

THE TIME TO LAUGH.

SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

The Birth of a New Joke—The Realistic School—A Common Mania—Not Exactly What She Wanted—Perils of the Language.

BIRTH OF A NEW JOKE.
From the Boston Journal: No policeman was in sight, of course. That was because he was wanted.

"Hit him, Mugsy!"
"Soak him, Swipes!"
"Now you got him!"
"Put it on her smeller!"
These and many other edifying ejaculations were hurled at two small bootblacks who were earnestly engaged in spoiling each other's faces with their fists, while a big crowd stood in a circle about them, in front of the postoffice.

It was going badly for the larger of the two boys when a member of the Boston Peace Society, or one of its branches, stepped in and separated the boys. For a wonder both seemed willing to stop. The peace-maker said: "Well, what are you fighting about?" Then an amusing explanation followed and a new idiotic joke was started on its journey through the town, for every man and boy in the crowd that heard the explanation started off to "spring" the joke on the first acquaintance he should meet, and possibly to be a participant in another fistic engagement. The boy said: "This bloke comes up ter me and sez, 'Say, what's ther next to ther last letter in ther alphabet?'"
"Y, sez I."

"Cos I wants to know," sez he, and he laughs and swipes me on ther back, en ther others they all laugh too. I don't see no joke in it, so I hits him on ther peeper. Do youse see—"

He stopped short; a grin spread all over his dirty and bruised face. He looked sheepish and then laughed outright.

"Hully gee, I see it now. You're all right, Mugsy. Shake! Why, Y, sure, it's a good one, and I'll spring it on me brudder."

They shook hands and went off together. The crowd laughed and each one hastened to spread the plague—a new joke.

THE REALISTIC SCHOOL.

From Leslie's Weekly: Vivian's residence is much in the way of book agents, itinerant tea and coffee merchants, enlarged-photograph artists and improved-silver-polish philanthropists.

Every historian is influenced to a greater or less extent by his personal surroundings and the things of his own times. For example:

Vivian was reclining in exceedingly new words the old, old story of Peter's release by an angel from prison. All had gone well and glibly up to the point where Peter had found his way to the house of a friend.

"Very well. What did he do then?" inquired the listener.

"He—he rapped at the door."

"That's right. What next?"
There followed a somewhat lengthy pause. Then an inspiration came to the triumphant young historian.

"Why, I guess he asked 'if the lady of the house was in.'"

MAKING IT CLEAR.



Farmer Hayrix (in department store)—"I wonder what them thar gals air yellin' cash fer?"
Mrs. Hayrix—"I reckon mobby it's tew let folks know they don't trust nobody."

NOT EXACTLY WHAT SHE WANTED.

From the London Tit-Bits: A teacher was instructing a class of infants in the Sunday school and was letting the children finish her sentences to make sure they understood.

"The idol had eyes," she said, "but it couldn't—"

"See," cried the children.

"It had ears, but it couldn't—"

"Hear," said the class.

"It had lips, but it couldn't—"

"Speak," said the children.

"It had a nose, but it couldn't—"

"Wipe it!" shouted the little ones, and the teacher had to pause in her lesson in order to recover her composure.

GOT WHAT HE DESERVED.

"You know Throggins? Smooth fellow. Great jollier. Tries to keep on the good side of everybody. Well, he went to church last Sunday morning and slept through the whole sermon. Then he had the gall to tell the Rev. Dr. Fourthly, after the congregation had been dismissed, that he had never enjoyed a discourse so much in his life and he would like to borrow the manuscript of it and take it home with him, so he could read it again during

the day. What do you suppose the doctor did?"

"I can't imagine."
"Well, sir, I think he'd seen Throggins nodding, and knew he hadn't heard a word. At any rate, he took Throggins by the arm, led him into his study, made him sit down, and then he read every blessed line of that sermon over again to him before he would let him up. O, you don't get ahead of Dr. Fourthly—not much!"

OF COURSE.

He—Dat's his comb on top of his head.
She—My! An dose udders is his slide combs. Wot?

"Willie," said mamma, "didn't I tell you to wash your face?" "Yes, mamma," Willie replied, "and I did wash it."
"Mamma," piped little Elsie, who had just been vaccinated, "perhaps he did do it, but it didn't 'take' the first time."

NEW FIRST READER.

Why is the farmer's wife mad?
Because her son did what she told him to do.

What was it?
She told him to draw a hog's-headful of water.

See the man.

What is the man do-ing?
He is hang-ing the pic-ture.

I don't see that he is hang-ing it.
Of course you don't, but you can hear him.

A COMMON MANIA.

You never can tell. No one suspected for a moment. But you never can tell. The old gentleman was so dignified. When he passed down Olive street in the mornings they used to say of him: "I wonder who that wealthy banker is?" or, "I wonder what brokerage firm he is connected with?"

He was so dignified. He was so immaculate so precise.

But the germ is in the air. You breathe and you swallow it.

Soon they began to observe on Olive street the old gentleman was less dignified. What did he mean by rumpling letters he took from his pockets and making them into little spheres?

And then his cane! The funny way he began to manipulate it!

Up goes the paper sphere! Biff goes the cane! Bang! goes the paper sphere.

Every day the same o'd story. Biff! then Bang!

Mental aberration? Nothing of the kind.

Simply baseball mania.

He bats away all his correspondence in this manner. He also maintains a batting average. Every miss is a "time at bat;" and striking the paper sphere is a base hit. He is his own official scorer. He is impartial. The old gentleman really has a "good eye," and he is batting now well over the .300 mark.

This is a confession. Mention it to the old gentleman if you like, but if he kicks you don't complain to the police.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

PAN-AMERICAN ROMANCE.

The tall, dark young man and the short, blonde young woman had accidentally met and became acquainted while on the way to Buffalo.

They had encountered each other in the Court of Fountains at the exposition and renewed the acquaintance, and every day thereafter for a week, they met at the same place apparently by accident, and strolled through the grounds together.

But the last day allowed by his excursion ticket had come and he could stay no longer.

"It has been a delightful week," he said to her.

She murmured an assent to the proposition.

"And I have come to know you so well that I hope you will not think me presumptuous if I ask you a question."

"What is it?" she asked, with down-cast eyes.

"Will you please tell me your name?"

VALUE RECEIVED.

"I suppose," said the man who had just been accosted by Meandering Mike, "that you think yourself perfectly justified in taking money from me without rendering an equivalent?"

"Don't say dat, mister," was the rejoinder. "Don't say I'd take it widout an equivalent. If de hard-luck ruler I've been tellin' you ain't ruler of imagination an' graceful embellishments dan any of dem books you've paid 50 cents apiece for on de train, I'm ready to give up me chosen profession an' quit panhandlin' fur life."—Washington Star.

PERILS OF LANGUAGE.

Sprockett—"It's a hard world. I have hardly made myself the master of bicycle vocabulary so that I can talk wheel glibly, when the wheel is almost out of fashion, and nobody will blatea if I talk about it."
Niblick—"Why don't you study golf nomenclature?"

Sprockett—"Because my mind isn't equal to it. It would drive me crazy."
Niblick—"Very likely; but it wouldn't be noticed on the links, you know."—Boston Transcript.

Ideas Become Fast

Instances are numerous which show how the fancies of the novelist may become realities through men and women reproducing in actual life the imaginary scenes of the story teller. It is well known that Sir Walter Besant's story of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men" brought about the building of the People's Palace in London. Jules Verne's apparently wild flights of imagination in "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" is probably largely responsible for the wonderful progress that has been made in submarine navigation, and the constructors and operators of these boats have been largely able to discount some of the novelist's fancies. When the city of Galveston was overwhelmed in an instant by the destroying waters tens of thousands of people read the detailed story in the newspapers and wondered at the reproduction in this catastrophe of the Lafcadio Hearn's story of "Chitu: A Memory of Lost Islands." The Galveston story, to the smallest detail, had long before been dreamed and the dream told by the story of Hearn. Those who have read "King Solomon's Mines" remember how Captain Good upon one occasion when things were looking decidedly dubious for the English adventurers saved the lives of himself and his companions by a skillful manipulation of his single eyeglass and his false teeth. The recent outbreak in Ashanti furnished an incident which almost paralleled the one imagined by Rider Haggard. Two Englishmen were in a native village far out on the western borders of the disturbed country. When the war broke out all their native servants left them and they were alone with the hostile savages. One, a mining prospector, went to a neighboring chief for protection. The chief received him kindly, gave him a meal and, while he was eating, beat his brains out with a war club. The other man, Walter Bennett by name, a surveyor, was starting from his house when he heard the fate of his companion. He made his way to another chief, who received him grimly, took him into his house and then intimated that he would shortly "do things" to Mr. Bennett. The chief's family gathered around to inspect their victim and the Englishman adjusted his monocle and sat down to think things over.

Fancies of Novelists Reproduced in Actual Life.

The single eyeglass at once caught the fancy of the chief's wives and children and they laughed and jabbered until Mr. Bennett had to laugh too. For an hour or so the family of the chief kept the surveyor "doing stunts" with his eyeglass. When he managed to screw the glass into the eye of the chief's favorite wife the hilarious rapture of the whole village was complete, and even the old chief laughed until his woolly hair hurt him. Needless to say Mr. Bennett's life was spared and he was conducted to a place from which he could reach the British lines. Biblaniba is the name of the village where the surveyor saved his life after the manner of Captain Good of "King Solomon's Mines." You can't find it on the map—at least not on the ordinary ones—but it is probable that the villagers are laughing there yet at the strange Englishman with the adjustable eye. Some years ago Justin McCarthy wrote a novel called "Red Diamonds." In that story can be found many things which remind one of the Mollinex case. Captain Praven, secretary of the Voyagers' club in that story, had an enemy called Bostwick, who tried to kill him as it is alleged. Mollinex tried to kill Harry Cornish, by sending him some poisoned headache powders, which came to the captain in almost exactly the same manner as the powders came to Cornish. And the failure of the plot is about similar in manner to the failure of the plot against Cornish. When Alaska was purchased from Russia in 1867 no one thought that it would prove a second California as regards gold, but in that year Bret Harte pictured Yankee miners sweating their pinks in the midst of wildernesses of snow and ice, and, in fact, prophesied the Klondike out of the fullness of his imagination. In "Pursued by the Law," J. MacLaren Cobban has a criminal, in the custody of two policemen, scramble through the window of a rapidly moving railway train, leap from it to the ground and make off. The critics naturally pronounced this incident as "highly exciting, but unfortunately impossible." Two days after such a criticism appeared the London papers, under the heading "Leaped from a Train," chronicled an incident exactly similar to that described by Mr. Cobban.—Chicago Chronicle.

Indian Is Maligned

Indian character has been greatly maligned, says Maj. John M. Burke, who has made a study of the red men. Treachery, so often charged against them, has no part in their make-up. The Indian has fought the man who mistreated him, and he has always fought openly. He has been the friend—the unfailing friend—of the man who has been kind to him, and as given evidence that he wished to help him. The Indian was the friend of Pere Marquette and Father De Smet. The man who has shown him a "forked tongue" he has treated as he would any other snake. The man who has cheated him, has taken advantage of his ignorance to make his hard lot harder, he has killed. The Indian is a child of nature, and he is therefore candid and ingenuous. When wronged he knows it, and says so, and his only way to get satisfaction is to fight. There is no chance for him to "lay low" and wait for another deal. He can only see what is in sight. When Columbus came to America the Indians were at first alarmed at the "great white-winged birds"—the ships. The white-faced, strangely-dressed people who came out of them were to the simple natives supernatural beings. But when they saw that those were people who were hungry and could eat, then the Indians brought the best they had and gave it freely for nothing, and were as kindly as well-raised children. When the cruel Spaniards beat them and misused them, the Indians naturally enough believed that all white men were cruel and dangerous. Cortez in Mexico and Pizarro in Peru found the aborigines a gentle people, but that did not decrease the relentless cruelty that always grows out of lust for gold, and so, for centuries, with all their continuous generations, the Indian was taught that the white man was his heartless enemy; and he accepted the lessons. There was no way to teach him that not all white men were greedy and cruel. Vice will go much further to assert itself than virtue. But, coming down to this very day, the unsophisticated red man of the

west, hating a liar, tells the truth; having been surrounded, the game killed—exterminated uselessly—he has no way to get a living and thinks it only natural that the government which took away his opportunities for sustenance owes him food and raiment. The government says it does, and sends agents to look after and provide for him. Some of the agents formerly accepted their places with the belief that they had a right to rob the very class that they were appointed to protect. Of course, not all Indian agents were this way, but many of them were, and the Indian was blamed because he refused to be treated with the injustice that came from greed—the most cruel of all injustices—and he grumbled and fought. The Indian is supposed to be selfish and brutal—by those who do not know him. There is no human being on earth who will more quickly divide his last mouthful of food with a friend. No Indian that ever lived would crowd a white-haired old woman out of the way to get on a street car first. That sort of thing, and everything akin to it, that is discourteous, may be seen among the men of the streets of all cities. Real men do not do such things, no more than all Indians do beastly things than those who do not know them suppose they do. The Indian has not had the benefit of laundries and porcelain baths, but he jumps into the water and washes himself every time he has a chance. He does not live where there are napkins and finger bowls, and he would not know exactly which curious little fork to use for this or that, nor the precise manner in which he should carry a spoonful of soup to his mouth. He has not been taught these things. Neither does he gauge his neighbor's respectability by the number of ponies the neighbor possesses, nor does he lie awake of nights thinking over schemes to win his neighbor's goods. He thinks that one who is able to pay and does not do so is a worse man than he who is not able to pay. He does not say to the farmer, "He is all right because he has money, though he does not pay just debts nor practice deeds of charity."

Vices Which Today Are Attributed to Him.

A CRIME TO STAGGER

PROVISION AGAINST INTEMPERANCE IN A SOUTH CAROLINA TOWN

The strangest law which has ever sprung from South Carolina's dispensary system has been adopted by the town council of Yorkville, a thriving country seat near the mountain line. When the dispensary system was first operated Yorkville fought it bitterly, because the citizens of that town are strong on temperance. The law was unpopular. It did not prove successful, and finally it was decided to have an election in which the people could express their views on the dispensary or prohibition. The voters buried the dispensary and prohibition ruled the day.

But the closing of the state establishments did not stop the sale of liquors. Men got drunk just as they formerly had done, and in the low quarter of the town intoxicated men reeled out, a shocking spectacle of prohibition. The wise heads took counsel together. They talked over the defects, and agreed to punish the man who drank, and not the man who sold. An extra meeting of the town council was called. An ordinance was introduced making it a misdemeanor for any person to be seen staggering on the streets of the town. That was where the wise heads thought the root of the evil could be crushed. There

was a bitter fight in the council over the proposed legislation. Class was arrayed against class, but the anti-stagger law prevailed, and it was accordingly entered on the statutes.

There is no provision in the law by which a man suffering from paralysis can be exempted from the operation of the law. All staggering people look alike to the wise men of Yorkville. Whether he stagger from drink or from partial paralysis, he is seized, hurried before a town physician, and his condition tested. If there is the odor of whisky he is sent up to be fined; if he staggers from paralysis or from other troubles, and can produce the whisky odor besides, he is dealt with under the anti-stagger law.

Friends and supporters of the new measure declare that it has rid the streets of the drunkards and has materially decreased the sale of liquor. Men who fought for its adoption declare that it has increased drunkenness, because men buy the whisky from the "blind tigers" and then go home to drink the entire supply, with the expectation of remaining there until thoroughly sobered. The law has injected new issues into the political life of Yorkville, and people from other towns are anxious to see similar measures adopted at their homes.

THE NATION'S LIBRARIES

There Are Now 5,383 Such Institutions, with 44,521,851 Volumes

The report of the United States Bureau of Education shows that there has been in the last five years, an increase of 1,357 in the number of public, society and school libraries in the United States. There are now 5,383 such libraries, as against 4,026 in 1896, and 44,521,851 volumes, as against 3,651,872—an increase of nearly 25 per cent. in the number of books.

The North Atlantic division has 2,437 of the 5,383 libraries, and 1,000,000 more than half the number of volumes in the United States. New York alone has 718 libraries with 7,496,509 volumes; Massachusetts, 571 libraries, with 6,633,285 volumes and Pennsylvania, 491 libraries, with 3,947,577 volumes. The North Central division has 1,728 libraries, with 11,211,710 volumes; Ohio, 296 libraries, with 2,955,389 volumes, and Michigan 193 libraries, with 1,298,708 volumes.

The South Atlantic division has 421 libraries, with 5,303,237 volumes. Maryland has 80 of these libraries, with 1,175,255 volumes, and the District of Columbia 71, with 2,504,785 volumes, 1,000,000 of these being in the Library of Congress. The South Central division has 474 libraries, with 3,389,793 volumes. Kentucky has 76 libraries, with 125,729 volumes, and Tennessee 71 libraries, with 382,221 volumes. The Western division has

287 libraries, with 2,777,596 volumes. California has 212 of these libraries, with 1,781,858 volumes, and Colorado 54, with 363,866 volumes.

A Michigan Town.

The arrival stepped up to the hotel counter, swung the register around and signed his name: "John Smith, Michigan." "Ah, Mr. Smith," said the clerk with that hospitable manner of the true hotel clerk, "what's the best word in Kalamazoo?" Mr. Smith turned pale as if he had been caught in the very act. "How'd you know I was from Kalamazoo?" he inquired in surprise, for he had never been in that hotel before. "Oh," laughed the clerk, "I've been in the hotel business a long time, and I never saw one of them put down the name of his town yet. The only others I know of like that are from Oshkosh." Mr. Smith didn't know just what to say in reply, so he said it, and went on up stairs to his room, thinking—New York Sun.

Native Seed Best.

Like Indian corn, the tomato is best when the seed is produced in the same latitude and climate where the crop is to be grown, and it seldom does its best the first season when taken far north or south of its native locality.

ENGLAND'S NEW MOVE

WILL USE ASIATICS AND AFRICANS IN HER WARS

One of the most important announcements that have been made in the British Parliament for many years is the recent declaration by Joseph Chamberlain, colonial secretary, that the English government will not hesitate henceforth to employ in Europe or elsewhere its Indian and African troops. It is an announcement of most profound interest to the entire civilized world, but more especially to those nations which have millions of semi-barbarous races subject to their rule. Hitherto there has been a strong sentiment against the use of semi-civilized races in the wars of Christian states. It is a sentiment that found expression in the eighteenth century at Westminster, when the great Lord Chatham denounced with such eloquent indignation the employment by the British commanders in this country of Red Indian tribes against the American revolutionary forces. There are few newspapers, either in the United States or Europe, that did not express their abhorrence of the use of Cossacks and Circassians by Russia in

suppressing the Hungarian insurrection in 1848, and of the Sultan's action in endeavoring to put down the rising in Bulgaria in 1876 by means of irregular Bash-Bazouks, recruited from the most barbarous portion of his Asiatic dominions.

Several years afterward, at the time that England seemed to be on the verge of war with Russia, a small contingent of Indian cavalry was brought to Malta, which created such an outcry and storm of protest, even in Great Britain, that the men were quickly shipped back to Bombay. Their visit to Malta, however, served to remind Continental Europe of the fact that the military resources of England were not restricted solely to her standing army at home, and that her forces in India must be taken into account. This is probably all that Lord Beaconsfield had in view when he brought the Indian contingent to the Mediterranean.

The man who is imprisoned for life no longer dreads being found out.

SAVED BY A MONGOOSE

Its Attack on a Cobra Prevented a Fatality...

A St. Louis man who has been engaged in engineering work in India brings home this story of an exciting adventure with a cobra:

"We had just finished a hard day's work and were preparing to take a good rest. We were far from a village, on some hills, and took shelter in a deserted hut. We did not reach the hut until after midnight, and consequently we slept late into the next day. The first thing I remember upon opening my eyes was a flood of light through the door. I was nearest, and my two companions were behind me. On a second glance my blood almost froze. There on the floor of the hut and less than two feet from me was a large cobra, the largest I have ever seen. It was coiled to strike, and its venomous neck swelled with poison. The little eyes glittered like beads. I never moved a limb, but gazed at it in horror. My perfect stillness probably saved my life, for if I had made a move the snake would have struck. As it was, it seemed to be enjoying the triumph, and slowly moved its head backward and forward. I dared not utter a sound, as I knew that it would seal my fate.

"I was just revolving in my mind what to do and had determined to make a quick leap, when there was a rush from a far corner. A small animal about the size of a rat darted out from behind the snake and like a flash seized him by the neck just above the hood. And then commenced the fiercest struggle I have ever witnessed. The snake plunged, writhed and twisted, but the little animal clung to it. At length its struggles grew weaker and I was enabled to dispatch it

with a stick. The little animal was a mongoose, the famous India cobra fighter. As soon as the snake was dead it fled to its hiding place and we could not coax it out. If I ever felt grateful to man or beast it was to the little mongoose that saved my life."

Collegiate Degrees.

Once every seven or eight years somebody perpetrates an ingenious fraud in collegiate degrees. The victims are supposed to be educated men, but they are as easily gulled as innocent moonshiners. Hitherto the degree most in demand has been "M. D." Every quack in the country could get one for a few dollars. A "Professor" in Massachusetts sold thousands some years ago. No one ever thinks of asking the bearer of honors by whom they were conferred. The question would look like an impertinence. The latest victims, the "reverends," are undeserving of sympathy. Every one buying a "D. D." should be retired from the pulpit. If this thing continues I shall expect to see all degree men required to append the name of their university to their honors, as Jonathan Edwards, L. L. D., Yale; Charles Elbert Cartwright, M. D., Harvard; the Rev. Beecher Darby Vanduyke, D. D., Princeton; Ph. D., Columbia; D. C. L., Cambridge; D. Lit., Oxford, etc.—New York Press.

In the year 1900, out of 1,952 raids on illicit stills, 673 were made in Georgia, which is a prohibition state except as to four of its cities.

An orator may spout like a whale and still be only a "shark."