



## The Scrap Book

Enjoyment.—Paul J. Rainey was dining in New York—fresh from his slaughter of seventy-four lions in Africa.

"Ugh!" said a young girl. "Killing lions! How could you?"

"Lion-killing is a matter of taste," said Mr. Rainey, and then, with a laugh, he continued: "Everything is a matter of taste, you know. At the Kingsway in London I once went to see Lena Ashwell in 'Madame X.' It was a matinee. Girls and women surrounded me. These girls and women wept under Lena Ashwell's spell like pumps, like fountains, like Niagaras. I was sorry I hadn't brought my raincoat. It got so damp I feared I'd catch cold. But after a while the spectacle of the hundreds of weeping girls and women began to amuse me. Forgetting the damp and discomfort, I began to laugh. I couldn't help it. I laughed on and on. I held my sides and shook. A beautiful young girl on my right looked at me over her wet handkerchief, first reproachfully, then indignantly.

"At last she plucked up courage to

erchief, first reproachfully, then indig-nantly.

"At last she plucked up courage to say, in a low, fierce voice broken by sobs."

I wish you—you'd go away! Even if the play doesn't amuse you, at least you might—you might let those around you enjoy it."

Her Idea of Hash.—Mr. Bacon—"Something wrong with this hash this morning, dear."

Mrs. Bacon—"Why?"
Mr. Bacon—"I don't know. It needs Mr. Baco something."

Mrs. Bacon—"I can't think what it can e. I put in everything I could find."— Yonkers Statesman.

Happiness.

The hall clock strikes the knell of part

ing day,
And mother goes, astute and thoughtful, she,
Then father upstairs plods his weary

way, And leaves the girl to darkness and to me.

-The O. A. C. Review.

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Concerning Spending.—Senator Dixon, of Montana, says that he saved a soldier a walk to Fort Myer the other night, and, incidentally, learned a new lesson in economy.

"Very evidently the soldier had been

celebrating pay day, for he was good naturedly intoxicated as well as 'broke.' Not having his fare when the conductor called for it, I granted his request for the accommodating nickel. Then I asked him what he had done with his \$16.50. "He answered frankly enough: "Ten dollars went for a channe are apparent."

dollars went for a champagne supper with the boys—and I bought drinks with five.'

"I asked him what he had done with

the other \$1.50.

"After a moment's thought he hesitatingly answered: 'Well, I guess I just spent it foolishly.'"

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Pronunciation.—"Is he a man or pro-

nounced views?"
"Yes; but they are pronounced by his wife."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

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The Penalty.—"This show cost the producer \$30,000."
"I'm glad of it."—Washington Herald.

Behind the Times.—"Did you read about the \$500,000 pearl necklace that the Philadelphia banker gave his bride the other day?"

"Goodness! Don't you ever try to keep posted on the important happenings of the day?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Answered.—Cholly (handling his friend's revolver gingerly)—"I suppose, now, if this should go off while I'm holding it like this it would blow my bwains out."

His Friend—"No, it wouldn't do that, but it would bore a hole clean through your head."—Weekly Scotsman.