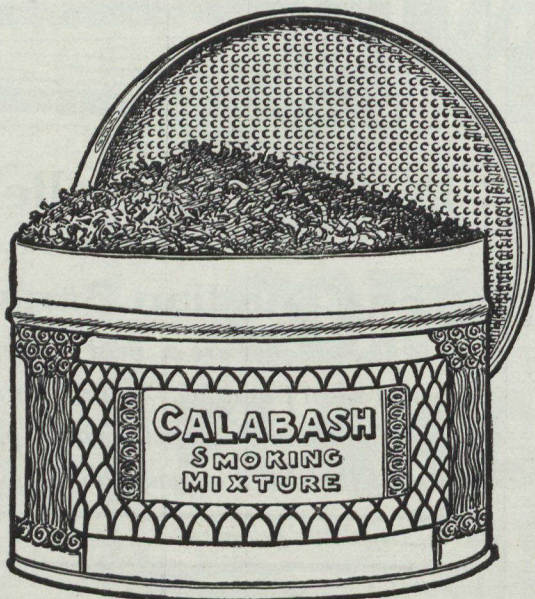


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## The Scrap Book

**Queer Morality.**—Upton Sinclair, in a lecture in New York, condemned industrial or business morality.

"It is all wrong," he said, "but every one thinks it is all right. It reminds me of Tin Can."

"Once in a Tin Can poker game a tenderfoot saw a player give himself four aces from the bottom of the pack. The tenderfoot flushed with indignation. He turned to a Tin Can native and whispered:

"Did you see that?"

"See what?"

"Why, that hound dealt himself four aces!"

"Wall," said the native, in a surprised tone, "wasn't it his deal?"—New York Tribune.

**Cruel.**—Poet—The verses which you are perusing are the precious children of my brain.

Editor—Poor little orphans.—Life.

**As Bad Then as Now.**—Egyptologist—"Here is a papyrus on which the characters are so badly traced that they are indecipherable. How shall you class it?" Keeper of Museum—"Oh, I shall just call it a doctor's prescription in the time of Pharaoh."

**Call That Fails.**—The whistle of a locomotive can be heard 3,300 yards, the noise of a train 3,800 yards, the report of a musket and the bark of a dog 1,800 yards, the roll of a drum 1,600 yards, the croak of a frog 900 yards, a cricket chirp 800 yards, a dinner bell two miles, and a call to get up in the morning 3 ft. 7 in.—The Tatler.

**A Bad Heading.**—The choice of a title is often a difficult matter, and The Observer, in chronicling the fact that some pick-pockets who had relieved the Mayor of Shoreditch of his watch had subsequently returned it to his worship, was not quite so happy as usual when it headed the paragraph, "Honour Among Thieves."—Punch.

**Admired Him.**—Mr. Henpeck—"Are you the man who gave my wife a lot of impudence?"

Mr. Scraper—"I reckon I am."

Mr. Henpeck—"Shake! You're a hero."—Pathfinder.

**Her Distinction.**—A teacher asked her class in spelling to state the difference between the words "results" and "consequences."

A bright girl replied, "Results are what you expect, and consequences are what you get."—Harper's Bazar.

**No Reno for Children.**—After a more severe reproof than usual, little Bessie, who is extraordinarily sensitive; thought diligently for a minute, and then said: "Mamma, isn't there any way a child can get a divorce from its parents?"

**Injured Innocence.**—Policeman (to seedy-looking man with bag of golf sticks)—"Now then, what are yer doing with those things?"

Seedy-looking man—"Blimy! that's done it. A bloke can't go and 'ave a quiet game of billiards now."—The Tatler.

**Appropriate.**—Anyone who knows San Francisco well, will specially appreciate the laconic reply of Artemus Ward to the San Francisco manager, Thomas Maguire, who telegraphed him: "What will you take for forty nights in California?"

"Whiskey and water," was the response.—M. A. P.

**A Girl's Reasoning.**—Someone was blaming a girl for extravagance. "You should not," said Mentor, "burn the candle at both ends." "I should have thought," was the reply, "that was the way to make both ends meet."