

# THE TIME TO LAUGH.

SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

**The Suburbanite and the Burglar—**  
Definition of Indian Summer—When  
Women Gather—Some Juvenile Joke-  
lets.

**BURGLARS AGAIN.**  
The wife of a respected citizen of Evanston woke up the other night, and pinching her husband's arm, whispered:

"William! William! Get up quick! There are burglars downstairs. Listen!"

William sat up and listened. There was a racket as of somebody falling over a chair in the dining-room.

William's mind, by this time, was clear as to the presence of burglars, but he was not sure that it would be sensible for him to go down among them. Burglars are unreasonable people, and the gentleman knew it. He had heard of burglars who had killed men for merely asking awkward questions, and he didn't see how he could go downstairs then without giving offense.

As a compromise he got his revolver, held it out of a window and fired. This brought a neighbor hurrying up to find out what was the matter.

"Burglars!" said the man with the gun. "Run for the police."

The neighbor ran with all his might to the nearest telephone, and in less than an hour several policemen arrived, ready to sell their lives as dearly as possible.

After they had broken into the house—the gentleman upstairs considering it his duty to remain there and protect his wife—it was found that about a dozen square feet of plaster had fallen from the ceiling of one of the lower rooms.

There is to-day a respected citizen of Evanston who wishes to have it distinctly understood that he would have been willing to go downstairs and look before firing his revolver if his wife had not been afraid to remain alone while he took his life in his hands.—Chicago Record-Herald.

**SHE NEEDED HIM BADLY.**

An old mammy, who had known Governor Taylor of Tennessee from his childhood came into his office and began at once to plead for the pardon of her husband, who was then in prison.

"Laws bress yo' life, Marse Bob," she began, "I wisht you'd parden dat po' ole niggah Jim. He ain't no good for nuffin' nowhar. He jest dat useless an' triflin', even at home, dat he can't do no mo' den sorter scrape aroun' an' git a little sumpen for we'll to eat, an' he sholy ain't no good down dar in dat pen."

"I can't do it, aunty," the governor said. "I am being abused every day. What's Jim in there for?" he asked, seeing the little light that was left dying out of the old woman's eyes.

"W'y, Marse Bob, dey jes' put him in dar for nuffin' 'pon earth 'cept takin' one po' little ham outen Mr. Smith's smokehouse. We was outen meat, an' de ole niggah didn't do nuffin' 'cep' tek de ham fur ter keep we'll fum starvin'."

"Well, now suppose I should pardon Jim, what good would that do you? He is so onery and trifling," the governor was saying, when the old woman broke in with the reply:

"W'y, bress you, Marse Bob, we is outen meat agin, an' we jes' got to have anothah ham!"

**THREE TIMES AND OUT.**

Mrs. Fosdick was sure she heard the crash of breaking china in the kitchen, but she felt she must be mistaken when she entered and saw the joyous face of her cook.

"I'm so glad Ol' ve broke it, mum," Bridget said, brimming with delight.

"Why, it's one of my best cups," said Mrs. Fosdick, surveying the remains.

"Yes'm," added Bridget, cheerfully, "but Ol' m so glad it's done. Ye see, I broke two of 'em before, an' I knew Ol' d have to break another before Ol' quit, an' it's a great comfort to have it all done."

"Well, see that you don't begin on another three," said Mrs. Fosdick sternly.—From the Detroit Free Press.

**NOTHING SERIOUS.**

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**PUTTING AWAY TEMPTATION.**

Minister—Why, Herbert, I'm surprised! You are not going fishing on Sunday, are you?

Herbert—No, I ain't; I'm only takin' this pole away to hide it, so's my brother won't be tempted.

A hypocrite is like the letter p—the first in pity and the last in help.

Injun summer is because they ain't no Injuns in it, 'cept them dad sees when he comes home from the store with two gallons of apple brandy an' says he reckons he knows who's boss of the household, an' no woman on earth can rule him. Let us all be thankful for Injun summer and be good till after Christmas.—From the Atlanta Constitution.

**WAS HE THE RIGHT PARTY?**  
A letter was received at the post-office in Washington directed to the biggest fool in that city.

The postmaster was absent, and on his return one of the younger clerks informed him of the receipt of the letter.

"And what became of it?" inquired the postmaster.

"Why," replied the clerk, "I didn't know who the biggest fool in Washington was, so I opened it myself."

"And what did you find in it?" inquired the postmaster.

"Find?" replied the clerk. "Why, nothing but the words, 'Thou art the man.'"



**ELUSIVE FAME.**  
Mildred—They say that great poet never rises before noon.

Madge—Isn't that strange! Do you remember which of his poems made him famous?

Mildred—His "Lines on Seeing the Sun Rise."

**HER INDIGNATION.**

Where two or three women are gathered together there is sure to be some conversation about servants.

The following is the substance of one housekeeper's recent experience, as detailed in one of these conversations:

An East End hostess had invitations out for a small luncheon, but on the morning of the eventful day her "help" departed, heartlessly and unannounced.

There was nothing to do but to impress into service the wife of the janitor of the flat and induce her to act as waitress.

It was her first experience in this sort of household duties, and the effect was to surprise her and render her somewhat indignant at the doings of society.

"Dye moind what Ol had to do, Pat?" she was overheard saying to her husband. "Sure, an' Ol didn't moind waitin' at all, if they'd let me do it roight."

"Wouldn't they let you do it roight, Norah?" he asked, with concerned interest.

"Sure, an' they wouldn't. They wouldn't let me fetch the things to ate all at once an' set 'em on the table. Ol had to bring 'em in one at a time! An' after Ol brought 'em in they wouldn't reach for the things! Ol had to pass around to every leddy at the table. Och, but the way they wasted time. They might have got through an hour sooner. The ways of these sassety folks is beyant me!"

But Pat sympathized with her and agreed that there had been a great waste of time.—From the Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.

**BER DOLLS HAD MEASLES.**

An amusing story is told of Queen Wilhelmina when she was quite a little child. Her majesty was not allowed to share dinner with the elder members of the royal household, but was permitted to make her appearance at dessert and place herself beside some particular favorite.

One day she sat by a courtly old general, and after eating some fruit the little girl turned and gazed up at him. Presently she exclaimed:

"I wonder you're not afraid to sit next to me."

Everybody in the room turned at the sound of the childish treble.

"On the contrary, I am but too pleased and honored to sit next to my future queen," replied the old general. "But why should I be afraid?"

Assuming a woebegone expression the little queen replied: "Because all my dolls have the measles—they're all of them down with it!"

**JOKELETS.**

**New Disease.**  
Employer—Well, Mike, I hear that your brother is dead. What caused his death?

Mike—I am not that sure, sor, but I believe it's called autopsy of the brain.

**A Puzzler for Patsy.**

Little Patsy—Oh, ma, here's a big knothole in the floor. Come and look at it.

Mother—Whist, now, Patsy, darlin', I'm that busy I can't come. Bring it over to me, Patsy, an' I'll look at it.

**Putting Away Temptation.**

Minister—Why, Herbert, I'm surprised! You are not going fishing on Sunday, are you?

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# A Quaker Girl's Diary

Sparkling Narrative  
Written by a Philadelphia Revolutionary Belle.

There is an ancient house at Penn-lynn, Gwynedd township, Montgomery county, Pa., that is associated with one of the prettiest contributions to the history of the stirring times in the fall of 1777. It is the old Foulke mansion, wherein a young Philadelphia Quaker girl wrote the charming, sparkling narrative that has become famous as Sally Wister's Journal.

The document has been a fruitful source of inspiration to many writers of fiction, dealing with the days of our nation making. Just before the British army slipped into Philadelphia after weeks of fighting and feinting, Sally's father, Daniel—a Philadelphia merchant—sent his family out to Gwynedd to the Foulkes, the two families being kin, to escape the many unpleasant features of life in a city with an army of occupation.

Previous to going away Sally and her friend, Deborah Norris, another young Quakeress, who, by the way, told in after years how she peeped over the garden fence and looked across Fifth street to see what was going on the day they publicly read the Declaration of Independence, agreed to keep journals, which they would exchange when they met again, as it would be manifestly impossible to get letters through the lines of the two armies. And Sally went out to her widowed "Aunt Hannah's," the uncle, William Foulke, having died in 1775.

The long, low stone house, wherein the Foulke family and their city relatives sheltered that troublous winter is still in excellent preservation and doubtless in very much the same proportions of a century and a quarter ago. Its present owner, J. E. Caldwell has done much to give it a splendid setting in a landscape gardening scheme of rare beauty.

**Wrote Her Diary There.**  
In one of the rooms of the picturesque mansion this light-hearted girl jotted down her chatty, familiar impressions of the great makers of American history as they appeared on the little stage of the hospitable Foulke home. The first entry in her diary was made Sept. 25, 1777—124 years ago this week.

One day she writes: "Two gentlemen of the military order rode up to the door" and arranged for the billeting of Gen. William Smallwood of Maryland at the house. "One of the officers dismounted and wrote 'Smallwood's quarters' over the door, which secured us from straggling soldiers. After this he mounted his steed and rode away. When we are alone our dress and lips were put in order for conquest and the hopes of adventure gave brightness to each before passive countenance."

**Gen. Smallwood Arrives.**  
"In the evening (of Oct. 19) his generalship came with six attendants, which composed his family. A large guard of soldiers, a number of horses and baggage wagons, the yard and house in confusion and glittered with military equipments. . . . The general is tall, portly, well-made; a truly martial air; the behavior and manners of a gentleman, a good understanding and great humanity of disposition constitute the character of Smallwood."

For weeks her journal resounds with the clanking of swords, the rattle of military wagons, the tramp of marching soldiers, busy, perhaps, with the care of wounded soldiers whose line of retreat from fatal Germantown lay close to the old house. She only briefly refers to the battle there and "the horrors of that day." She tells her absent friend the gossip they get at the mill—a mill was part of the Foulke estate—but warns her by saying: "We don't place much dependence on mill news."

**Conquest of a Virginian.**  
One day several of the company which formed this distinguished colonial house party, "Went to the mill. We made very free with some continental flour. We powdered mighty white, to be sure." Another day 21-year-old and flirtatious Brig-Gen. Lacy rides by "in expectation of drawing the attention of the mill girls." . . . but as ill-luck would order it, I had been busy and my auburn ringlets were much disheveled; therefore I did not glad his eyes, and cannot set down on the list of honors

received that of a bow from Brig-Gen. Lacy." She comments further on that day being "almost adventuresome." A gay young blade from Virginia, Alexander Spotswood Dandridge, asks her to marry him on exceedingly short acquaintance, she thinks, although she hastens to explain, "had we been acquainted seven years we would not have been more sociable." The moon gave a sadly pleasing light. "What a wonderfully complete picture of sociability that entry suggests!"

She tells of the pranks she and her girl friends played on a certain Mr. Tilly, "a wild, noisy mortal," who appears "bashful when with girls," and who "talks so excessively fast that he often begins a sentence without finishing the last, which confuses him very much, and then he blushes and laughs." Mr. Tilly plays two tunes on the German flute and he is unmercifully jeered about his brilliant musical talent.

**A Joke on Tilly.**  
Tilly was something of a braggart, it seems, and the merry company decided to have some fun with him, so they fitted up the figure of a British grenadier and stood it at the door of the house. While they were chatting in the gloom of one of the rooms one December night a knock came at the door. The servant came in with the message that they were all wanted outside. Tilly was the first one out and he banged into the grenadier. At the same moment a thundering voice called out: "Are there any rebel officers here?"

"Not waiting for a second word, he darted like lightning out of the front door, through the yard, bolted over the fence, Swamps, fences, thorn-hedges and plowed fields no way impeded his retreat." At last they found Tilly and explained the joke to him. He was induced to come back, and when he rejoined the group he solemnly faced the company and remarked: "You may all go to the d—!" Sally touchingly and suggestively comments: "I never heard him utter an indecent expression before."

But it would take columns, says the Philadelphia Record, to reprint the full account of Sally Wister's Journal and its abounding references to the qualifications and character of the various officers who stopped at this old



OLD FOULKE MANSION AT PENN LLYN, PA.

house. As to the complete Journal, which first saw the light in the comfortable home, one's best wishes to the reader of these lines may be most fittingly expressed in Sally's dedication to her friend Deborah. "The perusal of it may some time hence give pleasure in a solitary hour to thee."

**Another Anecdote.**  
There were a crowd of calamity howlers gathered in a hotel rotunda during the great drouth of the past month, and each was telling the other that all the crops would be burned up and everybody would starve to death. An old man, who has the reputation of being a man who can always tell a story better than the one just told, put in his voice and said that the present drouth was nothing to the one they had when he was a boy in "Car'liny." They all listened carefully to his wonderful story of how so many people starved to death, and how when they cut their bodies open they found that they had actually eaten grass before they died. He told the story through without interruption, but as soon as he finished one of his listeners asked: "But why did they cut open their bodies?" That was a poser for the old man, but after spitting reflectively at a spot on the wall, he said: "Why, to see what they starved to death on, of course." Then he wondered what they all wanted him to buy the drinks for.

**A Fast Man's Course.**  
M. Courinaud's uncle, both well-known in Paris, died in April and left him 5,000 francs. Delighted with so much money, he considered various plans of spending it. He was afraid to place it in the bank and had no confidence in commercial ventures. Not fond of racing, he finally decided to drink it up. At the end of five months he succeeded. His average was forty francs a day. At last he bought a bottle of alcohol for two francs, drank it, and then shot himself. He left a request to be buried in a cellar at the side of the barrels.—Chicago Journal.

# HABIT IS POWERFUL.

In Training Children Prevention Is Much Better Than Cure.

Habit is one of the strongest forces of the world. Not like dynamite or a big cannon ball, or a steam engine—it requires a man to start off such a force as either of these mentioned—yet if that same man had the habit of smoking he would find it a very difficult matter indeed to simply drop 't short off, and never do it again.

So in the end it is an economy of mind to train children in habits such as will be of value to them through life. One of the mistakes made by mothers in training their children is in supposing that careful habits can be cultivated in careless surroundings.

A ragged or soiled carpet so little valued that a grease or ink spot may fall and be left upon it without causing comment, may become a moral calamity. A child who is made to eat his food carefully, in a room where the furnishings are respected even if extremely plain, where carelessness is followed by a penalty, naturally acquires careful manners, while tying the child up in a bib and allowing it to spill its food, or be careless in eating, soiling the cloth, or its hands, is responsible for bad table habits in the men and women whom we meet. A child is quick to imitate. If the mother is worried by the soiled cloth or a spot, and takes the trouble to clean it up, to keep the furnishings of the room neat, to spend some time in setting the table carefully and keeping the room in order, she saves time otherwise spent in repairing damages and correcting the child. The ounce of prevention is worth seven pounds of cure in the training of children, and it is a pity when it is not administered in the small doses needed by children, and not in the radical doses necessary to overcome neglect in matters that are never minor, for manner and habit speak for much in man. Truly a man may be moral and eat with his knife, but he would be a more valuable man in the community if he recognized the uses for which the knife was designated and applied it only to those uses. And so with many other habits and manners that prove such trials to men and women of today, and which might have been avoided if in their childhood the thoroughness in training had been appreciated.

**A STATISTICAL OCTOROON.**  
A Composite American Finds Himself Under This Classification.

The average adult American is a statistical octoroon. If the blood in the veins of all our people, white and black, were pooled and redistributed, each person would have about seven parts white and one part negro blood. The white strain in him, moreover, is by no means purely American. White strains of foreign origin, derived from Germany, Ireland, Scandinavia, Canada, Great Britain, and the countries of Southern Europe, are collectively more powerful in his composition than is the negro strain. Thus going back only one generation, we find him to be a composite, the creation of widely differing bloods and nationalities. The peoples of the earth from the Congo under the equator to the North Cape of Europe, have contributed, either immediately or remotely, to his composition. But with it all we find the Anglo-Saxon strain the dominant one. His political institutions, his laws, his social conditions, and his mental characteristics, his power of initiative and his independence of thought and action are Anglo-Saxon, sharpened and intensified by fresh contact with nature under new and untried conditions. It is a strange and gratifying thing to witness, in connection with this mixture of blood, the complete dominance of the Anglo-Saxon strain, and it argues well for its strength and vitality, as well as for the welfare of the country which he occupies and governs.—Everybody's Magazine.

**Decadence of Secularism.**  
Secularism is in a bad way, in the old land, at any rate, says the New York Evangelist. That noted place of resort, "The Hall of Science," where the apostle of "Free Thought," the late Charles Bradlaugh, orated so long, has passed to commercial uses and the secularist fraternity, since their leader's death, have sunk lower and lower in public esteem. The latest item regarding them is that George W. Foote, who may be regarded as Bradlaugh's successor, has become a bankrupt. "Unsecured liabilities about \$2,675 and assets only about \$385."

**Tree Yields Intoxicating Drink.**  
The fruit of the umganu tree of South Africa yields a strong intoxicating drink for the natives. Elephants are fond of it, becoming quite tipsy, staggering about, playing antics, screaming so as to be heard for miles and having tremendous fights. When in this state the natives leave them alone.

**Figures at Financial Centers.**  
The value of the checks which passed through the London clearing-house in one year has reached \$45,000,000,000. Yet even that stupendous amount was exceeded in 1899 by the New York clearing-house, the totals footing up considerably over \$57,000,000,000.

**Rural Delivery Raises Land Values.**  
It is estimated that the value of land along rural delivery routes has increased from \$2 to \$5 an acre. Then, too, there is an educational value in the rural free delivery, in that thousands more magazines and periodicals are finding their way to people's homes.

**Enormous Traffic at the Soo.**  
Over 4,781,000 tons of freight passed through the American and Canadian canals at Sault Ste. Marie in July, an increase of about 262,000 tons over June. The number of vessels carrying this tonnage was 3,211 and besides 5,854,777 bushels of wheat, 1,092,625 barrels of flour, 1,838,400 feet of lumber and 3,351,294 tons of iron ore, 14,200 passengers were carried. There are few busier commercial points in the world and the traffic is far in excess of that of the Suez canal.

**When You Order Baker's Chocolate or Baker's Cocoa** examine the package you receive and make sure that it bears the well known trade-mark of the chocolate girl. There are many imitations of these choice goods on the market. A copy of Miss Parloa's choice recipes will be sent free to any housekeeper. Address Walter Baker & Co., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass.

**Oldest Man in America.**  
Elijah Bledsoe, colored, living near Burgin, Ky., is believed to be the oldest man in America. There seems to be good ground for believing that he is over 120 years old. He is known to have been married thirteen times, and something like half a hundred of his children are scattered over the state.

**Up to the Officers.**  
It's the man who is "seen in the neighborhood," or "prowling in the neighborhood," or "loafing in the community," who generally causes bounds to be called out and the country to grow wild in indignation at his crime. And yet he is an easy fellow to suppress, if the officers would but do their duty.—Galveston News.

**Big Salmon Catch in the West.**  
The salmon catchers on the North Pacific coast sometimes catch over 5,000 fish at one haul and are compelled to throw thousands back for want of seine room. Canneries are running at breakneck speed. Labor is very scarce and small girls employed as helpers are making \$3 a day.

**Germany's Tobacco Business.**  
In 1900 Germany exported and imported exactly the same quantity of cigars—namely, 313 tons. A great difference, however, existed in the quality. The imports for last year amounted in value to \$2,000,000, while the exports were valued at only \$800,000. Tobacco produced in Germany is used for mixing with better grades imported from other countries.

**Rheumatism and the Eyes.**  
Chicago, Ill., Nov. 15th.—Mr. R. A. Wade, the celebrated criminal lawyer of this city whose opinion on legal matters is unquestioned, has recently made public his unqualified opinion on a matter of medicine. Mr. Wade says that Rheumatism and Kidney Trouble affect the eyesight, and further that there is no case of the kind that can not be cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

He has no fear of being set right by any of his medical friends, for both statements have a living and indisputable proof in the person of the great lawyer himself, who as a result of Rheumatism and Kidney Trouble from which he suffered for years, became totally blind.

Physicians, the best in the country, pronounced his case incurable and hopeless, but Dodd's Kidney Pills cured him, restored his sight, drove away the Kidney Trouble and with it the Rheumatism and made an all-around well man of him.

**Fire Escape Instructions.**  
A descriptive article on Norway contains some striking instructions for the use of fire escapes taken from a local hotel, of which the following lines are part: "The plated snorter shall be found in every room. To increase the hurry, let down the body one by one until all shall be left. The cord shall put out the ground from the shoulder thereunder."

**Making Home Happy.**  
Anything that contributes to the happiness of the home is a blessing to the human race. The thoughtful housewife, who understands her responsibilities in the great problem of making the home all that the word implies is ever on the look out for that which will lighten the burdens of the household without lessening the merits of the work done. That is why nearly every well regulated household is using Defiance starch. It costs less and goes farthest. Sixteen-oz package for 10c. If your grocer hasn't got it clip this out and give it to him and ask him to send for it. Made by Magnetic Starch Co., Omaha, Neb.

**The crying need of a woman is real tears.**

**How's This?**  
We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Trux, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.; Walding, Kinnon & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 50c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Some men never do anything wrong because they never do anything.

**WHEN YOUR GROCER SAYS** he does not have Defiance Starch, you may be sure he is afraid to keep it until his stock of 12 oz. packages are sold. Defiance Starch is not only better than any other Cold Water Starch, but contains 15 oz. to the package and sells for same money as 12 oz. brands.

Sometimes it is a man's dinner that disagrees with him, and sometimes it's his wife.



She—What is that harsh, rattling vibration next door?

He—Oh, that's only a family jar.

**"INJUN SUMMER."**

Here is a Georgia boy's composition on "Indian summer":

"Injun summer is the best season of the year, 'cept swimmin' time. The days are so still you kin hear dad swearin' two miles off, as well as every lick ma hits him with the broomstick. The reason it is called