

# The Scrap Book

## Not Fit to Be Minister.

When the announcement was made that a certain distinguished citizen had been appointed to join the nation's diplomatic forces and assume an important foreign portfolio, the matter was naturally discussed with a great deal of interest among his acquaintances.

One day the subject came up in a company among which was one old fellow who had known the appointee for upward of forty years.

"What do you say he has been appointed to?" the old fellow asked.

"Why," answered one, "he has been appointed to be minister in one of the largest cities of Europe."

"Well, that's the most ridiculous thing I ever heard of," snorted the friend of the new diplomatist. "He's a nice feller, all right, but he ain't fit to be minister nowhere. Why, durn it, he don't even know the Lord's prayer."

## Face the Sun.

Don't hunt after trouble, but look for success.

You'll find what you look for; don't look for distress.

If you see but your shadow, remember, I pray.

That the sun is still shining, but you're in the way.

Don't grumble, don't bluster, don't dream and don't shirk;

Don't think of your worries, but think of your work.

The worries will vanish; the work will be done.

No man sees his shadow who faces the sun.

## Sometimes, Tommy.

The title of this dialogue might be "Why Papa Believes in Corporal Punishment."

"Papa?"

"Well?"

"Is there a Christian flea?"

"Why, what on earth ever put that idea in your head?"

"The preacher read it today from the Bible. 'The wicked flee when no man pursueth.'"

"Why, Tommy, that means that the wicked men flee?"

"Then, papa, is there a wicked woman flea?"

"No, no. It means that the wicked flees, runs away."

"Why do they run?"

"Who?"

"The wicked flees."

"No, no! Don't you see? The wicked man runs away when no man is after him."

"Is there a woman after him?"

"Tommy, go to bed!"

## A Model.

Mr. Jones came home at an unseemly hour the other night and was surprised to see Mrs. Jones sitting up for him below stairs, with no other light than that of the gas lamp, which faced the door, to keep her company.

"M-M-Marie," he said huskily, "y-you shouldn't sit up s'late when I'm out on business."

As Mrs. Jones did not answer him, he continued in an alarmed voice:

"Shorry, m'dear, but it's last time—tell you I'm sorry. Won't speak to me?"

At this moment Mrs. Jones called from above stairs:

"Mr. Jones, who are you talking to at this hour of the night?"

"Thash what I'd like to know m-m-myself," stammered Jones.

Mrs. Jones hastened downstairs, lamp in hand. When she saw the sit-



"IT'S TH' MODEL," SHE SAID.

uation she laughed in spite of being very angry.

"It's the model," she said—"the model I bought today to fit my dresses on."

"Yes, thash so," said Jones tipsily.

"Model woman—didn't talk back—make some fellow good wife."

## A Fair Proposition.

The house committee of a New York club once received this unique complaint:

"I have the honor to inform you that I lunched at the club this afternoon and had as my guests three gentlemen, all well known gourmets.

Among other things an omelet was served. It contained only three flies. An old member of the club, jealous of its reputation, I naturally found this very embarrassing, as, in order to make an equitable division of the omelet, it was necessary either to divide a fly—a nice bit of carving, as you must concede—or forego a fly myself. I beg to suggest that in the future when an omelet is served for four persons it should be either with (a) four flies or (b) no flies at all."

## "OLD HICKORY'S" NERVE.

An Arrest by Jackson and a Time He Didn't Dance.

It was a fighting age in which Andrew Jackson lived, and every man who expected to command the respect of the world went prepared not only to fight at a moment's notice, but also to meet his man on the field of honor.

It can easily be imagined that Andrew Jackson, with his excitable nature, his domineering manner and his habit of regarding every opponent as a personal enemy, was by no means the most peaceably disposed citizen of the new settlements of Tennessee. The stories of all his brawls and duels would fill a volume.

Jackson's superb nerve is well illustrated by the following anecdote which comes down to us from the time when he was supreme judge on the Tennessee bench. One day a desperado named Bean paraded up and down in front of the log courthouse and threatened to shoot sheriff, judge and jury. Twice Jackson ordered the sheriff to arrest the man, and twice the sheriff was overawed by the desperado's threats and formidable appearance.

"Deputize me. I'll arrest him myself!" said Jackson, losing patience at last.

The sheriff complied, and Jackson, taking two pistols, walked out into the street. Bean at once meekly surrendered.

"When the judge come walkin' out," Bean afterward explained, "I looked him in the eye, an' I saw shoot, an' there hadn't been shoot in nary other eye in the crowd. So I says to myself, says I, 'Ole hoss, it's about time to sing small, an' so I did.'"

On another occasion, while Jackson was riding circuit, he was stopped by two rivermen—of the class whose boast it was that they were "half horse, half alligator, tipped with snapping turtle"—and was told that he would have to dance for their edification. Jackson meekly answered that he was not accustomed to dancing without his pumps, but that they were in his saddlebags and if his captors would permit he would put them on before giving the performance. Nothing loath, they consented. Jackson accordingly opened the bag and plunging in both hands, drew them out with a pistol in each. Pointing them full at the men, he roared:

"Now we'll see who does the dancing! Dance, you devils! Dance!"

They danced.—Chicago Tribune.

## A Loss All Around.

Two Englishmen on a visit to Ireland hired a boat for the purpose of having a sail. One of the Britons, thinking he would have a good joke at Pat's expense, asked him if he knew anything about astrology.

"Be jabbers, no," said Pat.

"Then that's the best part of your life just lost," answered the Englishman.

The second Englishman then asked Pat if he knew anything about theology.

"Be jabbers, no," answered Pat.

"Well, I just guess that's the very best part of your life lost," said the second Englishman.

A few minutes later the boat capsized, and Pat began to swim. The Britons, however, could not swim and both called loudly to Pat to help them.

"Do you know anything about swimology?" asked Pat.

"No," answered both Englishmen.

"Well, be jabbers," replied Pat "then both of your lives is lost."

## Misnamed.

During a geography lesson in a Baltimore school one day the teacher spoke at great length touching that wonderful stream, the Mississippi. Incidentally she afforded the pupils some interesting account of the historic events associated with the great river. "Finally," said she "we must not overlook the poetic value of the name Mississippi. It means 'Father of Waters.' Don't forget that, boys and girls."

One lad, however, was not much impressed by this later contribution to his store of knowledge. "I beg pardon, ma'am," said he, "but if the name of the river means 'Father of Waters,' why don't they call it 'Mister Sippi?'"—Circle.

## The Name of Stebbins.

The Stebbins family is fairly numerous. It is not now a classic name. Its owners wear it ignorantly—more the shame for them. It is by right a classic name, borne as it was by the first of Christian martyrs—St. Steven, sometimes spelled Stephen. Steven is the Dutch way of spelling it. Spell it in Spanish—Esteban. Drop the initial silent "e," and there you have Steban. Among the ignorant the step to Stebbins is very short. And the honorable name of St. Steven takes on degradation even as the fine old Norman-French name D'Aubaine becomes the home body Dobbins.—London Spectator.

## A GREAT SINNER.

Even the Good Deacon Weakened on His Chances For Heaven.

Deacon Brabant, a very honest and pious man, was conducting a religious revival with great success. In a word, his powerful exhortations had brought Calhoun White, the town's worst sinner, weeping to the mourner's bench. The deacon, gratified by this proof of his evangelical prowess, hastened to Calhoun's side.

"Deacon," sobbed Calhoun, "'tain't no use in mah comin' up. I's sinned away de day o' grace."

"No, yo' hain't, Brudder Cal," said the deacon. "All yo' got to do is to gib up sin an' all will be forgiven."

"I's done gib it up, deacon, but dar hain't no salvation fo' me."

"Yes, dey is, hon. Dey hain't no sin so black but it kin be washed whiter 'n de snow."

"But I done stole fo' young tuckeys last week," said the penitent.

"Dat's all forgiven, Cal."

"An' free de week befo'."

"Dat's forgiven too."

"An' six fat geese—"

"The deacon suddenly frowned and stiffened, while the penitent sinner continued:

"—six fat geese outer yore own yard, deacon—dem fat geese wot yo' 'lowed to set so much store by."

"Wot's dat yo' say?" the deacon hissed furiously.

"It wuz me wot stole yo' fat geese, sah."

The deacon rose.

"I reckon, Calhoun," he said slowly, "I reckon I's spoken too hasty. Dis case o' yorn needs advisement. I ain't sho' dat we's justified in clutterin' up de kingdom o' heben wid chicken thieves."

## Didn't Mean That.

"These," said the lecturer, indicating them with his pointer, "are the movable bath houses. Thousands of people congregate here during the summer season. Over here on the left is the hotel at which I stopped, and an exceedingly homelike place it is. I shall give you a nearer view of it presently. Although I was there a week or two and would gladly have remained longer if I could have spared the time, I did not take any baths for the reason—"

[Loud and prolonged laughter.]

"I meant, ladies and gentlemen," he resumed after the merriment had subsided, "that I didn't take any baths down at the beach. This audience is altogether too smart."—Baltimore American.

## A Task.

To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little and to spend less, to make, upon the whole, a family happier by his presence, to renounce where that shall be necessary and not to be imbibed, to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation; above all, on the same grim conditions to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

## He Knew the Ropes.

During a special service in a Philadelphia church a few days ago the officiating clergyman engaged in calling those wishing to confess conversion to proceed to the altar when a stranger arose from his seat and slowly walked to the altar railing. The visitor informed the minister that he had decided to abandon his present mode of living and turn over a new leaf.

"Brother," said the clergyman, "do you think you can walk the straight and narrow path?"

"Straight and narrow path?" exclaimed the stranger. "Why, parson, that will be a cinch for me. I've been a tight rope walker for fifteen years."

## Timid Applause.

During the earlier days of the reign of Queen Victoria dramatic performances were given at Windsor castle under the management of Charles Kean. The audiences being limited and stiffly aristocratic, the applause was naturally not especially hearty, and the comedians felt the absence of the more demonstrative approval manifested in the regular theater.

One evening the queen sent an enquiry to Mr. Kean to know if the actors would like anything (meaning refreshments, when the actor replied, "Say to her majesty that we should be grateful for a little applause when the spectators are pleased."

Back went the enquiry and conveyed the message. At the end of the act there was a slight suggestion of hand-clapping and exceedingly gentle foot tapping. James Wallack, who knew nothing of the message sent to the queen, hearing the mild demonstration, picked up his ears and inquired, "What is that?"

Mr. Kean replied, "That, my dear Wallack, is applause."

"God bless me!" retorted Wallack. "I thought it was some one shelling peas."

## The Sturdy Infant.

At a performance of "Dora" many years ago, in a western city, when Mary Morrison made her exit to bring on her little Willie of four years she was snatched to find a lubberly boy of at least fourteen, and as he was the only Willie at hand on he must go, though he was well nigh as big as his mother. The Farmer Allan of the play, being earnest to the emergency, instead of inquiring, "How old are you, my little man?" endeavored to remedy the matter by saying, "How old are you, my strapping boy?" But he failed, for the boy, who was instructed to say from "four to six," said it with such a coarse, sepulchral tone as to drive the good natured grandfather to exclaim: "Ferry-oh! You look it, my boy! You look it!"

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