

DISHONORING HONOR

Excuses and reasons have been as varied as the nature of crimes. But perhaps never has such a reason been given as that offered by the man who stole the Mona Lisa. All thought of self or personal financial gains were submerged, he says, and in stealing the painting the thought uppermost in his mind was the "honor of Italy." To avenge a supposed insult to that nation by France, when Napoleon removed art treasures, manuscripts and statuary from Italy to France, the Mona Lisa was cut from its frame and returned to Florence, he declares.

Here is something new at least, in the way of explanations for the commission of crime. Here is a man who risks his life, perhaps, and who is willing to sacrifice his liberty for the sake of a work of art. Truly he is either a vandal with original ideas of justification, or a fanatic, whose efforts in behalf of his native country will be ill-rewarded.



new york—by golly, i thot i would laff my head off in a broadway car the uther day

it was raining like the dickens, and the car was pretty full, when a big husky lady with eye-glasses and a mackintosh and a iron jaw got on

Just as she got about $\frac{1}{2}$ way up the isle a nice looking old gentelman looked up at her and started to get up out of his seat

now please don't git up for me, says the lady white hope, i coulident think of taking your seat

and she reached out and layed her hand on the old gent's shoulder by way of coaxing him to stay where he was at

the car was rocking around some, and sure enough her little pat threw the old boy off his balance, and he flopped back into his seat

no sooner was he there than he struggled to git on his feet again

my deer sir, says the large lady, i must insist that you keep your seat, i thank you just the same, but i am mutch better able to stand that what you are

maybe you are, hollers the old man getting onto his pins and waving his mitt at the conducter

maybe you are, and it don't make a durn bit of diffrense to me whether you are or not

but i have been trying to git off this car for 4 blocks now, and if you don't let me git up and git by you, i gess i will have to crawl out the winder

say, i beleave that there damne would of liked to throw him out the winder

but he escaped with his life, and then she set down kerplunk in the seat, and glaired at evryboddy