

SCRAP BOOK

His Weapon.—Professor Brander Matthews at a literary dinner in New York said of a certain "best seller": "The grammar is rather off. Its author lies open to the rebuke meted out to a Philadelphia author in the last century. This author had been slashed in a review and he wrote to the reviewer and challenged him to a duel. But the critic wrote back: 'I have read your letter. It is as wretched as your book. You have called me out. Very well, I choose grammar, You are a dead man.'"

Natural Selection.—When we decide to forgive our enemies we generally begin with those who are bigger and stronger than we are.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Not Much Difference.—Hoax—"What is the difference in time between New York and Paris?"

Joax—"Oh, I don't know. You can have pretty much of the same time in New York as in Paris if you know how to go about it."—Philadelphia Record.

Still Something to Do.—"I have just been talking to a youth who claims to have done everything."

"Has he ever wrapped a motor-car around a telegraph pole at three o'clock in the morning?"

"I think not."

"Then he has a great deal to learn."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Was Going Far Away.—When a group of visitors was going through the county jail recently a burly negro trusty was called to open doors and perform other similar duties for the visitors.

"How do you like it in here?" one of them asked.

"Like it? Lawd, if evah Ah gets out o' heah, I'll go so fer frum town it'll take \$9 to sen' me a postal card."—Indianapolis News.

As Usual.—"So Dibble is playing golf for his health? Any improvement?"

"His health is better, but his language is worse."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Many Like Him.—"The Visitor—"Why are you here, my misguided friend?"

The Prisoner—"I'm the victim of the unlucky number 13."

The Visitor—"Indeed; how's that?"

The Prisoner—"Twelve jurors and one judge."—Sporting Times.

An Early Riser.—This dialogue is reported from Gove County, Kansas:

"I reckon," said the first farmer, "that I get up earlier than anybody in this neighbourhood. I am always up before four o'clock in the morning."

The second farmer said he was always up before that and had part of the chores done.

The first farmer thought he was a liar, and decided to find out. A few mornings later he got up at three o'clock and went to the neighbour's house. He rapped on the back door and the woman of the house opened it.

"Where is your husband?" asked the farmer, expecting to find the neighbour in bed.

"He was around here early in the morning," answered the wife, "but I don't know where he is now."

Wiser Now.—"Much of our worry is useless."

"Yes; it is. I once bought some stock in a rubber grove and worried two winters about frost before I ascertained that the trees hadn't yet been planted."—Washington Herald.

Faint Praise.—While spending the winter in Georgia before his inauguration as President Mr. Taft went to the city of Athens to deliver an address to the students of the University of Georgia.

He met a member of the faculty—a staunch Democrat—who said: "Judge, I voted the Democratic ticket, but I wanted to see you win."

Judge Taft replied: "You remind me

of the story of Br'er Jasper and Br'er Johnson, who were both deacons in the Shiloh Baptist Church, although avowed enemies. Br'er Jasper died and the other deacons told Br'er Johnson he must say something good about the deceased on Sunday night. At first he declined, but finally consented. Sunday night, when time for the eulogy arrived, he arose slowly and said: 'Brederen and susteren, I promised ter say sump'n good 'bout Deacon Jasper to-night, an' I will say we all hopes he's gone whar we know he ain't.'"

Perfectly at Home.—Wife—"How imprudent you are! You've only just finished dinner and now you propose to bathe."

Husband—"That's all right, my dear. I ate nothing but fish."—Pele Mele.

Perfection.—Mary—"Doesn't Ida keep her hardwood floors in beautiful condition?"

Alice—"Perfect! Every one who goes there is carried out with a fracture or a dislocation."—Harper's Bazar.

Well Turned.—Wickler—"Beastly weather, isn't it?"

Stickler—"Why will you use those idiotic expressions? How can the weather be beastly?"

Wickler—"Well, it's raining cats and dogs."—Philadelphia Press.

Lullaby Singer.—Diggs—"My wife is a wonderful vocalist. Why, I have known her to hold her audience for hours—"

Biggs—"Get out!"

Diggs—"After which she would lay it in the cradle and rock it to sleep."—Tennessean.

Mixed.—Jones, able seaman of H. M. S. Vermont, gazed into the face of his commander pleadingly.

"You are always on leave," exclaimed the officer. "What on earth do you require extra leave for now?"

"My sister's baby's goin' to be waxinated, sir," replied Jones.

"And what has that to do with you?"

"She's my sister, d'ye see, sir?" exclaimed Jones, with a hurt look.

"What, the baby?"

"No, sir. The baby's sister's my brother—I mean, I'm the mother's baby—er—the father's my mother—no—I mean—"

"You mean!" broke in the commanding officer, angrily. "What do they want you for—that's the point?"

"P-p-please, sir," stuttered Jones, "they want m-m-me t-to stand as god-m-mother."

Decision Suspended.—"Father, our daughter is being courted by a poet."

"Is that so, mother? I'll kick him out."

"Not so fast. Investigate first and find out whether he works for a magazine or for a breakfast-food factory."—Washington Herald.

In Snobby Circles.—Mrs. Justin de Bunch—"Has your baby learned to talk yet?"

Mrs. Al De Mustahd—"No, and his nurse is so stupid that I'm afraid he never will. But you must let me show you new tricks I have taught Fido since you were here last. Play dead, Fido."—Milwaukee News.

Kind-hearted.—"You wish to marry my only daughter," murmured the magnate. "Would you take from me all that I have to solace me in my old age?"

"By no means," declared the duke warmly. "We want you to keep at least \$50,000."—Sacred Heart Review.

Excusable.—Having need of some small change, the mistress of the house stepped to the top of the back stairs.

"Bessie," she called to the maid below, "have you any coppers down there?"

"Yes'm—two," faltered Bessie, "but they're both my cousins, please m'm."

Say Farewell to Every Corn

Don't pare off the top layer and let the real corn go. That's simply folly.

It is dangerous, too. A slip of the blade often means an infection. Sometimes it means blood poison.

That form of home surgery doesn't belong to these intelligent times.

The treatment used by millions is this:

Apply a Blue-jay plaster. It is done in a jiffy. The pain ends instantly—the corn is forgotten.

Then the B & B wax gently loosens the corn. In 48 hours the whole corn comes out, root and all.

No soreness, no discomfort. Fifty million corns have been ended in this way since this famous wax was invented.

Let it remove one for you. That will show you the end of corn troubles forever.

A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

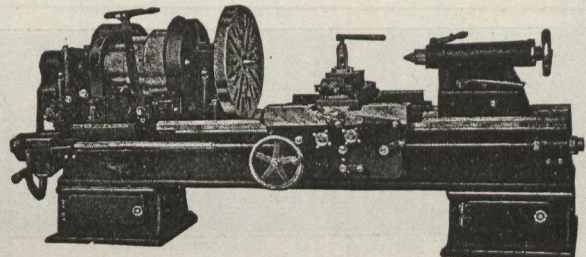
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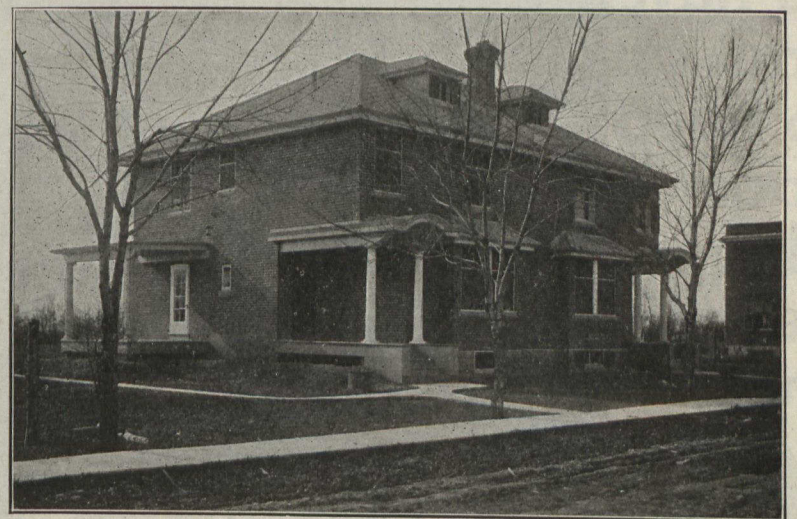
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How many things have you in your home which could never be replaced should they be burned up—articles of no intrinsic value, perhaps, but which are priceless to you because of associations? Think.

Bestoslate

Asbestos Shingles will protect your home from the embers and heat of a neighboring fire. And not only that. If the fire was IN your house, in the garret, for instance, these shingles would hold it INSIDE, and it would burn much more slowly than if it was allowed to burn through into the air, where it would be fanned to greater activity. You would have a chance to extinguish it before it made great headway, and to save those articles which you value so highly and which no fire insurance policy could replace.

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