

PATENTED JUNE 5-1894.

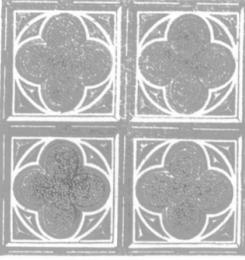
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## CLARE & BROCKEST, Winnipeg



Ceiling Plate.

**Humorous**

It is said that corned beef hash as served by Senator Hanna's cook was very popular in Washington several years ago. When the head waiter of the Senate restaurant wanted hash prepared very carefully he ordered it this way:

"One corned beef hash for Senator Hanna."

One day, when the restaurant was doing a heavy business, almost every body seemed to want corned beef hash. "Corned beef hash for Senator Hanna" had been ordered fourteen times. When the fifteenth order went down to the kitchen, the chef shouted:

"That's fifteen orders for Senator Hanna! He'd better watch out or he'll founder himself."

A.—The decision has gone against me; I've got to pay Miss Weber a thousand pounds for a breach of promise of marriage.

B.—My dear fellow. I am delighted. (Shakes hands warmly.)

A.—What! you are delighted?

B.—Yes. Excuse my feelings, but it is impossible for me to hide them. I'm engaged to Miss Weber.—*Pearson's Weekly.*

The public spirited lady met the little boy on the street. Something about his appearance halted her. She stared at

him in her nearsighted way.

The Lady—Little boy, haven't you any home?

The Little Boy—Oh, yes'm; I've got a home.

The Lady—And loving parents?

The Little Boy—Yes'm.

The Lady—I'm afraid you do not know what love really is. Do your parents look after your moral welfare?

The Little Boy—Yes'm.

The Lady—Are they bringing you up to be a good and helpful citizen?

The Little Boy—Yes'm.

The Lady—Will you ask your mother to come and hear me talk on "When Does a Mother's Duty to Her Child Begin?" next Saturday afternoon, at 3 o'clock at Lyceum Hall?

The Little Boy (explosively)—What's the matter with you, ma? Don't you know me? I'm your little boy!—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

**MARK TWAIN'S CRUEL EDITOR.**

At the recent Associated Press banquet in New York, Mark Twain made an eloquent plea for simplified spelling, in the course of which he told the following story, which was omitted from the Associated Press report of his speech:

"I was once required," said Mr. Twain, "to write ten pages of copy for a magazine, where words of not less than from ten to twenty letters were employed, at 7 cents a word—greatly to my pecuniary loss. I protested to the editor about it.

"He said: 'A word's a word, and 7 cents is the contract; what are you going to do about it?'"

"I said: 'Jackson this is cold-blooded oppression. What's an average English word?'"

"He said: 'Six letters.'"

"I said: 'Nothing of the kind; that's French, and includes the spaces between the words; an average English word is four letters and a half. By hard honest labor I've dug all the large words out of my vocabulary and shaved it down till the average is three letters and a half. I can put 1,200 words on your pages, and there's not another man alive that can come within 200 of it. My page is worth \$84 to me. It takes exactly as long to fill your magazine page with long words as it does with short ones—four hours. Now then, look at the criminal injustice of this requirement of yours. I am careful, I am economical of my time and labor. For the family's sake I've got to be. So I never write "metropolis" for 7 cents, because I can get the same money for "city". I never write "policeman," because I can get the same price for "cop." And so on and so on. I never write "valetudinarian" at all, for not even hunger and wretchedness can humble me to the point where I will do a word like that for 7 cents; I wouldn't do it for 15. Examine your obscene text, please count the words.'

"He counted, and said it was twenty-four. I asked him to count the letters. He made it 203.

"I said: 'Now I hope you will see the whole size of your crime. With my vocabulary I would make sixty words out of those 205 letters, and get \$4.20 for it; whereas for your inhuman twenty-four I would get only \$1.68. Ten pages of these skyscrapers of yours would pay me only about \$300; in my simplified vocabulary the same space and the same labor would pay me \$840. I do not wish to work upon this scandalous job by the piece; I want to be hired by the year.' He coldly refused. I said:

"Then for the sake of the family, if you have no feelings for me, you ought at least to allow me overtime on that word extemporaneousness.' Again he coldly refused. I seldom say a harsh word to anyone, but I was not master of myself then, and I spoke right out and called him an anysodactylous plesiosaurian conchyliaecus ornithrhynous, and rotten to the heart with holophotal subterranean extemporaneousness. God forgive me for that wanton crime; he lived only two hours.

"From that day to this I have been a devoted hard-working member of the heaven-born institution, the International Association for the Prevention of Cruelty to Authors, and now I am laboring with Carnegie's simplified committee and with my heart in the work."

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