

# MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

## Humor

### A RAPID CURE.

Mark Twain's Story of a Schoolboy Who Suddenly Got Well.

On his last visit to his old home in Hannibal, Mo., Mark Twain told the school children a story of a schoolboy, the truth of which it was hardly necessary for him to guarantee, though he did so.

"This boy," he said, "broke one morning very ill. His groans alarmed the household. The doctor was sent for and came posthaste.

"Well," said the doctor, as he entered the sickroom, "what is the trouble?"

"A pain in my side," said the boy.

"Yes, sir."

"Is the right hand stiff?"

"A little."

"How about the right foot?"

"That's stiff too."

"The doctor winked at the boy's mother standing by.

"Well," he said, "you're pretty sick. But you'll be able to go to school on Monday. Let me see, today is Saturday, and—"

"Is today Saturday?" said the boy in a vexed tone. "I thought it was Friday."

"Half an hour later the boy declared himself healed and got up. Then they packed him off to school, for it was Friday, after all."

We think that the humorist knew this boy very well indeed.—Woman's Home Companion.

### Habit.

The proprietor of a billiard and pool room in West Philadelphia was annoyed by a certain customer who, though he was a regular, had a bad habit of putting the chalk in his pocket and walking off with it. The proprietor decided to put a stop to this man's carelessness, so one day last week he went up to him and asked:

"What business are you in?"

"Me? Why, I'm in the milk business. Why?"

"Thought so," said the proprietor, "from the amount of chalk that you take away with you. Any time that you want a bucket of water come around, as I may as well let you have that also."—Philadelphia Ledger.

### Too Young.

He was a fearless youth, and the peachy down was on his cheek.

"Darling," he whispered, "I beg of you to give me just one kiss. They are intoxicating."

But the beautiful girl shook her head and withdrew to the far end of the sofa.

"No, Freddy," she replied in tantalizing tones; "I don't want to do anything unlawful."

"Unlawful, Miss Rose?"

"Yes; you know it is against the law to give intoxicants to minors."

And then poor Freddy melted away like a tub of ice cream at a Sunday school picnic.—Chicago News.

### Exemplary.

Fredie had been spending the day with his aunt and had been duly instructed beforehand as to his behavior. Upon his return his mother questioned him as to what he had said and done while away from home. His conduct seemed to have been most exemplary in every way.

"I'm glad you were such a good little boy," complimented his mother, "and didn't take a second helping of meat."

"No, ma," replied Fredie very proudly. "I remembered what you'd told me and said I'd take two plates of ice cream instead."—Harper's Weekly.

### A Base Insult.

"Cholly—I—I—I never was so insulted in my life. I—I snuffed my cigarette case at him real viciously, don't you know?"

Fredie—That policeman, dear boy? What did he do?"

Cholly—Thwacked to wrest me out of my pipe and the street in male fashion.—Puck.

### Hard to Tell.

"Mrs. Styles, I'd like to see your baby, my dear. Is it here in the park with the others?"

"Yes, it's here somewhere, but the new nurse my husband engaged came while I was out, and I don't know her by sight myself yet."—Ballinger's American.

### One Kind.

"It's easy enough to supervise on the street in male fashion."—Puck.

"Man—Yes, but the new nurse my husband engaged came while I was out, and I don't know her by sight myself yet."—Ballinger's American.

"It's easy enough to supervise on the street in male fashion."—Puck.

"Man—Yes, but the new nurse my husband engaged came while I was out, and I don't know her by sight myself yet."—Ballinger's American.

"It's easy enough to supervise on the street in male fashion."—Puck.

"Man—Yes, but the new nurse my husband engaged came while I was out, and I don't know her by sight myself yet."—Ballinger's American.

"It's easy enough to supervise on the street in male fashion."—Puck.

"Man—Yes, but the new nurse my husband engaged came while I was out, and I don't know her by sight myself yet."—Ballinger's American.

"It's easy enough to supervise on the street in male fashion."—Puck.

"Man—Yes, but the new nurse my husband engaged came while I was out, and I don't know her by sight myself yet."—Ballinger's American.

"It's easy enough to supervise on the street in male fashion."—Puck.

"Man—Yes, but the new nurse my husband engaged came while I was out, and I don't know her by sight myself yet."—Ballinger's American.

"It's easy enough to supervise on the street in male fashion."—Puck.

"Man—Yes, but the new nurse my husband engaged came while I was out, and I don't know her by sight myself yet."—Ballinger's American.

"It's easy enough to supervise on the street in male fashion."—Puck.

"Man—Yes, but the new nurse my husband engaged came while I was out, and I don't know her by sight myself yet."—Ballinger's American.

"It's easy enough to supervise on the street in male fashion."—Puck.

"Man—Yes, but the new nurse my husband engaged came while I was out, and I don't know her by sight myself yet."—Ballinger's American.

"It's easy enough to supervise on the street in male fashion."—Puck.

"Man—Yes, but the new nurse my husband engaged came while I was out, and I don't know her by sight myself yet."—Ballinger's American.

"It's easy enough to supervise on the street in male fashion."—Puck.

"Man—Yes, but the new nurse my husband engaged came while I was out, and I don't know her by sight myself yet."—Ballinger's American.

"It's easy enough to supervise on the street in male fashion."—Puck.

"Man—Yes, but the new nurse my husband engaged came while I was out, and I don't know her by sight myself yet."—Ballinger's American.

"It's easy enough to supervise on the street in male fashion."—Puck.

"Man—Yes, but the new nurse my husband engaged came while I was out, and I don't know her by sight myself yet."—Ballinger's American.

"It's easy enough to supervise on the street in male fashion."—Puck.

# LOOK AT THIS OFFER

Pay us 25 cents

and we will mail

# Greetings

to any address until

January 1st, 1908

## EVERYONE SUBSCRIBE For The People's Paper

Advertisers get in line

# Circulation GROWING

Books open for inspection

### AMAZING REVELATIONS.

How Government Money is Thrown Away by Bungling Officials.

The stupidity of officials, ranking from Cabinet Ministers to subalterns of the army, costs Great Britain a nice thing annually. It is very amusing, but the jokes are of the most expensive pattern. The reports of the Committee of Public Accounts give particulars of these matters. That committee is a sort of watch-dog of the spending departments, and its insistent bark draws attention to any irregularity or extravagance in the expenditure of public money. The report issued by the committee contains some incisive criticism of the War Office. It will be remembered that the gross expenditure on the Army Votes during the year 1905-6 fell short of the estimate by £1,334,136. The actual surplus on March 31, 1906, was almost double the amount (£2,668,000) anticipated by the War Office in a forecast submitted to the Treasury as late as nine days previously. To account for this discrepancy an explanation of this astounding discrepancy reply was made that there had been a complete upheaval of the War Office. Indeed the change in personnel was so thorough that it can be best realized by quoting the words of the Director-General of Army Finance: "All those who had had life-long experience in dealing with the finances of the army disappeared." The committee recognize the difficulty created by these circumstances and say they are glad to learn that there is the most extraordinary desire on the part of the Military Headquarters Staff to effect reductions. As regards the future, the committee are without assurance that a more satisfactory result may be expected. For, it has been explained to them that the military directors (who now frame estimates and control the progress of expenditure) "are transient officers who come to their post with very expensive notions, and only get to know their work thoroughly by the time they have got to go." The Committee of Public Accounts next turns its vigilant gaze on South Africa. It appears that the general officer commanding in South Africa made a contract with the municipality of Standerton in 1904 for a supply of water to the troops at the minimum of 80,000 gallons per diem, the contract to run for twenty years. As the garrison has been so much reduced, and the daily requirements of the troops are naturally much below the fixed minimum, efforts are being made to obtain an equitable reduction of the annual bill. The committee inquire wonderingly how it was within the competence of any officer with a local authority to bind the country to pay a large sum of money for a long term of years without receiving the question of the home authorities for consideration. The evidence before the War Stores Commission disclosed bribery in connection with various contracts for supplies. In accordance with the bribery clause inserted in military contracts a fine of 10 per cent. is recoverable in such cases. In every established case of bribery the name of the firm is automatically removed from the list of Government contractors. In connection with expenditure under the Military Works Loan Act, the committee's attention has been drawn by the controller and auditor-general to the following instances of the loss of public money due to excessive charges of policy.

(i) At East Billford there has been a loss to the public of between £140,000 and £180,000 in erecting a Mounted Infantry School, which was closed on July 1, 1906.

(ii) At Tidworth nearly a million pounds has been expended in building barracks for eight infantry battalions, though only four are needed. The surplus barracks are being altered at considerable additional cost so as to house a supplementary regiment of certain other troops.

(iii) Near Fermoy, a sum of £35,000 was expended in 1905-6 for the purchase of Moore Park (843 acres, with mansion and grounds) as a site for barracks and for training mounted infantry. The idea of a Mounted Infantry School in Ireland has now been dropped.

(iv) At Slobs, "the original idea was that it was going to be a great training ground for officers, but it has been given up." The War Office having "only spent £24,000 out of the £725,000 which had been intended."

... at a time when it was anticipated to have six Army Corps. The land purchased is used "mainly for volunteer camps and things of that sort."

Famous Lilac Tree.

Chief among the many objects of interest in the gardens of Eastern Lodge, Dunmow, Eng., the residence of the Earl and Countess of Warwick, is the magnificent lilac tree which occupies a conspicuous position on the terrace. This tree is the finest specimen of its kind in the United Kingdom. It has a circumference of 120 feet and a height of 16 feet and it has so dense a growth and blooms so profusely that when in flower it forms a huge bouquet of lilac blossom. The lilac is that commonly known as the Persian, and described by the botanists as the Chinese; but it is not a native of either Persia or China, but was raised in the Roman Botanic Garden in 1755 by the hybridization of the true Persian lilac and the common lilac of British gardens. It was of noble proportions at the middle of the last century, and produced such a magnificent display of blossoms that in the flowering season Viscount Maynard, Lady Warwick's grandfather, used to make a special journey from London to enjoy the beauty and fragrance of the flowers.

Wouldn't Lose Two Days.

A young man who dropped into the recorder's office for a marriage license, finding that a license had just been issued containing the name of the young lady who was to figure in the document sought, purchased his license all the same with the name of another girl inserted. That was his day for getting ready to be married, and he didn't propose to let small matters bar the way.

### SALVATION ARMY SECRET.

Mystery of General Booth's Successor Not Yet Revealed.

Certain statements published professing to reveal the name of General Booth's successor as head of the Salvation Army have given considerable offence.

The aged evangelist had stated at Blackburn that "the same electric flash that carried the news of his death would announce that a new general of the Salvation Army lived." On this was built up a theory that the individual pointed at was Mr. Bramwell Booth, eldest son of General Booth.

Commissioner Nicol characterized this story as "most incredible and stupid."

No one but the general himself and his legal adviser can know who is to be the successor. The document which secures the succession is in a sealed packet in the strong-room of the solicitor, and will not be opened until after the general's death.

"It is safe to say, however," said Commissioner Nicol to a pressman, "that the general has done all that the best legal minds can suggest to him to preserve the principles and conduct of the Army, and everything will proceed as heretofore."

"As to jumping at names, it is most indiscreet. Couldn't the Army have a queen as well as a king?"

As illustrating the extreme care which the general has used in drawing up the contents of the sealed packet, Commissioner Nicol volunteered that amongst those the general had consulted in regard to the principal arrangements are Mr. Haldane and Mr. Asquith.

General Booth is now in his 79th year, and Mr. Bramwell Booth, the eldest of his three sons, is fifty, and now bears the title of chief of staff.

A Pretty Story.

General Booth's own comment on the situation in the event of his death is as follows: "Many people have said to me, 'Well, general, you can't expect to live for ever, you know. You must die some time. What is going to become of the Salvation Army when you are dead?' My answer to this simple question would be foolish indeed if after building up a great organization I did not take the necessary steps towards its perpetuation. I would be lacking good business sense if I had not already made all preparations that best legal skill could devise. All these preparations are made."

"But I want to say I am not dead yet, on the contrary, I have a lot of fight in me still."

The latest lover of the general has called forth many dainty stories, but few with more feeling than the one told by a Salvationist lassie at Southampton. When applying for her first situation she was asked for a reference, but not having been in work before she was unable to produce one. Noticing her Army brooch, and seeing the general's photo suspended from it, the employer said: "Well, I will take General Booth as a reference."

"So, you see," added the girl, "the general got me my first place."

STRUGGLE FOR PRIZE MONEY.

"Sport of Kings" Attracts Men of Diversified Professions.

The vast multitude of race horse owners in England, from the King downwards, are eagerly engaged in a strenuous struggle for the £500,000 annually distributed as prize money on the turf. It is extremely interesting and somewhat surprising to glance at the list of winning owners and see who the lucky sportsmen were who obtained a share of this glittering heap of gold in the last contest. Headed by His Majesty the list of winning owners contained the names of our dukes and twenty-four lords, says The Tatler. The dual owners carried off £18,719, but the lords easily beat them with an aggregate of £79,224. As showing how widely and curiously distributed was the turf gold the winning owner comprised brewers, distillers, bookmakers, professional backers of horses, a theatrical manager, an actor, an actress, stockbrokers, diamond merchants, ex-jockeys, millionaires, newspaper proprietors, trainers of racehorses, army men, a rear-admiral of the fleet, a solicitor, bankers, a boot manufacturer, farmers, a ladies' mantle merchant and a whole host of other trades and professions, all meeting on the same common level of the turf.

Slang Will Creep In.

In a paper contributed to Putnam's Monthly recently, Herbert Paul, an Englishman, deplors the decadence of the English language. He thinks he may be forgiven a passing qualm when he finds such a phrase as "queering the pitch" in the leading column of a great newspaper which "used to be a fountain of classical English. He is not so 'tutle and pedantic as to wage war against slang. But its proper place is surely private conversation."

Is It We ourselves are moved to record a passing qualm. Only the other day, in a household where the Laras and Penates were shipped direct from the Athens of America, we overheard a conversation between a nice old lady and the ten-year-old daughter of a Radcliffe graduate. It bore somewhat remotely upon the virtues of thrift, and so we cannot be quite sure whether the old lady's manifest bewilderment arose from the irrelevantness or the phraseology of the child's impulsive avowal. "I'm going to plant all my dough in a bike."—Life.

A Lucky Purchase.

In order to secure some token by which to remember a great-aunt to whom she had been much attached, Miss Bertha Chevonne, a young French-woman, attended a sale of the old lady's effects. The girl was poor, and most of the articles were beyond her purse. A shabby old book—a book of devotions—was, however, put up. Nobody bid for it except Miss Chevonne, and she bought it for next to nothing. In turning over the leaves she came across a folded paper. It was a will bequeathing her the whole of her great-aunt's estate, valued at \$20,000.

FACTORY  
The factory is the place where goods are made. It is a large building with many windows and a tall chimney. The workers in the factory are busy making things. They use machines and tools to make the goods. The factory is an important part of our life. It provides us with the things we need. Without factories, we would not have the clothes we wear, the food we eat, or the things we use every day. The factory is a place of industry and hard work. It is where the magic of invention and the skill of the workers come together to create the products that make our world go round.

FACTORY  
The factory is the place where goods are made. It is a large building with many windows and a tall chimney. The workers in the factory are busy making things. They use machines and tools to make the goods. The factory is an important part of our life. It provides us with the things we need. Without factories, we would not have the clothes we wear, the food we eat, or the things we use every day. The factory is a place of industry and hard work. It is where the magic of invention and the skill of the workers come together to create the products that make our world go round.

FACTORY  
The factory is the place where goods are made. It is a large building with many windows and a tall chimney. The workers in the factory are busy making things. They use machines and tools to make the goods. The factory is an important part of our life. It provides us with the things we need. Without factories, we would not have the clothes we wear, the food we eat, or the things we use every day. The factory is a place of industry and hard work. It is where the magic of invention and the skill of the workers come together to create the products that make our world go round.

FACTORY  
The factory is the place where goods are made. It is a large building with many windows and a tall chimney. The workers in the factory are busy making things. They use machines and tools to make the goods. The factory is an important part of our life. It provides us with the things we need. Without factories, we would not have the clothes we wear, the food we eat, or the things we use every day. The factory is a place of industry and hard work. It is where the magic of invention and the skill of the workers come together to create the products that make our world go round.

FACTORY  
The factory is the place where goods are made. It is a large building with many windows and a tall chimney. The workers in the factory are busy making things. They use machines and tools to make the goods. The factory is an important part of our life. It provides us with the things we need. Without factories, we would not have the clothes we wear, the food we eat, or the things we use every day. The factory is a place of industry and hard work. It is where the magic of invention and the skill of the workers come together to create the products that make our world go round.