

HUMOROUS QUIPS

Elegy of a Country Churchyard.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day
The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the
lea.
The plowman homeward plods, and on the
way
He early toots his auto horn at me.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

The boast of limousine and much horse
power
And all that engine and magno spell
Await alike the inevitable hour—
The paths of speeding lead you to the
cull.
—New York Mail.

Here lies his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown.
The auto hit him for all it was worth
And then sped on and left him there
alone.
—Houston Post.

Happily some honied headed swain may say
"I see him do it, careless as could be."
I tried to get his number, but my gray
Took fright and bolted, so that ended
me.
—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

One morn I missed him on the customized
hill.
When sober he would never wish to
stray.
And so I knew that he had met a split
In burning up the cool, sequestered way.
—Detroit News.

But all is over, and his soul is borne
To that far country of the wine and
corn.
To jump six ways for Sunday every time
The angel Gabriel toots on his horn.
—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Misplaced Pity.
He was a real philanthropist, for he
gave his brains as well as his money
and he did not advertise. Some years
ago he was showing some acquaint-
ances—millionaires, like himself—over
a school he had lately founded. It was
the first manual training school in the
country, and as the captains of indus-
try went through carpentering classes
and sewing rooms and kitchen and
forge they were greatly impressed.
Finally one of the visitors pointed to
a boy in a science class.

"There, see that boy under in the
second row next to the window? A clean
cut youngster and as neat as any of
them, but you can tell by the fact that
his hair hasn't been cut for three
months what a struggle his folks must
be having. I'd like to give that boy
something, if you don't mind," he said,
turning to the founder of the school.
"No he can have his hair cut."

But that gentleman explained that
he would look out for the boy, and af-
terward the visitors learned that the
boy who needed the hair cut was the
son of the founder of the school.—Lip-
pincott's.

Street's Wonderful Catch.
It happened at a recent baseball
game in this city between the Ath-
letics and Washingtons. Street, the
Washington catcher, was at bat. One
of the cultured "fans" pointed to him
and then turned to his companion.
"Do you see that man?" he asked.
"No," said his friend.
"Well, that is Street. You know he's
the man who caught a ball in Wash-
ington that was thrown from Bunker
Hill Monument."—Philadelphia Times.

What He Wanted.
A young Baltimore man has a habit
of correcting such carelessness as
comes to his notice.
The other day he walked into a shop
and asked for a comb.
"Do you want a narrow man's
comb?" asked the clerk.
"No," said the customer, gravely. "I
want a comb for a stout man with rub-
ber teeth."—St. Paul Dispatch.

Something to Look Forward To.
Schoolmaster—Come to my room
after school, and I'll give you the
soundest thrashing you ever had!
Pupil (who suffers from lapse of
memory)—Yes, sir. I'll tie a knot in
my handkerchief to remind me.—Pear-
son's Weekly.

Hard Labor.
Hobo—Madam, you mustn't misun-
derstand me. Dis here piece o' meat
ain't what I set fer.
Lady—Didn't you beg for something
to eat?
Hobo—Yesum; not for work.—Cleve-
land Leader.

Complaint of a Plutoerat.
The goose had just laid the golden
egg.
"I suppose they will want it weighed
next," she cried.
Thus we see that she was up to date.
—New York Sun.

The Quick Hard Answer.
"Lady," said Plodding Pete, "will
that dog bite me?"
"That's what I'm waiting to see. If
he cares anything about his home he
will."—Washington Star.

Bad For the Drivers.
"Trackless trolley cars are being
used in some of the English cities."
"How do the coal wagon drivers
manage to keep them blocked?"—Chi-
cago Record-Herald.

Scandalous.
Mrs. Chestnut—I believe I shall
have to give up bridge.
Miss Frank—Really? Wasn't the
game worth the scandal?—Philadel-
phia Press.

All Great Men, Etc.
"Pretty high priced doctor, isn't he?"
"You bet he is! There's only one
drugstore in town that can decipher his
prescriptions."—Chicago Tribune.

Industry.
"Is Jones raising chickens?"
"No, he's trying to raise his wife's
chanceless hat."—Pack.

A Runaway Stagecoach

By WALTON WILLIAMS

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"The stagecoach of the past," said one of a party discussing the comparative dangers of different methods of travel, "had its advantages. True, a reckless driver would once in a while swing round a sharp curve on a mountain side and spill a load of passengers down a precipice a few thousand feet, but such occurrences were rare. I remember one close call I had out in Colorado half a century ago when I was a youngster that I wouldn't like to go through again. If an accident of equal importance should happen to a railroad train, even on comparatively level ground, it would be awful.

"On the particular occasion I'm going to tell you about we started from Georgetown, in the mountains, to go down to Denver. There's a loop railroad at Georgetown now, but at that time there was nothing but a turnpike. A green hand at driving, an Irishman, Mike Rourke, from the stable, had been put on the box, the regular driver, Dan Patterson, having been laid off for illness. Patterson was inside the coach, going down to Golden City, where he lived.

"It was a fine day, and we were regaled with many extensive views of the plains at the foot of the range, appearing for all the world like an ocean. Indeed, geologists say that it was once an ocean bottom. From the brow of an eminence where we were admiring one of these views we could see the road before us winding down a steep incline and at the bottom rising a shorter distance to another summit. A few moments after we started down we noticed that instead of going on with a quickening pace and were soon rolling downward at a furious speed. Patterson thrust his head out of the window and drew it in again white as a cloth.

"What is it? We all asked breathlessly. "Don't know but we're all likely to be dashed to pieces." "Coming from a trained stage driver, this set us all wild. Some of the women grasped frantically at the doors, but two of us men, one on each side, knowing that to jump would mean certain death and remaining inside might mean life, held the doors shut. But the inside of that stagecoach was the wildest scene I ever witnessed—women shrieking and men (some of them) trying to reassure them, while others were holding on to something as if in that way they could hold the coach back.

"But looking outside was worse than the inside. The few scrub trees there were beside the road shot by like arrows. The coach swayed, and at intervals would upset, and sometimes an upset meant a spill over the side of a precipice. We kept hoping that there would be some slackening of speed, but instead of slackening the pace was continually growing faster, and the quicker the pace the more the coach veered.

"By this time the babel among the passengers was deafening. Some were praying, while others were shouting at us two men who kept a strong grip at the doors to let them out. One big stout man, maddened by terror, tampered me unmercifully to make me open the door. But I held on with a death grip. I think that having something to do helped me to retain my own equanimity. If anything more was needed it was supplied by fear ready to do any foolish or selfish act. Passing a house beside the road, I saw a man standing in the door looking at the coach with his eyes and mouth wide open. But I saw him only a moment, for he flew by like a cannon ball.

"Then the swaying of the coach grew less and the terrible speed at which we were going seemed to be lessening. I put my head out the window and, looking forward, saw that we were near the bottom of the incline and in a few moments would be rolling along a comparatively straight ascent. The sudden transition from almost certain death to sure safety produced a very singular effect on me. The blows of the big man who had tried to force me to open the door had produced no effect on me of any kind. Relieved from the strain, my first act was to stretch my arm and plant my fist against his eye and knock him sprawling on the seat behind him. Then I cried: "Hurrah! We're safe!"

FOR THE CHILDREN

Talking Dogs.

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Away back in the seventeenth century a boy of Saxony owned a mastiff which had a peculiar bark. The boy thought that there was a resemblance in the sounds made by it to some German words, and he determined that he would teach the animal to speak. The task was a difficult one, but the boy had great patience and finally taught the dog to speak thirty words, a few of them French, but the majorly German. The words were simply altered by the dog after the boy had repeated them.

It is said that in the year 1718 a dog was exhibited in Holland which could pronounce all the letters of the alphabet except L, M and N. In the year 1719 there was a speaking dog at Berlin, and the "Bibliothèque Germanique" for 1720 asserts that there was then a dog which could speak sixty words and that it showed a preference for short words, never attempting to speak a word of more than three syllables.

These cases are, of course, remarkable, and yet it cannot be said that the dogs employed speech in the real sense of the term, for there is no evidence that thought determined them in the choice of words. They simply imitated the human voice.

Geniurama.
Why are spiders good correspondents? Because they drop a line by every post at every house.
What does a girl become when she ceases to be penative? Expensive.
What is the sure sign of an early spring? A cat watching a bird on a tree.
A lady asked a gentleman how old he was. He answered, "My age is what you do in everything." How old was he? XL (excess).

What beneficent word is a combination of a chair and a table? Charitable.
Why is it that whenever you are looking for anything you always find it in the last place you look? Because you always stop looking when you find it.
Why is the world like a cat's tail? Because it is fur to the end of it.
What is the most difficult lock to pick? One from the bald head.
How would a pig build his own house? Tie a knot in his tail and call it a pig's tie.
Why is snow like a maple tree? Because it leaves in the spring.

The Game of Queria.
This interesting game may be made instructive or merely amusing as the players may prefer. Each player is furnished with a sheet of paper and a pencil and is told to write at the top of the sheet a question of a historical nature or one that is pure nonsense. At the extreme bottom of the sheet he must write the correct answer and then fold the bottom over so that the answer cannot be seen. The papers are then passed to the right, and the players receiving them must write an answer just above the folded answer, and then fold the paper down so that it cannot be seen. The papers are then passed again to the right, and answers are written and folded down as before until every player has written an answer. The papers are then collected, and the questions and answers are read aloud for the information or amusement of the company.

A Curious Barometar.
The goldfish, which is distributed over nearly all parts of the world, is one of the most interesting members of the bony tribe. It apparently is very susceptible to the atmospheric changes, and any one who takes the trouble to note its actions in the aquarium will be astonished to find that the beautiful little fish is a true prophet in matters relating to changes in the weather.

SAVED FROM A TRAP

By EMMA D. TOWNE

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The border line between Italy and Switzerland in several places crosses those beautiful lakes of northern Italy which are the resort of people from all over the world. The Italian customs officers are constantly on the alert to intercept smugglers.

One evening a postman was climbing one of the steep mountain roads that lead up toward the border line when he was accosted by a man with a stubble beard and small, cunning eyes. "Anything for Antoine Cavalleri?" he asked of the postman. The postman took a package of letters from his bag and looked over their superscriptions. "Nothing for Cavalleri," he said and was about to return the letters to the bag when the man made a grab for one of them, seized it and ran away with it. The postman was so heavy that he could not hope to catch the letter thief while it was strapped to his back, and he dare not lay it down. He would not risk a large number of letters to recover one. He hurried a stone after the thief to vent his ire and kept on his way. He had not gone far before he met a young girl coming down to meet him.

"A letter for me today, Luigi?" "Yes, there is one, I believe." He looked over the letters, but found none for the girl. "I was sure there was one," he said. Then he stopped and thought, saying half to himself and half to her, "I wonder if that was the letter the rascal robbed me of?" He was looking at his companion and saw that she smiled.

"Have you been robbed of a letter?" she asked quickly. "By a thickset man with a short beard and eyes like a snake's?" "The same. He asked for a letter for Antoine Cavalleri, and while I was looking over the lot made a grab for one and ran away with it. But what is it, Marie?" "Oh, Luigi, Giovanni and his friends will be taken! The man who stole the letter was a customs official. It contains the hour and the place where they are thought to run some goods over the border. This letter was addressed to me to deceive the revenue officers. This man has been told that I am the medium between the Swiss and Italian bands who are acting together. Giovanni and his friend collected the goods in Switzerland and turning them over to the Italians who run them across the lake. Giovanni sent it to me to deliver to Toni."

"But is there not time to warn them?" "I don't know where either party is or the trying place. That is given in the letter. Which way did he go?" "He took the valley road up the mountain." "I will go and seek him myself. He knows that a girl named Marie Polini is the go-between for these letters, but he has never seen me."

An hour later the letter thief was sitting under an arbor outside an Italian inn drinking a glass of wine and smoking a cigarette. Marie, who was ascending the road, saw him, and taking a byroad—all roads in that country run between high stone walls—she entered the inn unseen by a back door. She knew well the people who lived there, they were friendly to her and the smugglers—indeed, friendly to any one who is interested in getting a living out of the two sources of income open to impoverished Italians, the government and Americans, though the flow of coin is usually to the government, while it is always from the Americans. She told them the story and her purpose. Going out to the official, she said with a smile.

"Did the senore call for more wine?" "I did not, but if so pretty a maid will drink it with me I will have a liter."

IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

Ed Geers, the Greatest of All Harness Drivers.

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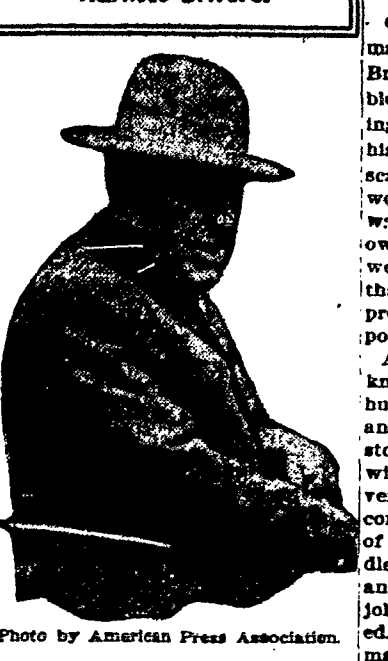


Photo by American Press Association.

Another harness racing season is about to pass by, and once more the honors are being showered on Ed Geers, the grand old man of the sulky. The running turf has had its Garrisons, its darddevil Fitzpatricks, its Isaac Murphys and its Tod Sloanes scattered through all the years, but not one remained in harness as long as Geers.

The grand old man of the sulky for thirty years has been a daring and successful driver on the grand circuit and is still, if not actually in harness, manipulating the reins with greater skill than any of his younger rivals. Geers' style of driving is peculiarly his own. No other man has ever been seen who exercised such control over his horses with so little apparent effort. He sits immovable in the sulky, no matter what the crisis, never raising his hands, spreading his arms, bracing himself by lying back in his seat or in any way showing the employment of any particular physical force. Only on rare occasions does he touch his horse with the whip, and then with mere taps, even in an eye-lash flash.

Russia to Bar American Horses.
Russia is considering the question of barring American bred horses. The question involves the breeding as well as the racing end of the game. Ever since the Russians took up light harness racing there have been two factions, one demanding that breeding go and racing be restricted to only horses carrying Russian blood, while the other faction, included in which are some of the largest breeders, feel that the infusion of American blood will tend to improve the speed and stamina of the native Orloff trotter.

Pitchers the Things, Says Cooney.
Phil Cooney declares that nothing but pitchers can win pennants in minor leagues. "Up to the big timber, two or three extraordinary hitters can sometimes pull a team through, just as Cobb and Crawford have done for Detroit, but that is the big exception to the rule even up there. In the minor leagues the rule is pretty nearly inviolable that the team with the strongest pitching staff will win out. Build your team around your pitchers and if you have your share of baseball luck you'll win."

Hutchinson Likes Our Golf Courses.
A visit of Horace Hutchinson, the veteran English golfer, to Boston, where he has been giving the rounds of the links, has given much pleasure to the followers of the game in the Bay State, more particularly as he has been saying nice things about most of the golf courses he has visited. Than Hutchinson it would be difficult to find one more qualified to speak of golf and golfers or to give an unbiased opinion or criticism of a golf links.

Burns May Give Up Fighting.
Tommy Burns, the former heavy-weight champion, may have to cancel his matches. During a lacrosse game in Vancouver, B. C., recently Burns strained a tendon in his right knee. "My left knee has been bad for years as a result of an injury. Now the right knee is gone. I will give it a trial, but if it does not come around I am through with pugilism. I have plenty of money and do not need to fight."

It Ended Well

By M. QUAD

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One summer's day the lightning rod man came driving along on the Red Bridge road to halt at the comfortable farmhouse of the Widow Glendenning and say to her that as business in his line was a little slack owing to the scarcity of thunder and lightning he would make her a special rate if she wanted her barn protected. The widow was a pleasant faced, good natured woman, and she pleasantly replied that when she felt her barn needed protection she would hoist a clothes pole to the roof.

All in a good natured way, you know, and no one's feelings were hurt. The lightning rod man laughed and drove on. Ten miles away he stopped at the house of Deacon Shaw, a widower. He offered the deacon a very low figure on rods, and the deacon intimated that the whole business of stopping thunderbolts was a swindle and a fraud. Nothing personal and nothing to hurt. Just a sort of a joke, you know—a joke to be returned. Two weeks later the lightning man was back at the widow's house. He had nothing to say about rods this time. What he did say was:

"Widow, I'm a man with a heart. I not only have a heart for myself, but for others. I have a heart for you. You are a lonesome, delicate woman. All widows are. Where there's no man around the house there's no demoralization. I can't marry you, but I can add you a second husband and warrant him true blue."

"Then bring him on," replied the widow, with a laugh. "He's a deacon and a widower. He has one child. He's worth \$8,000 or \$7,000. There is only one drawback, and that I don't call a drawback at all. It's an advantage. He's deaf and dumb. No dumb husband can second and find fault. He can't swear at his own. He can't yell at his wife from upstairs or down cellar."

"How did a dumb man ever get married?" asked the widow, with a show of interest. "By sign. I can't tell you the sign, but that must have been the way. That's the way he talks to me." "But I don't want no deaf and dumb critter around me." "But let him come along and call." "Oh, I can't keep him away, but how am I going to talk to him?" "Same as he will to you—by sign."

"I'm not going to make any windmill of myself, and he needn't come. I do some scolding myself now and then, and if I had a husband I wouldn't want to be swinging my arms around to let him know that I was mad. You go and marry him to some old maid." That same day the lightning rod man drove up to the deacon's again. The deacon was ready for him, but he didn't mention rods. Instead he said: "Deacon, you are a suffering and lonesome man. All widowers are. The world would look different to you if you were married again. I am a man with a heart, and I'm going to tell you of a widow who weeps for you—that is, she waits for you, which is about the same thing. She's fairly handsome, not over forty and has as good a farm as yours. And to crown it all, deacon, she's deaf and dumb."

"Who'd want to marry a deaf and dumb woman?" demanded the deacon. "Best wives in the world—best natured, hardest working and the most economical. Don't make no mistake, deacon. Marrying this woman means another good farm for you. Only one child and that a girl big enough to help do the housework. Make a call at the house any way."

Three days later he decided to call. He had been told that if he ever did call he must talk to the widow in the sign language or her feelings would be hurt. "Now, then, who in the lands is that?" asked the widow of herself. Two minutes later there was a rap on the front door. As she opened it the man stood there with an anxious look on his face and pointed into the room. He wanted to enter. She nodded. He must be the deaf and dumb widower. She took a chair and he took one. Then they looked at each other. She smiled and he smiled. They were doing splendidly well, and it was with a bland smile on his face that the deacon asked her in the sign language how her corn and potatoes were coming on. The sign was too much for her. She thought he asked if she ever had ocarache, and she shook her head. The deacon tried again. This time she thought he was asking if she had any children, and she nodded her head and held up one finger.

"What in Josh does the woman mean?" exclaimed the caller to himself, without knowing that he was going to speak. "Sir, who are you, to come here and make a fool of me?" shouted the woman as she sprang up with angry eyes. "And you've made a fool of me," was the reply. It was some little time before matters were made clear and the blame placed where it belonged. Then they begged each other's pardon and fell into sensible conversation. Yes, it resulted in matrimony after a year or so, and when the lightning rod man heard of it he heaved a long sigh and said to himself: "Yes, I'm a man with a heart for others, but I'm no hammer. My name turns out the other way."

REGISTER