

The typhoid microbes are pretty wide awake, but they are very easily taken in.

However, Mr. and Mrs. Mosquito are still laughing in their sleeves at the eminent scientists.

After a man takes more than \$5,000 they quit calling it stealing and refer to it as embezzlement.

An observer says that the earnings of married women are decreasing. How about their expenditures?

The mental anguish of a dry man in a wet district is exceeded only by that of a wet man in a dry district.

Now that "Josh Billings" is dead, Prof. Davy Jones of Lancaster claims to be the "greatest English speller" living.

This talk about the uselessness of the veriform appendix is very foolish. It's exceedingly useful to the doctors.

The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough are reported to be living apart. There are only a few happy American duchesses left.

The Pennsylvania clergyman who shot at a burglar the other day and hit him has earned the thanks of the entire congregation.

Since love alone makes it worth the while to live, Let all be now forgiven and forgive. says Alfred Austin in his latest poem, All right, Alfred, we'll forgive you.

A scientist has discovered that loafing is conducive to health and longevity. Come to think of it, who ever saw a tramp suffering from arterio-sclerosis?

If a person has a legal right to snore should two persons snoring at the same time and in the same room be compelled so to snore as not to make a discord?

Even though Mr. J. P. Morgan has just paid \$12,570 for a miniature portrait of the duchess of Norfolk, by Holbein, Mrs. Morgan has no reason to be jealous.

The Russians are not the first people to float mines. Wall street has been in the business for years. And many an innocent craft has been wrecked thereby.

We suggest the following subject of world interest for the sweet girl graduate's essay: Will the Russian blouse ever be entirely superseded by the Japanese kimono?

Of course, if one of those floating mines sinks a neutral ship our pro-Jap shouters will insist that it was a mineski or a mineovitch, and that the Japs were not responsible.

A Youngstown man dropped dead from sheer excitement as the last man went out in the ninth inning the other day. So happy a death does not fall to the lot of every fan.

King Edward recently received in private audience Capt. Mahan, U. S. N., (retired)—the man who knows pretty much everything about all kinds of ships excepting lordships.

The piano dealers were able to get together only 200 old square pianos for the bonfire at their national convention in Atlantic City. You see, we had a coal strike a year ago last winter.

That the emancipation of woman is now complete has been demonstrated in St. Louis. The leader of them all exercised her prerogative of liberty and went from the parlor into the kitchen.

Boston's Twentieth Century club has discussed mastication, and was told by one expert of a woman who chews every morsel of food 200 times. Now does this lady eat to live or does she live to eat?

Another bank teller has confessed that a large shortage in his accounts is due to speculation. And it is encouraging to note that the newspapers refer to him as a thief instead of an embezzler.

A Worcester (Mass.) man, who forged a check for \$500, said he did it in his sleep. The size of the check, however, was not convincing. It seemed to indicate that he knew perfectly what he was about.

The latest fad among Yale students is going barefooted through the streets of New Haven. It is supposed to have been started by some young gentleman whose father could not be reached by telegraph.

A contemporary announces that Cuba raises nearly one-third of the world's cane. For the sake of the young republic's reputation, it should be noted that the last word in the above sentence is spelled correctly.

And the bank auditor, after he had stolen the funds of his employers, blamed the actress for his ruin, just as Adam blamed Eve. Of course, the man was not in any way at fault. "The woman tempted me and I did eat," is still the resort of some cowards.

JEST NUTS



Tells by the Smell.

Church—Don't you dislike to smell that odor from those automobiles? Gotham—No; I like to smell it. "You do?" "I certainly do. You know you can't smell the odor until the machine has gone by." "I know it." "Well, if the machine has gone by and you can smell at all you're pretty sure that you haven't been struck."

Sad Fate of the Rich.

The poor millionaire chauffeur was again before the rural judge. "And so once more they arrested you for scaring horses," said the sympathetic friend. "Why don't you give up the automobile and buy an airship?" The wealthy man shook his head. "It's no use," he said sadly. "If I had an airship they would arrest me for scaring birds."

"Hunch" Terror.

"I'm awfully worried about Charlie," said young Mrs. Torkins. "He dreams almost every night." "You are not so superstitious as to attach any importance to dreams, are you?" "I'm not superstitious. But Charley has a way of dreaming of race horses and the consequences are sometimes quite serious."

Admiration.

The sweet girl had just concluded her graduation essay. "What did you think of it?" asked her mother. "Fine," answered her father; "no one would think that Maudie chewed gum and slapped her little brother, would they?"

Not a Good Fit.

"For goodness sake!" exclaimed the boy's mother, "what are you complaining about? You wanted regular suspender pants and now you've got 'em you ain't satisfied." "But, mom," protested the boy, "I'm kinder 'traid they're too tight under the arms."

Curious.

"You must not imagine," she said, "that I would consent to be your wife simply because I let you kiss me." "Oh, of course not," he replied, "but I wish you'd tell me something. Are you letting me kiss you because you like it or merely because you want the practice?"

To Peep Through.

"I wish I wuz president of the lumber trust," said Jimmy, "and de baseball managers had to come ter me fur de boards for deir fences." "Why?" asked Tommy. "Why, I wouldn't sell dem a bloom-in' board dat didn't have a knothole in it."

Asked and Answered.

"What is love?" asked the sweet girl who was looking for a chance to leap. "Love," replied the old bachelor, "is a kind of insanity that makes a man call a 200-pound female his little turtle dove."

Feminine Self-Control.

She—Miss Powderly certainly has wonderful self-control. He—Indeed! She—Yes; she could tell about lots of things that happened thirty years ago, but she doesn't.

Long Drawn Out.

Wife—"Did you notice how full of his subject our pastor was this morning?" Husband—"Yes; and I also noticed how slow he was in emptying himself of it."

Worth a Fortune.

"Just to think giraffes are quoted at \$10,000 each." "Gracious! They must be the J. P. Morgans of the quadruped family."

Habit With Her.

Patience—"I hear she has been engaged eleven times!" Patrice—"I hate to see a girl get in a rut like that!"

JUST THE SAME.



Sunday School Teacher—Let's wife looked back and turned to salt. Tommy—Yes, an' even now many men turn ter rubber.

Language in Foreign Land.

"Alas!" cried the Czar, "another of my ships has gone to the bottom of the sea." "Indeed, your lordship?" quoth the lord chamberlain. "Not his Lord's ship, but the Czar's ship," broke in the Celtic visitor, helping himself to the corn beef and cabbage. And now he is wondering why the Czar hit him with a spud.

On Pleasure Bent.

"Are you ready, dear?" asked the husband as they were about to start for the theater. "Let me see," said the wife, picking up her white gloves. "O, yes, I know there was something. Just wait a minute until I run upstairs and spank Willie for something he did at the table to-day."—Yonkers Statesman.

Coming to the Scratch.

Mrs. Bacon—"What a funny noise our hens are making!" Mr. Bacon—"I understand it. They are laughing." "What are you talking about?" "Why, I heard our neighbor talking about going to plant some garden seeds to-morrow and I guess it has got to the hens."

Nothing to Retract.

Loser—I've bet on your judgment for the last time. You told me the horse I staked my wad on this time was one of the wonders of the world. "Tout—Well, sir, if a horse that can go three times around a splendid track like that without gettin' warmed up to 'is work ain't a wonder, I'd like to know what he is, by George!"

The Greatest Invention.

"What do you consider the greatest invention of modern times?" "The phonograph," answered the political boss, who was having trouble with some of his loquacious subordinates. "It never says a thing that has not been told to it by somebody that knows what he is talking about."

Logical Deduction.

"How many commandments did the Lord give Moses?" asked the Sunday school teacher of small Bobby. He could not remember, so in order to prompt him she held up her ten fingers. "Oh, I know," he exclaimed, triumphantly, "two hands full."

From Experience.

"If a man tells the exact truth at all times," said the philosopher, "he has done as much as ought to be expected of him." "My friend," answered the weather forecaster, "he has done a great deal more than ought to be expected of him."

Natural Sequence.

Mrs. Honer—Have you noticed how weary and worried Mrs. Goodwin looks of late? Mrs. Neighbors—Yes, poor thing; she has quit doing her own work and is trying to keep a hired girl.

Identified.

Jones—We had shortcake for dessert at our boarding house yesterday. Smith—Are you sure it was shortcake? Jones—Of course I am. I recognized it by the strawberry mark.

Profit and Loss.

The Lady—"Aren't you ashamed to waste your time doing nothing?" The Hobe—"Me toin' ain't worth nothin', lady, so when I ain't doin' nothin' I ain't wastin' nothin'. See?"

No Ghoulish Glee.

"I suppose you have heard that I'm to marry Mr. Green," she said to one of her old friends. "No," he replied, coldly. "You don't seem to be very enthusiastic about it." "Why should I be? Not knowing Mr. Green, I haven't any grudge against him."

Not Eagle-Eyed.

Sharpe—I hear that the Baltimore police wear goggles to cover their eyes from the dust. Wealton—H'm! That's not the only city where the eyes of the police are covered.

Never Called Down.

Hoax—Old Adam had one advantage over the modern after-dinner speaker. Hoax—What was that? Hoax—After he had finished no man ever said, "I always did like that story."

Labeling the Clowns.

Cholly—She actually had the effrontery to call me a clown. Miss Pepprey—Nonsense! Why, nowadays a clown must be a man of intelligence to get a place in any circus.

Heading Him Off.

"Are you inclined to be superstitious?" asked Burrows. "At times," replied Scadds. "For instance, if you were to ask me for the loan of \$13 on Friday I would refuse."

JUST THE PLACE.



Mr. Jester—Shall we go to the mountains this summer? Mrs. Jester—I haven't anything to wear. Mr. Jester—Then we'll go to the seashore.

Worse Than a Lecture.

Watts—Does your wife ever scold when you have been out late at night? Potts—O, no, she never says a word! She gets up the next morning about 4 o'clock and practices on the piano, and I daren't say a word.

Hoping Against Hope.

"Your wife," said the physician, "will not be able to speak above a whisper for a week or more." "Say, doctor," queried the eager husband, "is there any hope of her disease becoming chronic?"

Cold-Blooded.

"I came very near freezing last night," said the mosquito. "But it wasn't cold," protested the fly. "No," rejoined the mosquito, "but I tackled a Boston man by mistake."

Those Fool Questions.

Heav'n—Did you ever drink any of those substitutes for coffee? Lightly—What a foolish question! You know I have sojourned in boarding houses for the past ten years."

Echo of Great War

In Alameda, California, a suburb of San Francisco, there are many vegetable gardens, some kept by Italians, some by Greeks, but most of them by Chinamen.

Ten years ago these gardeners were almost all Chinamen, and they acquired the belief that a monopoly of the business was their right. About seventy of them had formed a colony just outside Alameda, and laid out a garden of about twenty acres.

One day some Japanese showed up and leased an adjoining strip of land. They put up some shacks, and then, to the great indignation of the Chinamen, they began plowing up their land for garden truck.

Of course, there could be no friendly relations between them, but for a year their enmity found expression in nothing worse than scowls and occasional boundary disputes.

Then came the Chino-Japanese war. Feeling ran high among the San Francisco Chinamen because their local papers printed some fiery editorials against the Japs. This spirit of jingoism was communicated to the Alameda Chinamen, and the relations between them and their Japanese neighbors became intensely strained.

The Japs placed outposts along the boundary fences, fearing that the Chinese would raid their truck

patches and trample all over them. The Chinamen took similar precautions.

This was the situation for months, until at last the news came of a serious Chinese defeat.

The Chinamen were deeply stirred, and one morning they lined up along the fence, seventy-strong, and told the Japanese, in a mixture of Cantonese and English profanity, just how infinitesimal they considered them.

The Japs sounded a call to arms and told the Chinamen that they were unclean monkeys, and that if they didn't keep to leeward of them, they would give them an illustration of how Wei-hai-wei had been captured.

A Chinaman picked up a turnip, which presently landed on a Jap's head.

Two hours later the sheriff of Alameda county was called out to restore peace. Both the Japanese and Chinese settlements had been demolished, the gardens torn up, and every Jap and Chinaman bore physical evidence of the fierceness of the fight.

Next day the head man of each colony paid a fine, the colonists returned to their ranches, rebuilt their huts, and ever after lived on the best of terms with each other. They had let off the surplus steam of their patriotism.

He Was the Promoter

How Seth Bullock, superintendent of the Black Hills forest reserve, personal friend of the President and not infrequently a guest at the White House, and a noted western character, managed to secure a fancy drink in the early days of Helena, is told by a former resident of that city, now of this. It serves to show that the age of "promotion" is not as young as is pictured by later date savants.

It was in the early '70s, when Helena was one of the banner placer mining camps of the west and gold was being washed by hundreds of men from the sands of Last Chance gulch (now Main street). Bullock wanted a fancy drink and did not care to remunerate the bartender with a fancy price in lieu, so he evolved a plan which worked to perfection.

Entering the saloon, Bullock said: "G—, I'll tell you what let's do. If you will furnish the sherry, I'll furnish the fresh eggs, and we will mix up a drink that is out of sight."

As eggs were worth \$2 a dozen, the liquor man decided that it was a good bargain, although wine was also sold at a stiff figure in those days. Then Bullock went into a grocery near by, and said to the proprietor:

"W—, if you will furnish the eggs I'll furnish the sherry and we will have something worth while in the line of fancy drinks."

The grocer agreed to furnish the eggs, and a few minutes later both entered the liquor house. The concoction was duly prepared and the three began to absorb it.

As Seth swallowed his share, an idea struck the bartender. "Say," demanded he, turning upon Seth, "where do you come in on this game, anyway? W— has furnished the eggs and I have supplied the liquor. How do you get in?"

"Oh, I'm the promoter," replied Bullock with a smile.

There was nothing left to say.—Washington Post.

Have to Eat Arsenic

Eating of arsenic is common in Styria. The Styrians say that arsenic makes one plump and comely and gives one strength for great exertions, such as running or mountain climbing.

Styria, in Austria, gives the world vast quantities of arsenic; the manufacture of this drug is indeed the main Styrian industry. They who make arsenic eat it, as a rule, for they say that only the arsenic eater can withstand the arsenic fumes.

These makers and eaters of the drug are comely. They have a blooming and clear color. They look much younger than they are.

The foreman in a certain arsenic factory told me that in his boyhood, when he first came to that plant, he was advised to begin to eat arsenic lest his health suffer from the fumes," says a toxicologist. "He did begin, and his first two or three small doses

gave him a sharp pain, like a burn, in the stomach, and this pain was followed by tremendous hunger and a violent, disagreeable excitement. But as his doses increased in frequency and size their effect became pleasant. There was no longer pain or excitement; on the contrary, there was a ravenous appetite and a mood of joyous activity wherein the youth could do three men's work.

"This chap, by the time he got to be 30, was taking four grains of arsenic a day. He looked at 30, with his clear pink and white color, no more than 23. He was as robust as a blacksmith. But he said he would die at 45 or so, that being the age at which all the Styrian arsenic eaters die."

The drug is a preservative, and in Styria, when graves are opened bodies are found to be as fresh six or seven years after interment as on the day they were lowered into the earth.

Cost of Good Roads

The cost of road building varies in the different places according to the topography of the country and the proximity of the stone used, says Franklin Matthews, in June Outing. A satisfactory highway can be built eighteen feet wide, exclusively of stone, usually for \$3,000 to \$3,500 a mile. These are known as macadam roads. A more costly stone road running from \$4,000 to \$6,000 a mile is the Telford road. Both are named after Scotchmen, who first devised the systems. The macadam road consists of a deep foundation of large stones, laid as smoothly together as possible, the foundation stones being of a nearly uniform size. A layer of small stones is placed over the foundation and rolled down, binding the two to-

gether. Then layers of crushed stone, each layer being of a finer quality than its predecessor, are rolled into and over the foundations. The final layer is of very fine crushed stone. The whole settles itself into a compact mass, almost as smooth as a flagstone, from which water runs off as soon as it falls. The Telford road is more expensive because its foundation is laid with more care. The foundation stones are of a uniform size and are laid with the ends upmost, like so many bricks set upon edge. These are bound together by smaller sizes of stone, the various dressings of finer stone being laid and rolled in the same way as for the macadam roads. The durability of such a highway is unquestionably longer than any other kind of a road known.

In the Twilight Hour

In dreams I hear the bleating Of the sheep, just over there, Or the lowing of the cattle On the quiet evening air As, homeward from the grazing They slowly wind their way, When twilight shadows lengthen And softly fades the day.

In dreams I see the forest When spring its youth renews, Or autumn turns its verdure To gold and crimson hues; In dreams I see its beauty All mantled o'er with snow, Or tread again its pathways— Pathways of long ago.

In dreams I hear the music Of the gently-flowing stream, As its waters thread the shadow Or in the sunlight gleam;

In dreams I skim its surface, Joyous and sorrow-free, When biting cold has locked it With winter's icy key.

In dreams I see the homestead, Fast falling to decay, The vines that clambered o'er it Gone, gone this many a day, I see the forms and faces That greeted me at dawn, But I listen for a footfall And a voice forever gone.

In dreams I see my mother— The boy's best friend, and true— Ere time had dimmed the luster Of the sweet soul shining through; I live again the springtime With shadows overcast, And hear a farewell wailed From out the voiceless past. —Charles L. Fraser.