

JEST NUTS



A Real Cultured Lady.
Clerk—"Now this, ma'am, is the most popular book of the day; everybody is reading it."
Mrs. Nuritch—"I don't want nothing that everybody reads. Show me something more exclusive."—Philadelphia Press.

Her View of It.
"Don't you know that you should never let a man kiss you?" "But, mamma, it seems so forward for a girl to do the kissing."

What Did She Mean.
Patience—Did he leave early last evening?
Patrice—Yes.
"And did he say he was going to kiss you when he left?"
"He did, and I told him the sooner he left the better."

To Get Desired Results.
Fusionist—I believe in the office seeking the man.
Regular—That's all right if you don't want the office.

Proper Heading.
Stringem—That was a shocking affair over in Covington last night, wasn't it?
Easyun—Don't know. What was it?
Stringem—Woman knocked insensible by an electric wire.
Easyun—Why, I didn't see any account of it in the papers.
Stringem—You'll find it under the head of "Current Items."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

His Effort.
Strutter—What did you think of my impersonation of Hamlet?
Foyer—As genuine a piece of realism as ever I saw.
Strutter—You flatter me; you surely cannot be in earnest?
Foyer—Never more earnest in all my life. The fact that you were trying to act shone forth in your every word and every movement.

ACCOMMODATING.



Red-Headed Suitor—I would die for you.
Miss Sweetleigh—How lovely of you! Make it brown!

In These Days.
Suitor (proudly)—I think, sir, that I can support your daughter in the same style in which she has been accustomed.
Father—That won't do, young man. You must support her in the style to which she has been unaccustomed.—Detroit Free Press.

Really Mysterious.
"I wonder if there is really as much mystery about those secret orders as some people claim?" asked the originator of fool questions.
"In connection with an order of hash," answered the bald-headed boarder, "I'm afraid there is more than they claim."

Hint for Others.
Blax—"Miss Screecher is quite popular as an amateur vocalist."
Knox—"But they tell me her voice is something fierce."
Blax—"So it is; but her popularity is due to the fact that she refuses to sing for her friends when they ask her."

No Poetry in His Soul.
"Oh, Bertie! How superlatively still, clear and beautiful is the night!" she whispered, leaning her finely-veined temple against his coat collar; "how soothing, how restful!"
"Yes," he replied, toying with her chestnut aureole of hair; "what a night to shoot cats!"

Ahead of the Game.
"They may abuse Wall street all they please," said the Philadelphia man, "but I came out \$700 ahead the last time I was there."
"How did you do it?" asked his friend.
"Left the money at home," replied the wise Quaker.

His Inference.
"Have you ever known anyone," she asked, "who was actually killed by happiness?"
"Well," replied the crusty old bachelor, "I can't say positively as to that, but I did know a chap once who was found dead on his mother-in-law's grave."

Easily Satisfied.
He—"I would be willing to go around the world for your sake."
She—"Oh, it isn't necessary to do that. If you'll go half way around and stop I'll be satisfied."

Caught in the Act.
Old Mrs. Chaffle entered the parlor unexpectedly and spoiled a very pretty tableau.
"I was just whispering a secret in Cousin Jennie's ear," explained Charlie.
"I'm sorry, Charles," said the old lady, gravely, "that your eyesight has become so bad that you mistake Jennie's mouth for her ear."

Difference of Opinion.
Miss Elderleigh—But just think of the many opportunities a woman now has to become famous—to make a name for herself, as it were.
Mrs. Divorcee—Yes, that's all very true, but after a woman has had five or six husbands in as many years this thing of making a name for herself begins to grow monotonous.

His Money's Worth.
"So your husband gets up early in the morning now? What made him change his usual custom?" asked Mrs. Jinks.
"Well," replied Mrs. Jinks, "he took a course of 'How to run a furnace,' in one of those correspondence schools, and he wants to see if he has been cheated."

Setting Him Right.
"So you want to be my son-in-law, do you?" asked the stern parent with as much fierceness as he could generate.
"Can't say that I do," replied the truthful young man. "But I want to marry your daughter and I suppose there's no way to dodge the issue."

A Bargain Hunter.
"You want to engage my services, you say?" asked the lawyer, rubbing his hands together.
"Yes," replied the veiled woman.
"About how much would you like to pay for advice?"
"How much is it a yard?" inquired the woman absent-mindedly.

Suspicious.
"Why are you leaving?" asked the star boarder.
"I'm afraid the landlady has designs on me—thinks she's going to get me to marry her daughter or something. At dinner last night she gave me the tenderloin instead of the tough end of the steak."

A Good Sign.
"Yes, we're going to be married."
"Have you proposed?"
"No, not yet."
"Then how do you know she'll have you?"
"Why, she's been encouraging me to save money instead of buying flowers and theater tickets."

Speaking of Relatives.
"Yes," said the passenger with the fresh mourning band on his left arm, "it's hard to lose one's relatives."
"I suppose so," rejoined the sad-eyed man across the aisle, "but when it comes to losing one's wife's relatives—well, it's simply impossible."

HE WAS WISE.



Mrs. Knowitt—What did your husband give you on your birthday?
Mrs. Coyne—A book.
Mrs. Knowitt—A book! What kind of a book?
Mrs. Coyne—His check book.

A Wary Wife.
Mrs. Greene—"I hope you trust your husband implicitly?"
Mrs. Brown—"Oh, yes, indeed; but I wouldn't have him know it for the world. If he was aware of my perfect trust in him he might be tempted to take advantage of it, you know."

In Chicago.
"There doesn't seem to be much of a demand for seats," said the self-confessed star, as he glanced at the figures representing the advance sale.
"No," sighed the manager, as he glanced at a handle of d. h. applications, "nothing but requests."

An Option and a Refusal.
Towne—"The last time I saw Nerve he was going to propose to Miss Roxley, and he behaved as if he actually had an option on her fortune."
Browne—"Oh, all that has been changed. He got the refusal of it since then."

Similar Qualifications.
"You say you have a brother residing in Canada?"
"Yes, he used to do some wonderful balancing feats when he was in New York."
"Acrobat or bank cashier?"

Just a Beginning.
"For goodness sake!" exclaimed the first Chicago girl, "why have you decided to marry Mr. Mugley?"
"Why," remarked the other, "he'll do for a starter, won't he?"

Surprise for His College Boy.
Mr. Meddergrass—Who yer sendin' the sheep to, Bill?
Mr. Ragweed—Why, my son Zeb's up to college tryin' fur a sheepskin, he says, and I'm goin' ter surprise him with a hull critter.

The Explanation.
"He is one of the nouveaux riches."
"Is he? I thought he was a European nobleman of a very old family."
"That's it—didn't have a cent until he got married."—Judge.

Merely a Hint.
"Will you," asked the leap-year maid.
"Have a hot soda or a nice lemonade?"
The young man blushed a rosy red—"I—er—prefer a pop," he said.

Not a Lover of Parrots.
"John, what is the best thing to feed a parrot on?" asked an elderly lady of her bachelor brother, who hated parrots.
"Arsenic," gruffly answered John.

SUCCESS IN OBSCURITY.

There's a song for the man who is lucky and bold,
For the man who has fate on his side;
There's a cheer for the folk that are junking the gold,
And are drifting along with the tide,
But the man who is striving to get to the top
And facing the hungry wave's crest,
We quite overlook, for we don't understand
The fellow that's doing his best.

But he has his rewards when the story is done,
Though we smile as he plods on his way,
For his own self-esteem is the prize he has won,
As obscurely he's stood in the fray,
And he knows the affection of home and of friends
And the pleasure of honest-earned rest;
There are peace and good will, as the twilight descends,
For the fellow that's doing his best.
—Washington Star.

A REPORTER'S GOOD FORTUNE

By CHARLES AUSTIN HARTLEY

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I was kneeling on a carpet of forest leaves, dropping twenty-dollar gold pieces into my hat, as an officer of the law checked them off. While in the midst of this unusual occupation I heard a slight rustle at my side, and, looking up, beheld Rollin Pemberton gazing down at me. I had not seen him for five years, and at parting our relations were not cordial, but he addressed me in a tone of voice which indicated that whatever ill-feeling he may have borne me had disappeared in the lapse of time. I returned his salutation and went on dropping gold into my hat, followed by other metals and paper currency to the amount of five thousand dollars. Then I arose to my feet, brushed the leaves from my clothing and calmly surveyed my audience, which consisted of a man in shackles, two officers and Mr. Pemberton.

Five years before I had left Mr. Pemberton's presence after a rather stormy interview, in which his daughter Maude and myself were principally interested. I had sought his consent to our marriage. He stormed and raged until I feared that he would topple over from heart failure. "You are too young to think of such a thing as marriage!" he exclaimed. "It is preposterous! Go away and stay five years. You are both mere children!"

Well, I went away after an understanding with Maude. We were to remain faithful though the heavens fell. We half way admitted, however, that the old gentleman was right.

I joined the staff of a progressive city daily, and in the course of time reached a place where I could count on good assignments, requiring penetration and perseverance. One night a brief-telegram came in from a town fifty miles away. It was from a friend of the paper, and said: "Send a man to Bowington at once. Good story for right man. Sensational!"

An hour later I was on my way to Bowington by rail, and by daylight I was at the city prison, the most likely place, I thought, to pick up the scent of the story I was after. Just as I arrived two officers were in the act of bundling a man in irons into an express wagon. After a few guarded inquiries I learned that an old gentleman had been robbed of five thousand dollars the night before in the principal hotel of the town, and that two suspects had been arrested ten miles away and brought back. They had nothing on their persons to fasten the crime on them, but, nevertheless, they were thrust into prison at the county seat. Finally, one of them weakened and offered to conduct the officers to the place where the money was secreted. This they were on the point of doing when I arrived. I managed to join the party with the expectation that I would get back in time to gather the town end of the story and

but I know that it was left in this forest," waving his hands in no particular direction.

You can realize that this was very indefinite information. However, we started out, one officer and the prisoner going in one direction, the second officer took another course and I strolled away by myself. I had but little faith in the story of the alleged penitent prisoner and less hope of locating the stolen money. I had made up my mind that the prisoner was attempting to play a sharp trick—seeking an opportunity to escape. I picked up a stick as I started and



Maude had remained at the roadside in the carriage.

used it as a cane for some distance. I had not gone a hundred yards before I noticed a broken weed with the top lying in the direction I was going. A little further along a severed vine furnished evidence that some human being or a lower animal had "nased along that way shortly before. I followed the direction of these signs. A heavy shower had fallen late in the night, and had obliterated any evidence of overturned leaves.

I had not proceeded one-fourth of the distance through the timber when I noticed a peculiar looking hump beside a cluster of bushes. I had been jabbing my stick into hollow logs and other places likely to be chosen by the thief. The hump which I have mentioned did not seem to invite investigation; the rain had beaten the leaves down and they looked as if they might have been undisturbed for a year, but as I passed, I poked at the little elevation in a mechanical sort of way. I felt something spongy; I scraped the leaves away and there lay a canvas bag! I at once called the other members of the party to my side before I removed the bag from its hiding place. Then at the direction of the officers the bag was opened and the money counted, the value of each piece being noted in a small vest pocket book by one of the officers. The full amount of five thousand dollars was there.

This was the money I was dropping into my hat, piece by piece, when Rollin Pemberton came up. I did not know that he was interested in the matter and had no idea how he came to be on the scene—that place being a thousand miles from his home. The officers took charge of the money and we turned back toward the highway. Mr. Pemberton fell in at my side and we walked away together. "Ralph," he said—Ralph Walton is my name—after an embarrassing pause, "that was well done."

"By the mercat accident," I assured him. "I had no more idea of finding that money than I have of flying to China this moment."

"Well, I feel easier over it, at any rate," he went on. "That was about the size of my pile of ready money."

Then came my turn to be surprised. "Yours," I exclaimed. "How does that come about?"

"I am the old party who was robbed."

Then came the explanation. Mr. Pemberton and his daughter had started for a distant part of the country to purchase some property. He had carried that money with him in order to pay cash. He had been traced by two robbers and his money stolen. He had heard of the attempt to recover the money and together with his daughter had followed in a carriage. Maude had remained at the roadside in the carriage which was drawn up under an apple tree, while

"I felt something spongy,"
but it on the wire for the next issue of the paper.

When we reached our destination it turned out that the prisoner did not know exactly where the money was hidden. It was somewhere in a fifty-acre tract of woodland with a heavy underground. The hiding had been done in the darkness of the night before by the accomplice of the man with us. When we reached the top of a high bank on the edge of the forest, the accused man stopped and said: "I do not know exactly where the money is. It is somewhere in this wood. We entered on this side. My pal had the money and secreted it. I did not see where he placed it,

her father followed us into the timber. As I drew near the carriage walking beside her father, seemingly on the best of terms, Maude looked at me, started slightly, while a rosy blush suffused her cheeks. Mr. Pemberton introduced us as if we had never met before. In a moment he considerably stepped to the horses' heads to attend to the harness. Maude whispered: "Why, Ralph, what has happened to papa? Has he forgiven our youth?"

It was a bright May day and the falling apple blossoms clustered in Maude's hair, making a pretty picture, as she sat there smiling.

I went back to town in Mr. Pemberton's carriage and sent a good story to the paper, but the most interesting events were omitted.

We were married the next Christmas. Mr. Pemberton is a grandpa now, and my wife and I sometimes listen as he tells the children a story about a newspaper reporter who could find lost money better than the man who hid it. "I sometimes think he helped hide it," he often adds, "to hoodwink a certain old man I know into the belief that he found it—and incidentally to get the old man's daughter."

HARE AN ELUSIVE ANIMAL.

Writer Tells of Charm of Hunting Small Creature.

To my notion, there is a peculiar charm about trailing a hare, writes Edwyn Sandys in February Outing. In the first place there is a superb uncertainty about where you will locate the beast, if it knows where it is itself. You find a fresh track, and if wise, you follow it in what apparently is the wrong direction, and then—well, you just keep on following. Somewhere, perhaps only a few yards to one side of where you struck the track, is the other end, and, of course, a hare. You acquire wisdom concerning this small technically later—possibly hours later—but that does not of necessity spoil the sport. It may be the track is first found in a briery thicket, which hampers all the rising ground, marking the edge of a great swampy woodland. It is easy—in fact, almost too easy. The hare loves swampy woodland, so, of course, he merely has skipped for a trifling distance along the rim, as it were, of the depression, then gone down and squatted under some handy log, from which shelter you will bounce him within five minutes. Theoretically this is sound; practically it is a 100 to 1 shot on an utterly unreliable tip. Impulse prompts you to slant down toward the swamp at once, to jump him from somewhere, promptly knock him over and be done with it. This will save useless pottering over foolish tracks, and also some valuable time.

Skate Sailing.

There is nothing new in the idea of skate sailing, says Dan Beard, in Outing. It is as old as skates, and dates back to the time when our ancestors with bones of animals bound to their feet spread their ample cloaks and allowed the wind to waft them over the surface of the ice.

But since that time the art has progressed, keeping pace with the evolution of the modern steel skate from its rude bone ancestor. Some time in the '80s skate sailing was first brought to the attention of the general public by a series of articles upon this subject which appeared in various periodicals, and we then became familiar with the Danish square sail and topsail, the long double, or two-man, sail of the Norwegians; the English lateen sail, with the mast made fast to the skater's leg, the handsome double-diamond sail invented by Charles Ledyard Norton and many others of minor importance.

As a rule, the foreign designs are as clumsy, impracticable and as much out of date as the forms of government under which they flourish.

About Rats.

Dr. Danyz of the Pasteur Institute in Paris finds that rats can contract a special disease to which other animals are not exposed. He has succeeded in obtaining the bacillus of the disease. It is necessary only to soak bread or grain in a bouillon of the microbe culture and allow the rat to eat it, when they contract the malady and usually die within five to twelve days. A number of experiments have already been made with the new method, especially in the sewers of Paris, which are full of rats, and very good results have been obtained. It was proved during the experiments that the young rats are the most sensitive to the action of the microbe. The new rat-extermimating culture is coming into practical use in Paris and especially at the Bourse de Commerce, where it is used to protect the deposits of grain.

With Foolish Haste.

With foolish haste we rush from play to struggle madly in the fray;
We seek to beat the brazen gong,
To pit ourselves against the strong.
As if the chance might fade away
We rob sweet childhood of its day
And leave the laughter and the gay,
Glad moments that to youth belong.
With foolish haste,
Love sweetly beckons us to stay,
But, rushing off, we answer him,
From laughter and from love and song
We go to struggle in dismay,
And end by sinking in dismay.
With foolish haste.
—S. E. Kiser.

Baths in Schools.

All new schools in Switzerland have a portion of the ground floor appropriated for baths. Each class bathes about once a fortnight summer and winter. Soap is used and a warm bath is followed by a cooler one. Sick children and those having skin diseases are excluded.

Autos in New York.

There are 2,835 licensed automobiles in the state of New York.