

# THE ST. LANDRY CLARION.

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ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

## Billy Attends the County Fair and Queers a "Con" Man



"Did I? Say, I took in everything from the prize punkin to the country girl that had a new pair of shoes and walked with a limp. Yes, sir, I played the whole aggregation from soda to hock and spent my money like a sailor just come ashore. I dumped in pink lemonade and et some popcorn that was tougher'n an overshoe. I walloped the poundin' machine an' threw baseballs at the rag babies an' won some cigars that burned like kerosene lamps an' tasted like jimson weed. Yes, sir, I certainly had a swell time. I bet 50 cents on the pacin' race with some granger that had long whiskers all over his face. His horse was about a quarter of a mile ahead when it come into the stretch, then all of a sudden it went up into the air like a toy balloon and my horse come poundin' along without a break an' passed it easy. Say, I've seen a man at a race track tear up a ticket for a thousand and never turn a hair, but his whiskers that lost the half kicked till you could have heard him a mile. He said they throwed

tin' your money up against a con man I wouldn't bet that I was alive. I wouldn't bet that the sun rises in the east, that birds fly or that a duck can swim. I wouldn't bet a con man on any proposition you can name becuz he won't bet unless he knows he can take your money. That's his business. But I pertended to be dead willin' to go against this shell graft, so I pulled out the only five-dollar bill that stood between me an' the poorhouse an' held it in my mit an' then says: 'Before I make this bet, let's have a clear understanding.' He thought he had a jay in 'e trap, so he went ahead an' explained to me that if I picked out the shell that had the little ball under it then I got five dollars, just the same as findin' it. While I was standin' there with my money in my hand, stringin' this guy along some of these wise boys standin' around was givin' me the wink an' shakin' their heads, tryin' to steer me off. Another fellow that was copin' for the game kept whisperin' for me to go ahead. I'd reach out from the money as if I was about to put it on the board an' then I'd kind of stop an' ask another question. I says: 'I'm a poor workin' boy an' if I make a bet on this thing I want to be sure they ain't any cheatin'.' He said everything was on the level. Finally I opened this bill that I had in my hand and I says to him: 'You seem to be a nice man and I don't think it'd be right to give you a soiled bill. Now, I says, 'if you wait here I'll take this bill home an' have it washed and ironed an' then bring it right back to you.' With that I chucked it back in my pocket an' walked away. Say, you ought to hear the crowd give him the laugh. Then



"YOU CAN GET A LONG RUN FOR A SHORT PIECE OF MONEY THERE."

the race on him. I told him to shut up an' be a sport, but he wouldn't. He befoed so hard I had a notion to give him his money back, but I didn't. "What a fine bunch of country girls I saw," continued Billy. "Why, my! All in white dresses with dust up the back and these new hats that are all puffed out on top like a hot biscuit. I got to talkin' to one of 'em that was settin' next to me in the grand stand. I says to her: 'Do you see that horse?' pointin' to one that had just won the race. 'Well, I says, 'I own him, and just to prove it I told her how much he cost me. Then I begin to point out another things around there that I owned, and before I got through I controlled the whole shootin' match. I told her my name was Richard Croker an' I lived in New York. Then I wrote the name on a card so that she wouldn't forget it, an' she promised to write. I can just see Richard tryin' to make out what the letter's all about if she ever writes to that address. She was the easiest mark I ever saw. She'd stand for anything. Do you see this ring here? I got it off of one of the Doherty boys for a two-dollar loan. I told her I bought it in Paris an' it cost me a hunderd an' fifty. She believed every word of it. "I run into something later on that wuzn't quite so soft. I'd been out around the stock pens, sixin' up them hogs that's so fat an' lazy that one of 'em wuzn't even open an eye when you speak to him. On my way back I come across a feller that had a board laid across the top of a barrel an' was monkeyin' with three walnut shells an' a little rubber ball. Now, that game was a chestnut when I was in my cradle an' a man that's sucker enough to go against it deserves all he gets, but I pertended not to know anything about it, so I walked up to his knobs that was runnin' the little ball from one shell to another an' says: 'What's the object of the game?' He explained to me that I was to keep a close watch on the little ball, so I could tell which shell it was under. I watched him do all this smooth work an' purty soon he made the play. I saw the little ball go under the shell an' if I'd been easy I'd made a bet, but I've seen too many shell-workers. When it comes to put-

he made a funny crack at me an' I walked back to him an' told him if he said another word I'd throw him up in a tree an' let him hang there all night. I was the bravest thing you ever saw. I had a dozen of these big two-fisted farmer boys backin' me up an' I knew they wouldn't see me licked. Mr. Shell Man quieted down and said nothin'. Mebbe you think I didn't make a hit with the farmer boys. They took me over an' set 'em up to the red pop, an' I couldn't get rid of them all the rest of the day." JOHN HAZELDEN.

**The Origin of Few Rents.**  
According to the Church family newspaper of London some accounts which date back to 1533 show that the principle of allotting sittings to particular people and charging for the same was then in force. At St. Lawrence's church, Reading, there is an entry under date 1547, for reforming the mayor's seat and at Rye the church warden's expenise five shillings for making a pew for the magistrates' wives. In 1736 the church warden decreed that women occupying seats in certain favored positions should pay fourpence each. For still better positions near the pulpit the charge was sixpence. At Dorchester, in 1625, Robert Polden's wife is noticed as paying one shilling sixpence for a seat in the "women's square." So there is reason for believing that originally pew rents were charges made every time particular seats were occupied.

**Woman's Hair Her Pride.**  
A woman's glory is her hair, and that of Mercedes Lopez, a Mexican, is said to be unique. Mercedes' height is five feet, and her hair, which is said to be the longest in the world, trails on the ground four feet eight inches. It is so thick that she can wrap it around herself till she is completely hidden by it. Mercedes is the wife of a poor shepherd, and so fast does her hair grow that she is able to sell large tresses of it to hair dealers every few weeks.

**A Solid Sensation.**  
He—Nell's engagement to Jack is broken off.  
She—Goodness! Who did it?  
He—Both. They're married.—Tit-Bits.

## A WORD OF WARNING.

The Radical Departure of the Administration May Have Serious Results.

President McKinley's expansion policy is said to favor the permanent holding of the Philippines and their government by three American commissioners, to supplant the military government when the Aguinaldo rebellion shall have been crushed.

It is reported from Washington that the president will urge this policy upon congress, and use all the influence at his command to bring about its adoption. In view of his recent strong declarations in favor of establishing American supremacy in the Philippines there is no reason to doubt the accuracy of this latest outlining of his plans.

Whether the people of the United States will support the president in this radical departure from well-grounded American principles is the greatest issue of foreign policy presented since those which led to the war of 1812. It is upon adherence to the Monroe doctrine that the United States government logically bases its claim to supremacy in this hemisphere—keeping hands off the old world and requiring the powers of the old world to keep hands off the new.

The people of this country recognize the fact that the problem of the permanent disposition of the Philippines is seriously perplexing and that it demands the most earnest deliberation before conclusive action is taken. They hope, however, that the settlement of the problem may rest on a consistently American basis. They know that from the moment the United States takes formal and final possession of the Philippines a new epoch begins for this country, and they are apprehensive as to the developments of that epoch as bearing upon American principles and institutions and the welfare of the country.

It must be acknowledged by unprejudiced thinkers that there is a menace attaching to permanent American sovereignty in the far east. It necessarily means the maintaining of a big army and the inevitable fostering of a spirit of militarism. It nullifies the Monroe doctrine and opens the way for further colonial acquisition beyond the limits of the western hemisphere. It vastly increases the chances of war with the great powers of Europe and renders imperative a constant state of preparedness for such wars. It changes completely the attitude in which this government has stood before the world throughout all its previous history.

If we are to remain a liberty-loving and liberty-fostering republic, legitimately supreme in one-half of the world's territory, will it be wise to take the risks inseparable from the permanent holding of the Philippines? Is it right to do so? Is it safe for American institutions? Will it not be better to at least make an effort toward giving the Filipinos a chance to demonstrate their capacity for self-government? The people of the United States are not partisan in contemplating this problem. They are looking at it through American eyes. It will be well for the president to consider their attitude before surrendering American principles to the rapacity of land-grabbing syndicates, whose Americanism is limited to worship of the eagle on the face of the American dollar.—St. Louis Republic.

## MISRULE OF REPUBLICANS.

Public Money Wasted and Human Lives Sacrificed to Greed for Gold.

With the advent of Mr. McKinley to power the republican orgies began, with the enactment of a tariff framed in the interest of the monopolies and trusts, designed for the payment of campaign debts and to lay the favored sections, classes and interests under fresh obligations to the present administration as the dispenser of wealth. This was followed by the declaration of war against Spain, under the false pretense of assisting the people of Cuba to achieve their independence, without any ulterior thought of territorial greed or aggression on our own part. When the enormous outflow of patronage and favoritism caused by the Spanish war was checked by the premature termination of hostilities with Spain, Mr. McKinley paid \$20,000,000 for the privilege of starting another war in another quarter of the globe against an unoffending people, whose only crime was that they, too, like the Cubans, desired to be free.

And the republican Saturnalia goes on. The public money continues to be wasted like water and the blood of Americans and Filipinos is mingled in one stream to be coined into dollars by the favored few who have influence or "pull," and can be expected to work for Mr. McKinley's reelection.—Baltimore Sun.

**McKinley Made.**  
The Philippine situation has been simplified for the democrats. They have been contending that if the administration would promise the Filipinos the same sort of government that was pledged to the Cubans there would be no necessity for the long, costly and bloody war that has ensued. They insist that if such a promise were made now that the war would come to a speedy close. The Filipinos would throw down their arms and diplomacy would accomplish what war has failed to do. McKinley has made this impossible and must take the full consequences of the terrible struggle that must yet ensue before the liberty-loving Tagals are crushed by superior force. From a political standpoint the democrats have reason to rejoice at the issue he has made.—Chattanooga News.

—Those men who see in the platform of the Iowa democracy a disposition to sidetrack silver are warned that it is time for them to consult some skilled oculist.—Omaha World-Herald.

## A LONG FIGHT FOR LIBERTY

For More Than a Century the Conflict Has Raged in France; the End Not Yet.

FRANCE was not always the volcano it is to-day and has been for the past century and more. For more than a century it has been fighting for that liberty that has come to other peoples, but its battle has been longer and fiercer than has the same battle in other nations. How long it will be before France emerges triumphant from the conflict only history will tell.

When England was in the throes of civil and religious war France looked on with horror. Times changed suddenly. England, emerging strong and stable, viewed the wildest riot of the wildest passions in the country that had regarded her so contemptuously for her disorders. It was the struggle for liberty in England. It was the beginning of the struggle for liberty in France which has convulsed civilization and under the mastery genius of Napoleon placed all Europe in his shackles. Empires rose and fell, kingdoms were swept into dust, boundaries were wiped out, countries absorbed, whole peoples obliterated. Such has been the Frenchman's ferocious struggle for liberty, the most fascinating page in all history.

The country was a despotism. The Bourbon kings had discontinued the sittings of the advisory council or national assembly more than 150 years before. There were no checks on the crown who could impose taxes, imprison without redress, interfere with the courts of justice, such as they were. The kings ordered wholesale massacres, ruthless deportations, sent thousands to the galleys for life, robbed the people in the name of loans, making a picture of which the populace but painted a copy in the reign of terror. Louis XV. lavished more money on his harem

It was the commencement of the terrific conflict of 23 years. The invasion began in August. On the night of the 9th an organized mob seized the commune chamber and the city government. The next day it wrecked the Tuilleries, slaughtered the Swiss guard, and the Bourbon king was overthrown and imprisoned. La Fayette, unable to control the national guard, fled, and Danton started the mobs in the horrible wholesale butcheries of September. The invaders' armies were defeated by Dumouriez and Kellerman, and the national convention, just elected, declared a republic September 22, 1792. Louis XVI. was tried and executed, and France sent armies to overthrow other monarchies in retaliation for the invasion. They were in Belgium, Holland, Savoy, Nice, Mayence, and threatening Germany. All Europe combined against the republic. The mob again rose supreme under Robespierre, Morat and the Jacobins, and the reign of terror was at hand.

The reign of terror ran its long course of blood before the more moderate again secured control. The French army gained success over the allies, the Bavarian republic was established, Holland reconquered and the armies were spreading in all directions. Europe in awe dissolved the coalition, and Spain and Prussia sued for peace. A reactionary mob rose in Paris October 4, 1795, which was put down by Bonaparte, who had been found in poverty in a garret, and the authority of the convention was restored to be succeeded by the directory, who sent Bonaparte into Italy. He conquered the country, and defeated Austria, displaying astonishing skill. He took land from the pope for his opposition to the republic, and later set up a republic in the rest



STORMING OF THE BASTILLE. The Real Beginning of the Greatest of French Revolutions.

than he spent in any department of state. The offices were sold, canals and roads were in ruins, whole provinces deserted, whole masses of peasant slaves starving or feeding upon nettles and pulse.

It was in 1789 that the king paid heed to the clamor of the tradesmen and the serfs for reform. Then for the first time in 150 years did the Bourbon permit the advisory council to meet. Two hundred deputies of the three estates were there to devise means to save bankrupt France. Voting was by orders or estates, and two orders voting together formed a majority. The nobles and clergy had always stood together as against the commons, but the commons outnumbering the other two orders, now demanded a change in the system. The deadlock continued until July 17, when the commons, a few nobles and half a dozen of the clergy declared themselves the national assembly and announced they would begin the work of national regeneration. The hall at the Versailles palace was closed against them, and they went to the old Jennis court and took an oath that they "would never separate until they had set the constitution on a sure foundation." The king threatened. Mirabeau said that nothing but bayonets could drive them away, and the assembly voted the persons of its members sacred from arrest, making it a capital crime to molest them. The king built batteries and brought regiments to Versailles. The intelligence caused Paris to rise, and the German and Swiss troops, the king's guards, were placed in the principal streets and squares. The populace held meetings and marched, and the troops killed a few, among them two of the French or city guard. The guards mutinied, and fired on the German regiment. All the French soldiers refused to fire on the populace and the foreign troops followed their example a few hours later. The criminal classes came from their haunts, and the riot, with its terrors, was unbridled. A committee was organized, created the national guard from the commune, armed them with pikes, guns, old cannon and clubs. The French guards joined in the uprising. The army now numbered 80,000 men. The symbol of tyranny, the Bastille, was captured and the commander's head raised on a pike. The king temporized, recognized the Paris committee as the commune, and granted it extraordinary powers, who made La Fayette commander of the national guard. The provinces, fired by the result in Paris, arose, branches of the national guard being everywhere organized.

Austria and Prussia declared their intention of restoring the old order in 1792, and the assembly declared war

of his territory, and several other republics in Italy. Bonaparte was now sent to Egypt. Europe again prepared to crush the republic. France, meeting defeats, the internal affairs fell into bad shape, and Bonaparte returned from Egypt. He was hailed by all as the only man who could save the distracted country. A coup d'etat made him first consul, and France had at last a commanding intellect at its head.

But France had ceased to be a republic. The consulate yielded to the empire, was overthrown by Europe re-erected, in 1814, and the Bourbon monarchy restored, to be in turn overthrown by Bonaparte, who again fell before the powers at Waterloo. The Bourbon again had the throne, but a revolution gave it to a son of the duke of Orleans, under a constitution, to be followed by a short-lived republic, which gave way before the magical name of Napoleon born by a nephew of the conqueror, a grandson of divorced Josephine. The second empire disappeared at Sedan in 1870, to be followed by a provisional republic, that made a defense as gallant as that of 1793, and put down the Jacobin fury, the commune of 1871. Grevy was elected president of the provisional assembly, which contained but 100 republicans, the majority, or over 650, being monarchists, Bourbons, Orleansists or Bonapartists. There were socialists, anarchists, and the clergy, who wanted old privileges and property restored, and exclusive control of the schools, and who clamored for France to restore the pope's temporal power, which the Italian revolution had just deprived him of. The monarchists ousted Grevy for Buffet, and elected as president Marshal Mac Mahon, as a step to restoration of the monarchy, an agreement having been reached in favor of the childless Bourbon, Count De Chambord, with the Orleans house to follow, but the conspiracy failed. New constitutions were made. Ministries fell almost as soon as named. The clergy combined with the diminishing monarchists, because the priests and the confessional were excluded from the public schools, and education made compulsory. A coup d'etat was frequently threatened, the Boulanger conspiracy, the Panama canal frauds, the assassination of President Carnot, and now the base conspiracy against Dreyfus, all excited rage and turmoil.

All were blows at the republic. The fierceness of the conflict, the seething, roaring maelstrom of passion and hatred under cover of parliamentary proceedings are without a parallel, and in relief against the sea of flame stand the courageous, patriots of France, the upholders of her liberty, with vividness incomparable.

M. H. WILLIAMSON

## FUNNY FOLKS

**If Truth Were Known.**  
"What a bewitching little thing your niece, Miss Mabel, is!" declared the prim old bachelor. "She is so chic and animated—a charming little bundle of energy."  
"Horrors! What a little I've had," said Mabel, after he had gone. "These shoes are so tight they nearly killed me. I was simply writhing in agony; couldn't keep still a minute."—Detroit Free Press.

**The Gladness That Failed.**  
"The sky is blue," sighed the maiden fair, "And the scents that come from the fields are sweet;  
O, the world is glad, but what do I care?—My shoes are overcrowded with feet!"—Chicago Times-Herald.



**A NEW AND ORIGINAL LIE.**  
Mr. Chubb (finishing yarn)—It took me 47 minutes to land it—weighed 12 pounds!  
Mr. Roach—Well, where is it?  
Mr. Chubb—Oh, as it was so hot, and I had a long way to walk, I threw it back!—American Examiner.

**Get Together.**  
The competitors in goodness  
Who at each other thrust  
Should imitate the plutocrats  
And organize a trust.  
—Puck.

**Didn't Relish the Prospect.**  
Young Husband (speaking to his wife)—Oh, yes! she's a dear little woman and all that, but she's so infernally silly.  
Elderly Friend—Oh, well! that will improve in time. As we grow older, we grow wiser.  
Young Husband—Aye, but some women never grow any older!—Ally Sloper.

**Obviously Incorrect.**  
"Do you believe one can find the initials of one's future husband in the tea dregs?"  
"No; I've tried it and tried it, and I never could find anything but the initials of my present husband."—Detroit Journal.

**In the Same Direction.**  
"I see," said the opposing council to the late Emory A. Storrs, "you hate to meet the truth in this matter."  
"I never do meet it," was the prompt reply. "The truth and I always travel in the same direction."—Boston Journal.

**The Brat.**  
"Ah, well," she sighed, "I'll die some day, and then you will begin to appreciate how I helped you along in life."  
"Mary," he said, "if you knew how anxious I am to give you credit, you wouldn't wait a day longer."—Chicago Times-Herald.

**Her Selection.**  
Mrs. De Fine—Here's my new bonnet. Isn't it a darling? Only \$28!  
Mr. De Fine—Great snakes! You said bonnets could be bought at from three dollars up.

**Missed It That Trip.**  
You may say, you may season  
The cucumber if you will,  
But the old colic prerogative  
Will cling to it still.  
—Chicago Daily News.

**Head in Name Only.**  
"Is the head of the family in?" inquired the census enumerator.  
"The man who calls himself the head of the family is in," replied the determined looking woman who had opened the door, "but you can't see him. He is hiding under the bed and is afraid to come out."—N. Y. Journal.

**Hard on the Brain.**  
Small Boy—I don't wonder that women's heads so often ache.  
Little Girl—Why?  
Small Boy—Every time they see any of their children they've got to think up some reason for not letting them do what they want to.—Stray Stories.

**A Gentle Warning.**  
He—I'm thinking of proposing to you.  
She—I hope you will postpone it awhile.  
He—Why?  
She—I don't know you well enough yet to refuse you.—Town Topics.

**In Everybody's Mouth.**  
Hoax—See that lit' chap over there? He doesn't look like a celebrity, and yet his name is in everyone's mouth.  
Joax—So? Who is he?  
Hoax—Why, his name's Mohler.—Tit-Bits.

**A Doubting Thomas.**  
"Dis hyah talk 'bout Mother Eve bein' tempted wif er apple," remarked the colored philosopher, "am de rankest kind o' nonsense. Now ef it had er bin er womanfillin, den yo' all right talk sho' 'nuff."—Chicago Daily News.

**Always in Stock.**  
You haven't any smokeless tobacco, have you?" asked the smart young man.  
"Lots of it," said the matter-of-fact person behind the counter, producing a bladder of snuff. "How much do you want?"—Chicago Tribune.

**No Joke to Them.**  
Wickwire—These funny men would not see so much fun in doctors' bills if they had to pay a few.  
Dr. Bowles—Nor would they if they had to collect them.—Indianapolis Journal.

**Stinging.**  
"I would I were a bird!" wailed the fair girl at the piano.  
"I would you were a box of axle-grease," hissed the dark man under the palm.  
"I wonder what he means by that?" asked the lemon-haired maiden.  
"He means that axle-grease stops screeching," whispered the man in black suspenders.—Chicago Daily News.

**Consolation.**  
"I hear," said the man who was home-bunting, "that no one can live in this place but doctors."  
"You are wrong," replied the native; "I live here and I'm no doctor."  
"Indeed! And might I ask what you are?"  
"I, sir, am an undertaker."—Chicago Daily News.

**Feminine Inventive Genius.**  
Miss Van Nilla—The Scientific News says ice cream freezers were invented by a woman.  
Mr. Promenod—I don't believe it.  
Miss Van Nilla—Humph! Perhaps you think women incapable of inventing anything?  
Mr. Promenod—N-o. Women doubtless invented ice cream saloons.—N. Y. Weekly.

**Refined Contempt.**  
"I don't see why you persist in referring to that young person as a 'cad-die.' He doesn't take any interest in golf."  
"Wasn't thinking of golf," answered Miss Cayenne. "He isn't big enough to be a real live cad, and I thought I ought to use a diminutive."—Washington Star.

**A Rural Ignoramus.**  
Pretty Girl (at hotel)—Who is that handsome stranger at the next table?  
Favorite Waiter—I don't know, miss; some country gawk, I s'pose. He don't know nothin' 'bout fash'n'ble life.  
"Indeed! Why do you think so?"  
"He's sittin' 'ere gettin' instead of feenin' a waiter an' settin' somethin' to eat."—N. Y. Weekly.

**Frequent Income.**  
The wrangling parties talked and talked, They waited, and they waited,  
And saying they ne'er would arbitrate,  
Went and arbitrated.  
—Chicago Tribune.

**WILLIE HAD AN IDEA.**  
Master—Now then, Willie, what is water?  
Willie—Water, sir? Why, water is er—er—mud with the dirt taken out.  
—Ally Sloper.

**Important Factor.**  
From us be it to despise  
The unsuccessful man!  
Think what the human race would be  
Without the "faiso ras!"  
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