

The Scrap Book

MADE A MEAL FOR SPIDER

His Snakeship, Entangled in Web, Had No Chance When It Came to Infringing.

This spider, which caught a snake, is of the black and yellow kind, common in country regions among the bushes or along the roadside.



he dropped he missed the spider and became tangled in the web. Like a flash the spider was upon him, and wound many yards of web around the intruder, thus holding him fast.

TURNING OUT USEFUL MATCH

Thirteen Distinct Processes From the Log to the Hands of the Consumer.

Matches begin life as a three-foot log and undergo a least thirteen distinct processes before they reach the state in which we use them.

First, the bark of the log is chopped off, then the log goes through a veneering machine, which cuts it into strips, and these strips in turn disappear into the chopping machine, to reappear as match sticks.

As the match sticks fall out of the chopping machine into a chute, they are sucked up through a large pipe to drying machines on the floor above.

After being tipped off, the matches are packed into paper boxes and journey forth to make the world brighter.

To Escape Hydrophobia

When bitten by an animal that is suspected as mad, the best thing to do, according to Drs. J. C. Regan and A. Silkman of New York, who describe a recent case in Archives of Diagnosis, is to squeeze the wound to encourage bleeding, wash it with a solution of mercuric chloride (1 in 1,000), cauterize it with fuming nitric acid, and apply a wet dressing of the mercuric chloride solution.

LOCATED.

Absent-Minded Professor—Margaret, please take that cat out of the room. I cannot have it making a noise while I am at work. Where is it? Servant—Why, sir, you are sitting on it.

Different Natures.

"Edith is ambitious; she intends to be a woman one can look up to." "How different from her frivolous sister; her only desire is to be looked around at."—Boston Evening Transcript.

Couldn't Fease Pa.

"Pa," said Willie, looking up from his book, "what kind of fruit comes from an ambush?" "A bury," replied the old man. And silence reigned.—Boston Transcript.

Love Will Find a Way.

"The love-fashioned buggy had its advantages. You can't drive a car and hug a girl at the same time." "I notice many ladies are learning to drive."—Louisville Courier-Journal

Tact.

She—The reason for my assertion is as plain as the nose on one's face. He—Then if it is like your nose, it must be a pretty good argument.

MONEY.

"I'm weary of money," a man made remark. "I'm counting it over from morning till dark."

Brings a shower of coppers to tumble and clink. "I'd rather go thirsty than buy lemonade."

"I'm weary of money, although I confess some specimens rare hold a charm more or less."

The gold turns to silver in busy exchange. "The silver turns dark in a way that seems strange."

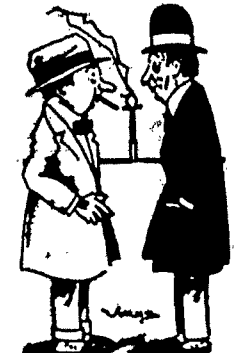
USE OF RADIUM IN CANCER

Has Been Found of Great Help, Though There Are Cases Where It Has Failed to Cure.

Of the 259 cancer cases entered at the Collis P. Huntington hospital, Boston, in 1912 to 1916, inclusive, 52 were cases of cancer of the cheek; 27, cancer of the forehead; 24, cancer about the ear, and 8, miscellaneous cancer (hands, feet, etc.).

PESSIMISTIC.

Have you ever been in the war zone? Every married man is in the war zone.



His Present Occupation.

"After being in business for 30 years or more, old Johnberry Judson has sold out," related the landlord of the Putnam tavern.

Money Enough.

"Here's a splendid work, sir, entitled 'Hints on Home Building.'" "I've no use for it."

Where She Nailed Him.

Bride—Sometimes I think that you don't love me any more. Groom—Why, I love you just the same as ever.

Grand Source of Inspiration.

"Shakespeare was a wonderful writer." "He was," replied the man who is never quite content, "considering his opportunities. But think of what he could have done if he had had this league of nations to talk about."

Sign of Sobriety.

"What was the banquet for?" "To welcome a minister plenipotentiary." "I hope you didn't drink too much."

One Cause for Worry.

Arthur—Every girl likes to have a clear conscience, of course. Ella—Well? Arthur—But she really worries more over having a clear complexion.—London Answers.

Not Fairy Story, Either.

Hewitt—I understand that his wife speaks volumes. Jewett—Well, if she does he must have quite an interesting collection.

Sign of Prosperity.

"Is he prospering?" "He must be. I notice his children are still making regular trips to the grocery store."

JUST A LITTLE PROFITEERING

"Newsie's" Idea Was Bright Enough, but Its Honesty Might Have Been Called in Question.

Fertile ideas apparently come to the newsboy by instinct. One wonders why they don't all become advertising experts when they grow up.

"Strike all over! Strike all over!" The waiting populace promptly whirled and tailed for the papers.

"Strike all over, is it? When?" "Yes'm," responded the boy, quickly making change. "Strike all over—California."

And with the carefree laugh of the budding genius he went on his way calling "Strike all over—California!"

TRUCKS TO REPLACE CAMELS

Modern Machines Will Carry Freight to Central Asia and Bring Back Farm Products.

Four thousand picturesque camels and their 1,000 drivers are to be succeeded by thirty businesslike American trucks for the transportation of freight between Tientsin, China, and Kulja, eastern Turkestan, a distance of approximately 2,000 miles.

An agricultural colonization company is responsible for the contemplated change. Farm products will be carried on the return trip. Each camel of the caravans now traveling the route is capable of carrying only 200 pounds of freight, while each truck, equipped with a trailer, will be able to transport six tons.

Traveling at the rate of twenty miles a day the animals require about six months for the round trip. Trucks are expected to cover the same distance in thirty days.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Smiles Bring Fruit.

"I don't have trouble with any one," said a radiant-faced conductor on the street-car line. Some one had asked him what he was expected to do to support the street railway's campaign for courtesy.

"Why, when I begin to dislike my work, I'm going to quit," he said. "As long as I can smile over it, I'm going to ring up fares."

A passenger who knew him said on market days his pockets are full of apples and pears and plums in season. Just because he helps women with their baskets and treats old bent colored men as if they were his uncles.

A Double Strain.

It was a stage rehearsal. The principal lady came upon the stage in walking costume and started to sing her great song.

Filippency Loses.

John D. Rockefeller Jr., in a Y. M. C. A. address on salesmanship cautioned his young auditors against filippancy.

"Nothing in filippancy," he said. "A middle-aged gentleman with thinning locks came into a barber shop the other morning as I was being shaved. He sat down in a chair and said: 'I want a haircut.'" "Yes, sir," said a flippant young barber. "Which one?"

"The middle-aged gentleman got up and left without a word. Filippancy had lost that shop a good customer."

For His Own Good.

"What became of Niblick who used to be in the ribbons and laces?" "We've transferred him to the hardware department," answered the manager. "He was getting too sentimental with some of our feminine patrons. If he's called to wait on a woman in the hardware department she'll probably be the kind who won't stand any foolishness."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Still the Same Cry.

Mr. Flatbush—Do you remember when you were a saleslady in a department store? Mrs. Flatbush—Why, yes, perfectly.

When Tartars Celebrate.

Probably the first known intoxicant was the fermented milk of mares, and it is at the present time a favorite with the Tartar.

Get Me?

Lawyer (to fair client, a defendant) "When a young juror looks at you weep; when an old one looks at you flirt."

WITTY SALLIES

Still More. "Did the doctor take your temperature today?" "He did, and all my available cash."

Its Nature. "How did you find the naturalist's lecture on sponges?" "Of absorbing interest."

Not So Bad. "Is this son of yours you are talking of, adolescent?" "Mercy on us, no! He's merely cranky."

In a Low Key. Joe—What was the tenor of his talk? Bob—There was no tenor to it; he has a bass voice.

Resemblance. Fond Mother—Don't you think the baby resembles his father? Caller—Well—er—they are both bald.

An Indication. "What makes you so sure Trotsky is a more prudent man than Lenin?" "He doesn't get shot at so often."

The Reason. "That girl swimmer has such a ringing voice." "Probably she is a diving belle."

Diluted. Author—"I assure you, sir, there is a punch in my play." Manager—"Yes, there is; milk punch."

A Misunderstanding. "My back is to the wall." "When you scratch it don't mar the wallpaper."

His Choice. "What drink would you offer an electrician?" "I suppose he would prefer currant wine."

Sounds Like Choctaw. "Where are you from?" "Walla Walla, Wash." "Say it in English."

The Preliminary. She—"I wish you would buy me a silk dust cloak." He—"I would, if I could first raise the dust."

The Only Place. "I wonder if Diogenes could find an honest man anywhere in these times." "Certainly; in the poorhouse."

Much More. "Don't blame him too much. He is only a man." "Only a man? Why, you gump, he's a tenor."

Small Consolation. Hubby—Look at Blinks retired from business, and I am still in harness. Wife—Yes, but Blinks isn't a mule.

Rather Mixed. "Jones has a nice job on his hands." "What is it?" "To put his son on his feet."

The Idea. "These flowers are a perfect sheet of color." "They ought to be. They are bedding plants."

The Opposite. "Were you ever in a holdup?" "No, but I have taken my part in a showdown."

No Signs. "Has your friend a well-furnished mind?" "I shouldn't think so by his vacant look."

Easily Supplied. "What would you recommend for a swell luncheon?" "Dried apples and plenty of water."

Keep It. "You've got a bad cold. What are you taking for it?" "Well, make me an offer."

Going Too Far. Tom—When shall we get married? Helen—Oh, Tom, why do you take our engagement so seriously?

Not That Kind. "Is your doll intact, little girl?" "No, ma'am; she's a rag doll."—Baltimore American.

What He Planted. "What did you plant in your vegetable garden last summer?" "Oh, about half my income."

Salesmanship. The soulful drug clerk—Pardon me, but you have the look of a woman who has suffered.

Mrs. Romantique—How well you understand me. The drug clerk—Ah, yes! Permit me to recommend this remedy, guaranteed to remove the worst corn in twenty-four hours.

Wouldn't Improve His Looks. Mrs. Styles—Don't you think this new hat improves my looks, dear? Mr. Styles—I suppose so.

"But what makes you look so cross?" "I'm thinking of the bill for that hat. You can't expect that to improve my looks."

Great Value of Minerals. The total value of minerals produced in the United States in 1918 was about \$5,528,000,000.

Many Trees Felled. During the last year nearly 1,000,000 acres of woods in England were felled for war purposes.

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