

Pictorial Humor

VERY TRANSPARENT.



Riggs—There was another trust organized not so long ago, but anybody can see through their work.
Diggs—What sort of a combine was it?
Riggs—Window-glass trust.

THE MEDAL WEARER.

Two commercial travelers, one from Atherstone and one from New York, were discussing the weather in their respective countries. The Englishman said that English weather has one great fault—its sudden changes.

"A person may take a walk some day," he said, "attired in a light summer suit, and still feel quite warm. Next day he needs an overcoat."

"That's nothing," said the American; "my two friends, Johnson and Jones, were once having an argument. There were eight or nine inches of snow on the ground. The argument got heated and Johnson picked up a snowball and threw it at Jones from a distance of not more than five yards. During the transit of the snowball, believe me or not, just as you like, the weather suddenly changed and became hot and summer-like and Jones, instead of being hit with a snowball, was scalded with hot water."—Tit-Bits.

NOT THE SAME.



Elsie—I saw your intended yesterday.
Maud—Whom do you mean?
Elsie—Why, Jack Stanhope, of course.
Maud—Oh! Jack's only my engaged.

HEREDITARY.

"Have you suffered much from toothache?" asked the dentist.

"A little," answered the young woman in the chair, "but not much. My teeth, I suspect, are like mamma's. She has never had anything done to her's, and she hasn't an unsound tooth in her head."

"How are your father's teeth?"
"Poor papa! His are all gone. They never were anything but mere shells."
"Well," said the dentist, breaking it to her as gently as he could; "it's very evident that you inherit your upper jaw from your mother and your lower jaw from your father."—Chicago Tribune.

WHAT HE WAS AFTER.

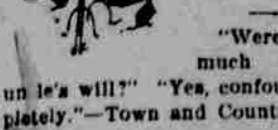
He—"Well, I've just been elected president of the road. More yachts, more diamonds, more horses, more corner lots."

She—"But haven't you enough, dear?"

"Oh, I've never cared about my own 'enough,' I want the other fellow's."—Brooklyn Life.

Disappointment.

"Why should you complain? Haven't you gained ten pounds in the country?"
"Yes; but I came out here to reduce my weight."
"Were you left much in your own hands?" "Yes, confound it, completely."—Town and Country.



THE HOLY THROUGH.

Students of the Holy Through course, laboratories of music under normal degree free. Oct. 5, 1901. HADLEY, Boston, England.

WHY HE DID IT.

"I'll admit that I opposed your marriage, my children," said Silas Fodder, "but now that you're hitched up, I'll forgive you."

The groom straightened up and put a No. 9 boot down hard on the floor.

"I don't see where you come in in this forgivin' business," he answered. "As you say, you done your level best to keep us from gittin' spliced, an' it seems that I ort to be the one to do the forgivin', which I ain't a-goin' to do. Me an' Mandy's goin' to move over in Jasper township, an' if I ketch you aroun' the place I'll fill you full o' buckshot!"

And taking Mandy's lily-white hand in his own large brown one, he strode across the threshold.—Indianapolis Sun.

MIND AND MATTER.

Mrs. Eddy—"There is no matter; all is mind."

Learner—"Is money matter?"

Mrs. Eddy—"There is no matter."

Learner—"Well, I have a million dollars in my mind. Will you please cash me a check for a hundred thousand?"

Mrs. Eddy—"Yes, in my mind."

Learner—"No matter—never mind."—Newark Daily Advertiser.

HANDICAPPED.



Mr. Hornet—Mr. Lightning Bug, how happened it that you never married?
Mr. Lightning Bug—Well, I was rather handicapped in my courting days; when things would get to the interesting point, I could not turn down the light.

FOILED.

An election petition was being tried, and a witness was called to prove "bribery."

"One of the gentlemen says to me, 'Hodge, you must vote for the Tories,'" said the witness.

"And what did you answer to that?" asked the counsel.

"Well," says I, "how much?"

"And what did the agent say?"

"He didn't say nothin'. The other gentleman comes to me and says, 'You must vote for the Liberals, Hodge.'"

"And what did you answer?"

"I said, 'How much?' So he arst me what 'other gentleman offered, and I told him 5 shillings."

"And what did the Liberal agent do?"

"He gave me ten."

Counsel sits down triumphant, and up starts the other side.

"Did you vote for the Liberals?"

"No."

"Did you vote for the Tories?"

"No, I ain't got a vote!"—London Spare Moments.

The farmer believes the results will justify the ends when he packs the small fruit in the middle of the barrel and the large at either extremity.

THERE ARE OTHERS.



First Insurance Agent—What made him die so soon after getting insured for such large amount?
Second Insurance Agent—He worked himself to death trying to pay the premium.

POLITICAL PREVIOUENESS.

National Committeeman—I hear that you have organized a new and independent political club in your section.

Senator—That's right.

National Committeeman—Indeed! What is its object?

Senator—Well, I have a son who is now approaching his majority, and he has enough political instinct and progressive strenuousness to inspire me to start a boom to insure him a nomination for president in 1920.

Not Hopeless.

Mother—There is no use, my child, you'll have to check him; he's got no future for you.

"But, mother, he may introduce me to some of his rich friends!"

The man who cannot spell correctly is always writing his wrongs.

NOTES ON SCIENCE.

CURRENT NOTES OF DISCOVERY AND INVENTION.

Acute Bronchitis, Its Cause and the Proper Treatment—Its Gravity Depends on the Age of the Victim—A Woman's Novel Invention.

ACUTE BRONCHITIS.

Bronchitis is an inflammation of the membrane lining the air-tubes in the lungs. It may be acute or chronic, and may vary through all degrees of severity, from an unpleasant, although quite trivial, complaint to a rapidly fatal illness. The gravity of acute bronchitis depends a great deal upon the age of the sufferer. In the very young and the aged it is often a most serious malady, while in those of middle life it is seldom dangerous unless neglected, and so allowed to become chronic.

The most frequent cause of bronchitis is "catching cold," that is, a general or local chilling of the surface of the body. The cold usually starts in the nose and throat and "works down," or the trouble may begin at once with cough and pain in the chest. Acute bronchitis occurs also as an accompaniment of measles and other diseases, and sometimes is produced by the inhalation of dust or irritant vapors.

The most prominent symptom of an acute "cold on the chest" is enough. This is caused by the secretion from the mucous membrane of the bronchial tubes, and is accompanied by more or less expectoration. It may be very incessant, occurring in repeated paroxysms, but is always temporarily relieved by the appearance of phlegm. Pain in the chest is another frequent symptom. This is felt behind the breast-bone in the center of the chest, extending sometimes toward one or both sides. It may be sharp at first, but is generally dull and of a compressive character, as if some great hand were squeezing the lungs.

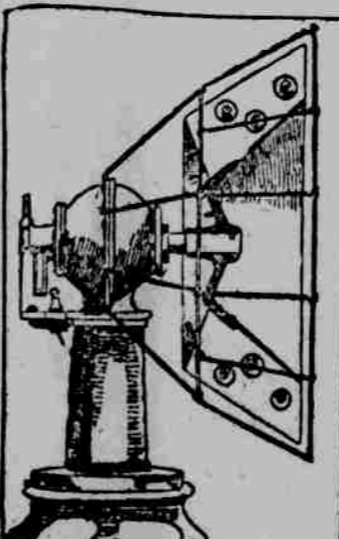
The secretion is at first sticky and difficult to dislodge, but later becomes more fluid, yellow and is easily expelled. At the beginning, in severe cases, there may be some fever preceded by chilly sensations, but this does not last very long. Acute bronchitis, like a cold in the head, will often cure itself if the patient will stay in a well-ventilated room with an equal temperature, and restrict his diet for a day or two, taking plenty of cool water to wash out the system, the only medicine needed being perhaps a mild laxative.

If the cough is so painful as to call for special treatment, among the best of domestic remedies is the old-fashioned flaxseed tea. A mustard plaster (not so strong as to blister) on the chest is also of service at the beginning of a severe attack.

If the cough persists, or the secretion becomes profuse, in spite of domestic remedies, more strictly medicinal treatment will be called for. In the case of the very young or very old no temporizing is safe, and the physician should be summoned at the outset.

BLOWS HOT OR COLD.

The electric motor-fans now manufactured are only useful in the summer time, and must be laid away on the shelf when cold weather comes on, but Gardner C. Hawkins, of Boston, Mass., has just patented an electric fan which blows hot air as well as cold, making the fan useful both in winter and summer. The picture gives a faint idea of the manner of mounting the fan blades and heat conductors for winter use, a section of the blades being cut away to show the position the resistance coils occupy. These are shown by the three round openings cut in the outer ends of the blades, the idea being to overcharge these wires with the electric current until the resistance produces heat, which is driven about the room by the action of the



FAN FOR WINTER AND SUMMER.

fan blades. Although but three coils are shown, the inventor does not intend to limit himself to this number, but may use more until the desired quantity of heat is produced. The current for the resistance coils is introduced to the fan through the brushes and collector rings engaging the shaft, and if it is desired to use the fan for cooling instead of heating purposes the brushes are removed from the rings, when the fan will aid in the circulation of the air without heat.

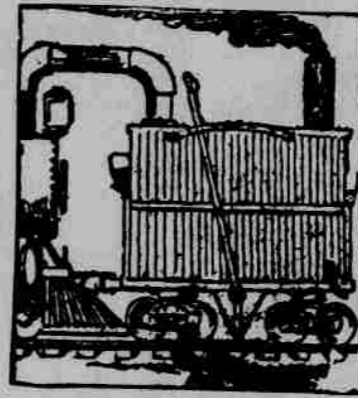
CURIOSITIES OF ARCHITECTURE.

The eccentricities of those who build and furnish houses are too numerous to be described within the limits of an ordinary newspaper or magazine article, but two or three instances of freakishness described by the Golden Penny may be cited in illustration of certain phases. A Russian gentleman

has erected at a cost of eighty thousand rubles, on his country estate at Savinowka, in Podolia, a sixteen-room house made entirely of paper. The house, which was constructed in New York, is calculated by its architect to last longer than would a stone building. The whole of the furniture, too, was made from the same strange material. In County Westmeath, Ireland, a house has been built whereof all the windows are made to resemble in outline the backs of easy chairs, being thus constructed by its eccentric owner to match the backs of a set of chairs in the dining-room. In the neighborhood of Ipswich a certain land-owner, thinking that the view from his house lacked a church, proceeded to supply its place by erecting a row of cottages so designed as to resemble, from his side, the edifice required. Approached from the other direction, however, the sham is at once manifest.

KILLS THE GRASS AND WEEDS.

Here is a woman's invention for destroying the grass and weeds which make many a railroad look unsightly, a patent for the apparatus having been



BRINY SHOWER FOR THE VEGETABLE GROWTHS.

granted to Sarah P. E. Erickson, a Kansas woman. Her idea is to treat the grass and weeds to a shower of salt water at frequent intervals, which, she claims, will not only destroy all vegetable growths, but will also arrest the decomposition of the ties by their absorption of the brine. The apparatus which has been designed for this treatment consists of a tank car of any convenient size, with means for filling it with water as the locomotive tenders are filled. The water is treated with a quantity of salt until it becomes very strong, and to render it more effective it is heated by connecting the tank car with the exhaust of the locomotive. This is done through the tubular as shown, and the steam being driven into the brine heats it to the desired temperature, when the valve is opened and the shower of hot brine falls on the roadbed and prevents the growth of vegetation.

ANKLETS OF COCOONS.

An interesting account of how rickshaw-bearers in Natal make anklets for themselves out of empty cocoons is contributed to the Scientific American by Dr. L. O. Howard of the United States Department of Agriculture. He says:

The writer recently received from Mr. Claude Fuller, the government entomologist of Natal, two interesting anklets formed of the cocoons of a large bombycid moth. The natives collect the cocoons after the moth has issued from them, put one or more small stones into each, and sew them upon a broad strip of monkey skin, side by side, so as to cover the surface of the ankle. The cocoons are tough and dry, and the stones within them rattle in a most delightful way.

The use of these ankle rattles has become quite general in Natal since the introduction of the rickshaw from China and India. The rickshaw-bearers wear the anklets very generally, and the sound of their rattle on the streets is almost as familiar as the sound of sleigh-bells in a New England town in winter.

This invention is not confined to southeast Africa. Dr. Walter Hough, of the United States National Museum, has shown me rattling anklets from Mexico which are made in a somewhat similar way of the cocoons of another bombycid moth. In this case many cocoons are strung together on a string, and several rows are tied around the ankle. Each cocoon has been opened for the purpose of inserting the stones.

Doctor Hough also tells me of a much larger cocoon from India, which is mounted singly at the end of a stick to be carried in the hand. This cocoon also is made into a rattle.

WORLD'S STRANGEST RAILWAYS.

The world's strangest railways are to be found principally in India, America, Switzerland and Ireland. The Loop, at Agony Point, on the Darjeeling Railway, India, is thought to be the sharpest curve in the world; while Mt. Rigi, in Switzerland, has no fewer than three railways to its summit. When the Jungfrau Railway is completed it will be the most remarkable one in the world. Its highest station will be 13,668 feet above sea level, and the cost of the line will be about \$2,000,000. Of American railways the strangest is at Cripple Creek, where the great timber trestle, over which the train has to pass in crossing the chasm, is so curved that the line is made to tip inwardly, and the sensation is terrible to a traveler on a fast train; while in Ireland there is a curious single-line railway at Listowel.

Too Long a Job.

Primm—One mark of the gentleman is that he always keeps his hands clean. Glimm—Oh, I don't know. I know a gentleman who never washes his hands. Primm—Oh, come, now! Glimm—Fact. He employs 200 in his factory.

WHAT THEY WANT IT FOR.

Stories Told by Hoboes in Drug Stores When Saloons Are Closed.

An elderly man, with ragged and badly fitting clothes, a shuffling gait, a rum-be-dotted face covered with about three days' growth of beard and with a breath that indicated the close proximity of a distillery, wandered into a down town drug store the other morning about 1 o'clock. The saloons had closed. Staggering up to the drug clerk, he leaned over the counter and remarked huskily: "Say, Willie, just fill that up with alcohol. Ten cents' worth. See?"

The ragged man produced a whisky flask, and passing a dime over to the clerk, settled in a nearby chair with a grunt of contentment. "Alcohol, eh?" answered the clerk. "What do you want it for? We're not selling rum in this place." The ragged individual arose, and going over to the clerk, observed, in what was intended to be a highly injured tone of voice: "Now, youse, don't get gay wit' me. Rum? Who said anything about rum? That juice is goin' to me chafin' dish around the block. I'm goin' to cook me a supper. See? So chaise along, me lad, and produce the goods." The clerk smiled, but nevertheless filled the order.

"That's the practice of those fellows pretty generally," he said after the bum had departed. "He has just made a hot touch, and, being unable to get into a saloon, is going to drink the real stuff. We have ten or fifteen orders for alcohol from his class every night. On Sunday, if we chose to sell it, we could do a rushing business in that line. The sable-colored boot-blacks in this vicinity drink it almost entirely. Ten cents' worth in a half-pint flask, mixed with a little pump water, some sugar and lemon juice, makes enough of a certain kind of gin to produce the much-craved-for sensation. They tell me all sorts of stories when I ask them to what use they want to put the poison. A hobo staggered into the place the other night for a dime's worth. 'Nothing doing,' I remarked laconically, seeing that he was nine-tenths souped already. 'Aw, now, come on,' he pleaded. 'wants the dope for private use. That's on the level.' 'What do you want it for?' I asked with some curiosity.

"He came over to within whispering distance, and, leaning over the counter, remarked in very confidential tones: 'Say, youse, just keep this on the quiet. I wouldn't let it out for the world. I'm painting a picture of me old college chum, Chauncey M. Depew, up to de house, and I wants de stuff to mix me olls.' He got the booze."—Washington Star.

A WRONG IMPRESSION.

What the Aged Farmer Imagined About the Descending Aeronaut.

"Yes, this parachute jumping business is dangerous," said the old aeronaut thoughtfully. "But it may surprise you to learn that it is not nearly so dangerous as the old form of ballooning. With a parachute you can pick your landing place, and while coming down it can be guided more or less, and thus clear obstructions that you are apt to meet with. But with a balloon you are absolutely helpless, and you have to come down wherever the big bag may choose to land you. I remember a humorous incident that happened to me a good many years ago, when this parachute business was never dreamt of. I had made an ascension, and had been carried out into the country. As I neared the earth I threw out my grappling hook, but I was passing over plowed fields, and the hook merely dragged on the ground, and did not stay the progress of the balloon. Peering over the side of the basket I noticed a wagon loaded with seed potatoes standing in a field, and a moment later my grappling hook caught hold of it. But the wagon was not heavy enough to stay the progress of the balloon, the result being that I dragged it along with me. Then I saw an old man who had been taking a nap under the wagon jump up, look dazed for a moment, and then start in pursuit, yelling wildly: 'Gol dern your ugly picture! What do you mean by stealing my potatoes? The wagon ran into a stump at last, and as the hook held I managed to make a landing. I spent an exciting five minutes trying to convince him that I had no designs on his potatoes. I succeeded in a way at last, but I think to this day, if the man is still alive, that he is under the impression that it was only a new scheme to rob the honest old farmer.'"—Detroit Free Press.

Philadelphia French.

A Philadelphian tells the story of a waiter at a restaurant in the Quaker city, who has lately announced that he has begun to study French. "Do you find it necessary here?" asked the customer. "Not here, sir," said the waiter. "But I've been offered a steady job in Paris at one of the hotels if I can learn French." "But Paris is full of French waiters," said the gentleman. "I'm afraid you're being deceived." "Oh, no, sir!" said the man, with much earnestness and absolute simplicity. "It's a perfectly straight thing. The proprietor of the hotel says the waiters he has can't understand French as we Philadelphians speak it, and that's what he wants me for, you see."

Pink Blouse-Vest Fronts.

Some of the blouse-vest fronts of pink or ciel blue China silk or peau de soie, worn with suits of white mohair, serge or cloth, are very pretty indeed. They have an open-fronted bolero, cut down on the neck, and are collarless, and the sleeves are elbow length, with turn-back cuffs, edged with pink or blue silk brier stitching.

Many a hasty marriage begets a long-drawn-out repentance.