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The Scrap Book

A Fatal Stop.—George Westinghouse, the famous inventor and manufacturer, is a firm believer in the excellence of his products. The story is told that a letter received some years ago by the Westinghouse Machine Company said that the writer had been using one of its standard vertical engines with eminent satisfaction. For eight years it had been in continuous service night and day, handling its load without a hint of trouble, but that "upon shutting it down the other evening it all went to pieces." The letter was passed to the eminent inventor whose name the company bears, and handed back with the remark: "Ask the blame fool what he shut it down for."

What She Was After.—David Belasco condemns a certain ultra-modern type of society woman.

"This type, which luckily isn't numerous," he says, "lives on notoriety. To a woman of this type a lawyer said one day:

"Yes, madam, I can get you the divorce you desire. For five hundred dollars I can get you a divorce—and get it without publicity, too."

"She wrinkled her smooth, white, well powdered forehead in a frown; she bit her roughed and over-red lip in annoyance.

"But what would it cost," she asked, "with publicity?"

Heaven.—Subbubs—"I believe Swamp-hurst is unhealthy. Since we have lived out there my wife can scarcely speak above a whisper."

Henpecke—"Do you suppose I could find a house there?"

At Two O'Clock in the Morning.—The Jolly Fellow (to the man above, who has been dragged from his bed by the wild ringing of his front door bell)—"One of your windows is wide open."

Mr. Dressing Gown—"Thanks awfully, old man. Which one is it?"

The Jolly Fellow—"The one you have your head out of. Ta-ta!"

Judging by Appearances.—The court was having trouble getting a satisfactory jury. "Is there any reason why you could not pass impartially on the evidence for and against the prisoner?" asked the judge of a prospective juror. "Yes," was the reply; "the very looks of that man makes me think he is guilty." "Why, man," exclaimed the judge, "that's the prosecuting attorney!"

Interested.—Some of the newspaper correspondents have to work without pause at conventions, grinding out interminable strings of copy for transmission by telegraph. On such occasions it is not uncommon for four or five who are friendly to each other to form combinations and exchange reports. This is done the simplest by having each writer make carbon copies of his day's work. Five weary correspondents were occupying one room in Michigan Avenue, and four of them had keeled out on beds while the fifth continued to pound his mill. "What are you writing?" asked one of them after a while. "A letter to my wife." "Give us carbons," yelled the four in chorus.

Lords in the Making.—Allan Dawson, a New York editor, says he was in London when the question of making five hundred new lords was agitating England, and that he happened to be in the press gallery of the House of Commons when the subject was under discussion.

"It was an exciting time," said Dawson. "A list of names was under consideration. I listened until the House had disposed of three and had elected their titles. The first man decided upon was General Booth, of the Salvation Army. It was set forth that his title was to be Lord Saveus. The next was Mr. Patterson, the big baggage and express man of London, and his title was to be Lord Deliverus. The third was Mr. Pink, who owns the largest jam factory in England. They fixed his title as Lord Preserveus. Then I came away."

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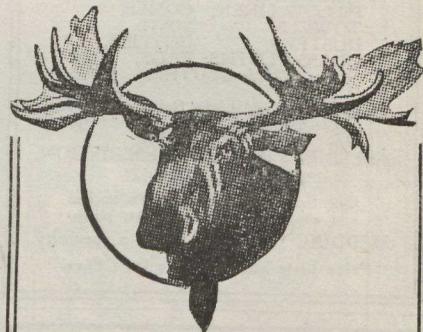
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