

The Mal-a-propos Parent

(Continued from 1st page).

"Is that your handwriting?" the judge asked of the plaintiff; but young Mr. Pippitt swayed to and fro and fell in a faint in the witness-box. The judge turned to Mr. Budge.

"Do you desire," he asked "that this man should be sworn, and repeat his evidence on oath, so that you may cross-examine him?"

Mr. Budge looked at his inanimate client, and answered: "I do not, my lord. I shall probably have your lordship's approval in withdrawing from the case?"

While the judge directed the jury to return a verdict for the defendant, the old man had anxiously watched the usher, who was unloosening young Mr. Pippitt's neckcloth. When the plaintiff revived, the old man leaned over to Mr. Budge, and said, with a pleased smile, "Oh, he'll be all right directly, won't he? I thought I could help a bit. I have helped a bit, haven't I?"

"You've helped him to twelve months' hard labor," said Mr. Budge.

But the old man did not understand what it all meant, till one day they took him to Kensal Green, and showed him a handsome tombstone. The inscription ran:—

"IN MEMORY OF JAMES PIPPITT—"

The old man read and laughed.

"To think of that!" he said. "It beats everything!" He read on with a chuckle—

"Erected by his sorrowing son, Joseph Pippitt. Born 13th December, 1821. Died 5th February, 1891. I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."

This prophecy might or might not be true of the person interred beneath the tombstone. On its unfortunate inapplicability to his father, and on the tainting of the fountain of Louisiana justice, young Mr. Pippitt enjoyed twelve months' quiet reflection.

The Scarlet Empire

In his recent novel, "The Scarlet Empire," David M. Parry carries out to the very last term the leveling tendencies of socialism. His characters live on Island of Atlantis under the sea, where a thorough-going social democracy is in active operation. The state regulates everything—just how much it regulates will be indicated by the following summary of the laws:

A citizen shall be given a state number instead of a name.

He shall receive from the state kitchen three-quarters of a pound of food per day.

No citizen shall weigh over one hundred and fifty pounds, or exceed 5 feet in height.

Male and female shall wear as raiment the common scarlet garment provided by the state.

All citizens shall rise each morning at the ringing of the state bell.

All citizens shall pray for sixty seconds each morning at the ringing of the state prayer bell.

The speech of each citizen is limited to one thousand words per day.

The step of each citizen is limited to 10 inches.

Each citizen shall laugh aloud once every half hour.

No citizen shall snore in the public dormitories.

All food eaten by citizens in the public dining rooms shall be chewed nine times on the right side of the jaw and nine times on the left, that perfect equality in mastication shall be preserved.

The finger nails of citizens shall be cut a uniform length.

All children of citizens shall be placed in the state public nurseries until the age of 7 years.

All children of 7 years shall be placed in the disciplinary asylums, and taught the state code of rules, until the age of 14.

All citizens over the age of 14 shall be placed in state public dormitories, and made to contribute the share of labor in state factories.

A citizen shall be officially notified by an inspector of marriage when the state has appointed either a wife or a husband.

State inspectors shall be present at the first meeting of contracting parties, and see that law is obeyed.

One kiss shall be exchanged by contracting parties.

At the end of three years the state will grant a divorce at the request of either one or both parties, new persons shall be appointed in marriage to each one.

Any social citizen who is unsocialistic shall be thrown to the kraken.

How She Kept Account

There is a certain young business man of Baltimore, not long married, who bethought him of a device to curb the growing extravagance of his wife.

"Now, Margaret," said he, producing a neatly ruled memorandum book, "for some time you've been spending the money I give you for household expenses, not to speak of your own personal expenses, in a somewhat loose and haphazard manner. So I've got this little book for you. You'll find that a keeping of your accounts will tend to a more economical disbursement of our funds." And the husband explained how the receipts were to be entered on this side and the expenditures on the other, thus affording an itemized statement of the monthly balances.

The young wife took the suggestion in good part and promised to keep the book as directed.

At the end of the month the husband asked that he might see how she had kept the accounts.

"Oh, everything is all right, Dick," said she. "You'll find that it balances perfectly."

Dick took the book. A single glance was sufficient to send him into hysterical laughter, for these were the entries:

On one side: "Jan. 1. Received from Richard, \$100." On the other: "Spent it all."—Harpers Weekly.

The Ambition of a Girl Graduate

A Kansas girl graduated who had been given the theme "Beyond the Alps Lies Italy," promulgated the following:

"I do not care a cent whether Italy lies beyond the Alps or in Missouri. I do not expect to set the river on fire with my future career. I am glad that I have a very good education, but I am not going to misuse it by writing poetry or essays on the future woman. It will enable me to correct the grammar of any lover I may have should he speak of 'dorgs' in my presence, or 'seen a man.'

"It will also come handy when I want to figure out how many pounds of soap a woman can get for three dozen eggs at the grocery, so I do not begrudge the time I spent in acquiring it. But my ambitions do not fly so high. I just want to marry a man who can lick anybody of his weight in the township, who can run an eighty acre farm and who has no female relatives to come around and try to boss the ranch.

"I will agree to cook dinner for him that won't send him to an early grave and lavish upon him a wholesome affection and to see that his razor has not been used to cut broom wire when he wants to shave. In view of all this, I do not care if I get a little rusty on the rule of three and kindred things as the years go by."—Kansas City Journal.

Aaron Burr in Prison

Even to his jailer Burr was the grand seigneur, whose rights there was none to dispute.

"I hope sir," ventured that official at their first encounter, "that it would not be disagreeable to you if I should lock this door after dark?"

"By no means," graciously returned the prisoner. "I should prefer it to keep out intruders."

"It is our costum, sir," continued the turnkey, "to extinguish all lights at 9 o'clock. I hope, sir, you will have no objection to conform to that."

"That, sir," answered Burr, "I am sorry to say is impossible, for I never go to bed until 12, and always burn two candles."

"Very well, sir—just as you please," agreed the jailer. "I should have been glad if it had been otherwise; but as you please, sir."—Harper's Magazine.

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