

# SCRAP BOOK

Awful.—The president of the university had dark circles under his eyes. His cheek was pallid; his lips were trembling; he wore a haunted expression. Every now and then he turned and glanced apprehensively behind him.

"You look ill," said his wife. "What is wrong, dear?"

"Nothing much," he replied. "But—I—I had a fearful dream last night, and I feel this morning as if I—as if I— He hesitated and stammered. It was evident that his nervous system was shattered.

"What was the dream?" asked his wife.

"I—I—dreamed the trustees required that—that I should—that I should pass the freshman examination for—admission!" sighed the president.—Youth's Companion.

Identified.—Visitor—"You remember me, don't you, little man?"

Bobbie—"Course I do. You're the same man pa brought home last summer an' ma got so mad about it she didn't speak to pa for a whole week."—Boston Transcript.

## Schoolboy "Howlers."

The Salic law is that you must take everything with a grain of salt.

Julius Caesar was renowned for his great strength. He threw a bridge across the Rhine.

The Zodiac is the Zoo of the sky, where lions, goats, and other animals go after they are dead.

The Pharisees were people who like to show off their goodness by praying in synonyms.

An abstract noun is something you can't see when you are looking at it.

Algebraical symbols are used when you do not know what you are talking about.

An epistle is the wife of an apostle. The principal parts of the eye are the pupil, the moat, and the beam.

The Retort Crushing.—Gail Hamilton once made a cutting and comprehensive remark to a man who had just married his third wife. It was in the old days when George Q. Cannon, delegate in Congress from Utah, was living more or less happily with three wives.

"Look," said the thrice-married bridegroom to Gail Hamilton at an evening reception, "there comes Cannon, the polygamist."

"Yes," said Gail Hamilton; "and the only difference between you and him is that you drive your wives tandem, while he drives his abreast."

Discovered.—Wife—"What would you do, George, if you were left a widower?"

Hub—"Oh, I suppose the same as you would if you were left a widow."

Wife—"You horrid wretch! And you told me you could never care for anybody else."—Boston Transcript.

A Foretaste.—"My dear girl," exclaimed an elderly lady, "do you know that the man you are intending to marry drinks heavily and gambles?"

"Yes, I know; I am going to marry him to reform him."

"Listen to me, my girl. Try one experiment before you do that."

"What experiment?"

"Take in a week's washing to do and see how you like it."—Town Topics.

Real Test.—Faith is believing the dentist when he says it isn't going to hurt.—Detroit Free Press.

Self-Preservation.—"And you didn't know it was loaded?"

"No, judge, I swear I didn't."

"But before pointing it at the deceased, why did you not look into the barrel to see whether or not it was loaded?"

"Why, judge, that would have been a fool thing to do! It might have exploded and killed me."—Houston Post.

Politeness.—The mayor of a French town had, in accordance with the regu-

lations, to make out a passport for a rich and highly respectable lady of his acquaintance, who, in spite of a slight disfigurement, was very vain of her personal appearance.

His native politeness prompted him to gloss over the defect, and, after a moment's reflection, he wrote among the items of personal description: "Eyes dark, beautiful, tender, expressive, but one of them missing."

Long Needed.—Knicker—"So Jones has a great invention?"

Bocker—"Yes; an umbrella handle that retains the finger print."—New York Sun.

His Only Success.—She—"You are always talking about making money in literature—why don't you do something?"

He—"I did—I pawned my typewriter for \$15."—Satire.

His Qualification.—Herman Perlet, the musical director and composer, was recruiting a philharmonic orchestra and had enlisted the services of an Italian acquaintance. Among the instrumentalists he procured was a very old man with an antiquated flute from which he was able to get a wheezy tone now and then.

"Take him away!" ordered Perlet after the first rehearsal. "He can't play the flute."

"What! Thata man can't playa da flute!" gasped the sponsor.

"Not in this orchestra. Take him away!"

"Maledetta!" He rolled his eyes heavenward. "Thata man can't playa da flute!" And he beat his breast in indignation. "Why, thata man he fighta with Garibaldi!"

## A Millionaire Tucre.

Said a maid, "I will marry for lucre," And her scandalized ma almost shucre;

But when the chance came, And she told the good dame,

I notice she did not rebucre. —St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Not So Difficult.—"How did he manage to escape from the penitentiary? I thought it was well-nigh impossible."

"Well, he figured it out on scientific lines. Somebody smuggled him a pair of trunks, and after he got outside everybody thought he was running a Marathon."—Kansas City Journal.

The Best Way.—A correspondent wants to know how to pronounce Chihuahua. The best way is to say Chy-hew-hwa and then laugh as though you knew better. If it is done artistically, you can get away with it nearly every time.

The same treatment has been frequently applied to decollete with great success.—York Dispatch.

Solid Ivory.—"Yes," confessed Mr. Dorkins, "it serves me right. I engaged the man to move our goods and I forgot to ask him how much he was going to charge me for the job. If ever I do such a thing again, Maria, you can have my head for a football."

"It would be a good deal more profitable, John," said Mrs. Dorkins, "to cut it up into billiard balls."—Chicago Tribune.

Thoughtful Wife.—"Think I'll go to the ball game to-day."

"All right. Is there a telephone at the grounds?"

"There's one near there. Why?"

"If the home team loses I want you to telephone me, so that I can take the children and go over to mother's until you get your temper back."—Houston Post.

Guessed Right.—"Willie, mamma has a great surprise for you."

"I know what it is—big bruvver is back from his vacation."

"How did you know?"

"My bank won't rattle any more."—Youngstown Telegram.

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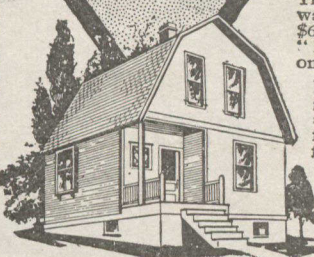


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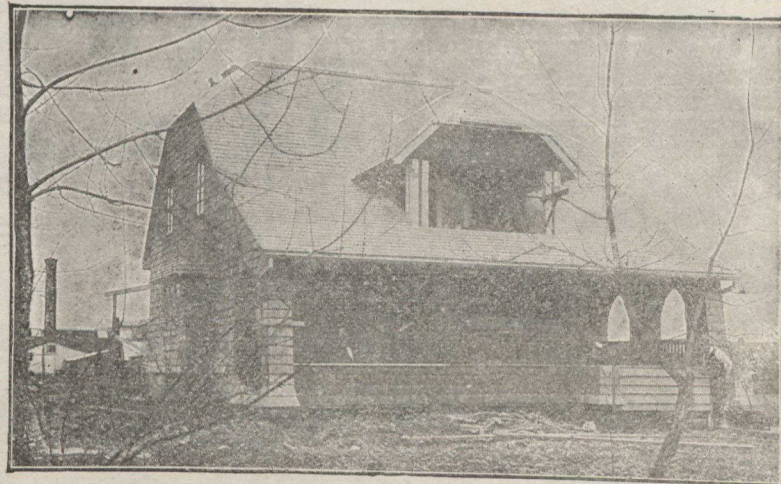
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