

The Scrap Book

Retired at Ten.

He (after an elopement from a rural summer resort—My dear, you told me the night I proposed that your father had retired from business, but I now learn he is a peanut vendor.

She—No, I didn't do anything of the sort. You remarked about half past 10 o'clock at night that you supposed my father was in the city immersed in business, and I said he had retired. He always goes to bed at 10.

MY CREED.

Whoever was begotten by pure love, And came desired and welcome into life Is of immaculate conception. He whose heart is full of tenderness and truth, Who loves mankind more than he loves himself, And cannot find room in his heart for hate, May be another Christ. We all may be The saviors of the world if we believe In the divinity which dwells in us, And worship it and call our grosser selves. Our tempers, greeds and our unworthy aims Upon the cross. Who reveth love to all, Pays freedom for unkindness, smiles for frowns, And leads from darkness to each fainting heart, And summons hope and seasons joy abroad, He, too, is a redeemer—son of God.

She Had Him That Time.

It was the same old story of a man who refused to tell his wife the outcome of a business transaction in which naturally she took a deep interest.

"No," he sneered, "I won't tell you. If I did you'd repeat it. You women can never keep a secret."

"John," said the woman quietly, "have I ever told the secret about the solitary engagement ring you gave me eighteen years ago being passed?"

The Plaster Planter.

"I was stopping with a Mississippi planter for a few days," said the colonel, "and one afternoon I fell asleep in a hammock on the veranda. I had slept for more than an hour when I heard the step of the planter, and a minute later he stood over me and said:

"'Kunzel, would you oblige me by walking up?'

"'Certainly,' I replied as I roused up. 'And now would you oblige me by walking around to the rear of the house?'

"He walked with me, and I noticed that the sky was growing dark and that there was a peculiar looking cloud in the southwest. In the rear of the house was what I took for an outdoor cellar, but when we reached it the planter pointed and said:

"'And now if you will kindly enter our cyclone proof cellar I shall esteem it a great favor!'

"I entered to find all the family there, and two minutes later a cyclone came whirling along, unroofed the house and tore up several trees 100 years old. I always wondered why the planter didn't yell at me and swear, but his way was the gentle and courteous way."

Why the Plaster Didn't Stick.

For the first time in his life Daddy O'Alfraz felt very ill, and the doctor had put a porous plaster to ease the pain in his back.

"Well, Daddy," said the doctor next day, "did the plaster do you any good?"

"Oh, I can't say that it has helped me much up to now, but you know I only took it last night."

"Took it? What do you mean?"

"None? Oh, I mean that I chewed and chewed for half an hour on the old thing, and then I had to send it down hill. Seems to me if they'd bled the plaster a little more and not put so much pepper in they'd be easier to chew up and wouldn't scorch a body's insides so."

What Papa Said.

His teacher was having a hard time explaining the geography lesson.

"Tommy, you can learn this if you make up your mind. It's not one bit smart to appear dull. I know that you are just as bright as any boy in the class. Remember, Tommy, where there's a will there's a way."

"Aw," broke in Tommy, "I know all that. I do. Me fadder's a lawyer, an' I've heard him say it lots o' times."

"You should not have interrupted me, but I am glad that your father has taught you the old adage. Can you repeat it to me?"

"Sure. Me fadder says dat where der's a will der's always a bunch o' poor relations!"—Lippincott's.

Didn't Charge Them a Cent.

The ninth chapter of Matthew was under consideration by a class of boys, the chapter being read verse by verse and then questions asked by the teacher on the passages read. The account of the trial of Jesus' daughter concluded the chapter, and the last verse of the chapter is as follows: "And he charged them straitly that no man should tell it, and commanded that some should be given him to eat."

The teacher asked in connection with this verse, "What did Christ command?"

"That some should be given him to eat," was the correct reply.

"What did Christ mean?" was the next question. "He said that some should be given him to eat."

The Butler stole the News.

On his return from an errand this afternoon an English butler was at the stables when he found a dog and a cat. The dog was a bulldog and the cat was a Siamese.

that the old man should have come to meet him, the squirrel asked if there was bad news.

"Yes, sir," replied the butler; "very bad news. The old magpie is dead, sir."

"What did the bird die of?"

"Too much horseflesh, sir."

"Too much horseflesh, John! Where did it get it?"

"The carriage horses, sir."

"What! Are they dead too?"

"Yes, sir. Died from overexertion drawing water the night of the fire."

"What fire?"

"The mansion, sir."

"You don't mean to say that the mansion is burned, John?"

"Yes, sir; it burned the night of the funeral, sir."

"Whose funeral?"

"Your poor mother's, sir."

"What, mother dead too?"

"Yes, sir; she never held her head up after your poor father died."

"Great heaven! Father dead! I never heard a word of any of these misfortunes. What was the cause of my father's death?"

"Well, sir, it was this way. He received a telegram telling him that the ship had gone down that had the whole of his fortune on board, and the shock of it killed him."

"John, I am entirely ruined!"

"That you are, sir."

As He Understood It.

Little Johnny was hustled off to church Sunday morning with the admonition that if he could not remember the text he should go out that afternoon. At the dinner table he was asked the text of the sermon and said: "Don't be afraid; you'll get the quilt."

The mother laughingly replied, "You must be mistaken, Johnny." But he was sure he was right. During the week the pastor asked, when it was learned that the text was, "Fear not; the conqueror will come!"—Chicago Tribune.

Slightly Mixed.

A Kansas man and his family had gathered around the supper table, and all heads were bowed for him to ask a blessing when the telephone bell rang. The man answered it and, coming back to the table, bowed his head, but again the telephone rang. He answered that call, then for the third time seated himself and, bowing his head, said, "Hello!"—Lippincott's.

A Cheerful Giver.

Bobby's father had given him a ten cent piece and a quarter, telling him he might put one or the other on the contribution plate on Easter Sunday.

"Which did you give, Bobby?" his father asked when the boy came home from church.

"Well, father, I thought at first I ought to put in the quarter, but then just in time I remembered, 'The Lord loveth a cheerful giver,' and I knew I could give the ten cent piece a great deal more cheerfully, so I put that in."

Testing His Competency.

A hunky Irishman shuffled into the civil service room where they hold physical examinations for candidates for the police force.

"Get your clothes off, and be quick about it," said the doctor.

The Irishman undressed. The doctor measured his chest and pounded his back.

"Hop over this rod," was the next command.

The man did his best, landing on his back.

"Double up your knees, and touch the floor with your hands."

He lost his balance and sprawled up on the floor. He was indignant, but silent.

"Now run around the room ten times I want to see your legs and arms."

"I can't," he said, "because I've declared de facto 'No Irish in City'."

"Repeat," repeated the doctor, puzzled.

"I can't," repeated the Irishman, with determination. "Where are you all this time? You're not to do with a marriage license, are you?"

He had strayed into the wrong building—Every body's.

Awful Veracity.

Some Swedes were dining, and after the toasts each contributed something to the entertainment. Dr. MacDonald was pressed to sing, but protested that he could not. "My voice is altogether innoxious," he explained. "I never sing." The company thought the doctor was modest and insisted. "Very well," he said at last. Long before he had finished his audience was uneasy. There was a painful silence as the doctor sat down, broken at length by the voice of a brow Scot at the end of the table. "Mon," he exclaimed, "your singin's no up to much, but your veracity's just awful!"

Was No Slouch.

A number of men were having a discussion as to who was the greatest inventor. Some said Edison, some Watt, some Morse, some one and some another. Finally a pawnbroker got in a word and said:

"Well, gentlemen, dose was great peoples, but I tells you dot man vot invented honest was no slouch!"—Ladies' Home Journal.

Demoralized but Not Scattered.

A division of the Confederate army, after the command had been given from Nashville, had three days' march and accounts of the march were in the woods, sat down and commenced thinking—the first thing he had for such a thing.

Rolling up his sleeves and looking at his legs and general physique, he thus gave vent to his feelings: "I am whipped, badly whipped, and somewhat demoralized, but no man can say I am scattered."

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Example.
"My dear," said Mrs. Strongmind, "I want you to accompany me to the town hall tomorrow evening."

"What for?" queried the meek and lowly other half of the combine.

"I am to lecture on the 'Dark Side of Married Life,'" explained Mrs. S., "and I want you to sit on the platform and pose as one of the illustrations."—Chicago News.

A Financial Pessimist.
Gaye—Yes, he is what you might term a financial pessimist. Myers—What's a financial pessimist? Gaye—A man who is afraid to look pleasant for fear his friends will want to borrow something.

Accidental.
Alice—How did you come to meet your second husband, Grace? Grace—It was purely accidental. He ran over my first one with a motor car and afterward attended the funeral.

A Crash.
John, what was that awful noise in the bathroom last night? "Don't worry, my dear," replied John sleepily. "It was merely a crash towel falling."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Opinion.
Opinion is a light, vain, crude and imperfect thing settled in the imagination, but never arriving at the understanding, there to obtain the tincture of reason.—Ben Jonson.

"Owen Moore Went Away, Owen Moore Than He Could Pay; Owen Moore Came Back One Day, Owen Moore."



Poor Mr. Owen Moore no doubt lived in a small city or town where he tried to make a living by running a store. The people who were his neighbors in that town and on the farms around town bought most of their things from the great Mail Order houses, neglecting to trade with Mr. Moore.

Quite naturally, Mr. Moore failed in business and went away owing more than he could pay. He had to go away and find a location in some town where the people patronized home merchants.

But the funny poet who wrote those lines was mistaken about Owen Moore coming back one day. Mr. Moore, having been burnt once, would not stick his fingers in the same fire again. No, indeed! Mr. Moore would stay away, not because he was Owen Moore than he could pay, but because if he ever came back and started again in business there he would be Owen Moore still. He would let the old town continue to grow street grass.

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