

# The Scrap Book

**What to Do When You Drop an Egg.**  
At a breakfast party in England which Joseph H. Choate attended while he was American ambassador a young lady at his right accidentally spilled the contents of her plate.  
"Oh, Mr. Choate," she exclaimed, "I don't know what to do, for I've dropped an egg on the floor!"  
"If I were you I'd cackle."

**CALUMNY.**  
A whisper woke the air,  
A soft, light tone, and low,  
Yet barred with shame and woe.  
Ah! Might it only perish there,  
Nor farther go!

But, no! A quick and eager ear  
Caught up the little meaning sound.  
Another voice has breathed it clear,  
And so it wandered round  
From ear to lip, from lip to ear,  
Until it reached a gentle heart  
That throbb'd from all the world apart.  
And that—it broke!  
—Frances Sargent Osgood.

**A Remarkable Baby.**  
A teacher disturbed by giggling called upon one of the culprits to tell him the cause.  
"Please, sir," responded the lad, "Turner says a baby who was fed elephant's milk gained ten pounds a day."  
"Turner," said the teacher sternly, "you should not tell lies."  
"But it's true, sir," rejoined Turner, "Whose baby was it?"  
"The elephant's, sir."

**Kicked the Wrong Man.**  
A young married man in Boston met a friend of his bachelor days and insisted on his coming home with him to lunch. His wife was unprepared for visitors and, calling him aside, told him she had only one dozen oysters and that when his friend had eaten his quota of four he must not be asked to take any more. In spite of his promise to remember, when the guest had eaten his four the host pressed him for more. The wife looked distressed, and the friend declined every time the husband asked.  
Later the wife said to her husband: "How could you urge him to have more oysters when I had explained to you that there weren't any more?"  
"I'm very sorry," said the penitent husband, "but I forgot all about it."  
"Forgot about it! What do you suppose I was kicking you under the table for?"  
"But you didn't kick me."

**As She Heard It.**  
A fashionable woman had a bit of statuary bearing the inscription "Kismet." A housemaid dusting the room asked the mistress:  
"Shure, ma'am, what's the man'in' of the writin' on the bottom of this?"  
"Oh, you mean 'Kismet'! It means 'fate.'"  
Bridget was limping painfully when out with her sweetheart not long afterward and apologetically explained, "Faith, I have the most terrible corns on me kismet."—Ladies' Home Journal.

**A Sermon and Its Reminder.**  
A Brooklyn minister gave a scathing discourse on the evil effects produced had example and exhorted all members of his congregation not to countenance by their presence such a place of iniquity as Coney Island. At this one of the church wardens excitedly snapped his fingers.  
At the close of the service a member accosted the church warden and said: "How was that for a sermon?"  
"Great! I hope it will bear fruit," was the reply.  
"What did you snap your fingers for?"  
"Why, it reminded me that's the place where I left my umbrella."

**Centortional.**  
During a husking bee in Maryland two young people were missed.  
"I wonder where Nellie and Jim are!" somebody exclaimed.  
A small boy edged his way forward and, pointing toward the vague darkness beyond the barn door, said: "They're out there kismet!"—Lippincott's.

**A Matter of Doctors.**  
"There were two sisters living in Michigan," said Senator Burrows, "who warred constantly about the two great schools of medicine. One pinned her faith to allopathy and the other to homeopathy.  
"One day there was great excitement in the family of the lady who believed in allopathy, and it was soon announced that she was the mother of bouncing twin boys.  
"The other sister came down in a hurry. 'Well,' she said, 'now see what's happened. I wanted you to have a homeopathic doctor. After this I guess you will listen to me.'"

**Agreeable Men.**  
Speaking of the philosophical temper, there is no class of men whose society is more to be desired for this quality than that of plumbers. They are the most agreeable men I know, and the boys in the business begin to be agreeable very early. In the driest summer days my garden fountain became disabled. The pipe was stopped up. A couple of plumbers, with the implements of their craft, came out to view the situation. There was a good deal of difference of opinion about where the stoppage was. I found the plumbers perfectly willing to sit down and talk about it—talk by the hour. The work dragged a little, as it is apt to do by the hour. Sometimes they would stop upon arrival that they had forgotten some indispensable tool, and one of them would go to the shop, a mile and his companion

would await his return with the most exemplary patience and sit down and talk—always by the hour. I do not know but it is a habit to have something wanted at the shop. They seemed to me very good workmen and always willing to stop and talk about the job or anything else when I went near them. Two of them will sometimes wait nearly half a day while a carriage goes for a tool. I think they have very nearly solved the problem of life. It is to work for other people, never for yourself, and get your pay by the hour. You then have no anxiety and little work. Working by the hour tends to make one moral. I never heard a plumber swear or exhibit the least impatience at any small vexation, working by the hour. Nothing can move a man who is paid by the hour. How sweet the flight of time seems to his calm mind!—Charles Dudley Warner.

**Indignation Unexpressed.**  
A letter dictated by an old gentleman runs thus: "Sir, my stenographer, being a lady, cannot take down what I think of you. I, being a gentleman, cannot express it, but you, being neither, can readily divine it."

**Lamb With Mint Sauce.**  
"I was walking down an English lane with an English girl on an August afternoon," said Richard Le Gallienne. "The sun shone through a soft haze, and in the green fields many white lambs played.  
"Is it any wonder, I said, 'that poets from time immemorial have made the lamb the emblem of innocence?'  
"The young girl smiled radiantly.  
"Lambs," she said, 'are indeed delightful animals, especially with mint sauce.'"

**At Supper With the Legislators.**  
A drummer stopped at a hotel in Montpelier, Vt., when the legislature was in session. It was the headquarters of many legislators.  
At the supper table they began to call upon each other to pass the food in this wise: "Will the man from Bradford please pass the rolls?" "Will the gentleman from Essex pass the pie?" "Would the man from Portland please pass the butter?"  
The drummer had been unable to get anything, and during a brief interval of quiet he turned to the colored waiter and remarked, "Will the gentleman from Ethiopia please pass the bread?"

**She Knew Him.**  
An architect remarked to a lady that he had been to see the great nave in the new church. The lady replied, "Don't mention names; I know the man you refer to!"

**Grandpa Objects.**  
"An elderly Washingtonian was recently discussing with a lady the bringing up of the children of the present day, when he declared that for unadulterated impudence and assurance the American child is without an equal.  
"While enjoying a stroll in a suburb the other afternoon," said he, "I was approached by a boy of, I should say, twelve years.  
"Hello, grandpa! Have you seen my dog?" he asked.  
"How dare you address me in that way?" I exclaimed.  
"Don't let that produce insomnia, grandpa, I'm not trying to make a bit with you. Either you have seen my dog or you have not. If you haven't, we'll part in a friendly way, with no clothes torn; if you have, then please produce the pup. It's a Boston bull, thoroughbred, a prize winner, and answers to the name of Bootles. Anything doing in the canine line?"  
"I have not seen your dog."  
"Then an revolver, grandpa," shouted the little fiend, as he darted away."—Lippincott's.

**The Difference.**  
"You are ruled," said a Briton, "by a lot of vulgar rascals whom you would never dream of meeting socially, don't you know?"  
"Yes," replied the American, "but in England you are ruled by a lot of people who would never dream of meeting you socially."

**His Unlucky Days.**  
Seated in a row on the porch of an old country inn, with their chairs tipped back, some old cronies were going on about unlucky days. After all had given what they considered their unlucky days a quiet old chap at one end spoke up:  
"Aa! I'll tell ye ma unlucky days. Aa's fund out in ma time that it's unlucky to be struck w' leetning on a Monday, or to be caught wiv a circular saw on a Tuesday, or to tumble overboard on a Wednesday, or to be run over by a motor car on a Thursday, or lose a ten pun note on a Friday, or be bitten by a mad dog on a Saturday, and hev nowt for dinner on the Sunday!"—Ladies' Home Journal.

**Sheer Waste of Money.**  
At the Metropolitan Club of Washington Justice Harlan had introduced to him a well known New York business man. With the apparent purpose of impressing those about him, the New Yorker remarked that his income exceeded \$100,000. "And I simply have to make that amount," he added. "Why, it costs me \$80,000 a year to live!"  
"Dear me," said Justice Harlan blandly. "Really that's too much! I wouldn't pay it—it isn't worth it!"

**A Chance to Branch.**  
A colored preacher would never become ordained, being content to remain just an exhorter. One of his congregation asked him about it.  
"Well, it's dis way," said he. "When you's a preacher you's gotter have a tex' an' stick right close to it, but if you's only a exhorter you kin branch."

## THE SHOEMAKER SAINTS.

Story of the Roman Brothers Who Perished by the Sword.

St. Crispin and his brother, Crispinian (always associated together in the calendar), were two natives of Rome who, having become converts to Christianity, set out for Gaul to preach the faith about the middle of the third century along with St. Quentin and others. The brothers settled at Soissons, where, in imitation of the apostle Paul, they preached publicly in the daytime and worked with their hands at night, earning their own subsistence by making shoes, though nobly born. They supplied the poor at a low price, and a legend tells us that an angel supplied them with leather. The heathen listened to their instructions and were astonished at the charity, disinterestedness, piety and contempt of glory displayed in their lives, and many were converted to the Christian faith.

After they had been thus engaged for several years the Emperor Maximianus Herculius came into Belgic Gaul, and a complaint was made to him against the brothers. He, desiring to gratify their accusers as well as to indulge his own savage cruelty, gave orders that they should be brought before Rictius Varus, the most implacable enemy of the Christians of that time. The saints bore with patience and constancy the most cruel torments and at length finished their course by being beheaded with the sword about 287 A. D.

According to a Kentish tradition, their remains, being cast into the sea, were washed ashore at Romney marsh. In the sixth century a great church was built in their honor at Soissons, and St. Eligius richly ornamented the shrine.

From their martyrdom to the present time they have been regarded as the patron saints of shoemakers, who were accustomed to honor their day (and are yet in some towns) by great festivity. One special ceremony was a procession of the brethren of the craft with banners and music, while various characters representing King Crispin and his court were sustained by different members.—St. James' Gazette.

**The Laurel and the Sunflower.**  
The laurel and the sunflower have been found, according to Country Life, to be of the greatest use in damp situations. People who live in such spots, especially near undrained land, think there is no help for them but by removal. Successful experiments have shown that it is possible materially to improve the atmosphere in such neighborhoods by the planting of laurels and sunflowers. The former give off an abundance of ozone, while the latter are potent in destroying the malarial conditions. These two, if planted even on the most restricted scale in a garden or any ground close to the house, will be found to increase speedily the dryness and salubrity of the atmosphere.

**From Limerick.**  
There was a young maiden of Leigh, A talented lady was sheigh. She baked some mince pies as a pleasant surprise for her bough, who was coming to teigh.  
But when the youth tasted her dough he groaned out a terrible "Ough!" In anguish he bawled. Then the doctor was cawled to see what ailed Mabel's bough.  
Said the doctor in accents most gruff, "I'm afraid this young man's had it ruff!"  
Cried Mabel: "Oh, my! He had only one py!"  
Quoth the doctor: "Hope's off! That's enuff!"—London Answers.

**A Financial Genius.**  
An old gentleman who had dismounted from his horse walked into a wayside inn at Burley-in-Wharfedale and left the animal in charge of a scantily clad urchin. On returning he found another poverty stricken boy holding the horse. Examining the little lad through his eyeglasses, he exclaimed:  
"You're not the boy I left with my horse!"  
"No, sir," replied the boy; "I just spekkilated and bought him from t'other lad for a penny."  
For his candor the boy received sixpence.—London Penny Magazine.

**Domestic Courtesy.**  
At a Lambeth guardians' and officers' dinner Mr. Frank Bryant told a story of a Lambeth lad who was questioned by his schoolteacher as to his father's Christian name.  
Teacher—What's your name?  
Boy—Jones.  
"Your father's name?"  
"Jones."  
"And his other name?"  
"Mr. Jones."  
"No, no! What does your mother call him?"  
"Old fat head."—London Express.

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