The Crimson and White

October 1911

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SOLILOQUY OF A SMALL BOY.

When dad was just a little boy,
He must have been so good,
I sometimes think he must have been
Like a soldier made of wood.

And now when I'm out with the boys,
An' shout, an' jump, an' run,
Dad calls me in an' lectures me,
An' says, "that's naughty, son."

Now why can't boys enjoy themselves,
Be as noisy as they can,
An' fight with all the other boys,
Not be a "mother's man?"

An' then we have to go to school,
That's hard on a feller, too,
Where you have to learn your lessons good,
Jus' like all the girls do.

If I was a feller's father,
I wonder what I'd do.
Let him slight school just to have some fun?
I'll leave the decision to you.

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

With a sigh of fatigue the wanderer threw himself down in the shadow of the trees and gazed into the distance. Mile after mile, over hill and valley, the country road lay hot and dusty beneath the pitiless rays of the noon-day sun. For mile after mile since early morning he had followed that road, knowing it would eventually lead him to home, and rest and Mollie. Yes, that was all he wanted now, rest and Mollie; Mollie, his little sister, his pet and pride in that far-distant but never forgotten past; Mollie who had believed in him and loved him and clung to him when all besides had regarded him with eyes of cold suspicion. And yet, he had not stolen that money, though appearances had been against him, and all his world save Mollie had believed him guilty.

Somehow the trial of that lad down yonder, the trial he had witnessed only yesterday, brought back vividly his own trial of so many years ago. Again he stood in the crowded court room facing judge and jury, the dreadful word, "guilty" ringing in his ears. Again
he heard that startled cry of protest which told him that Mollie's faith was still unshaken. Again he listened as in a dream, to a trembling, husky voice pronouncing sentence upon him. He dared not look up into the kindly, pitying face, for though this man had been his father's best friend, the vagrant knew this old friend believed him guilty.

The trial finally drew to a close. He saw Mollie led out by the only relative he and she had left in the world. Her parting smile had sunk deep into his memory to remain with him all the days of his life; that brave loving smile so full of faith in him and hope for the future.

Yes, history was certainly repeating itself, only this time he was not the victim. Long ago, though innocent, he had been made to suffer for the guilty; now, though guilty, he was to go free and another to suffer in his place. He was sorry for the lad; oh! yes, he was sorry. The great appealing eyes of the boy haunted him. He wished he had not gone to the trial yesterday, for he could not banish from his mind the despairing, heart-broken look on the young man's face as his sentence was pronounced, and his frail, hard-working little mother was born fainting from the court room.

It was hard on those two, of course it was hard; but the term of punishment was not a long one, and the boy was young. Three years could not matter much to a lad of his age. If he himself were well now he would go back and face those three years. But that was just where the trouble lay. He was sick and worn and his one hope was in Mollie.

It was a stifling day in midsummer. Even on that shady hillside the heat was almost intolerable. What must it be down there in the sun-baked prison yard, shut in by the high brick walls he knew so well. And that poor boy down there, and that poor little mother! Why should they persist in haunting him so? His feet were turned in a new direction, and there must be no looking back. He resolutely closed his eyes, determined to think only of Mollie and the happy future to which he was travelling.

When he awoke he was trembling in every limb, great drops of perspiration stood out upon his forehead. He sat up and looked around him. The sun was nearing the horizon. He became aware of a new sound which seemed to harmonize with the sylvan stillness rather than break in upon it. The faint notes of an organ floated to him on the evening breeze and mingled with them, came the tones of a woman's voice, subdued by distance, but sweet and tender and strangely familiar.

Fascinated, he arose and moved in the direction of the music, making his way through the thicket of trees and bushes. He was still in the clearing when the music ceased. Out of the wayside church appeared a woman walking slowly. The wanderer started, then hid deeper in the shadow of the trees, for the woman was his sister.

A little later he stood once more in the country road gazing hungrily at the hills. Beyond those hills lay home—and Mollie. He fancied he could see her, with hands outstretched in loving welcome, her voice calling his name. Then her figure was eradicated by a vision of the boy down yonder, the boy in prison stripes, looking
out with despairing eyes through
the barred window of his narrow
cell. For a moment the man stood
there hesitating, then faced resol-
utely towards the east and com-
menced to retrace the weary miles
he had traveled that morning with
hope in his heart. The hope was
gone, but in its place was some-
thing better, a great, wonderful
content and peace.

The radiance gradually faded
from the sky, the twilight shadows
deepened into night, the stars came
peeping and twinkling one by one,
and still his tired feet pressed on-
toward. The moon rose gloriously
and looked calmly down upon the
solitary figure moving along the
country road. At the same moment
it looked hopefully down upon a lad
in prison stripes, sitting in the nar-
row window of the prison cell and
upon a mother not far away.

A. G. '12.

WHAT FOOLS WE MOR-
tals BE.

The girl who checked the soiled
linen was the first to discover the
writing on the cuff. It was in a
hasty, sprawling, back-hand, yet
legible enough, and being in indeli-
ble ink though smudged somewhat,
it had not been obliterated in any
part as yet.

After she had read the writing,
she passed the cuff to the next girl,
and from her that article of attire
passed under review of every pair
of eyes in the laundry. The pro-
prietor coming into the room,
after the cuff had gone around, got
hold of it and read the writing on
it.

"Some broker's cuff," he said,
and carried the article into his
office. Here one of his office clerks
saw him make a note of the writ-
ing on the cuff. And when this fact
was circulated among the other
employees, they, too, thought well
to make a note of it. They would
be as wise as their employer and
perhaps would profit as greatly by
their knowledge. Such a tip as the
cuff offered did not fall to them
every day.

When the cuff, washed and dried,
came from the machine, it still bore
the writing that had caused such
excitement among the employees.
The girl whose duty it was to wrap
the laundry for delivery, gave a
last look at the writing on the cuff,
to make sure that she had read it
all right. Thank goodness, she
had, for only that noon she had
gone without her lunch, and hur-
rlying down to the bank, had
drawn fifty dollars from her sav-
ings, and invested it in ten shares
of Ajax Oil for the writing on the
cuff read: "Buy Ajax Oil—any
price under $50.—Lynn to bull it."

Yes, the cuff read Ajax Oil,
and it was Ajax Oil she had
bought. She had paid five dollars
per share for it, and perhaps before
the week was out she could sell it
at fifty dollars per share. For
Lynn, the Oil King, was bulling it,
or so the cuff said, and Lynn had
spelled both fortune and ruin to
thousands many times during the
past year. Several other em-
ployees in the laundry were as
interested as this girl in Ajax Oil,
for they too had taken the tip and
had invested, but the proprietor of
the shop was more deeply inter-
ested than any of his help, as he
had bought heavily in Ajax.

There had been something per-
suasive about the writing on the
cuff. It was a kind of secret tip
from the inner circle, one of those
things that aren't advertised, but
are kept closely guarded by the
knowing, who make fortunes over
night on Wall Street.
He had looked up the name and
address of the party to whom the
cuff belonged, and found that gen-
tleman to be a certain Orville
Brown, living at a fashionable
apartment near Central Park. A
good man from whom to take a tip,
rich himself, and very likely know-
ing how to make others rich, should
he choose to tell. And the writing
on the cuff was telling, by accident.
When, however, a week after
purchasing a thousand shares of
Ajax Oil, the stock fell heavily
the proprietor of the laundry grew
nervous, then suspicious. Why
should a wealthy man, residing at a
fashionable apartment, have sent
out his linen to a public laundry?
And, how came a wealthy man to
be wearing detached cuffs?
Clearly there was something
deeper here than eccentricity, and
when Ajax took another heavy
drop and the proprietor of the
laundry fund that he could not
sell his thousand shares for one-
tenth of the sum he had paid for
them, he made a few inquiries
about the city, among other laun-
dries, to learn that the gentleman
named Orville Brown must have
more arms than human as he had
on the same week left cuffs at
about every laundry in New York,
while on the left cuff of each pair
was written, in indelible ink, the
tip: "Buy Ajax Oil, any price
under $50. Lynn to bull it."
The laundry man saw too late
that he had been led into a trap,
cunningly set and baited; and when
a month later, the broker Brown
got all his ill-gotten gains in Ajax
wiped out by a short in copper,
there was great rejoicing among
the several thousand laundry em-
ployers and employees, who had
been led into the unique trap of the
stock market tip on the cuff.
G. W. '12

THE RACE.

There was great excitement in
the little mining town of Tuxedo.
A prospector had come down from
the mountains spreading the news
that gold had been found in large
quantities at a place up in the
mountains. Several years before
numerous cabins had been built
here and had later been deserted
as no gold had been found. The
gold was there, however, had they
mined deep enough and now it had
been rediscovered. Every one was
making a wild dash to reach the
place and stake out the most favor-
able claims. A regular stampede
had set out from Tuxedo where
most of the mines were already
giving out.

At Tuxedo was a man named
Philip Merritson. He had been a
teacher in a small eastern college
for a number of years. Ill health
had caused his dismissal and he was
ordered west. Together with his
daughter Molly, he had wandered
from place to place through the
western states and had finally
reached the town of Tuxedo. He
was not a business man and his
little pile of savings was now ex-
hausted. Just then came the news of
the new gold fields just found, and
filled with the hope of bettering his
fortunes he was going to join the
company of miners setting out.

But Fate had ordained otherwise.
A contagious fever had been raging
in Tuxedo a few weeks before and
now it attacked Philip Merritson
whose weak body was unable to
throw it off. He rapidly grew
worse and became delirious. In his
ravings he continually spoke of the
pitiful condition of their fortunes until Molly could stand it no longer.

"Why cannot I go to the mines?" she asked herself. With Molly to think of a plan was to do it and without waiting for sober, second thought, she mingled with the throng of miners who were just starting.

The new mines were at length reached. The Tuxedo people were among the first arrivals and Molly secured a claim near the place where the gold had first been seen and took possession of an abandoned cabin there.

But the claims secured must be filed at the government office at Millton, a little town eight miles down the mountain. Crowds were now pouring in from places further distant and Molly hesitated about setting out again into the throng as there were many desperate looking men among the miners.

Just then two men stopped in front of the cabin, glanced at Molly and then one advanced toward her and said, "Where's your father Missie?"

"He's ill at Tuxedo," replied Molly.

A glance passed between the two, then assuming a fiercer tone the spokesman of the two said or rather growled, "Then this claim ain't been registered and we're going to have it, see?"

Molly drew back in fear, she had heard of claim jumpers but had never come in close contact with any before.

"I'll stay and see to the claim Pete," volunteered the man who had not yet spoken, "and you hike down to Millton."

Then he turned to trembling Molly and said, "Now you get out, or—" but Molly did not stay to hear the alternative.

However, she had no intentions of giving up so easily. She had no friends to help her but she determined to beat the redoubtable "Pete" to Millton. He had already started, but she had seen him take the regular road. Over the mountain was a trail to Millton, overgrown in places, but still able to be traversed. It was shorter than the regular road, but harder to travel. To go this way and to go quickly was Molly's only chance.

She started at once. The trail was at first unobstructed and Molly was half running, half walking and swiftly covering the distance between her and her goal.

Soon, however, the way became rougher. A slide of slate like rock had swept over the narrow path and Molly had to go around it. She crawled through the underbrush, pushing aside the vines which caught at her with a thousand hands.

Her clothes were torn and her hands scratched by brambles. Her breath was coming in gasps. She stumbled, and slid down a bank, almost rolling into a deep stream which ran black and slimy through the dead leaves in the hollow. Grasping a tree, she leaned against it for a moment to recover her breath. Then with a shudder she plunged into the swollen stream, waded to the other bank and again started half running along the trail.

Only a dim light filtered through the dense foliage. The howl of a wildcat came from above and the soft pat, pat, of running feet could be heard through the deep silence. Glancing behind her, Molly saw a tawny shape slinking along the
trail a few yards off. Filled with terror, her feet scarcely touched the ground. Weariness was forgotten and with wildly beating heart she sped on, on, how far she did not know.

Just when she was despairing of ever reaching Millton she saw its lights—for it was now growing dusk—gleaming in the valley below. Hope now upheld her. She reached the Main street of the village and sank almost fainting on the steps of the registry office.

She arose quickly, however, stepped into the office and gave the boundaries of her claims to the agent who looked curiously at her flushed face and disheveled appearance. He was not used to having young ladies bouncing into his office and breathlessly urging him—a government official—to hurry.

Stepping out of the registry she saw a group of men, among whom her eager eyes swiftly discerned the form of Pete laughing and joking, unmindful of any opposition to his plans.

Thinking discretion the better part of valor, now that she had what she desired, Molly did not wait to see him enter the registry.

A LESSON.

The old clock on the city hall tower struck nine as Frank Eaton closed the door of Judge Arnold's study and stepped out into the dark rainy night. He buttoned his coat collar closely around his neck and pulled his cap well over his eyes to ward off the sleet that beat upon his face.

His head and heart ached as he walked on thinking of the man out of whose house he had just gone. Gone, perhaps, to return no more, for Judge Arnold was as bitter an enemy as he was faithful a friend.

His thoughts turned back to the sunny afternoon in September, five years before, that he first went to assist the Judge about his office outside high school hours.

Days were not long enough then for they were happy as were also the nights spent together before the glowing fires or on the big spacious verandahs.

Then came the first break in the happiness, the first mar upon their friendship. A chill ran through his form as he recalled the morning he had found the case in the office and concealed it. Why had he deceived the Judge? What could have induced him to? He did not deserve forgiveness then, but this time it was different. Well might the Judge be suspicious of him, for this money had certainly disappeared mysteriously. And then to be turned away by the man whom he honored and loved. It seemed intolerable.

He turned down a side street and walked on till he came to an old-fashioned house. Taking a key from his pocket he opened the door and crept softly to his room. Locking the door he threw himself on the bed and like a child whose heart was broken over the loss of some valuable toy he sobbed himself into a troubled slumber.

Hours wore into days and days into weeks, but no word from Judge Arnold. He must do something to shape a future for himself, for little had he realized before the importance of developing his own resources.

Three years and two months of the last college year passed. It
was the night before Thanksgiving and Frank sat alone in his room, thinking of the boys who had departed for their Thanksgiving dinners. His thoughts went back over his three strenuous years. Not one single word or line from the Judge had he received. Somehow his past seemed like a dream.

Extinguishing the light he raised the window shade and stood for some minutes in the silvery moonlight. A light knock on the door caused him to start, and with a loud, "Come in," he turned to greet his caller.

The door opened slowly; he could scarcely believe his senses for there before him stood Judge Arnold. In his hand was a slip of paper which he held out toward Frank saying with a voice that trembled, "At seven o'clock to-night I received this."

Taking the paper Frank read the sprawling lines; "Judge Arnold, it was I who took the money. I knew you would accuse Frank Eaton, I envied his prosperity and your love for him. I thought it would help me, but no indeed."

Ray Beaty."

His hands opened and the paper fluttered to the floor; as he took a step toward the Judge, his foot covered up the blot upon his happiness and his hand clasped that of the Judge. M. C. '12

Why Not?

The verse you write
You say is written
All rules despite
But not despitten.
The gas you light
Is never litten.

The things you drank
Were doubtless drunk.
The boy you spank
Is never spunk.
A friend you thank
But never thunk.

Suppose you speak,
Then you have spoken;
But if you sneak
You have not snoken.
The shoes that squeak
Have never squoken.

A dog will bite,
Likewise has bitten
With all his might
But not his mitten
You fly your kite
But not your kitten.

A young Japanese, with the national love of cleanliness, came to London to study. As he was a stranger in the city he had to select his own lodgings.

His first choice was not happy; the hall especially was very dirty. This the new comer did not like, but decided to say nothing then.

One rainy day the maid-servant put up this notice: "Please wipe you feet."

Seizing his opportunity the Japanese student wrote underneath: "On going out."

Every one can master a grief but he that has it.—Shakespeare.
During this first term of the year we should all strive to do our best. After the long vacation everyone ought to be ready to begin work—to try to better our last year’s standard if we are old students, to place our standard as high as possible if we are new. If the year is begun well there will be no worry when examinations come at the end, but if it is not—well, perhaps the old students know what happens.

* * *

We wish to thank those of the students who have shown interest in the Crimson and White both by subscribing to it and by contributing to its departments. School spirit is no where shown so well as in the support given to the school paper and it is pleasing to note that Normal does not lack that spirit. We appreciate your good-will and in return will strive to make the paper worthy of your assistance.

* * *

The Crimson and White extends its heartiest welcome to all students entering “old Normal” for the first time. We hope that they will succeed in their school life and will add honor to the name of their Alma Mater.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Howard Weaver is attending Pratt Institute.

Mary Gauger of the class 1910 is among those who are taking the nurse’s training course at the Albany City Hospital.

Edward O’Connell of the class of 1907 is attending the Albany Law School.

Joseph Broderick is in the class of 1912 at the Rensselaer Polytechnic.

Warren Vosburg is a sophomore at Union.

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John Delaney has entered the Albany Law School.

Among those entering the Normal College this year are the Misses Pearl Shafer, Geraldine Murray, Clara Anthony, Edith Herber, and Mr. Joseph Mulcahy. Florence Van Vranken is teaching school at Rockland Lake, New York.

Catherine Warner has also taken up duties as teacher.


Israel Cohen has entered Cornell where he is studying agriculture.
SCHOOL NOTES.

We welcome the large class of freshmen to our midst and we hope that they will show their appreciation of our school by subscribing to the Crimson and White.

The following have entered the sophomore class this year: Dorothy Dearstine, Eleanor and Ruth Carey, Marion Hawley, Orville Hayford and James Kelly.

Edith Dolan has left the class.

Mildred Weeks, Elenora Salisbury, Eleanor Senecal and John Ellis have joined the junior class.

We regret to say that Ruth Rogers, Helen Evison and Ethel Greene have moved away.

Margaret Carrolan, Jasper Meyers, William Walsh and Harold Wentworth have entered the senior class.

A meeting of the senior class was held Friday September 28th, to decide about class pins and class colors. Those named on the pin committee were, Miss Lansing, Miss Tedford, Mr. Goewey and Mr. Wentworth. Those on the committee to decide the colors were Miss Merchant, Miss Moat, Mr. Hane and Mr. Meyers.

SOCIETY NOTES.

Zeta Sigma.

We are trying to make this the most successful year we have ever had in the society's history. With this in mind our meetings have been full of spirit and all the members have shown their interest by their attendance and cooperation.

The first regular meeting was held September 26th and nominations were made for junior editor and corresponding secretary as Miss Greene and Miss Evison have left the city.

On Tuesday October 6, Miss Jeffrey was elected corresponding secretary and Miss Baker editor. The program was very interesting and was very much enjoyed by all the members.

Theta Nu.

Theta Nu has started the season in fine style, and bids fair to surpass previous years in its work.

Many new members have been added to our society, among them are the following: H. Gibson Wentworth, William Walsh, Jasper Meyers, George Van Ostrand, Edwin Belnap, F. Urguhart Wilcox, and Alwin Neef.

The members are planning to have the annual straw-ride about the last of October.

Many of the alumni have attended the meetings among them Joseph Cody and Thomas Farnan.

Adelphoi.

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recent election the following officers were chosen:
President, Alwyne George; Vice-President, Newton Bacon; Secretary, Richard Kirk; Treasurer Nelson Covey; Chaplain, Edward McDowell; Sargent-at-Arms, Chester Long; Master-of-Ceremonies, Gordon Scott.
On October sixth Messrs Goodwin, Raynsford and Hayford were initiated and admitted into the Fraternity as members.

As we have fallen victims to this department, we have the pleasure of welcoming this year's exchanges and wishing them a successful year.
The papers submitted to our consideration thus far have been the commencement numbers. These in our opinion, should be the best of the year. On the contrary, they are not. The majority allow the senior class to monopolize their columns. Of course, June is the senior's month, and they should have a large share in the June issues, but not at the expense of the other departments.
This applies to the High School Recorder (Winchester, Mass.)

The Lilliputian (Canton, N. Y.)—The arrangement of your paper is untidy. A more compact arrangement of your department and the addition of a department for those notes scattered about your paper would be a decided improvement.

The Opinion (Peoria, Ill.)—We admire the evident loyalty which exists between your school and its alumni. We would suggest that you criticize your exchanges in addition to printing the list of papers.

The Russ (San Diego)—"Children like pictures, you know," you told us when we published one picture in our paper. There were enough in your June issue to amuse a kindergarten. You might have printed a few in the other numbers and the effect on this particular one would have been less bewildering.
We thank your exchange editor for her frank criticisms on exchange departments. They have given us, the new editors an idea of what is expected of us.

The Vexillum, (Boston, Mass.) is the best paper we have received. Your paper is excellent from your cover design to the jokes.
“The Anvil Chorus.”

Mr. Todd — “$x + 2y - z = n$ $x - 2y + z = n$ $x - 2y - z = n -$”

Mr. Sayles—“Mr. Todd, hurry up! You are worse than a woman!”

If anyone wants a bean, apply to the young lady who occupies the third seat in the third row from the window, Study Hall 301. She has several which she will sell at reduced rates.

Question—If the junior class died who would be the first to enter Heaven?

Answer—Hazel Fairlee and Guy Furgeson.

“Discretion is the better part of valor” is the motto of the Freshman class, judging from their answers to solicitors for the Crimson and White. Example—

“Subscribe? Well—I’ll think about it and ask if I decide to and if the rest do why I’ll bring the money.” (hasty exit.)

Miss Clement—“Can anyone give me a complete sentence without a verb?”

Bright Freshie—“Thirty days!”

“Now to my charms,
And to my wily trains.”

Smart Senior—

“How to my charms,
And to my Willie.”

Heard in History Class—

“Charles V. was unable to attend the council on account of internal troubles.”

Miss Le Compte—(In Senior French) “Where shall I place the grave accent?”

Mr. Goewey—“In the graveyard.”

“Some adjectives,” said Miss Clement, “are made from nouns such as dangerous, meaning full of danger; and hazardous, full of hazard. Can anyone give me another example?”

“Yes,” replied Miss Gauger, “pious, full of pie.”

Helen M.—What keeps the moon in place and prevents it from falling?”

Harriet T.—“The beams.”
Miss Jacobs—"Mr. Butler, what was there about George Washington which distinguished him from all other famous Americans?"
   Mr. Butler—"He didn't lie."

Doctor—"I don't like your heart action. You have had some trouble with angina pectoris."
   Mr. Wentworth—"You're partly right, Doctor, only that isn't her name."

Clerk in Music Store—"We have a beautiful setting of Mendelssohn's 'Spring Song Without Words' for two dollars."
   Miss Lansing—"How much is it with the words?"

Margaret H.—"This medical journal says that a dentist's fingers carry disease germs."
   Eugene M.—"Then boil the dentist."

Mr. Minkler wanted an empty bottle to mix a solution in chemistry and went to a chemist to purchase one. Selecting one that answered his purpose he asked the shopman how much it would cost.
   "Well," was the reply, "if you want the empty bottle it will be a penny, but if you want anything in it you can have it for nothing."
   "Sure, that's fair," said Robert, "put in a cork."

Alberta (to tramp)—"No; I tell you I object to giving money at the door."
   Tramp—"Well, perhaps you'll hand it out the window, I'm not pertikler."

There is a girl named Alice G. Who tried to enter chemistry And there she made a desperate search, To catch a laddie named Wentworth.

There's a girl named Ethel Moat, Who took boys as an awful joke, Until one day, there chanced to stray, A little Hare along the way.

There is a girl named Corabel, Who ran for a car, one day and fell. She jumped up feeling like a fool, And, what do you think, was late for school.

Jennie Dodds (excitedly) — "Why do you know I got a pearl out of an oyster the other day!" Alice Gazely (scornfully) — "Peuh, that's nothing I got a diamond out of a lobster the other evening."

First Junior Boy—"How in the world does Miss Veite keep that big hat on, on such a windy day?"
   Second Junior Boy—"Vacuum pressure, I guess."

The cows are in the pasture. The sheep are in the grass. But all the little goosies Are in the Freshman class.

Salvation Lassie (whose laddie is on top of the bus)—"You'll get my fare above."
   Conductor—"Sorry, miss, but can I wait until I get there?"—Ex.

"Mary," said the sick man, when the doctor pronounced the case smallpox, "if any of my creditors call tell them that I am in a condition to give them something."—Ex.
Mrs. J.—"Mrs. Smith, we shall be neighbors. I've bought a house near you with a water frontage."

Mrs. S.—"So glad! I hope you will drop in some time!"—Ex.

MARK TWAIN'S LETTER TO MR. CARNEGIE.

"My Dear Mr. Carnegie:—I see by the papers that you are very prosperous. I want to get a hymn book. It costs six shillings. I will bless you, Heaven will bless you and it will do much good.

"P. S.—Don't send me the hymn book; send me the 6 shillings."

A school teacher having instructed a pupil to purchase a grammar, the next day received a note thus worded, from the child's mother:

"I do not desire for Lulu shall ingage in grammar, as I prefer ingage in youseful studies and can learn her how to spoke and write properly myself. I have went thru two grammars and I can't say as they did me no good, I prefer her ingage in german and drawing and vocal music on the piano."—Ex.

Mrs. Flint always demanded instant and unquestioning obedience from her children. One afternoon a storm came up and she sent her son John to close the trap door leading to the roof.

"But, mother—" said John.

"John, I told you to shut the trap door."

"Yes, but mother—"

"John, shut the trap door."

"All right, mother, if you say so, but—"

"John!"

John slowly climbed the stairs and shut the trap-door. The storm howled and raged. Two hours later the family gathered for tea. When the meal was half over Aunt Mary had not appeared, and Mrs. Flint started an investigation. She did not have to ask many questions; John answered the first one:

"Please, mother, she is up on the roof."

"What do you mean by keeping me standing on the corner like an idiot?" demanded an angry husband, whose wife had kept him waiting to go shopping with her.

"Now, really, dear," she replied sweetly, "I can't help the way you stand."

Spinster Jane was being consoled with because she had no husband.

"Save your pity," she said independently. "I have a dog that growls, a parrot that swears, a lamp that smokes, and a cat that stays out nights. Now why should I get married?"

The bill poster is responsible for a startling announcement on a street-corner fence. By accident or design a theatrical play bill was placed immediately above a placard issued by the Workingmen's Institute. The following is the result:

Sins of Society
Evening Classes for Beginners.

A benevolent person watched a workman laboriously windlassing rock from a shaft while a broiling sun was beating down on his bared head.

"My dear man," observed the onlooker, "are you not afraid that your brain will be affected in the hot sun?"

The laborer contemplated him for a moment and then replied:

"Do you think a man with any brains would be working at this kind of a job?"
"Do you know where Johnny Locke lives, my little boy?" asked a gentle-voiced old lady.

"He ain't home, but if you give me a penny I'll find him for you right off," replied the lad.

"All right, you're a nice little boy. Now where is he?"

"Thanks—I'm him."

"Who can tell me," asked the Sunday-school teacher, "what became of the swine that had the evil spirits cast into them?"

Little Johnny, who reads the papers, raised his hand:

"Please, ma'am, they was all made into deviled ham."

Oliver Herford once entered a doubtful looking restaurant in a small New York town and ordered a lamb-chop. After a long delay the waiter returned, bearing a plate on which reposed a dab of mashed potatoes and a much overdone chop of microscopical proportions with a remarkably long and slender rib attached. This the waiter set down before him and then hurried away.

"See here," called Herford, "I ordered a chop."

"Yes sir," replied the man, "there it is."

"Ah, so it is," replied Herford, peering at it closely. "I thought it was a crack in the plate."

A private, anxious to secure a leave of absence, sought his captain with a most convincing tale about a sick wife breaking her heart for his presence. The officer, familiar with the soldier's ways, replied:

"I am afraid you are not telling the truth. I have just received a letter from your wife urging me not to let you come home because you get drunk, break the furniture, and mistreat her shamefully."

The private saluted and started to leave the room. He paused at the door, asking: "Sor, may I spake to you, not as an officer, but as mon to mon?"

"Yes; what is it?"

"Well, sor, what I am after sayin' is this—" approaching the captain and lowering his voice:

"You and I are two of the most illigant liars the Lord ever made. I'm not married at all."

A little girl in Cleveland was playing with her trinkets on the parlor floor while an older sister was drumming with much persistence on the piano.

"Play louder, Eloria," spoke up the child.

The girl at the keys felt flattered and, with an elated smile, asked: "So you like to hear me play, do you darling?"

"No, I don't," came the unexpected and emphatic reply. "I wanted you to play louder so papa would tell you to stop."

Mrs. M.'s patience was much tried by a servant who had a habit of standing around with her mouth open. One day, as the maid waited upon table, her mouth open as usual, and her mistress giving her a severe look, said:

"Mary, your mouth is open."

"Yessum," replied Mary, "I opened it."

"Miss Edith," asked a young man, "may I ask you, please, not to call me Mr. Durand?"

"But," said Miss Edith, with great coyness, "our acquaintance is so short, you know. Why should I not call you that?"

"Well," said the young man, "chiefly because my name is Dupont."
A grocer was guilty of some rather sharp practice on a customer, and the later stamped out of the store, roaring:

"You're a swindler, and I'll never enter your doors again."

Next day, though, he came back and bought five pounds of sugar.

"Dear me," said the grocer smiling in a forgiving way, "I thought you were never going to enter my doors again."

"Well, I didn't mean to," said the customer, "but yours is the only shop in the place where I can get what I want. I am going to pot some bulbs and I need sand."

While a small boy was fishing one Sunday morning he accidentally lost his foothold and tumbled into the creek. As an old man on the bank was helping him out he said:

"How did you come to fall in the river, my little man?"

"I didn't come to fall in the river, I came to fish," replied the boy.

"No, Willie," said his mother, "No more candy to-night. Don't you know you can't sleep on a full stomach?"

"That's all right mama," said Willie, "I can sleep on my back, can't I?"

---

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A truly eloquent parson had been preaching for an hour or so on the mortality of the soul.

"I looked at the mountains," he declaimed, "and could not help thinking: 'Beautiful as you are you will be destroyed, while my soul will not.' I gazed upon the ocean and cried: 'Mighty as you are you will eventually dry up, but not I'."

A wife once complained to a clergyman of her husband's unsatisfactory conduct, when he said to her: "You should heap coals of fire on his head."

To which she replied:
"Well, I will. But I tried boiling water once, and that did no good."

THE WIT OF OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

Latin teacher translating—"Tell me, thou slave, where is my horse?"
Student—"In my pocket, but I'm not using it."—Ex.

Professor (to student declining hic in the singular)—"When you say the genitive don't repeat the forms three times, say huius throughout."
Student (greatly rattled)—"Hic, haec, hoc, huius, hu—no I mean hu-er-hu-oorah, three out!"
Amid the laughter which followed a voice from the corner calls out, "Slide, Kelly, slide!"—Ex.

Manager—"What's the leading lady in such a tantrum about?"
Press Agent—"She only got nine bouquets over the footlights to-night."
M.—"Great Scott! Isn't that enough?"
P. A.—"Nope—she paid for ten."—Ex.

QUOTATIONS

A man of integrity will never listen to any reason against his conscience.
—Home.

Hasty counsels are generally followed by repentance. —Laberins.

Cultivation is as necessary to the mind as food to the body.—Cicero.
It is but poor eloquence which only shows that the orator can talk.
—Sir Joshua Reynolds.

True eloquence consists in saying all that should be, not all could be said.—La Rochefoucauld.

He who envies another admits his own inferiority.—From the Latin.

Errors like straws upon the surface flow:
He who would search for pearls must dive below. —Dryden.

People seldom improve, when they have no other model but themselves to copy.—Goldsmith.

None but a fool is always right.
—Hare.

Who overcomes by force, Hath overcome but half his foe.
—Milton.

A friend to everybody is a friend to nobody.—Spanish proverb.

Good-humor is the health of the soul; sadness its poison.—Stanislaus.
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