-dollar chef.

Of the art of intertwining threads, thongs, or wooden fibers into fabrics, than of the loom, hand or power.

Of the first spinning-wheel, than of the spinning jenny.

Of the first knitting, than of the knitting-machine.

Of the first rude pottery, than of the finest wares.

Persian Proverbs

GOOD luck is not sold in the market. An ass is an ass, though his saddle-cloth be satin.

In the ant's house dew is a deluge. Liars have bad memories. A pound of learning needs ten of sense.

If you go to hunt a jackal, prepare to meet a lion.

An old man sees in a brick what a young man sees in a mirror. Stretch your feet according to your blanket. Gold does the business, man does the boasting.

The apples will not fall from the tree till you shake it. Wealth is in heart, not in money. The tongue of the people is the kettledrum of God.

A fool speaks, and a wise man thinks. Fear not him who fears not God. A donkey cannot be made a horse by beating. While the root is in water there is hope for fruit.

While you give nothing you get nothing. Where there are no unbelievers there is no faith.

Some Curious Titles

THE following are titles of books written during and before the reign of Cromwell: "The Spiritual Mustard-Pot to Make the Soul Sneez with Devotion."

"Crumbs of Comfort for the Chickens of Coventry."

"A Pair of Bellows to Blow Off the Dust From John Fry."

"A Reaping Hook, Well Tempered for the Stubborn Ears of the Coming Crop; or Biscuit Baked in the Oven of Charity, Carefully Consigned for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation."

"Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soul for Sin, or the Seven Penitential Psalms of the Princely Prophet David; Whereunto Are Also Added William Humus' Handful of Honeysuckles, and Divers Godly and Pithy Ditties, Now Newly Augmented."

The Graduate's Return

My sister is home from her college. An' they call her the sweet graduate, An' say, she can hand out some knowledge That would keep all the wise men up late

My sister's as bright as they make 'em, She knows Latin and Russian and Greek; An' pa, ma, and me just sits there amazed, The whole three of us too scared to speak.

Sis takes words like "paraphernalia," An' she parses 'em up till they bust. If I ever says, "I've took my bath," Oh, gee whizz! but she raises the dust.

Once when I spoke of the far, far East, "You mean orientation," says she. It ain't the free, happy home no more; It's the house of correction for me

By Perrine Lambert.

The Poets at the Ball Park

Scott: At once there rose so wild a yell, As all the fans, upris'n from hell Had pealed the crooked umpire's knell. Forth from the stands, in tumult driven, Although for long they'd bravely striven, The vam police appear. And, fists upraised unto the sky, With "Robber! Traitor! Snide!" their cry, The fans rush in the rear.

Omar: O thou, who, 'midst the ever-fickle band Wert steadiest, every act and movement planned.

O thou, of all the model, thou, in whom My hopes and cash were centered—hast thou fanned?

Tennyson: Across the field, all studded with the forms Of hurrying men, and glittering in the play Of lights and shadows, rose the snow-white sphere.

And they who gazed were dumb; and then arose A roar that made the towers and pinnacles Resound again the shout.

Hemans: The batsman stood beside the plate, For home-run prize athirst; He hit the ball an awful crack— And then was nailed at first.

Coleridge: A weary time! A weary time! How glazed each weary eye! He struck again—the ball uprose And swiftly climbed the sky; And soon it seemed a little speck; And, lost within the mist, It fell beyond the right-field fence— A homer, sure, I wist.

Ingoldsby: The captain rose, with a dignified look, And a bat from a near-by sack he took. In holy anger and pious grief He roundly cursed the rascally thief; But the umpire commanded him go, for a brief Space of time to—Well, Just then, with a yell, The bat on the umpire's cranium fell. And forth from the grand stand and bleachers wide Came the roar of a murder sanctified.

Gray: The whistles, shrieking, tell of parting day; The crowd toward waiting cars betakes its way; The umpire, crouching 'neath the players' lee, Leaves the long field to coppers and to me.

By H. Bedford Jones.

What Becomes of the Pins

NEARLY sixty million pins are made each day in England. Some twenty odd million are manufactured in France, and other countries produce ten million and upward each day. This enormous output has been going on regularly for years; but what becomes of the pins? They do not wear out; they do not dissolve into the air; there is no way of destroying them. It is indeed an interesting problem to discover what becomes of them.

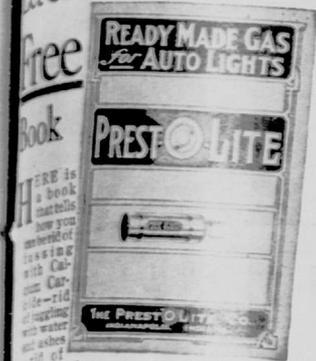
Over eighty-four million pins are lost daily in Europe, and the cash value of these would be about five thousand dollars.

The Last Say

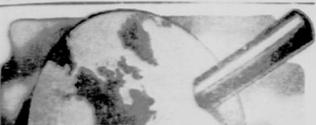
AN Englishman who was in the habit of interlarding his speech with the expression of "I say," was once told that an acquaintance had made some disparaging remarks on this peculiarity. A few days later he met the individual and reprimanded him in the following amusing manner:

"I say, sir! I hear you say I say 'I say' at every word I say. Now sir, although I know I say 'I say' at every other word I say, still I say, sir, it is not for you to say 'I say' 'I say' at every word I say!"

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