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## In Lighter Vein.

### At the Barber's

"You are very bald, sir," said the barber to little Binks, as the latter took up his position in the chair.

"What's that you say?" asked Binks pleasantly.

"I say you are very bald, sir," repeated the barber.

"Who is?" asked Binks.

"You, sir," said the barber.

"What paper did you see that in?" demanded Binks.

"What what, sir?" asked the barber.

"What newspaper?" repeated Binks.

"I read the Sun, Times, Herald, and World, but I didn't see any reference to this. Was it in one of the early editions of the evening papers?"

"Was what, sir?" queried the puzzled barber.

"This thing you were just telling me," said Binks.

"Why, I don't remember telling you—" began the barber.

"About my being bald, you know," said Binks. "You said I was very bald, didn't you?"

"Yes," said the barber; "but I didn't mention the newspapers, sir. Why should it be in the newspapers, sir?"

"Why, because it's news, isn't it?" said Binks.

"I shouldn't say that, sir," said the barber.

"Well, if it isn't news, what in thunder did you tell me about it for?" demanded Binks. "I supposed you had read about it in one of the papers, and had reached the conclusion that I didn't know it. If you find a mole under my left ear while shaving me, break it to me gently, please, and you may omit all mention of the fact that my beard is getting gray. I am trying to stave off a realization of the—"

But just then the barber accidentally ran his lather brush over Bink's mouth, and the conversation ceased.

### Wanted a Handsome Picture.

"Photographers," says a picture man, "get some peculiar requests, but a friend of mine, in the business in a Connecticut town, tells me of the funniest ever.

"It seems that he received a call from an especially unprepossessing young man, evidently from the interior, who desired to obtain a photograph of some person possessing a resemblance to him, but of better looks.

"What do you mean?" demanded my friend.

"It's this way," explained the stranger. "I'm engaged to be married. The young woman, who lives in the West, is going home to-morrow. She knows I'm all right, and doesn't mind my being so infernally ugly; but it's different with her friends, she thinks. So she wants to get a good-looking picture to take home to show the girls."

### Was it His Ghost.

A well-known publisher has the entrance to his private office guarded by one of his editors, a small man, who, as the day wears on, sinks down in a little heap in his high-backed chair under the weight of the manuscripts he has to read. The publisher was exceedingly proud of his friendship with a prominent Congressman, who usually called when he was in New York.

One day the huge form of the Speaker of the House of Representatives loomed up before the little editor, with the evident intent of bearing down upon the private office.

"Back!" shouted the little editor, waving a slender arm with much vigor. "Back! Go back to the offith and thend in your card."

The Congressman paused, inclined his head to view the obstacle that opposed his progress, and smiled. Then he turned on his heel and did as he was directed.

Of course, the publisher hustled out

personally to conduct the great man into the private office. When his visitor had departed the publisher came forth in a rage. The little editor shrivelled before him as he began—

"What do you mean by holding up one of my oldest friends in this fashion? Don't you know he's at perfect liberty to walk into my office at any time without so much as knocking?"

"Yeth!" admitted the little editor feebly.

"Then what do you mean by holding him up and subjecting him to such discourtesy?"

"I thought he wath Dr. John Hall!"

"Dr. John Hall!" exclaimed the exasperated publisher. "Don't you know that Dr. John Hall is dead?"

"Yeth," returned the little editor, with earnest sincerity. "That'th what bothered me."

### Paid (?) to Take His Medicine.

"A little boy once told his friend, another youngster," says the Pathfinder, "that his mother was accustomed to give him a nickel every morning so that he should take his medicine in peace and quietness.

"Well, what do you do with it?" inquired the little friend.

"Mother puts it in a money-box until there is a dollar."

"And what then?"

"Why, then, mother buys another bottle of medicine with it."

### "Pidgin English."

That most wonderful and at times most amusing means of communication, "Pidgin English," owes its origin to English and Chinese intercourse. "Pidgin" means "business," and this jargon or patois is the language employed by Europeans generally in conducting business transactions with the Chinese nation. The vocabulary is composed of distorted English, interspersed with an occasional French, Italian, or Portuguese word. The Chinese idiom is generally used, the combination thus produced, together with the pronunciation and word arrangement, resembling when spoken the idle prattle of a three-year-old child. "I can recall nothing more ridiculous," writes Doctor Sigel Roush, "than the spectacle of a dignified official whom we heard conversing in this maudlin, baby talk with an equally serious-looking representative of the ancient and honorable Chinese Empire.

"It is a noteworthy fact that 'Pidgin English' is resorted to by the Chinese themselves in addressing each other from different provinces when the native dialects would not be understood. We observe a similar situation in India; when the Tamil from the south wishes to speak with the Sikh of the north he resorts to English, for, while unable to make himself understood in the vernacular, both, as a rule, understand a sufficient amount of that soon-to-be-universal language of the world to get along fairly well.

"'Pidgin English,' however, varies from the King's English so much in idiom and arrangement as practically to amount to a different language, presenting to the uninitiated a number of puzzling and incomprehensible phrases. For example, I asked a Chinese deck-steward to bring my chair from the upper to the lower deck. He looked at me in blank amazement. A gentleman who had lived in China for some time was standing near, and, noticing the puzzled expression of the steward, repeated my request thus—'Boy, go top-side, ketchee one piece chair, bring down-side,' when my chair was delivered at once."

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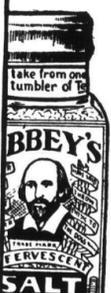
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