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## HERE AND THERE.

**The Antidote.**

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen  
The saddest are these: 'It might have been.'  
But one small phrase annuls the curse,  
And that is this: 'It might have been worse.'"

**Made All the Difference.**

In an English inn, where some labourers were sitting one evening, mathematics became the topic of conversation, when one of the company propounded the old-time problem: "If a herring and a-half cost a penny and a-half, what would three herring cost?" There was silence for several minutes while all sat smoking and thinking. At last one of the thinkers spoke: "Bill, did you say 'errin' or mackerel?"

**"Follow the Leader."**

A young curate was asked to take a Sunday-school class of girls of 18 or 19 years each, which had formerly been taught by a lady. The young clergyman consented, but insisted upon being properly introduced to the class. The superintendent accordingly took him to the class for this purpose and said: "Young ladies, I introduce to you Mr Chase, who will in future be your teacher. I would like you to tell him what your former teacher did each Sunday so that he can go on in the same way. What did she always do first?" And then a miss of 16 said: "Kiss us."

**A Serious Reflection.**

A New York Irishman, who began his career in America at street work, and who became a rich contractor, died recently. The widow—who, since her rise to wealth, had put on society airs and cast off many of her old friends—came into the room in which the coffin lay. It was full of flowers and mourners. A prominent floral-piece was an anchor. The widow gazed upon it. The idea that some of her cast-off friends were trying to call up memories of former days came to her mind. Turning to the assembled company, she faintly demanded: "Who th' devil sent that pick?"

**Wanted a Choice.**

If a Bacchanalian were but half as wise as he looks at half-past twelve on a winter's morning it would be a criminal offence to preach total abstinence. Of course, this is impossible, because nobody could be as wise, for example, as Simpson looks after a good night, or rather a good midnight, without risk of having his skull fractured by the pressure of the great mass of brain from within. He got into a haussom-cab a few night since, wearing his wisest look, and the driver asked, "What street do you want, sir?" Simpson stared at him for a while, then, with the cautious air of a man who was not to be rushed into a bargain, said, "Les'see, ole man. What street's have you got?"

**G. B. Shaw on Feminine Dress.**

George Bernard Shaw has broken loose again, this time on Women's Dress, and what he says is, of course, brilliant and irrational. "My great idea of clothes," he says, "is that they should be clean and comfortable. This, of course, excludes starch. I couldn't wear a thing which, after having been made clean and sweet, is filled with nasty white mud, ironed into a hard paste, and made altogether disgusting. "In our sordid civilisation, people lose all delight in colour. The commonplace, respectable English woman never talks of red, yellow, or green, but of gay colours, loud colours, nice colours. She becomes an adept in dressing respectably, and a perfect nincompoop at dressing prettily.

**Another Society Craze.**

The Japanese "art" of jiu-jitsu, or self-defence, has become the rage in London, and elderly ladies attired in "physical culture" dress wrestle with each other instead of going to the countless massage establishments. Spinsters living in lonely suburbs are learning the art, so that they can tackle "hooligans" in cases of necessity, where small Skye terriers afford little protection. Young men and old men have put themselves in the hands of Japanese professors, and the result of the boom has been an influx of little yellow men into London, many of whom are very indifferent teachers. There are now over forty schools of jiu-jitsu in London, and the physical culture people, and those who run gymnasiums are doing all they can to pour cold water on the Japanese fad as being extremely dangerous and joint-dislocating.

**Suppressed Chapters.**

Zenobia, they tell us, was a leader born and bred; Of any sort of enterprise she'd stily take the lead. The biggest, burliest buccanera bowed down to her in awe; To Warriors, Emperors or Kings, Zenobia's word was law. Above her troop of Amazon her helmet plume would toss, And every one, with loud accord, proclaimed Zenobia boss.

The reason of her power (though the part she didn't look), Was simply that Zenobia had once lived out as cook.

Xantippe was a Grecian Dame—they say she was the wife Of Socrates, and history shows she led him a life!

They say she was a virgo, a vixen and a shrew. Who scolded poor old Socrates until the air was blue.

She never stopped from morn till night the clacking of her tongue, But this is thus accounted for, You see, when she was young— (And 'tis an explanation that explains, as you must own), Xantippe was the Central of the Grecian telephone.

**The Use of Pepper.**

Pepper is not, like salt (says "Health"), a mineral substance. It is a vegetable poison. Flies will not touch it, neither will they eat salt. Black pepper, if taken on an empty stomach, in the moderate quantity of a teaspoonful, will either be promptly ejected, or it will cause great disturbance in the stomach and bowels, and also on the heart's action, after it enters the circulation. It is in no sense a food, but in every sense a stimulant, which is but another name for a substance non-usable by the vital organs, and, therefore, to be thrown out of the vital domain. Red or black pepper is a prolific cause, as are all stimulants, of enlargement of the blood vessels, and ultimately of disease of the heart. Its immediate effect upon the tongue, throat, stomach, and bowels is to create increased action, not only of the capillaries, causing temporary congestion, and even inflammation of

"With this craven dread of colour goes a curious shyness of drapery. Anything soft is considered voluptuous and improper.

"It is astonishing women put up with their present clothes. Any animal with legs, if fettered with a petticoat, let alone several, would eventually go mad, I should have supposed. A human figure, with a curtain hung around it from the shoulders to the ankles, looks like a badly-made postal pillar. Tie a belt around your middle, and you look like a sack with its neck in the wrong place.

"Bloomers are a most irrational, ridiculous and unnatural compromise between male and female's attire. Rosalind in her tunic and forester's belt is charming; and opera bouffe girl in tights and a corset is detestable."

**Couldn't Fool the Boy.**

A physician was annoyed by a small newsboy, who would run into his office and yell "Evening papers" in a way to startle the patients. Thinking to break him of the habit the doctor stretched a wire across the room, arranging it so that a skeleton hanging in a closet would slide out by pulling a string.

The next day, when the boy appeared in his usual noisy way, the skeleton danced out in front of him, shaking its bones in a most terrifying manner. The boy gave one yell and disappeared down the stairs. Thinking that the trick might have been rather too severe the doctor went down to the street to reassure the boy, whom he found hiding behind a tree. He called to him to come back, but the boy shook his head. "No, you don't," he yelled: "I know you if you have got your clothes on."

**In These Days of Operations.**

A husband came home one evening to find a note left for him by his wife. Carelessly he opened it, but as he read his face blanched. "My God!" he exclaimed, "how could this have happened so suddenly?" And snatching his hat and coat, he rushed to a hospital which was near his home.

"I want to see my wife, Mrs Brown, at once," he said to the head nurse, "before she goes under the ether. Please take my message to her at once."

"Mrs Brown?" echoed the nurse. "There is no Mrs Brown here."

"Then to which hospital has she gone?" asked the distracted husband. "I found this note from her when I came home," and he handed the note to the nurse, who read:

"Dear Husband: "I have gone to have my kimono cut out.—Belle."

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