

"Die Wacht am Rhein." Every one rose to his feet, while the officers, including the English, stood at attention, until the last note had been played. The leader was so surprised that he came down to the English officers and began the following conversation: "Gentlemen, may I ask you a question?" "Go ahead!" "Did you recognize the piece we just played?" "Sure!" "Do you know that was 'Die Wacht am Rhein'?" "Why, certainly," said one of the Englishmen, raising his voice so as to be heard all over the hall; "but that's all right. Die Wacht am Rhein—that's us."

"Do you know anything about flirting?" "No, I only tried it once and the girl married me."—Detroit Free Press.

He—Why so sad, dearest? Hasn't my avowal the true ring?? he—Yes, but my finger hasn't, as yet.—Baltimore American.

Myrtle—Is that picture a sunrise or a sunset? Martin—Sunset. I knew the artist. He never got up early enough to paint a sunrise.—Toledo Blade.

"Wonder why all these ex-soldiers are leaving Whingville?" "They heard the city was going to adopt the commission form of government."—Home Sector.

Wife—Do you expect to get to heaven by hanging on to my skirts? Husband—No; but I might by showing St. Peter the bills for them.—Boston Transcript.

"He is a man of extremes in his moods. He is either up in the garret or down in the cellar." "Well, if he was prudent enough to lay in a private stock I bet most of the time he's down in the cellar."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

He (to the fair one)—Gracious! What's that clicking sound—woodpeckers? She—No, darling! It's the man taking moving pictures of your proposal to me, to be used in case I have to sue you for breach of promise.—Dallas News.

"You don't read the daily 'Health Hints' any more?" "No. Dr. Bilker's column lacks variety." "How so?" "Most of the queries come from fat ladies anxious to lose surplus poundage and lean ladies who want to acquire a few curves."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

"Your husband seems pleased." "Yes, he played golf this afternoon." "Did he make a good score?" "No, took the same old hundred and two, but he's perfectly delighted because he can sit down and figure how it ought to have been an 87."—Detroit Free Press.

First Gossip—Don't tell a soul, but I saw a whole barrel of whiskey delivered to the Topeleys this afternoon in broad daylight. Second Gossip—How'd you know it was whisky? First Gossip—Why, Topeley himself helped the delivery man handle it with care.—Buffalo Express.

"How about singing you up for our new big picture, 'The Taming of the Shrew'?" said the booking agent of the Fakecraft Film Company to the Punkville theatre owner. "Nothin' doin'," responded the latter. "My audiences don't like them wild animal pictures no more."—Film Fun.

"Half the women in the world retail gossip," growled Mr. Gabb. "Only half of them?" sneered Mrs. Gabb. "Yes," replied Mr. Gabb. "The other half wholesale it."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Manager—Well? Actor—We have an act that is absolutely new to the vaudeville stage. Manager—Impossible! Actor—Yes, sir. My wife and I talk about nothing but the pleasant side of married life and there isn't a shimmy wiggle in the act. Manager—Name your own figure.—Youngstown Telegram.

THE CURE

For Duluth, Chicago, East St. Louis, your town, our town, any town.

Any white mob which lynches a black man commits the unpardonable sin.

It is a crime against law and civilization.

It is a crime against the black race.

It is a crime against the white race.

More especially it is a crime against the white.

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They are moving toward solidarity.

Read Lathrop Stoddard's new book, "The Rising Tide of Color."

While the white race has been soaking Europe with its best blood, Japan has been tightening her grip upon the hordes of Asia.

Japan is a yellow nation.

But the yellow, the brown, the red, the black, have something in common against the white.

What one colored people has done, another may do.

In India, in Egypt, in Africa, there is growing bitterness against the white man.

Bitterness based upon injustice, and such bitterness is deep.

There is no cure for color, but there is a cure for injustice.

That cure is Justice.—Portland Daily News.

Don't fail to attend the Lecture of Prof. Kelly Miller, at Washington Hall, 14th and Fir, Tuesday, July 27, 8:30 P. M. Subject will be "The Need of Manhood."



PROGRAM

Invocation by.....Rev. W. D. Carter
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Vocal Solo by.....Mrs. Clarence Miller
Introduction by.....Dr. C. J. Allen
Address by.....Prof. Kelly Miller



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