

THE SCRAP BOOK

Giving Him Away.—Recently, a dinner was given to Oscar Straus in honour of his long career of public service. Naturally, Theodore Roosevelt was present, and was one of the first called upon for a speech (says the New York Evening Post). With little preamble, the ex-President launched into an appreciation of his ex-Cabinet officer's public record.

"Believe me, gentlemen," he said, "when I called Mr. Straus to my Cabinet, I was considering no questions of religion or race or station. I was considering only his fitness for the office to which I had elected him. Neither as German nor as Jew was Mr. Straus called to my Cabinet—but simply as the man most fitted for the position."

The next speaker was Jacob H. Schiff, who, as everybody knows, is a bit deaf and at times absent-minded. After the proper greetings, the financier began slowly.

"My friends," he said, "when Mr. Roosevelt wrote and asked me whom I considered the best Jew for the position. . . ."

Ready for Him.—She—"I told father you wanted to see him the next time you called."

He—"What did he say?"

She—"He said you could come on; he wasn't afraid of you."

A Surprise.—On the occasion of a football match, in England, between a number of military officers and a team of lawyers, the former had prepared a splendid lunch for the visitors before the game. Both teams did thorough justice to the lunch, and the legal gentlemen going in strong for champagne and cigars, the officers anticipated an easy victory. On looking

toward the football ground, however, after lunch, the officers espied a remarkably fresh-looking lot of giants kicking the ball about, and, in amazement, asked their guests who the strangers were.

"Oh," replied one of them, finishing his last glass of champagne, "those are our playing team; we are only the lurching team: you know."

After Poe.

It was down by the dark tarn of Aiden,
At Aiden far under the hill,
That this thing occurred to a maiden
Who went by the name of Jill,
By the mystic prænomen of Jill.

She was sent up the hill by her mother
Along with a youngster named Jack.
He may have been cousin or brother—
(One guest is as good as another)—
The dead years these details now
smother,

And that's a misfortune, alack!

They were sent up the hill to fetch
water,
Jack stumbled and dented his
crown;

And Jill, with a terrible clatter,
Accompanied the young fellow down,
Came shuddering, thundering down—
Came blithering, slithering down.

It was there by the dark tarn of Aiden,
Of Aiden far under the hill,
That these things occurred to a maiden
Who went by the brief name of Jill,
But the boiled-down and terse designation,

The mystic prænomen of Jill.

—W. S. Adkins, in Puck.

Nothing Extraordinary.—A native of Germany was visiting an American friend in New York, and the latter

bethought himself to take his guest on a visit to Niagara Falls.

The American, accustomed to bursts of wonderment and enthusiasm, was not a little astonished to see his Teutonic friend stand and gaze stolidly minute after minute upon that roaring cataract, without evincing the faintest sign of emotion.

Finally, unable any longer to conceal his chagrin and disappointment, the American turned to his companion and asked: "Don't you think that's a wonderful sight!"

"Vot?" asked the Dutchman.
"Why, that gigantic body of water pouring over that lofty precipice."

The German stood for a few seconds longer, until he got that idea digested, then looked up blandly and asked:

"Vell, vot's to hinder it?"—Everybody's Magazine.

With Apologies to Henry.

This was the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,

Planed and veneered, in coats of shellac and new varnish,

Stand like Chippendale "highboys," with dainty lingerie coverlets;

Stand—full of buckshot (for wormholes), with drawers brass-handled and polished.

Loud, from the long-distance telephone, the deep-voiced, persistent dealer

Calls in accents decisive after the monthly installment.

—Puck.

Couldn't Tell.—Not so long ago a knowledge of Latin was essential to an orator and long quotations from the Roman poets embellished every debate. James Payn, the novelist, was once at a dinner party where a learned

clergyman insisted on quoting Greek. The lady sitting next to Payn asked for a translation. Payn's Greek was rusty. Accordingly, he assumed a blush, and hinted to the lady that it was scarcely fit for her ear.

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed, "you don't mean to say—"

"Please don't ask any more," murmured Payn, "I really could not tell you."

None Good Enough.—"John, I'm sorry that Ethel has engaged herself to that young Poreleigh. He isn't half good enough for her."

"My dear, if Eve had had parents they would have been convinced she might have done better."—Life.

Bill's Way.—Neighbour—I s'pose your Bill's 'ittin' the 'arp with the hangels now?"

Long-Suffering Widow.—"Not 'im. 'Ttin the hangels wiv the 'arp's nearer 'is mark!"—Black and White.

Startling.—Real bathrooms are scarce in the interior of India, as a lady who was travelling with her husband discovered, upon arriving at an out-of-the-way place one evening. The host, when showing them their room, said, pointing to a door: "The shower bath is there."

Later the lady went into the bathroom, disrobed, and seeing before her just a tub and a tin mug and nothing more began to investigate for the source of the "shower."

Suddenly she heard a voice apparently in the ceiling say: "If memsahib coming more this side I throwing water more proper!"

Modern Bravery.—"Oh, love," sighed the sentimental lover. "I would these were the knightly days of old, that I might go forth and perform some brave deed to prove my love."
"But so you may, George," interrupted the girl. "Go forth and speak to father."



The Spirit that dispels the Gloom