

TELEPHONE TYRANNY

ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES OF MUCH-USED INSTRUMENT.

Minor Discomforts Saved by That Weird Contrivance on the Wall—Reducing a Gas Bill by Telephone—A Man's House No Longer His Castle If He Has a Telephone—It Disturbs One's Meals and Demands an Immediate Answer—Impertunate Trustees Break Into a Home Evening.

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER.
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Undoubtedly the telephone is a great convenience. Whoever has had it in the house would sacrifice many luxuries rather than go without it. Time and strength and letter-writing and telegrams, and all sorts of minor discomforts are saved us by this weird contrivance on the wall, this mysterious tube into which we speak; this odd receiver which brings us voices from afar. We want to talk with a friend, to ask after her sick husband, or about her absent son; we are confronted by an emergency and obliged to leave home suddenly, or unexpected guests arrive, and the dinner must be nicer, with an added course or two—in every case the telephone is our friend. Certainly we should hate to do without it, this link that through the power of applied science binds us closer to our comrades on the road. It is a great convenience, and to some of us an indispensable necessity.

Take for example the woman's club. How on earth could a club president, or secretary, or the chairman of an important committee, set out and manage her work and communicate with her fellow members if there were not the telephone? Everybody knows that a club, however small, finds opportunity for endless discussion and arrangement and rearrangement at other times than when in session. The telephone makes this conference possible and easy; it is a boon of loans to the club woman.

Once in a personal experience, once only, and the incident lives in memory as startling, the telephone was found successful in reducing the amount of an exorbitant gas bill! Householders know how difficult an enterprise this is, how seldom accomplished. On previous occasions letters had proved abortive, and interviews had found officials adamant, but the talk over the telephone, a party wire at that, proved immediately reassuring. The percentage asked for was granted; the obnoxious bill was reduced to its rightful proportions.

If you want a doctor in the dead of night, it is not now needful for the man of the house to dress and go hastily out in the cold and darkness; the telephone will ring a signal at the doctor's head, and he will rise from his bed, tell you what to do, or come himself in half the time it used to take to get him to the patient. When there is sudden illness in the home, you cry blessings on the telephone and they are heartfelt.

And yet, it has its drawbacks. There is a tyranny of the telephone that has done something to make life less simple than it used to be. There are moods in which one wishes she had never seen, never heard, never touched or handled the little affair which has done more than any other single agent to rob life of privacy and independence.

We have often heard that a man's house is his castle. It is, and it isn't. It depends on whether he has a telephone. You may bolt, you may bar, you may lock at your will, but the telephone demon will pounce on you still. No shutters exclude him, no key keeps him back. At the sound of the bell, he is here on your track.

To cut off the service is the only way to exorcise the invisible imp who disturbs you at your meals, breaks in on your prayers, and demands an instant answer to his summons with a peremptory haste, not unlike the old challenge of the footpad on Hounslow Heath: "Your money or your life!" For instance:

You have decided to spend a day in quiet retirement, withdrawn from the world and its cares. You have planned to admit nobody; you wish to rest, to relax, to let life's flood-tide refresh you, since too much work, too much talk, too much distraction of business has brought your powers to the ebb. In vain is your planning and precaution. The telephone rings and you take down your receiver.

Aunt Frances, Uncle Jonathan and the children are on their way to spend the day with you. They have just decided that they can come to-day, and will be with you about noon. Now you love your kinsfolk, and John's, too. You like Aunt Frances better than any other of John's aunts, and Uncle Jonathan is an "old dear." The children are objectionable when you have a headache and are tired; they are stirring children, always on the rampage; always meddling; not well-trained, or well-bred, and you would willingly omit them from the programme, but Aunt Frances is a devoted mother, who never leaves her brood at home.

To put them off for a day would give offense, be misunderstood, and hurt John, who is most loyal to his own people, and always delighted to have them under his roof. Therefore you fly around, dust chairs and tables, get out the best china, make a salad, order ice cream, and slip into a fresh and dainty frock. No time to relax till Jonathan and Frances shall depart. But for the telephone they would have notified you via Uncle Sam's mail, and you would have had your rest day as you meant to have it without hindrance or interruption.

Here is John's side of it. I address John. John is a good citizen, I hope. Perhaps you belong to the public in some detail of your life. Most of us do. Very few of us escape wholly from some obligation to the community in which we live, and we are constantly reminded that the wishes of

the individual must be subordinate to the good of society. After a full and trying business day, a day of strife and care, you eat your supper, put on dressing gown and slippers and unfold your newspaper. The lamp sheds a soft glow over the room. Your wife sits opposite you, in her hands a bit of dainty needlework. In the parlor across the hall your pretty daughters are entertaining a lad or two of the neighborhood. You can see them by lifting your eyes; you hear the soft murmur of their voices. Such an evening at home takes a man to Arcady. Your heart is beating time to the old lilt:

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

A charm from the skies seems to hallow us then,
That seek through the world is not met with elsewhere."

Hackneyed as the lines have become, familiar to the commonplace, they are very beautiful. They bubble up like spring water through green moss, and keep sweet and fresh the sentiment of love for the home, that is so deeply rooted in every true heart.

Into this sphere of peace there penetrates a clamorous appeal, not very loud, but very positive.

You go to the telephone.

"Hello!"

"Hello! Is this you, Mr. Morrison?"

"Yes, Mr. Shackelford."

Mr. Shackelford proceeds:

"There is to be a meeting of the trustees of the church, a called meeting, at my house in 15 minutes. It is most important. We depend on you. You know about it—"

Or, if it is not a church meeting, it's a borough meeting, or a political gathering of some description; or else a group of people promise to come to you on their way back from wherever they happen to be, and the sum of it is that you lose your home evening. It is gone; it has fled before the telephone.

Well, there is a seamy side to nearly all of life's tapestry. We reap certain benefits, but we pay the price. This telephone-tyranny annoys us a little, but it would be like going back to Noah's Ark to do without it.

On the whole, we hug our chains.

PRESENT FOR A MAN.

A Case for Pipes May Be Made by Deft Fingers at Small Outlay of Time and Trouble.

Ladies who like to make presents for their gentlemen friends will find such a pipecase as we illustrate very acceptable. It can be fashioned from the top of a pair of long kid or suede gloves, or a piece of new kid may be used. There are two pieces, one being



PIPE CASE.

cut longer than the other at the top of the bowl part, so that it may be buttoned over. The kid should be lined with satin, the edges of which should be turned in and slip-stitched a trifle below the edges of kid; then the two pieces are placed together and machine-stitched close to the edge all round. A small buttonhole is worked in the flap, which is fastened to a button on front part.

BITS OF FASHION.

Black, dark blue and brown gowns require light gloves, ruffles, a light vest or yoke and undersleeves, but the new millinery may correspond with the gown, relieved with the lighter tone. If a touch of color is needed, add a cluster of carnations in the dress and flowers of corresponding color to the millinery, but no colored trimmings on a dark gown of solid coloring.

And hats—there never were so many radical changes. It's as if the whole world millinery were in a state of upheaval. Big hats appear here and there—half-shade-faced before the day, tipped things we've been accustomed to and liked for their saucy little style.

A new brown is around town—brilliant in comparison with the rather lifeless color we usually mean by brown. It is especially pretty in the horsehair hats, as the ruddy tint in it takes the light best in horsehair.

The revival of an old fashion is the sailor hat with wide crown and narrow brim. The favorite way of trimming them is to drape on a veil of mousseline de soie in one of the new, rich shades.

Tiny three-cornered hats for wee tots are trimmed with three prim rosettes of baby ribbon—one on each place where the brim turns up.

Light weight wash nappies have polka dots of color or white embroidered at regular intervals over the cloth.

Lots and lots of pale blue hats—the shade that goes with everything—are worn.

Traveling bags are almost a part of the traveling suit, so carefully are they chosen.

More stunning braids are out for belts.

The Mexican "Olita."

For those who believe that ice water is unhealthful the "olita" of the Latin countries and Mexico is earnestly recommended in this hot weather. The "olita"—the Mexicans pronounce it like "olita"—is a porous earthen jar. Its pores are continually sweating little beads of water, which, by the principle of evaporation, keep the liquid within at a cool temperature, half-way between that of hydrant water and that of ice water.

Largest Mission Field.

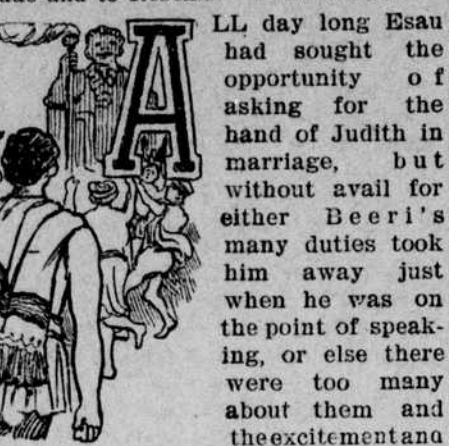
New York is the largest single mission field in the world to-day. It is estimated that only one-third of its population, both Protestant and Roman Catholic, is under Christian influence. The foreign descent population in New York is larger than the whole of Chicago's population, and they read 36 daily newspapers in foreign tongues. Congregationalism carries on religious services in 14 languages.

THE WIVES OF ESAU PART II.

OUR BIBLE STORY by the
"Highway and Byway" Preacher
(A Vision Between the Lines of God's
Inspired Word.)

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Scripture Authority:—"And Esau was forty years old when he took to wife Judith the daughter of Beeri the Hittite, and Bashmeth the daughter of Elion the Hittite: which were a grief of mind unto Isaac and to Rebekah."—Gen. 26:34, 35.



LL day long Esau had sought the opportunity of asking for the hand of Judith in marriage, but without avail for either. Beeri's many duties took him away just when he was on the point of speaking, or else there were too many about them and the excitement and confusion attending the celebration interfered.

All day long the wined music had sounded in his ears. He had shared in the feasting; he had watched the dancing, and every now and then had caught a glimpse of the fair daughter of Beeri as she circled with the other damsels about the great image, but the opportunity he wanted most eluded him, as though it would hold him long in doubt and give him time to weigh the step he was about to take.

Circumstances were kind to him in that they were making it hard for him to take the misstep.

As he saw the people in ecstasy of their excitement shout the praises of their gods and bring their offerings and lay them at the feet of the idol, he had time to think and contrast it with the worship of the true God of his fathers. The words: "Great is the god of the Hittites," rang in his ears—for priests and people chanted and shouted the words over and over again—and he had time to recall the words of his father as he had spoken of the God-Jehovah, the God of heaven and earth. More than once his heart had smote him. More than once he had moved about uneasily trying to throw off the feeling of depression which came as a result of conscious violation of the faith and practices of his own people. Over and over again he had been troubled by the thought of what his parents would say. But his heart was rebellious and impatient. He would not listen to the voices speaking within. He resolutely thrust aside the promptings of his better self and declared that he could take the girl without taking her gods. He could have her and leave the heathenish practices of her people behind. But have her he would. Ah, how he quarreled with himself that day. How he stifled and choked the better self into subjection.

Once while his host was standing at his side and the people in a frenzy were throwing themselves about the altar before the image, Beeri had exclaimed, enthusiastically:

"Is not that impressive?"

And he had nodded assent. And Beeri following up the point gained, asked:

"Have you anything to compare with it in your worship?"

To which he had replied: "Nothing," in a shame-faced sort of way, and thinking that after all the religion of his fathers was too narrow and unyielding and simple.

And late in the afternoon just as the sun was setting the music had stopped and a hush had fallen upon the gathering and then, obeying the example of the priests, all the people had thrown themselves prostrate with their faces towards the image. He had remained standing when he felt a slight pressure on his arm and looked down beheld the form of Judith standing there and motioning him to his knees.

"Come," she whispered, almost sternly, "do not let the wrath of the gods descend upon thee."

And without stopping to think and yielding to her pressure and example he had bowed with the others. But he did not care so much, because his thought was of her, and he felt contented because she was at his side, but when he arose to his feet she had slipped away and was nowhere to be seen. He felt annoyed that he had yielded so easily, and was vexed that she had left him so unconsciously.

Moved by an impulse to search her out if possible, Esau started forward and almost ran into a party coming in the opposite direction.

"Hello, I have been looking for you," exclaimed the man.

Esau looked up and saw Elion standing before him, and the two girls, Judith and Bashmeth, near him.

"And I was just starting out to look for you," he replied, pointing to the girls.

They looked up inquiringly, and Esau continued:

"Where is Beeri? I have been trying all day to get a chance to talk with him. But," he added, "what did you want to see me for?"

"We leave to-night, and I wanted to invite you to return home. Will you go?"

"Thou art kind, indeed, but I must be returning to my own people in the morning, for ere this I fear they are concerned over my long absence."

A relieved look came into the face of Judith, and she whispered something to her friend, while Esau and Elion continued in conversation.

That night after Chief Elion and his followers had taken their departure, Esau found the opportunity to ask Beeri for the hand of his daughter in marriage.

"Yes, on this one condition: That thou wilt take a second wife to thyself of the Hittites. The son of the rich Isaac should never be content with one wife."

"But Isaac, my father, has but one wife, why should Esau, his son, have more?"

"It is the custom of the Hittites that the daughter of a chief shall not be-

come the wife of a man who cannot afford more than one wife."

"But why a second wife of the Hittites?"

"So that the Hittites may be assured of their place in the tribe of Abraham and Isaac. Should thou marry wives from other nations the one wife of the Hittites might lose her influence and power, but with two there would be nothing to fear."

Esau paused and thought. What was this step leading him to?

"I agree," at last he said.

"Have you spoken to Judith, yet? Let us see what she will say," said the chief, rising and going to the tent door and calling his daughter.

"Judith," said the father, as the blushing girl entered, "Esau, the son of Isaac, wants you for his wife. Do you agree?"

The girl's head drooped modestly and her eyes sought the floor. Her lips moved and Esau, leaning forward to catch the words she spoke, knew her answer was yes by the shake of her pretty head. He was quickly at her side and had her in his arms, while the father withdrew and left the lovers alone.

"Away so long and you return empty-handed," exclaimed Isaac, in disappointment, when Esau entered his tent after reaching home. "Is thy hand losing its cunning?"

"Nay, father, but it is a wife and not an antelope this time."

"A wife!" exclaimed Isaac, "what meanest thou?"

"I mean that a fair Hittite damsel is to become my wife."

"And how came you to be among the Hittites?" asked Rebekah, who came in at that moment and overheard Esau's last remark.

"But my son," remonstrated the father, "God has forbidden alliance with the heathen nations about. His blessing cannot follow you in such marriage."

"Oh, why need we be so narrow and bigoted? Are not the nations about us rich and powerful, and will not alliance with them strengthen the place of our family in the land?" Esau responded with more show of spirit.

"Yes, but future blessing is sacrificed for seeming present gain. As God forbade thy grandfather Abraham from taking for his son Isaac a wife of the people about him, so he forbids Isaac to permit his sons to marry into the nations about. If thou wouldst marry go to Haran and there pick thee a wife from among thine own people."

"Oh, Esau," cried the weeping mother, "bring not this sorrow upon us. Listen to thy father; do!"

Esau felt annoyed by the storm of protest, and angrily paced back and forth. He could not see why they felt so. He thought the women of the nations about them were as good as any he might find at Haran. He even went so far in his blind unreason as to declare that the nations about them had as good right to have their gods and worship as did they, and as far as he knew they were as apt to be right as were the children of Abraham and Isaac.

"My son, thou shalt not talk so. Leave at once and consider thy words," cried Isaac, now thoroughly aroused.

And Esau arose and departed to his own tent in anger.

The days slipped by and the time drew near when he was to return to claim his bride. He had lived in hopes that his parents would relent and, accompany him, for Chief Beeri was planning to make a very great wedding and was proudly counting on the presence of Esau's family.

"And will you not go with me?" said Esau, a dark frown settling upon his face.

"We cannot, my son, and be faithful to our God," replied Isaac, with trembling voice, while tears stood in his eyes, for it was a great grief to him that his favorite son should thus disregard the direct command of God.

"Then I go alone," Esau replied, angrily. And he strode off, while the sorrowing parents watched him out of sight.

"Esau," said his wife Judith, some months after their marriage and return to Beersheba, where the great flocks and herds of Isaac and his sons red, "I am weary of this strife with thy mother. I am cut off from my own people and your refusal to receive me. Let us return to the Hittite country."

"Nay," replied Esau, startled by the woman's unexpected request, "I cannot go while my father lives. I must remain with him that I may receive the eldest son's portion."

"Then bring some of my people here. Oh, that Bashmeth were with me. Dost thou remember thy promise to my father? Go and redeem it. Bashmeth will come, and the household of Esau will be greater than the household of thy father."

"But if my father objected to one wife of the Hittites, what will be say of two?" asked Esau, anxiously, fearing to stir up more trouble in his family.

"Go and the blessing of the gods of the Hittites will be with thee. As for the god which thy father worships, I know him not."

Thus it came to pass that Esau returned to the land of the Hittites and took Bashmeth, the daughter of Elion, to be his wife and brought her back to his father's country, and though there was no welcome for her among his own people, Judith was content, and the two Hittite women sought how they might turn the heart of Esau entirely away from the God of his fathers and follow only the gods which the Hittites worshipped. And thus it transpired that instead of Esau winning his wives to the faith of the God of Abraham and Isaac, they turned his heart after strange gods and made him an alien to the blessing of God, and it became a great and increasing grief to the mind of both Isaac and Rebekah.

Heirs Will Eat.

In 1900 Andrea Starboro, a wealthy citizen of San Francisco, bet another P. C. Rossi, a dinner of 20 covers at \$10 each that in 25 years San Francisco will have a population of 1,000,000. Arrangements have been made for the payment of the bet by the heirs of the bettors if necessary.

Jehoiakim Burns the Word of God

Sunday School Lesson for Aug. 20, 1905
Specially Prepared for This Paper.

LESSON TEXT.—Jeremiah 36:21-32. Memory Verses 22-24.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Amend your ways and your doings, and obey the voice of the Lord your God."—Jer. 36:12.

TIME.—The fourth year of Jehoiakim's reign, B. C. 605.

SCRIPTURE REFERENCES.—Method of Jeremiah's preaching: Jer. 13:14, 17:1-7, 18:1-12, 19:1-15, etc. Character of Baruch: Jer. 31:39, 45:1-5. Fulfillment of Jeremiah's prophecy: 2 Kings 24, 25. New Testament references to Jeremiah: Matt. 2:19, 19:28; 21:19; 23:29; Mark 12:10; Rom. 9:21; Cor. 10:17; Heb. 8:12; 10:16, 17. Compare with Jer. 31:15; 32:17, 7:11; 22:5; 23:8; 18:6; 9:24; 31:31-34; 31:33, 34.

SUGGESTIVE THOUGHT.

V. 21. "So." Because King Jehoiakim was interested, or at least aroused, by what some of his counselors had just told him. They had found him in the inner court of the palace, and had reported how Baruch had just read in public the words of the prophet Jeremiah. "Sent . . . to fetch the roll." The roll of parchment on which the prophecy was written had been left in the chamber of Elishama the scribe, where the state documents were kept. The princes evidently thought that a verbal report of its contents would satisfy the king, but he decided that he would hear it for himself.

V. 22. "Winterhouse." The lower apartment of the palace. This was roofed and sheltered, and was commonly used in cold weather, while the upper apartments, being more open, were used in summer. "On the hearth." A fireplace holding burning charcoal to warm the room. Modern stoves with hearths were unknown at that date.

V. 23. "Leaves." A manuscript was divided into columns, here spoken of as leaves. "He cut it with the pen-knife." The king took the roll from Jehudi, and also took the knife which this scribe carried for sharpening his reed pens. He cut the roll into bits, throwing the pieces deliberately into the fire until the whole was consumed.

V. 24. "Yet they were not afraid." Jeremiah, who writes these words, cannot refrain from expressing his astonishment at the hardness of their hearts. "Nor rent their garments." As King Josiah had done (See Lesson 7). "Nor any of his servants." The king's personal attendants, like himself, were unmoved by what they heard.

V. 25. "Elnathan, Delaiah and Gemariah." Princes who had reported the reading to the king.

V. 26. "To take Baruch . . . and Jeremiah." To arrest and imprison them. This is what the princes had foreseen would happen if the king's heart was not touched by the warning. They had counseled Baruch and Jeremiah to hide. "The Lord hid them." Perhaps He used human friends to do this. Jeremiah is not heard of for several years after this date. It is commonly supposed that it was at this time he was guided to the Euphrates, more than 200 miles distant, to hide the linen girdle (Jer. 13).

V. 27. "The word of the Lord came to Jeremiah." Though the prophet was, in a sense, exiled from home and friends, the Lord was still with him.

V. 28. "Write the former words." The book, of which no copy existed, and which no human memory could reproduce, was preserved by God's inspiring the prophet to rewrite it.

V. 29. "Say to Jehoiakim." The prophet was not directed to come into the presence of the king who sought his life, but merely to add to his prophecy these words concerning him. "Come and destroy." Babylon's king had once visited Jerusalem as its conqueror and he will come again as its destroyer.

V. 30. "None to sit upon the throne of David." On the death of Jehoiakim, his son Jehoiachin was nominal king of Judah for three months, then was deposed by Nebuchadnezzar and carried to spend the remainder of his life in Babylon. "Body cast out." (See Jer. 22:19.) We have no record of the fulfillment of this prophecy, but it seems that Jehoiakim was slain either by his subjects, or by Babylonians.

V. 31. "Will punish him." The literal reading, "I will visit upon him," gives a better idea of God's mode of dealing with His sinful children.

V. 32. "Gave it to Baruch . . . who wrote." The second roll was prepared just as the first had been. We are glad to know definitely just how one book of the Bible was given. It probably gives us a hint of how other prophetic writings were prepared.

PRACTICAL POINTS.

V. 21. Each should examine God's Word for himself.—Act 17:11.

V. 23. To destroy God's Word is too gigantic a work for human hands.—1 Pet. 1:25.

V. 24. It is worth much in God's sight, if we lament the woe we cannot avert.—Ezek. 9:4.

V. 26. Christ Himself is the hiding place for all His loving ones.—Ps. 31:20.

V. 31. One may become so hardened in sin that there is no possibility of recovery.—1 John 5:16.

V. 31. The sinner hands down to his children a terrible legacy.—Ex. 20:5.

JAPS LIKE OUR TUNE.

"Marching through Georgia" is said to be the favorite tune of the Japanese soldiers. Native music has no marches, as it is without "time." Patriotic Japanese composers have, however, since the war began remedied this defect by adapting various foreign pieces. The soldiers have picked up the new airs and sing with great delight the Japanese words fitted to them.

When It Grew Tiresome.

"I never thought," said the conceited lecturer, "that my voice would fill that hall."

"No," replied the candid man, "I thought at one time it would empty it."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Conviction Follows Trial

When buying loose coffee or anything your grocer happens to have in his bin, how do you know what you are getting? Some queer stories about coffee that is sold in bulk, could be told, if the people who handle it (grocers), cared to speak out.

Could any amount of mere talk have persuaded millions of housekeepers to use

Lion Coffee,

the leader of all package coffees for over a quarter of a century, if they had not found it superior to all other brands in Purity, Strength, Flavor and Uniformity?

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Save these Lion-brands for valuable premiums.

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BUMOR OF ROYALTY.

Earl Nelson, who is in his eighty-second year, is the only living peer who was a member of the house of lords when Queen Victoria came to the throne.

King Edward's reign has by no means brought joy to the heart of London tradespeople. A leading trade paper laments the fact that a great portion of the trousseau of Princess Margaret of Connaught was purchased in Paris.

There is something in the soft round cheek and the direct outlook of Princess Margaret's candid eyes that recalls the early portraits of the great queen, and there are traits of character that bear the same stamp, such as truthfulness, clear insight, earnestness of purpose, and last, not least, "saving common sense."

England's future king, Prince Edward of Wales, now 11 years old, possesses a child's habit of saying the unexpected thing. When visiting King Edward, the other day, the king asked him what he was studying, and the little prince said: "All about Perkin Warbeck." Asked who Warbeck was, the prince replied: "He pretended he was the son of the king, but he wasn't; he was the son of respectable parents."

There is a singular coincidence about the two English royal princesses named Louise. They are both the daughters of British monarchs, they are of very fair complexion and both married out of the blood royal. Each also selected Scottish peers—the dukes of Argyll and Fife—both of whom are as fair-skinned as their wives. Still further goes the coincidence, for neither of the royal duchesses has presented her husband with a male heir.

NOT CENSUS QUESTIONS.

Were you ever happy, and who was to blame?

Are you black or white, and how do you account for it?

Do you eat patented breakfast foods or just plain sawdust?

Do you think that the high price of eggs is due to the foul-strike?

Did you ever hear a theater joke, and what did you take to remove the effects?