

ACCENT A STUMBLING BLOCK

American's Difficulty in Getting English Clerk to Understand Just What He Wanted

Here's one about an American printer whose vicissitudes took him across the ocean last year and landed him in the town of London. The printer is back in Cleveland now, and he told us the story himself, says the Plain Dealer.

This printer brought him of starting a little paper in the heart of England. So he rented a little building and then went to purchase his type and presses. For the type he stopped at a type founder's place and explained his needs.

"I want some type," he said. "We don't sell type here," answered the clerk blandly. "You might get it at the draper's shop, over the way."

"How should I get type at a draper's shop?"

"How should you get it anywhere else, may I ask, thank you, sir?"

"Well, in my country type is sold at a typefounder's, not at a dry goods store."

"How? Did you wish type, sir? I thought you wished type, such as they have in type measures, and type-worms. You didn't wish type to bind on the edge of frocks, then, but type to print a paper with? Step this way, thank you, sir."

HAD THE MAKING OF CITIZEN

Candidate for Naturalization Not Letter Perfect, but His Ideas Were Largely Right

Ingenuity should be its own reward, in the opinion of Judge Charles M. Hough of New York. Recently Judge Hough presided over the naturalization session of the United States district court.

A candidate for citizenship appeared before Judge Hough, and while questioning him upon the subject of the American form of government Judge Hough asked this question:

"What are the two houses of congress?"

The candidate thought a moment, hesitated and appeared at a loss for an answer.

"Oh, come, now," said Judge Hough, "you must know. There is the house of—"

"Oh, yes," said the would-be citizen, recalling something he had read while studying for the citizenship examination, "the White House and—"

"No," he paused; then, inspired by a sudden thought, he added: "And the Red Schoolhouse."

"Swear him in," said the judge to the clerk.

KEEN COMPREHENSION.

"Does your friend comprehend the duties of the office he is seeking?"

"I should say so," replied the eager booster, "I have posted him about that. He knows that the first thing he will have to do when he gets the place will be to get some first-class asstant who really understands the work."

LIVE QUESTION.

McCarthy—What d'ye think the wife is talkin' 'bout Mrs. Rafferty, Shorty?

Shorty—S'ere, if 't'aint wan thing it's another an' belike it's about 'votin'—Jud."

ART.

Painting I aster (to pupil)—Too much green. Why did you put in so much?

Pupil—Well, I thought it went well with m red hair.—Fliegende Blaetter.

CI STLY FUN.

Bill—I see St. Paul's municipal budget for 1913 calls for \$4,320,000.

Jill—What's the matter? Is St. Paul going to buy a trolley line, too?

NO: THAT KIND.

Gibbs—I e a man who can give and take, do you?

Dibbe—No, if his specialties are giving advice and taking offense.

C. NTRARY.

"A hare's very timid creature."

"What ab it?"

"Isn't it strange, that being so, it always dies g."

JO S OF ART.

"Pop, who is the difference between an artist and an artisan?"

"An artis only can, can usually make at least a day."—Judges.

DOG STEALING MADE AN ART

In Various Towns in England Thieves Are Well Organized, and Flourish Amazingly.

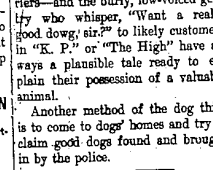
One of the chief features of the English dog stealing traffic is that it is by no means confined to the limits of the towns where the dogs are stolen; says the London Daily Mail. There is a regular exchange of stolen dogs, a detective declared recently between several of the large cities of the country.

The exchange is not carried on by the thieves themselves, but by the "fanciers," who buy their captives. A really well-bred dog is too well known in its neighborhood to sell in the same district. It has been seen by hundreds of people on the benches at local shows. So it is sent from Bristol or Liverpool to London or Edinburgh, where no one will recognize the straight-legged, bright-eyed dog for a terrier or the heavy wrinkled pug the long-sought prize winner of the other side of the country.

Oxford and Cambridge are excellent markets for the dog thief. Undergraduates are always ready to pay high prices for really well-bred dogs—especially bulldogs and bull terriers—and the burly, low-voiced gent who whistles, "Want a really good dog, sir?" or "The High" have always a plausible tale ready to explain their possession of a valuable animal.

Another method of the dog thief is to come to dogs' homes and try to claim good dogs found and brought in by the police.

SO KIND OF HIM



SEAWEEED AS POPULAR FOOD

Japan and Other Countries Already Use it to a Very Considerable Extent

According to some French scientists seaweed will become one of the popular foods of the future. Already Japan uses it in a number of dainty table dishes and also cultivates it extensively that the supply may not give out.

In Brittany, too, the lower classes gather as much as twenty to thirty tons a year and call it by the name of Iceland moss. The peasants of northern France are beginning to follow the example and number it among their articles of diet.

In other localities the weed is looked upon as possessing great medicinal value, and in Corsica it is prescribed by the doctors as a sure cure for all kinds of goiter. As gelatins and alkalies are contained in the seaweed it is considered by the Asiatics to be invaluable in cases of severe indigestion.

CLEVER BABY.

"I have met many proud mothers," says a Rochester physician, "but no maternal pride eclipses that of a young woman to whose baby I have given some attention."

"One day she was pointing out to me the superlative excellences of her offspring, its intelligence, cleverness, etc., when she wound up with this: 'See, doctor, watch now, as I take him in my arms. Do observe how intelligently he breathes.'—Lippincott's.

ANOTHER PRIVILEGE GONE.

"What's old Hank Winters so goldarn mad at?" asked Hi Peters.

"Aw, he's kickin' about this here new-fangled parcel post."

"How do that hurt him?"

"Well, he says he won't never have no excuse no more to go to town an' set around 't' store all day while he expresses a pound o' butter to his son in 't' city. He says he dunno what our gov't's a-comin to."

AND THEN GOODEBY.

"Would you as soon take your change in silver?"

"I suppose so. Only in that case I'll have to scatter it through all my pockets."

"Why so?"

"If I don't my wife'll hear it rattle."

TOUGH AND TENDER.

Bill—I see that an average locomotive has more than 6,000 parts.

Jill—And some of these, no doubt, are tender parts.

VERY SLOW.

Redd—They only take the time of the first horses in a race, don't they?

Greene—Yes; the last horse seems to take his own time.

LIQUID PUZZLE.

"Pop, when they put so much water in stocks—"

"Well, my son?"

"How can money get tight?"

ITS STATUS.

"What do you think of this modern idea of studying the language of animals?"

"I think it's all monkey business."

ALL SEARCHED THEIR BOOKS

Amusing Joke Played by Alderman on His Brother Members of the Council.

They tell a story of an alderman who had a sense of humor. At a meeting of the council at a time when a number of contracts were to be given out the members picked up the record book with which all are provided and began to turn the pages idly. Suddenly he started and stopped, with a page poised between thumb and forefinger, and carefully extracted a bank bill from between the pages and hastily thrust it in his vest pocket.

He turned a few more pages, pulled out another bill and put it away in the same manner. Then he began to wonder if he was being watched.

After he had found the third bill and hidden it he suddenly raised his head and looked about the table.

He says that every person present was carefully and breathlessly turning the pages of his individual book, one page at a time.

Of course the joker had "salted" his own book beforehand, and the whole thing was a scandalously clever sell.

SEAWEEED AS POPULAR FOOD

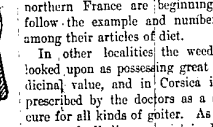
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SYMPATHY



"Do millionaires have their troubles, pard. Look at de hard time dey have dodging taxes and subpoenas."

"Yes; they have almost as hard a time as we do dodging bulldogs and work."

RESENTMENT.

"So you wouldn't take that place that was offered you?" asked the butler.

"Certainly not," answered the maid. "The people insisted on knowing all about why I am leaving my present employers. I couldn't think of encouraging such gossipous curiosity."

ITS MEANING.

"This passage in the news article says, 'The man, with an effort, gathered himself together.' Now, what does that mean?"

"It must mean that he had gone to pieces."

GETTING IT ORALLY.

"A woman always puts the most important thing she has to say into the postscript of a letter."

"My wife doesn't," answered Mr. Meekton. "I wish she would."

CONSIDERED THE SOURCE.

"Why so discouraged?"

"Why, when I do talk sense nobody seems to recognize it."

"That's because it's so unexpected."

MARCH OF PROGRESS.

"I tell you, Plunkerville will eventually out its gas works."

"I don't doubt it. And by that time gas will be out of date."

NO MATCHING THE BUSINESS.

"That young engineer is a very rude man."

"Why, I thought you said he was a civil engineer?"

ITS USE.

"Pop, why does the nose have a bridge?"

"So objects can pass from eye to eye, my son."

THE INTENT.

"What is that cat doing here in your studio?"

"I want to paint her, so she is here for a set purr pose."

SAW CHANCE TO HAVE "FUN"

Possibility of Situation Appealed More to Little Willie Than It Did to His Mother.

A little boy who, for convenience, may be called Willie, was riding on a north-bound car with mamma. They were seated in the rear half of the car on the seats running lengthwise. In the first seat in the cross section sat a woman with long for neckpiece thrown carelessly over her shoulder. Little Willie could see the piece, which terminated in a tail, hanging down close to the floor.

Mamma was not paying any attention to Willie, but she suddenly heard's said that boded mischief. She looked around reprovingly and Willie Straightened up, while the rest of the passengers laughed.

Again little Willie snickered. Mamma looked reprovingly again. There was a suppressed giggle from Willie. Then there was a long hiss of pentup energy and suddenly the boy's laughter exploded.

"Willie! Willie! What is the matter with you?" exclaimed the mother, with a strong accent on the "ia."

"Why, why, I was just a-thinkin', mom, what a lot of fun I could have if I was a cat and could sneak up on that tail a hangin' down off that lady and then jump at it!"

Willie laughed unrestrainedly this time, and every person in hearing distance did likewise.—Indianapolis News.

FIND HOW LOCUST BREATHES

Scientist With Much Trouble Makes a More or Less Valuable Contribution to Science.

Dr. Johann Regan, a professor of natural history in Vienna, has constructed a delicate instrument that registers and measures the respiration of insects. The apparatus is composed of a crystal tube with an aperture in the end. Imprisoned in this, the locust, in the effort to extricate himself, turns over, bringing his thorax immediately under a needle having a ball in the point. In this way, thanks to the ascending and descending movement of the needle working over a lever, the movements of the thorax are registered on a plate or metal leaf. It is thus possible to study attentively the quickness and length of each breath of the insect, and what is more important, the strength and action. By this means it has been ascertained that insects respire in a manner directly the reverse of human beings. We are required to put the necessary strength into the inspiration, while expelling it is largely automatic.

The locust, on the other hand, inhales automatically, but expels with more trouble.—Harper's Weekly.

HAS THE WORLD DISTANCED

United States Produces Nearly One-Half of All the Coal That Is Taken From the Earth.

The total coal production of four states—Alabama, Maryland, Pennsylvania and West Virginia—in 1910 amounted to 233,500,000 tons. What this means will be understood when it is stated that the total output for the whole United Kingdom in the same year was 264,300,000 tons. In 1900 the total output for the world was 768,000,000 tons; for the United Kingdom, 225,175,000 tons; for the United States, 269,675,000 tons, and for the four states named above it was 114,200,000 tons. Today the world's output has risen to 1,164,000,000 tons. The United Kingdom produces 264,300,000 tons, and in the United States 501,600,000 tons; from which it will be seen that the output from the United States is nearly one-half that of the whole world.

BARRED AND BARRER.

What would father say? She had fallen in love with an impetuous baron, and the question of his banking account versus pa was being settled.

Mother did not know much about the matter, but dropped in just as father and daughter were discussing this vast problem of matrimony.

"But what is he baron of?" asked mother.

For a moment father and daughter looked at one another. The nobleman was of German persuasion, with a totally unpronounceable name.

"Oh," ejaculated father, getting a happy inspiration, "he's barren of funds—that's what he is!"

And the match was declared "off."

ALL MIXED UP.

"This man knows himself to be himself at times. At other times he imagines himself to be Julius Caesar, Napoleon Bonaparte, and so on. What do you make of it?"

"Looks like a case of scrambled eggs to me," responded the other eminent scientist.

REGRETTABLE PART.

"I'm afraid Jobbins is running around too much at night."

"Oh, it isn't running around that hurts him, but the places where he stops."

AN EXAMPLE.

Professor—Mr. Jones, will you kindly give me an example of reproductive art?

Jones—A hair restorer.—Judge.

PATERNAL WISDOM.

"I don't like that man, pa."

"Go slow, son. You can't always tell what kind of heart beats behind a fancy vest."

ITS CONDITION.

"There is one thing contradictory about soft coal."

"What's that?"

"It's a hard case."

OLD GENTLEMAN IS GAY.

"I presume young Gadder follows in his father's footsteps?"

"Yes; right through the swinging doors."

TINIEST TEACHER ON RECORD

Librarian Learned Little Tot Was Giving Reading Lessons to Grown-up Italian Girl.

By standing very straight, he could just look across the top of the librarian's desk. His eyes met the librarian's squarely when she accused him of having kept "Fifty Famous Stories" out for three months. He explained that he had left it for a day at the end of each two weeks, and the librarian, accepting the explanation, considered the matter settled. Five minutes later, when she glanced up from her work, she found him still there.

"Little boy, what do you want?" she cried.

"Please, mamam, that book."

The librarian looked at him helplessly. "But you've had it three months already. Why don't you take some other?"

"Because that's the only one she likes. I've tried another, and she won't look at it."

"She?" the librarian repeated, inquiringly.

"Yes. The one I teach."

"You mean your teacher?" the librarian corrected him.

"No, mamam, the girl I teach."

The librarian put down her pen, and gave her full attention to the matter.

"How old is she?" she asked.

The diminutive teacher eyed her critically. "But as big as you," he decided. "She's an Etyetalian. Her father mends shoes in the basement at the corner of the avnoo. He's mean to her; and she can't talk English, and she don't know anybody, and she cries lots. So I'm teaching her to read, evenings."

"Don't you get sleepy?" the librarian asked. There was no amusement in her voice now.

The boy nodded, half-ashamed. "Yes, mamam, sometimes. But," he brightened up, "but she's learnin', and when she knows English she'll like this better than Italy, you see?"

A moment later the smallest teacher was hopping down the steps; he carried the "Fifty Famous Stories" under his arm. And back in the library the librarian was thinking—many things.—Youth's Companion.

NOT LOADED.



Mrs. Wise—Will you come home straight from the club tonight?

Mr. Wise—You mean to come straight home.

Mrs. Wise—No, I mean to come home straight—no zigzag walking.

DECEPTIVE APPEARANCE.

An old family coach, with the driver on the box, was waiting at the railway station. Beside the carriage stood a gentleman who had come down to welcome his brother home.

The expected guest was a portly old Virginian who tipped the scales at 250 pounds.

When the old negro coachman espied the incoming train rounding a curve, he exclaimed:

"I know Mars William's on dere, Mars Frank, 'cause see how dat kyar kreens!"—Youth's Companion.

GUARDING A TREASURE.

"We have a jewel of a cook!"

"That's fine!"

"Yes. Only we have to eat at a restaurant three times a week to keep her from complaining of overwork."

LOST HER VOICE.

"She's the most popular woman in her set."

"She used to be until she won three card prizes in a row."

WHICH IS WORSE?

"The doctors say that auto riding causes flat feet."

"Yes, and flat purses."

INDICATIONS OF IT.

"Aunt Prim says she likes chops."

"I don't wonder with that hababst face."