

WEDDING CAKES FOR RENT

Showy Confections May Be Had for About \$3 Each and Are Rolled After Each Occasion.

There was something wrong with the cake, the baker said, it looked all right and it smelled all right, but his artistic sense told him it would not taste all right.

"Then fix it up with an extra coat of icing and we will keep it for a renter," said the proprietor.

"Who in the world would rent a cake?" some one asked. "They want a big cake in the center of the table for show, but a cake of that size good enough for a wedding would cost more than they can afford to pay, so they order fine cake put up in individual boxes for the guests and use the bride's cake just as an ornament. They don't buy it, they rent it. Sometimes a cake is rented a dozen different times. After each wedding it is freshened up with a new coat of icing and looks as good as new for the next occasion. A good renter fetches about \$3 a wedding."

ASK THE SALVATION ARMY

That is What Many Do When They Want Anything, Even a Bonnet for the Horse.

A teamster who needed a bonnet for his scrawny horse applied to the Salvation Army.

"Why did you go to them for such a thing as that?" someone asked.

"Because I knew they had them," he said. "I saw one of their wagons go down the street with two strings of horse bonnets stretched from the top of the cover to the tallgate, so I hustled down and asked for one before they were all gone."

"His case is typical of hundreds of others," said an army worker. "Our collection wagons are veritable curiosity shops on wheels. Household goods and clothing comprise the bulk of the load, but it is topped off by curious odds and ends. Penurious or poverty-stricken souls keep an eye on the most conspicuous contributions and when they see anything they want they simply follow the wagon down to headquarters and ask for it."

"Cori" Knew His Duty as Usher.

The congregation of a certain church is not "exclusive," but some of its members were surprised at the appointment of a new usher. They said that he might be a very good young man, but he had not belonged very long to the church, and, besides, it seemed unlikely that a street car conductor would suit the etiquette of a house of worship. But the trustees said that he had been chosen for that very reason, adding: "We need a man of that kind to deal with the end seat bog. He is a greater nuisance in the church than in the cars. Early in the service he plants himself at the aisle end of a few pews and later comes over as ushered into that pew and all over him taking their places. It takes a man with grit to make him move along. This former conductor has the grit, and he has tact gained from experience. That is why we made him usher."

Old Wireless Telephone.

Writing from German Africa, a tourist says: "We found here in the dense forest, among people who know nothing of modern scientific discoveries, a good and practical wireless telephone. The natives have for the purpose of ceremony, peaceful and warlike, drums of various dimensions made of wood, and these, when beaten, emit sounds of about an octave in range. Aside from the ceremonies the drums are used also as a means of communication. We had a proof of it one day. Our caravan was ready to start when our head servant stopped suddenly in his work, listened intently and then gave unmistakable signs of pleasure. We learned later that the indistinct sounds conveyed to him the news that a boy had been born to his brother in a neighboring village."

No Such Goats Now.

They must have had some pretty savage goats in Connecticut a hundred years ago. Under an old law a boy was driving a goat along a highway and they met a traveler and the goat jumped on to the traveler and threw him down and bit him and otherwise harmed him, that boy could be sent to jail for three months and his father sued for damages.

The goat has improved in temper since those days. If one is being driven along now and meets a traveler he simply winks and passes on and the boy is safe.

The Goat.

Seymour—I don't believe that Wall-man has a single enemy among all his neighbors, every one of them speaks of him as if he were the best man in the world.

Ashley—Well, I guess that's right; but Wall-man has to pay pretty high for their good opinion; every year he has to invest in a new law-sweaver.

A Terrible Creature.

"Father," said the small boy, "is there any animal more terrible than a lion?"

"Yes, my son, a cow. If she isn't sticking you in the neck or pinning you over the pasture to boot you, she's trying to send you around to your house in the milk."

WHAT THE STRING WAS FOR

Forgetful Citizen Thought It Meant His Wife Wanted Something, So He Did Not Register.

The well-meaning citizen is sometimes so busy that he forgets to register until he is reminded of the fact, when he hustles around to the polling place and gets his name down.

A hint of this human weakness is contained in a little parable told by John Smith in the Buffalo Express: Bunker was in the habit of wearing a thread around his finger to remind him that he was to do an errand for his wife; and his acquaintances were wont to joke him pleasantly on the subject.

On that particular day, as he was leaving the office for home, one of the boys, seeing the thread, asked: "Well, what is it this time?" "Oh, just a little—er—well, what was it for today, anyway?" said Bunker. "Let me see, now—what does she want—a steak—ice tickets—pay for something—telephone to some friends of hers—go to the employment agency for a girl—what could it have been?" "I'll just stay here until I remember." So there he sat until the time for the last train out approached.

When he reached home he was in a state of worry. "Ada," he called, "what did you want me to do in town today? I've been worrying for three hours what this thread was for." "Why, Stephen," she replied, "you asked me yourself to put that on to remind you to register on your way up from the train."

At times divine. The eyes of a good woman! How gently, how clearly, how truthfully they look out on life! How pleasantly on those they guard! Happy the homes that dwell in peace and security beneath the loving care of a true woman's eyes.

SOFT HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS

Old Notes Wanted by Women Automobillists Because They Can Be Easily Tucked Away.

"The request for an 'old soft hundred-dollar bill' has become so frequent of late," said the ladies' teller in a New York bank, "that I made so bold as to ask a friendly depositor what this feminine craze for shabby hundred-dollar bills stood for."

"All your hundred-dollar bill ladies have autos, I suppose," she asked. I admitted that most of them had.

"Most of them have country places within easy motoring distance," was her next question. I thought a minute and said that many of them were semi-suburbanites.

"She then went on to say that if I was any kind of a Sherlock Holmes I'd be able to put these facts together and see that suburban living often necessitated rapid motoring; that this meant arrest and that bill was a good thing to have on hand. An extra hundred-dollar bill pinned under a cushion of the machine was fairly safe from theft and often saved the situation. A new bill is too crisp for easy hiding and pinning and is apt to rustle when touched. The old bill's just the thing for tucking away in a carcase or vanity bag or pinning in some pocket of the machine. Quiet, safe, but effective," was the way she summed up the bailing virtues of the shabby hundred-dollar bill."

Jury Service in Dickens' Time. If it's near dinner time, the foreman takes out his watch when the jury have returned and says: "Dear me, gentlemen, ten minutes to five, I declare! I dine at five, gentlemen." "So do I," says everybody else except two men who ought to have dined at three, and seem more than half disposed to stand out in consequence. The foreman smiles, and puts up his watch: "Well, gentlemen, what do we say? Plaintiff, defendant, gentlemen? I rather think so far as I am concerned, gentlemen—I say I rather think—but don't let that influence you—I rather think the plaintiff's man." Upon this two or three other men are sure to say they think so, too—as of course they do; and then they get on very amicably and comfortably.—From Dickens.

High Hats Bring Fat Fees. A Brooklyn clergyman who is stationed in a parish that adjoins a large cemetery is called upon frequently by the cemetery authorities to read the burial service at graves of persons whose relatives have no church connections. The fees for this work have been surprisingly large and recently the clergyman has begun buying a house on the installment plan.

At a social gathering of clergymen, when the dignity of their offices for the time was forgotten, this person was jokingly accused of "living on dead men." He denied the charge, but admitted that he always wore a silk hat when called upon to officiate for strangers because he had come to find that the higher the hat the larger the fee.

A Tough Boy. Willie Smith, a boy of fourteen years old, living near Coosa, Ga., was driving a mule team across the railroad tracks when the engine of a fast train hit him. The mules were killed, the wagon demolished, and Willie was flung a distance of 70 feet into a cornfield. When they went after his dead body they found him sitting up and wondering what it was all about. He had two or three bruises, but no bones were broken. When Willie gets a little older he can play with dynamite.

A Hard World. "It's a hard world," said the aviator, who felt that he was not appreciated.

"Yes," replied the colleague. "The world would be much easier for you business if it could have been made of rubber and inflated."

Why They Married Hastily. Mildred—They were married in haste, I understand.

Eleanor—Yes. They had engaged a taxicab by the hour, so they requested the minister to hurry.

QUICK EYES OF THE WOMEN

They Have Extraordinary Faculty for Seeing Many Things and Taking in Every Detail.

Women have the most extraordinary faculty for seeing a great many things at once. For instance, they will remember every detail of a person's dress, manner, and personal appearance, even to the color of the hair and eyes, after a mere glimpse. This power is rare with men in general, though some have cultivated it. The gift belongs pre-eminently to women, however, who will often, without effort, take away the most vivid impressions of people they have traveled with for a short time only and have never spoken to, or of people they have met by chance in the street.

Women's eyes need to be as keen as they are kindly. In her household all depends on them. Woman is the first to notice any little rift within the lute of home life, and failure in the health of those she loves and has the care of, any lapse from the accustomed, any trouble unexpressed that is making any one unhappy. More delicately balanced, more sensitive than man, her nature receives impressions which to those of a different, perhaps coarser, fiber would simply have no existence. Her intuition is at times divine.

The eyes of a good woman! How gently, how clearly, how truthfully they look out on life! How pleasantly on those they guard! Happy the homes that dwell in peace and security beneath the loving care of a true woman's eyes.

How Rogers Got His Start. A. T. Stewart was shown one day by one of his confidential employes an amusing caricature of himself done in pencil.

"Good, good!" he laughed, "that's excellent. Who did it?" "A young salesman at the linen counter. He scratched it off as you passed the other morning. I managed to get it from him and now he's scared stiff for fear you'll see it," was the laughing reply.

"Scared stiff, is he?" said Mr. Stewart, with a twinkle in his eye. "Just send him to me, will you?" A little later a slim youth entered Mr. Stewart's private office and said he understood he had been sent for. "Yes," said Mr. Stewart gravely, and holding up the sketch asked, "Did you do this?"

The lad grew pale and stammered: "I—I beg your pardon, sir—it was only a bit of fun—I meant no offense."

"That's all very well, but you'll have to give up your job here." The youth humbly protested, when Mr. Stewart burst out laughing and said: "Don't say any more, my boy. I'm only joking. Your sketch is excellent and as it would be a sin to keep a man of your artistic talent behind a linen counter I propose to supply you with the means to study art."

Mr. Stewart's proposition was gratefully accepted and it was thus that John R. Rogers, the sculptor, began his artistic career.

Lord Brougham's Oration. We have no orator in the least like Lord Brougham since the close of Brougham's public career. Everything that nature could do, so far as appearance, manner and voice were concerned, she had done to prevent him from being a great orator; and yet, a great orator he undoubtedly was. I wonder what the house of lords just now would think of a peer who gesticulated and belloved as Brougham was in the habit of doing. But it was impossible to listen to Brougham by the force of his intellect, by his torrent of words, by the sudden whirl and eddy of his rapid illustrations, and by the longer and shorter stretches of quietude and repose into which his argument occasionally flowed.—From Justin McCarthy's Reminiscences.

He Is Still Inquiring. Fourteen years ago, when Thomas Cooper, living on a farm two miles from Lexington, Mich., was thirteen years old, he began walking into the town every day and asking for mail at the post office. Thomas is now twenty-seven years old, and he has not missed one single week day in all those years. Regularly every morning he has taken the four-mile walk, and he is still at it.

It may also be stated that he has not, up to this date, received a single letter, but he is not discouraged. He believes one will come for him some day, even if it is only a dunning letter.

It Was Bashfulness. A school teacher in a town in Bavaria has been arrested for a singular offense. He caught a boy of fourteen and a girl two years younger whispering during school hours, and he made them sit in the same seat with their arms tied together. Both were so bashful that they finally faint-ed away, and their parents had the teacher arrested for cruelty. The case never had been tried yet, but it is safe to say that nothing will be done to the teacher.

Reminders of Trouble. "I thought you told me a sea voyage would take my mind off my troubles," said the unlucky motorist.

"Didn't it?" "No. The life preservers strung along the rail of the ship looked exactly like automobile tires."

MINING OF PENNSYLVANIA

William Blathwayt, Commissioner of Plantations, Suggested It Be Called After the Quaker.

When William Penn was asked by Charles II. to name the new colony over the sea he proposed the name of the queen. William Blathwayt, the commissioner of plantations, highly negatived the proposal in the presence of the court, and suggested the Quaker's own name as the proper one for the vast territory that owed its colonization and development to him.

The king was not offended, but stood with Blathwayt, and Penn himself was greatly flattered by the compliment. Several letters on the subject were written by him to Blathwayt. These letters were carefully preserved by Blathwayt's descendants, and being recently put up at auction with the original draft by Charles II. of Pennsylvania to Penn, brought nearly \$18,000.

The family name of Blathwayt became extinct through the marriage of the sole son of the line to a wealthy Miss Winter, who restored the fallen fortunes of the Blathwayts on condition that her husband adopted the name of Winter. One of the Winters accompanied Sir Francis Drake around the world as his vice-admiral, and another of the family was a vice-admiral under Drake when he destroyed the Armada.

Wild Animals and Catnip. Lions and Leopards in the Zoo Were as Delighted With It as Is the Domestic Cat.

A curious investigator and a few sprigs of catnip led to an amusing scene at the zoo in Cincinnati.

The tigers and puma scornfully refused to notice the herb when it was presented to them by the keeper, but the lion, the lioness and the big leopard were bolterous in their manifestations of pleasure. The lion planted a foot upon it, smelled it, licked it, sprang upon it and tossed it about in ways unbecoming his kingly dignity. The leopard picked it up in her huge paw, took long and ecstatic sniffs and rolled over and over upon it in the exuberance of her delight. In her efforts to apply it to the upper part of her head she performed acrobatic feats of an astonishing kind. From his experiment the investigator was satisfied that love of catnip is not confined to the domestic branch of the cat family.

Approaching a Walled City. After the drab outskirts of Pisa, the Maremma and the dyked road, I gained Cascina, a walled, arched town at the limit of the Vico Pisano, gray within a red hulk of walls, inexhaustibly picturesque; then came Pontedera, walled again—and with each a thrill. That is a thing you may count upon—that flutter of expectancy and its full reward whenever you approach a walled town by road. By road, observe, but not otherwise. Seen thus, the wall must be negotiated; you must pass through the gates with other wayfarers. A walled city is like a veiled bride. What is one about to embrace? There are no gradations, no straggling line of suburbs to water down the type before you reach the heart. The truth is flashed upon you, plump and plain. You leave the fields, you clear the gates—here is Cascina, here Pontedera for good or ill.—From Hewlett's "The Road in Tuscany."

Contemplation as a Part of Life. We are in such haste to be doing, to be writing, to be gathering gear, to make our voice audible a moment in the derivative silence of eternity, that we forget the one thing, of which these are but the parts—namely, to live. We fall in love, we drink hard, we run to and fro upon the earth like frightened sheep. And now you are to ask yourself if, when all is done, you would not have been better to sit by the fire at home, and be happy, thinking. To sit still and contemplate—to remember the faces of women without desire, to be pleased with the great needs of men without envy, to be everything and everywhere in sympathy—is not this to know both wisdom and virtue and to dwell with happiness?—From Robert Louis Stevenson's "Walking Tours."

A Clear Case. "I don't very well see," said the lawyer, "how you can see your husband for a divorce on the score of desertion when on your own account he has been living quietly at home all the time."

"You don't, eh?" retorted the indignant would-be plaintiff. "Well, if it isn't desertion for a man to take a taxicab to the club and deny that he is related to her, just because his wife has been arrested on the dock for smuggling, I don't know what desertion is!"—Harper's Weekly.

A Long Yell. The house of the Widow Barnes, at Beloit, Wis., took fire around the chimney in the night, and she sent her son Johnnie out to cry fire and arouse the neighbors. Johnnie's yell did the trick, and the fire was put out, but he still kept on yelling. As a matter of fact he yelled for seven days and nights before they could quiet him. The doctor said it was a nervous attack, brought on by his sudden fright. During that long week there was yelling enough to last the town for five years, and Johnnie will have a frog in his throat for some time to come.

The Turkey Again. The turkey was not a very large one and Mrs. Pedagog's boarders began to be a little anxious on the subject of its going around. Finally the last bit was distributed and the idiot, glancing at his portion, observed that he had drawn the neck and the pop's nose.

"Ah, Mrs. Pedagog," said he, with a general smile, "you are a wonder at making both ends meet!"—Lippincott's.

BEST RATTLESNAKE REMEDY

Strychnine Is the Only Positive Antidote for a Big Injection of the Poison.

Strychnine is probably the only positive antidote for a big injection of rattlesnake toxin, a bite or rather stroke such as a four-foot snake would inflict on the fleshy part of the body, as the calf or thigh. For such a bite, carrying as it does half a teaspoonful or more of venom deep into the flesh, all ordinary cures are unavailing. Hypodermically injected, however, in sufficient quantities surely to kill the patient were not suffering from the snake poison, strychnine is a certain counteractant. The greatest danger is said to be in administering too little strychnine. As a matter of fact but few even of skilled physicians have enough knowledge of the subject to be able to act with any assurance in administering strychnine in such cases. That rattlesnake poison and strychnine are exact opposites has been shown by experiments in which animals dying of strychnine inoculations have been cured by injections of the snake venom.—Popular Mechanics.

Snakebite. A naturalist once told how, in a thicket on a mountainside he saw a man kill a rattlesnake. He beat the life out of it with a club and continued the pounding until it was mangled beyond recognition. When the naturalist remonstrated the man said: "Boss, you can't kill a rattlesnake too dead."

On one occasion a boat bound for the United States from Rio de Janeiro touched at Pernambuco, where the mate drove a bargain with a snake dealer for a half-dozen reptiles of various sizes.

The mate had them in a cage on deck, and charged a sailor with the duty of washing it out with sea water every evening. All went well as long as the weather was mild, but on the night before the gulf stream was crossed the sailor left a quantity of water in the cage and, about 30 hours from port, a biting gale struck the ship.

All hands were busy with the storm, and the snakes were forgotten. When the mate thought of them and went to look after their condition, he found them frozen stiff, and apparently as dead as the proverbial doornail.

The dealer for whom the mate had brought them came on board the following day. He professed great disappointment over the loss of his intended purchase, but offered to take the snakes away as a kindness to the mate. He gathered them in his arms like so much firewood and carried them home. But a rival dealer of warm water had resuscitated the snakes, and that they had been sold to various museums not a bit the worse for their "death" by freezing.—Harper's Weekly.

FINGER PRINT WAS ENOUGH

Guilty Peach Thief Thought It Was a Picture of His Corduroy Trousers, and Confessed.

All his ripe peaches had departed, disappeared, deserted. Some thief in the night had played havoc among the forbidden fruit, and Professor Pump-er-dink could find no clue but a finger print left on an unripe specimen. Nevertheless, it was something, and he had his suspicions. Pumper-dink and shortly after met the suspect, "Ah, Jake," he said, "did you know someone robbed my garden the other night?" "Did I, zur?" returned Jake innocently. "Yes," nodded Professor Pump-er-dink, "but the thief left his mark behind, so I'll easily trace him." He produced the enlargement. "Do you see that?" Jake's knees began to quiver. Then he burst into floods of anguish. "It ain't no good, zur!" he sobbed. "It took the peaches right off me. But—it—it fair like, we law yer out that picture of my corduroy trousers."—Answers.

The Conundrum Club. It was during the prune course at the boarding-house breakfast table. The thin man spoke: "I've got a new one this morning. Why is a one-cent stamp like a sleep?"

"Because," began the stenographer with her eyes on the ceiling. "No, that's not the reason," said the thin man.

"My guess is because a sale make it so," suggested the fat boarder at the end of the table.

"Very good," said the thin man, "but not the correct answer." "Well, we give it up," came in chorus.

"Because it's a single sticker," said the thin man as he began to dodge things.—Yonkers Statesman.

The First Club Sandwich. A New York lawyer claims to have discovered the first club sandwich, which is now the popular fancy of every tea room. He found it down in New Mexico ten years ago. He stopped at a small town and not being on the train with a dining car, went into the little eating place and ordered a dozen sandwiches, half of which were to be ham and half tongue. After he had boarded the train and opened the package, he found the order carried out to the letter. Every sandwich had a filling of one slice of ham and one slice of tongue. The inventor of these sandwiches was not so far out of the way.

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SNAKES WERE HARD TO KILL

Reptiles From Brazil Were Frozen Stiff on Shipboard but Revived When Put in Warm Water.

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CARRYING GOSPEL TO MINERS

Pittsburg Evangelists Have Novel Plan for Religious Work in the Depths of the Earth.

The carrying of the Gospel hundreds of feet underground to miners toiling in the darkness and gloom with their picks and shovels is the latest scheme of the Pittsburg evangelistic committee.

This movement is without precedent in the history of the religious world. It will be enthusiastically backed by more than a score of men prominent in the business, financial and professional walks of life of that city.

No mine in the Pittsburg district will be overlooked. It is expected to have a large enough band of workers engaged to enable the committee to take the Gospel down the various shafts before long. It is expected to have the Gospel workers enter the mines during the mining hours and make their way through the various passages, leaving pamphlets and cards with the workers.

At the noon hour an open air meeting will be held. Addresses will be made to the miners in different tongues by evangelists of their own nationality.

"Pins and Needles." After being for a long time in a constrained attitude a peculiar numbness and pricking is often felt in the arm, leg or foot. This is caused by some interruption to the circulation and can usually be removed by rubbing or exercise.

The reason of the sensation, which is decidedly uncomfortable while it lasts, is that pressure for a certain length of time deadens the sensibility of a nerve. When this pressure is suddenly removed (as straightening out the leg after sitting with it doubled underneath the body) sensibility gradually returns to the nerve, and as each nerve-fiber composing the trunk regains its normal condition of sensibility a pricking sensation is felt, and these successive prickings from the successive awakenings of the numerous fibers have not inaptly been called "pins and needles."

Tough on the Germ. Parents who own the mean little snail boy with the frightful growth of childhood, the little boy who screams when others smile and who kicks his fond parents on the shins and screams when they are trying to do something nice for him, the little boy who affects all other people with a burning, gnawing passion to smite him on the spot with an emwood chopboard, not padded, should take ostrage. Their little boy, says Dr. E. L. Mathies of Kansas City, is the victim of the growth germ. A real germ is pasturing on him, making him meaner than dirt and crosser than a top-sid dog.

Well, perhaps.

A Restricted Sphere. Judge Bancroft Cox, in a speech in Cleveland against universal suffrage concluded with this smiling peroration:

"Hail, then, to woman—woman, the morning star of our youth, the day star of our maturity, the evening star of our old age. Bless our stars, and may they ever continue shining—in their proper sphere."

Popular Admiration. "What is it that the people admire in that man's speeches?" said one campaigner.

"I don't know," replied the other, "unless it's his nerve in advocating such extraordinary opinions."