

Pictorial Humor

A CASE OF TOUGH LUCK.



The Hunter—De feller dat lent me dis gun said she'd shoot good an' hard. I guess she does all right, 'cause dere wuz five birds in de flock I just shot at.

ON THE STREET.

"Now, if I had a million dollars," began the Wall street ghost, "you know I'd be—"

"Come down out of the clouds," snarled an unwilling listener to the air-castle builder. "What would you do if you had a quarter?"

"Go and get a drink."
"Here's the cash, then; drop romance and try reality."—New York Times.

THOUGHTLESS WOMAN.

Mr. Krusty—Well, it's too late now. Why didn't you come to my office when you were down town to-day and tell me all this?

Mrs. Krusty—Why, I didn't think to stop at your office.

Mr. Krusty—That's just like you. If you'd only stop to think occasionally perhaps you would have thought to stop.—Philadelphia Times.

WORLD WITHOUT END AN MEN.



Little Dorothy—Mamma, why do they sing in church "World without men ah me?"

AT THE ZOO.



The Lion—What's the matter with the zebra?

The Wildcat—He's sore because someone said he looked like a convict.

CARELESS MAN.

"Bjingle is about the most careless fellow I have ever known."

"What's he done now?"

"Why, he passed the butcher's down the street whistling, 'O Where Has My Little Dog Gone?' and a sausage jumped from the hook and followed him home."

"Was careless, wasn't it?"
"Yes, but that's not the worst of it. Half an hour later he was arrested on a warrant charging him with kidnapping the sausage."—Denver Times.

THE KISSING BUG.

"What was that?" asked the old gentleman, suddenly appearing in the doorway.

"I—I guess it was a kissing bug," she answered hesitatingly, while the young man tried his best to look at ease.

The old gentleman looked at them both sharply.

"Does the kissing bug make people blush?" he demanded.—Chicago Post.

A CASE OF SELF CONVICTION.



Mrs. Jenks—I don't think much of this reference. Maggie (apologetically)—Sure, mum, an' Oi do write a poor hand, mum!

HIS FORMULA.

"Do you think the three R's are all a man needs in his life?" asked Plodding Pea.

"What's de three R's?" asked Meandering Mike.

"Why, readin', 'ritin', and 'rithm-tic."

"No; dey don't count. What a man wants to look out for is de three B's—bed, board, an' booze."—Washington Star.

"Why can a man never starve in the great desert?" "Because he can eat the sand which is there." "But what brought the sandwiches there?" "Noah sent Ham, and his descendants mustered and bread."

SIMILAR BUT DIFFERENT.

Tom—"Have a smoke, old man?"

Jack—"Thanks. Don't care if I do."

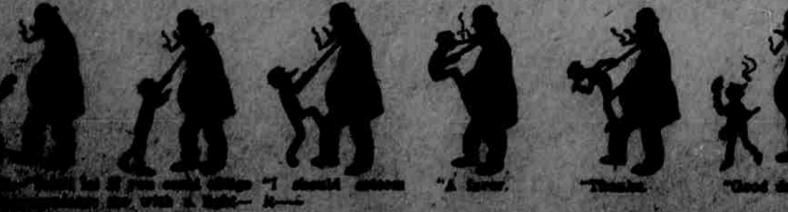
Tom—"You'll find that is something like a cigar."

Jack (after a few puffs)—"By George, there is a slight resemblance. What is it?"

"Where's your master?" inquired the wife of the rich city contractor. "Busy in the library," was the butler's reply. "Then go wake him up. Somebody wants to see him."

"How do you like her father?" "Don't like him at all. He turned out a rascal." (But he forgot to specify he was the rascal he turned out.)

NO TROUBLE TO GET A LIGHT.



Our Wildest Tribe

Account of the Seri by Professor McGee

Physically, the Seri are cast in heroic mold. The mean adult stature is 6 feet for males and 5 feet 11 inches for females, i. e., with the possible exception of one or two Patagonian peoples, the Seri are the tallest aborigines of America. Both sexes are notable for robustness of chest and slenderness of limb, though the extremities are large. The great chests and huge haunches of the Seri bear witness to their own naive descriptions of the chase, in which three or five striplings partly surround and partly run down jack rabbits, and five hunters habitually capture deer in similar fashion; and these recitals are corroborated in turn by dozens of vaqueros who have seen small bands spring on the withers of full-grown horses, break their necks by jaguar-like twists, and then shoulder these and flee over the sand wastes so swiftly as to escape pursuing horsemen. The Seri inhabit a region of hunters, yet they are so far the fittest of all and so distinguished by a peculiar "collected" or up-stepping gait (like that of a thoroughbred racer or prowling coyote) as to have gained their tribal sobriquet—they are "spry" par excellence, even among the light-footed Tarahumari and Otomi and Papago. In their own view, the glory of the Seri tribe is in their hair; it is black and luxuriant, and is worn long by both sexes, who brush and cultivate it with tireless assiduity; it is not merely admired, but revered nearly or quite unto worship and interwoven with a faith in a Samsonian cult which throws light on many obscure customs of various peoples in the several stages of culture. The tresses are treasured as symbols of vigor and of fecundity; the combings are kept scrupulously smoothed and twisted into slender strands, wound on skewers and eventually worked into necklaces and belts; indeed, the locks symbolize shield as well as strength, even to the engendering of ideas of appareling along those lines of associative and emblematic development by which the primitive mind is swayed. The chief occupations of the Seri are food getting and fighting. Their foremost food source is the green turtle, which is taken by means of a light-lip-head harpoon, broken up with cobblestones, and promptly gorged from entrails to flipper bones and sinew—and even to plastron if the family is large and the chelonian small. Pelicans and other water fowl yield quotas of food, as do all manner of fish and shellfish; and during the season of cactus fruits the younger folk and even the elders fatten inordinately on tunas

and their seeds—the latter eaten twice in ancient Californian fashion. The much-mooted question of cannibalism must be left open; the affirmative is favored by the blood craze of battle and presumption that it ends like the chase it mimics in gluttonous gorging of raw flesh, and also by other analogies; but the negative may rest provisionally on the dearth of direct evidence and the consistent denials entered by the tribesmen themselves.

Throughout Seriland as implied, indeed, by the proper designation "our-great-mother-folk-here" the matron holds higher rank than even the doughtiest warrior. The tribal law is founded on faith and expressed in terms of kinship and relative age, the kinship is traced only in the maternal line—in fact, it is questionable whether paternity is recognized—the female has no word for father, and the sire used by the male to denote his sire seems of doubtful meaning, and there are no old men in the tribe. So the matron is priestess, lawgiver and judge, while her brothers in order of age are the appellate executives, and her spouse merely a perpetual guest from another clan without voice in domestic matters, save perchance in social matters attending war. The woman is the prepotent factor in tribal existence, she is the shaman who brews the magic arrow poison, the wise one who casts protecting charms over outgoing warriors and lays spells on enemies, she is the shaper of the life-preserving olla, the maker of the sacred haircrown, she is the lady of the feast, sharing the portions and keeping alive the distributive tabus by which the rights of the weak are protected; she is the blood carrier and the face-marks bearer of the clan; and at death she is buried with ceremony and mourned long and loud as a likh in the tribal lineage, while her warrior spouse rots where he falls.

Noah's Ark Not the First Ship.

Noah's ark is generally supposed to be the earliest ship of which we have records, but there exists paintings of Egyptian vessels immensely older than the date 2340 B. C., usually assigned to the ark, being, indeed, probably between 70 and 80 centuries old. Moreover, there are now in existence, in Egypt, boats which were built about the period the ark was constructed. These are, however, small craft, about 32 feet long, seven feet or eight feet wide and two and a half feet to three feet deep. They were discovered six years ago by the eminent French Egyptologist, M. J. De Morgan, in brick vaults near Cairo.

Arsenic Eaters

Austrian Peasants Use It So Freely It Preserves Their Dead Bodies

Immense quantities of arsenic are consumed by the peasants of Styria and the Tyrol. An Austrian doctor who examined into this matter found that arsenic was kept in most of the houses in upper Styria under the name of "hydrach," evidently a corruption of "hutenrauch," or furnace smoke. Arsenic is principally eaten by hunters and woodcutters, with the object of warding off fatigue and improving their staying powers. Owing to the fact that the sale of arsenic is illegal in Austria without a doctor's certificate it is difficult to obtain definite information of a habit which is kept as secret as possible. According to a Dr. Lorenzo, in that district the arsenic is taken fasting, usually in a cup of coffee, the first dose being minute, but increased day by day, until it sometimes amounts to the enormous dose of 12 or 15 grains. He found that the arsenic eaters were usually long-lived, though liable to sudden death. They have a very fresh, youthful appearance and are seldom attacked by infectious diseases.

After the first dose the usual symptoms of slight arsenic poisoning are evident, but these soon disappear on continuing the treatment.

In the arsenic factories in Salzburg it is stated that workmen who are not arsenic eaters soon succumb to the fumes. The manager of one of these works says that he had been medically advised to eat arsenic before taking up his position. He considered that no one should begin the practice before 12 years old nor after 30, and that in any case after 50 years of age the daily dose should be gradually reduced, since otherwise sudden death would ensue. If a confirmed arsenic eater suddenly attempts to do altogether without the drug he immediately succumbs to the effects of arsenic poisoning. The only way to obviate this is gradually to acclimatize the system by reducing the dose from day to day. As another evidence of the cumulative properties of arsenic it is interesting to note that when the graveyards in upper Styria are opened the bodies of the arsenic-eaters can be distinguished by their almost perfect state of preservation, due to the gradually accumulated arsenic.

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AN INCREASING PENSION LIST...

The pension list is larger by 2,000 names than it was a year ago in spite of the death losses, and the appropriation of \$145,000,000 for pension payments during the year will fall short of the amount needed to meet all demands by at least \$150,000, says Leslie's Weekly. But the most significant thing is that 43,874 claims have been filed at the department on account of the war with Spain. These figures seem almost incredible when it is remembered that the war actually lasted only thirty days, and that the number of men engaged in hostile action on land and sea was only a few thousands. It does not follow, of course, that all the claims filed will be granted, and probably a large proportion of them will fail for good and sufficient reasons. During the eleven months ending June 30, 1,340 pensions were granted to invalids coming out of the war, and to 1,156 Spanish war widows and orphans. But the enormous number of claims filed show an inclination on the part of the persons who served their country in that war period not altogether pleasing to contemplation. It looks very much as though patriotism was not an inspiring motive in many cases so much as a desire to get a

chance for a steady pull at the cash drawer of Uncle Sam.

For Men's Friend.

The pipe is the poor man's friend, and it is low down and contemptible for fellows in comfortable circumstances to make play of it. Puffing at a pipe is neither a fashionable nor an agreeable diversion. Cynics, hypochondriacs, disappointed cranks, pessimists and lunatics smoke pipes because they like to be stared at. Philo-sophers past the age of 50 smoke pipes because their contents are sedative. But take them all-in-all pipes are filthy nuisances. You can easily detect a pipe smoker by the skin of his teeth, green-brown with nicotine lodged there, and by his personal smell to heaven. But, after all, what is more calculated to amuse than a good old Irishman with his duddeny? Let me quote: "It is not the descendants of the Mayflower, in short, who are the representative Americans of the present day; it is the Micks and the Paks, the Hannes and the Wilhelms, redolent still of the Andes and the snow-capped Andes." Great Scott!—New York Press.

The municipal council of the little French town of Courteuil is discussing an ordinance forbidding the wearing of tall silk hats within its borders. The "stovepipe" is condemned in the argument of the advocates of the ordinance as a "ridiculous headgear" which by reason of its costliness constitutes a badge of social superiority, and is, therefore, humiliating to those who never wear it. The tall hat, reformers declare, "is used only by aristocrats who live and grow fat on the sweat of the poor."

A Century's Growth Illustrated.

Only 100 years ago the other day the Thames saw a curious little scene which the newspapers reported as follows: "An experiment took place on the river Thames for the purpose of working a barge or any other heavy craft against the tide by means of a steam engine of a very simple construction. The moment the engine was set to work the barge was brought about, answering her helm quickly, and she made her way against a strong current at the rate of two miles and a half an hour."

Most of us would rather watch others than work ourselves.

A man does not possess what he has but what he is.

Time is like a verb that can only be of use in the present tense.

The best praise of the sermon is its practice.

Lame back makes a young man feel old. Wizard Oil makes an old man feel young. See your druggist.

Boiling anger scalds nobody's fingers but our own.

I am sure Pilo's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. TROE, ROSAMOND, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1904.

There are 11,700 hotels in Paris.

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The best things will be but stuff to the man who only seeks the stuff.

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Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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