

BOOKS OF JOKES, STORIES
AND QUOTATIONS

TOASTER'S HANDBOOK. 1916

MORE TOASTS. 1922

STILL MORE TOASTS. 1932

Each \$1.80 Postpaid

Published by
The H. W. Wilson Company
New York, N. Y.

STILL MORE TOASTS

JOKES, STORIES AND
QUOTATIONS

COMPILED BY
HELEN M. MULLER

NEW YORK
THE H. W. WILSON COMPANY
1932

Published September 1932

Printed in the United States of America

PREFACE

Our success in publishing the *Toaster's Handbook* and *More Toasts* has encouraged us to try this third collection of jokes, stories, and quotations. From a truly monumental pile of clippings, gathered and stored piece by piece ever since *More Toasts* appeared in 1922, the choicest jokes and stories were selected, pasted and arranged, and tried out on a dozen or more readers. Those that survived the ordeal are here reprinted.

As before we have tried to classify each joke under the heading that will put help within the reach of the unfortunate speechmaker when needed. Of course when you see where they have been placed, you may occasionally think the joke's on us. But we hope at any rate you will find the book a help in time of need, and good fun at any time.

All the jokes have been taken from printed sources, and since many of them have been published repeatedly, it was impossible to attribute them to the original source. Hence little effort has been made to give credit for any of them. Acknowledgement is made to all the "funny" magazines, the magazines and papers that print pages and columns of jokes more or less regularly, and also those who only use them to fill out the corners.

We hope you will enjoy this book.

THE PUBLISHERS

August, 1932

STILL MORE TOASTS

ABSENT-MINDEDNESS

"Where is the car?" demanded Mrs. Diggs.

"Dear me!" ejaculated Professor Diggs. "Did I take the car out?"

"You certainly did. You drove it to town."

"How odd! I remember now that after I got out I turned around to thank the gentleman who gave me the lift and wondered where he had gone."

The old bishop was weary. This was the third class he had confirmed that Sunday. His attention began to wander. Placing his hands upon the bald and shiny pate of the last candidate, he said, "I declare this stone to be well and truly laid."

DOCTOR—"It's a boy, professor."

THE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR—"What is?"

WIFE—"Do you realize, dear, that it was twenty-five years ago today that we became engaged?"

ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR—"Twenty-five years! Bless my soul! You should have reminded me before. It's certainly time we got married."

The oddest tale of the month was about the man who started to put up his screens this spring and found that he had not taken them down last fall.

Yesterday we heard positively the last one on our friend, the absent-minded professor. He slammed his wife and kissed the door.

ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR'S WIFE—"Wait, John. Are you sure you've forgotten everything?"

"Do you want gas?" asked the dentist as he placed the patient in the chair.

"Yes," said the absent-minded professor. "About five gallons—and take a look at the oil."

HOSTESS—"What, going already, Professor? And must you take your dear wife with you?"

PROFESSOR—"Indeed, madam, I'm sorry to say I must!"

Now comes the story of the absent-minded professor who rolled under the dresser and waited for his collar button to find him.

PROFESSOR (after being fished out of the water)—"The worst of it is that I have just remembered that I can swim!"

The absent-mindedness of talented people has been a source of joy to lesser folk from time out of mind. The forgetfulness of one of the South's most brilliant bishops does much to promote the gaiety of his friends. The following story of him has lately come to light in the pages of *Harper's Monthly*.

The bishop, it seems, was traveling, and when the conductor appeared for his ticket it was not to be found. One pocket after another of the episcopal garb was searched in vain, the bishop all the while keeping up little ejaculations of concern.

"Why, this is very serious!" he murmured. "I'm sure I bought a ticket. I *must* have bought a ticket. Why, I *always* buy a ticket! Dear me, this is *very* serious!"

At length the conductor, wishing to be helpful, said, "Well, don't trouble, Bishop; just tell me where you're going and we can fix it up."

"But, my dear friend!" cried the bishop, earnestly, "that is just the trouble! Without my ticket how am I to know *where* I'm going?"

An absent-minded husband, says the *Ladies' Home Journal*, was asked by his wife to stop in a store on his way down-town and buy her three articles of feminine wear. Of course when he reached the store he had forgotten what they were. So the young clerk behind the first counter was amazed to hear:

"Excuse me, my wife told me to come in here and get her some things to wear and I've forgotten what they are. Would you mind naming over a few things?"

"What is a good cure for absent-mindedness?" asked a man of his doctor friend. "Why, are you absent-minded?" the physician retorted, laughing at the question. "No," said his friend, "it's my wife. The poor dear makes the strangest mistakes. I gave her a \$20 bill the other day with which to buy me some shirts and she came home with some shoes for herself."

See also Memory.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE

See Insurance, Accident.

ACCIDENTS

JUDGE—"Just where did the defendant's auto hit you?"

SWEET YOUNG THING—"Well, if I had been wearing a license plate it would have been badly damaged."

There was a large crowd gathered around the overturned motor car, while the excited driver was trying to right things.

"Halloa!" suddenly called the voice of a new arrival. "What's the matter, Robbins—car turned turtle?"

Robbins smiled with expressive sweetness.

"Oh, no; not at all, old chap," he replied. "These kids have wanted to see how the machinery worked, so I had the car turned upside down just to please them."

SHE—"Were you ever in a street car accident?"

HE—"Yes. The car was completely wrecked, but the passengers were packed so tight that only the outside layers were injured."

While making a visit to New York, a man unmistakably of country origin was knocked down in the street by an automobile. A crowd instantly surrounded him with condolences and questions.

"Are you hurt, my friend?" kindly asked a gentleman, who was first among the rescuers as he helped the stranger to his feet and brushed the mud and dust from his clothes.

"Well," came the cautious reply of one evidently given to non-committal brevity of speech, "it ain't done me no good."

"How is it that you want a raise?" asked the foreman.

"Why, I've been and got married," said the man.

"Well," replied the foreman, "I'm sorry for you, I'm sure, but I can't help you. I'm only responsible for accidents that happen at the factory."

A vigorous-looking woman boarded a bus and pushed a small boy down on the seat. The other passengers noted that the boy had his head completely hidden by a tightly fitting saucepan, and their sympathetic inquiries elicited the fact that his unhappy mother was taking the equally unhappy youth to the "orspital" to "have it took off."

"But how did he get it on his head?" asked a passenger.

"He was playin' at soldiers, and wanted a 'elmet, so 'e took the sorsepan," said the mother.

"It'll be a bad job for him!" said another passenger.

"It's a wuss one for me," retorted the mother; "it's the only sorsepan I've got, and there's my breakfast in it!"

A hardened motorist had just run down a jaywalker and stopped the car on top of the unfortunate man.

"Hey, there," yelled the motorist, peering down over the side of the car, "while you're under there just take a look at my brake rods, will you?"

A married couple were knocked down by a motor-car. The car dashed away. The police arrived and found the couple bursting with indignation.

"Do you know the number of the car?" asked the policeman.

"Yes," replied the husband; "by a strange coincidence the first two numbers formed my age and the second two the age of my wife."

"John," said the wife, "we will let the matter drop at once!"

COUNSEL—"Tell the court how the accident occurred."

WITNESS—"Well, the car shot out of a garage, exceeding the speed limit, and knocked the fellow flat on his back and ran over him. The fellow was slightly intoxicated, stepped in front of the car, which was going at the rate of 10 miles an hour, was softly brushed aside, and—"

COUNSEL—"What! How could it happen both ways?"

WITNESS—"Don't ask me. I'm just telling both sides of it."

A woman driver ran into an embankment and bent a fender. It worried her. She went to a garage and asked for the mechanic. "Can you fix this fender so my husband won't know it was bent?" The mechanic looked at the bent fender and then at her, and said: "No, lady, I can't. But I tell you what I can do. I can fix it up so that in a few days you can ask your husband how he bent it."

OLD GENTLEMAN—"I see that in London a man is run over every half-hour."

OLD LADY—"Poor fellow!"

"Anybody hurt in the wreck?"

"One gentleman, I believe."

"Bones broken?"

"I think it was his heart. He sat down by a leaking suit case and shed tears."

"Where did the car hit him?" asked the coroner.

"At the junction of the dorsal and cervical vertebrae," replied the medical witness.

And the burly foreman rose from his seat. "Man and boy, I've lived in these parts for 50 years," he protested, ponderously, "and I never heard of the place."

Some time ago there was a head-on collision on a certain railway and numbers of people were injured. When the wrecker arrived the crew began to search the wreckage for bodies before attempting to move any of the cars and found an old negro Pullman porter fast asleep in the wreckage. After waking he was asked, "Didn't you know that you were in a wreck?"

He replied, "No, sah, Boss, I did feel sumpin' kind o' jolty but I t'ought dey was a-puttin' on de dinah."

FATHER (to Sammy, coming home in a bedraggled condition)—“Great Scot! How you look!”

SAMMY—“Yes, pa, I fell in a mudhole.”

FATHER—“What! And with your new pants on?”

SAMMY—“Yes. I didn't have time to take them off.”

ACTING

MAGICIAN—(to youngster he has called up on the stage)—“Now, my boy, you've never seen me before, have you?”

BOY—“No, daddy.”

News that Sir Hall Caine was putting the finishing touches on his *Life of Christ*, which he had been working on for many years, reminded me of a story Beerbohm Tree used to tell. When Tree was rehearsing the dramatized version of *The Eternal City*, Sir Hall wanted him to drag Constance Collier, taking the part of *Roma*, round the stage by her hair and bang her head on the floor.

“Very effective,” said Tree, “but I seem to remember that identical business in another famous tragedy.”

Hall Caine, deeply interested, asked what it was.

“Punch and Judy,” replied Tree with a chuckle.

An English actor was once boasting to Sir James Barrie of the expressiveness of his countenance.

“I can convey anything to my audience without speaking a word,” he said.

“Then,” suggested Sir James, “will you please express in your face that you have a younger brother, who was born in Shropshire but is now living in a boarding house on the south coast, and who is going to London a week from Monday to call on his sister who injured her ankle crossing Pall Mall as she was on her way to buy a new purple silk dress?”

ACTORS AND ACTRESSES

COMEDIAN—“Poor old Harry got the bird properly last night. They hissed him right off the stage. Then I came on. The audience quietened down and listened to my first number with every attention. Then, just as I was giving 'em my patter, *blowed if they didn't start hissing old Harry again.*”

FAMOUS ACTOR—"Yes, I am."

JONES—"Excuse me, sir, are you Sir George Compton-Keen?"

JONES—"I thot you must be—you're so like him."

It seems one of the periodical big problems in Hollywood is having to decide which of the immortal figures of history is going to be George Arliss next.

One night at a theater some scenery caught fire, and the smell of burning alarmed the spectators. A panic seemed to be imminent when a comedian appeared on the stage.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "compose yourselves. There is no danger."

The audience did not seem reassured.

"Ladies and gentlemen," continued the comedian, rising to the occasion, "confound it all—do you think if there was any danger I'd be here?"

The panic subsided.

LAWYER (to actress bride)—"But surely you don't want to arrange for a divorce on your honeymoon. When did you quarrel?"

BRIDE—"At the church—he signed his name in the register in bigger letters than mine."

The road show was playing a poor town.

"We are alone?" hissed the villain.

"Almost," rejoined his partner, looking sadly at the rows of empty seats.

They tell of the ham actor who complained long and loud to the producer about the size of his name in the lights.

"Oh," groaned the actor, "I know I'm not a star, but I do think that my name should be featured. Why don't you mention the name of the show plus the principals, and then before my name put: 'And—'?"

"'And'!" screamed the fed-up producer. "Why not 'But'?"

ADULTS

Dr. Fred Butler brought in this priceless definition the other day: "An adult is a person who has stopped growing at both ends and started growing in the middle."

ADVERTISING

MODERN CHILD (seeing rainbow for first time)—"What's it supposed to advertise, dad?"

By the advertiser of Ivory Soap Flakes: "Imported French hand-made blouse. Washed ten times with Ivory Flakes. 'I have found it difficult to convince my friends that I have washed it *at all*,' says the owner's letter."—*F. P. A. in N. Y. World.*

I am a capable night watchman. Will take anything I can get.—*Jonesboro (Ala.) paper.*

Two-door five-passenger sedan; model 263; \$300 cash, balance monthly; many other bargains in new and used automobiles; cheaper than anywhere in the world or Canada.—*From an ad in the Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.*

SOLICITOR—"Would you endorse our cigarettes for \$2,000, sir?"

CELEBRITY—"For \$2,000 I'd smoke the fool things."

Lives of stars—Jeritzas, Gerrys—
 Prove to us in sheets we've scanned
 We, too, could have been the berries
 Had we smoked another brand.

Some day a magazine editor is going to achieve lasting fame by publishing stories as interesting as the advertisements.

Don't forget that the advertisements often contain the most important news in the paper. *The Paonian (Paonia, Colo.).*

In the latest book the Countess of Oxford and Asquith has Lord Tilbury tell with joy of an "ad" he had seen in a paper: "Wanted, a strong donkey to do entire work of country clergyman."

FOR SALE—A good place to live and have 5 families. Very nicely situated, always rented, good investment, don't let it go by.—*Classified ad in the Watertown Times.*

To have beautiful hands, sleep in cotton gloves.
No thanks . . . we're used to our pajamas now.

We do not like to seem impatient, but there will probably be more room for interesting news in the papers when Lucky Strike gets thru mellowing and purifying the American girl.

Advertisement in Lebanon newspaper:

FOR SALE—Bakery business, including large oven. Present owner has been in it for years. Has good reason for leaving.

What would happen if some of the most common advertising slogans became mixed:

ONYX HOSIERY—"Best in the long run."

OTIS ELEVATORS—"Good to the last drop."

KLAXON—"His master's voice."

FORD—"I walk a mile for a Camel."

FATIMA—"I'se in town, honey."

IVORY SOAP—"There's a reason."

LISTERINE—"What a whale of a difference just a few cents make!"

PALMOLIVE—"Forty-four years without loss to an investor."

B. V. D.—"Ask the man who owns one."

CUNARD—"It floats."

No delays waiting for the waiter and dishes to be cooked. Everything ready here, and hot, too.—*A Restaurant Ad in the Erie Dispatch-Herald.*

"If you want to be arrested in a courteous, pleasant manner, elect me."—*From the announcement of a candidate for constable, in Tacoma News-Tribune.*

The average magazine story these days starts off with half a dozen paragraphs draped around an illustration, and then jumps—like the quick brown fox—into the advertising section, where it trickles along between canned milk and floor wax.

Dozing over a short story the other evening, while it cavorted deviously thru the advertising pages, we arrived at the following bizarre combination:

The path wound in and out thru the meadow, not far distant . . . from contented cows. On a fence-rail near by a bobwhite perched and sang . . . your druggist carries it.

The summer day was ideal . . . for sprains and stiff joints; the rays of the descending sun bathed the landscape . . . fresh every hour. Half-way down the path they came to a shady nook . . . recommended by a generation of users.

She was conscious of his manly form . . . built of white pine, and reinforced at the corners. Her companion was, she thot to herself, a veritable prince . . . one of the fifty-seven varieties. As for him, he could not take his adoring eyes off of her . . . the world's most perfect talking-machine.

He felt an irresistible impulse to tell her how much he loved her . . . combining the purest ingredients. He longed to pour out his passion and . . . sweeten it with Domino. He stroked her hair . . . so different from ordinary macaroni, while she nestled close to his side ready to . . . refuse substitutes.

"Dearest," he murmured at last . . . looking like new. "Dearest, this is the moment I have longed for . . . because of its pleasing flavor."

She did not answer at once. Her thots seemed far away . . . at the nearest grocery.

He took her hand in his, and held her close . . . allowing the skin to breathe.

"Will you be mine?" he questioned in a tone . . . recommended by boards of health everywhere.

"You want me for your wife?" she asked, her voice . . . low and comfortable.

"Yes," he nodded, swallowing hard beneath his collar, which . . . hasn't scratched yet.

"Then before I accept," she went on, "don't you think you'd better . . . ask the man who owns one?"

"If you mean your father," the young man answered, "I'm sure he'll give his consent. Just you name the day and I'll . . . keep contents hot for twenty-four hours."

He folded her in his arms, and his kisses were . . . supplied direct from the factory.

"Sweetheart, say that you'll be mine," he repeated.

"Very well, dear," she whispered. "I'll . . . try it for thirty days."

Whereupon he kissed her again and again . . . showing many different styles and patterns.

Richard, not quite seven, was eating breakfast on the morning of his first day in the public school, after a year in kindergarten. His grandmother said to him, "Now, Richard, they say little children who go to school ought to eat a good breakfast, and I want you to eat all your oatmeal."

"Why, grandma," said Richard pityingly, "that advertising is all bunk."

HIGHWAYMEN—Holdup men, please note: this is to notify you that I do not carry on my person the receipts of my various theaters. They are locked in time lock safes and taken to the bank in an armored car. I am tired of being held up.

(Signed) *Fred Wehrenberg.*

WANTED—Girl for light housework, no washing, no objection to green or colored girl.—*Classified Ad. in the Hartford Times.*

It transpires that Mr. George Gershwin, take it from the advertisement, is never bored from a——book. If some night club wants to offer us a price to indorse it in that fashion, we are willing to say that we never are bored by the This and That Night Club. As a corollary we never have been bored by a week-end at the North Pole.—*F. P. A. in the New York World.*

I've kept that schoolgirl complexion,
 I've walked a mile for a smoke,
 I've asked the man who owns one
 And he tells me it keeps him broke.
 I know that a child can play it,
 To guard the danger line I try,
 I know when it's time to retire,
 And I've heard that they satisfy.
 But there's one thing that baffles me,
 Even for a lifetime I strive,
 I'd like to know just whether or not
 I'm one of the four out of five.

Wot's de Use?

I smoke Camels every day
 But I can't walk a mile.
 My teeth are brushed with Forhans
 An' I'm afraid to smile.
 I've got some arches in me shoes
 But still me feet are flat.
 I tink de guy wot writes de ads
 Is talkin' tru his hat.

I switched me brand to Old Gold
 An' den began ta cough.
 I took me "tux" from Cedar Chest
 An' had ta kill de moth.
 I kuench me thirst wid Clizquot
 An' now I'm extra dry.
 I tink de guy wot writes de ads
 Would be afraid to die.

I went upon a diet
 An' gained a lot of weight
 Herculid's upon me dome,
 You ought to see me pate.
 I shot some Flytox all around
 An' bred a million flies.
 I tink de guy wot writes de ads
 Just lies, un lies, un lies.

I tink it's cheap to sell yer name
Ta give a shaving soap some fame,
But every hero young or old
Is doin' it fer so much gold.
I weep fer dem an' sigh, O my!
I'd like a chance ta testify.

Clarke Mays,

Testimonials at cut rates.

Persistency in inserting the same advertisement, with no change of wording or illustration, is a trait of some advertisers.

A prospective customer wrote to a firm whose advertisement never seemed to change:

"Have noted your picture of one pair corduroy pants in '*Home Magazine*' for past four months. More I see of them better I like them. If not sold as yet, please enter my order for same."

ADVICE

A young man just out of college sought the advice of a hard-headed and successful business man. "Tell me, please, how I should go about getting a start in the great game of business."

"Sell your wrist watch and buy an alarm clock," was the laconic reply.

The surest way to keep a thing out of the newspapers is not to do it.

THE LAST RESORT—An instruction to Chinese soldiers reads "if the rifle is broken use the butt, if the butt breaks use the fist, if the fist fails use the teeth." We would add, if the enemy pulls out your teeth, tell him he is no gentleman.

DYNAMITE: HANDLE WITH CARE—"Do you give people advice when they ask you for it?"

"Not unless I am dead certain they won't take it."

A young man who was leaning against the entrance of a large city building smoking a cigarette was approached by a stranger.

"Young man," said the latter, "smoking is a vile habit. Why don't you stop and become industrious? Why, if you practice self-denial during your life, some day you might own this building."

"Have you practiced self-denial?" said the young man.

"I certainly have."

"Do you own this building?"

"No."

"Well, I do," said the young man.

Recipe for Success

Find out where the money is and get there as quickly as you can and when you get there get all you can get there and then get out of there with all you could get out of those that are there before those that are there get out of you all that you got there after you got there.

GRANDMOTHER—"Johnny, I wouldn't slide down those stairs!"

LITTLE BOY—"Wouldn't! Gosh, you couldn't!"

"Doesn't he ever take advice?"

"Occasionally, when nobody is looking."

"Taking anything for your hay fever?"

"Yes, I'm taking boxing lessons to wallop the first man who gives me free advice."

The wireless operator on a small vessel was allowed to take the wheel for a short spell. His first attempt was a poor show, and the course steered was very erratic, as shown by the wake of the vessel.

Just as a rather bad zigzag was made, the captain arrived on the bridge, scowled and remarked:

"Here, my lad, I don't mind you writing your name on the face of the ocean, but for heaven's sake don't trouble to go back to dot the i."

SMITH—"You seem to have a bad cold, old man. What are you doing for it?"

BROWN—"Today I'm doing what Craig told me to do. It's Jones' day tomorrow, and the next is Hidenheimer's. If I'm not better by Sunday, and if I'm alive, I will try your remedy. Will you please put it on this memo pad?"

AGE

When I reflect, with serious sense,
 While years and years run on,
 How soon I may be summoned hence—
 There's cook a-calling John.
 Our lives are built so frail and poor,
 On sand, and not on rocks,
 We're hourly standing at Death's door—
 There's some one double-knocks.

All human days have settled terms,
 Our fates we cannot force;
 This flesh of mine will feed the worms—
 They're come to lunch, of course.
 And when my body's turned to clay,
 And dear friends hear my knell,
 Oh, let them give a sigh and say—
 I hear the upstairs bell.

Thomas Hood

The middle-aged man may be described as one who is neither preparing for life at college nor preparing for death in California.

Pete, during the late war, appeared before a recruiting officer in Ireland for the purpose of enlisting. When asked his age, he stated that he was forty-one. The age limits at that time were nineteen to thirty-eight years, but the officer seeing in the man a very desirable recruit, suggested that he might possibly be mistaken and advised him to go out, walk around and think the matter over.

In a few minutes he returned and addressed the officer: "Faith, and it was meself that was mistaken, sor. Sure, it's thirty-eight that I am. It's my ould mither that is forty-one."

ALIBIS

DEFENDING COUNSEL—"Think, gentlemen of the jury, my client is so deaf that he only hears the voice of conscience with difficulty."

VOICE ON PHONE—"John Smith is sick and can't attend classes today. He requested me to notify you."

DR. WILHELM—"All right. Who is this speaking?"

VOICE—"This is my roommate."

"What does this mean, sir?" said the boss to his clerk, coming in thirty minutes late.

"It is on account of the awful fog," explained the culprit.

"Fog! Fog!" said the boss testily. "What has the fog to do with it? You do not live across the bay."

"No, sir, I know I don't, but you do, and I thot you'd be late."

"Good-by, my dear; if I am detained for the night I shall send you a telegram."

"You needn't bother, my love; I just took it out of your pocket."

AMBITION

I wish I were a Buddha
 Sitting in the sun;
 With all the things I ought to do—
 All, all done.

LAWYER—"When I was a boy my highest ambition was to be a pirate."

CLIENT—"You're in luck. It isn't every man who can realize the dreams of his youth."

BUSINESS MAN IN HEAVEN—"It's not that I mind the harp playing, you understand. It's just that I can't see any future in it."

PICKPOCKET—"What are you doing reading a fashion paper?"

HIS PAL—"Well, if we are to do well in our profession we must know where pockets are worn, mustn't we?"

AMERICANS

If Mahatma Gandhi were an American, he would send his picture with one pound of salt for one dollar.

A scientist says that England is tilting over to the south. This is evidently due to the landing of Americans with their luggage at Southampton.

PROFESSOR—"What's the most common impediment in the speech of American people?"

FRESHMAN—"Chewing-gum."

With so many murders being committed in America just now we begin to think that the official report, stating that American citizens are as safe in Turkey as in their own country, may verge upon the truth.

An Impression

The Viking doorman scorns fatigue
Humming a marriage march from Grieg.
The Italian bootblack's brushes ply
To an aria from "Butterfly."
The German florist sprays the palms
Crooning a lullaby of Brahms.
The French chef seasons a rich filet
To a broken phrase of Charpentier.
The Russian liftman signals off
Whispering Rimsky-Korsakoff.
The American guest in his gilded suite
Sings, "She's my baby; ain't she neat?"

"When I was in London just after the armistice," said Richard Connell, who went across with a New York regiment, "I saw three of General O'Ryan's soldiers march up to a police-

man. 'Say officer,' said one of them; 'tell us how to get to the swellest hash-house in this burg.' The 'bobby' thot it over for a moment. Then he said, 'If I taikes yer meanin' right, I think as 'ow you'd better taike a taxi to the Clerridge.'

"The Claridge is a fashionable hotel and restaurant. The three got into the taxi at once. I got into another and followed. The restaurant was crowded when the three entered. In a loud voice one of them waved an arm at the head waiter.

"'Hi, gassong! Toot sweet!'

"The waiter came.

"'Yes, sir?'

"'We want the swellest feed in this joint,' said another, 'also toot sweet!'

"'Yes, sir,' said the waiter. He bowed and showed them to a table. People were looking round everywhere.

"'And say, gassong,' said the third, 'bring a couple of quarts of champagne with the cats—see?—and the tooter the sweeter! We're Americans, we are!'

"The waiter, rubbing his hands politely together, bowed again.

"'Yes, sir,' he said; 'I'll warn the other guests.'"

Great American Institutions:

Liberies.

Moompitcher Shows.

Vawdavill Theayters.

Collitches.

BLACK—"So you had a chance to see the king's palace in England, eh? What did you think of it?"

WHITE—"Well, after seeing our own movie houses, filling stations, and hot-dog stands, it isn't very impressive."

When you become used to never being alone you may consider yourself Americanized.—*André Maurois.*

VERGER—"Well, sir, and now what do you think of Canterbury?"

VISITOR (from U. S. A.)—"I guess there's more 'bury' than 'canter' about your little burg."

An American has invented a wireless receiving set which fits into a finger ring. We await with interest the announcement that another American has invented one which is only visible thru a microscope.

GUIDE—"It is the oldest castle hereabouts."

HOLLYWOOD TOURIST—"Yeh! What picture was it built for?"

The average South Dakota citizen gets up at the alarm of a Connecticut clock, buttons his Chicago suspenders to Detroit overalls, puts on a pair of cowhide boots made in Ohio, washes in a Pittsburgh basin, using Cincinnati soap, and dries on a cotton towel made in New Hampshire; sits down to a Grand Rapids table, eats hot biscuits made with Minneapolis flour, Kansas City bacon and Indiana grits fried in Omaha lard, cooked on a St. Louis stove; buys Irish potatoes grown in Michigan and canned fruits put up in California, seasoned with Rhode Island spices, claps on his old wool hat made in Philadelphia, harnesses his Missouri mule, fed on Iowa corn, to an Indiana plow.

At night he crawls under a New Jersey blanket and is kept awake by a South Dakota dog—the only home product on the place.

Doubtless the authorities were right in arresting the visiting Czech professor for carrying a gun in Chicago. We can't have these foreigners acting as if they belonged here.

Sometimes the Yankee's humor of exaggeration is met by as good as he gives. An American in London stopt at a coster's stall and lifting up a good-sized melon said: "Are these the largest apples you have?"

"Put that bloomin' grape dahn, will yer?" said the coster.

It has been suggested that Dr. Coué—*Le Medicin Malgré Lui*—might have been helped in his busy visit if we could have given him a little primer of America. Boil down the whole of Americanism into a capsule, is the suggestion, so that he can get the idea in two or three days.

All right—here (rather hastily compiled) is our idea of America in One Lesson:—

"H. L. Mencken's piece in the *Smart Set*, catalog of Extension Courses at Columbia University, a meal at Childs', buying a suit at Rogers Peet's, a Harold Lloyd movie, the lobby of the McAlpin Hotel, the Harkness Quadrangle at Yale, a night in a sleeping-car, a visit to the Terminal Barber Shops, an issue (any issue) of the *Dial*, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and *The Literary Digest*, a strip of Andy Gump, E. W. Howe's *Monthly*, the Washington Irving High School, Will Rogers, a humorous editorial in the *New York Times* on Sunday, Edward Bok's Autobiography, an attempt to decide whether the *Chicago Tribune* or the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* is the World's Greatest Newspaper, a book catalog from Thomas B. Mosher, a branch (any branch) of the New York Public Library, a public lecture by William Lyon Phelps, a visit to Woolworth's Ten-Cent Store, the Canal Street Subway Station, Liggett's Drug Store and the shoe-shining stand in the Grand Central Station. . . ."

This, of course, is not all America; but maybe Dr. Coué will think it's plenty.—*Christopher Morley in the New York Evening Post.*

GUIDE (at ancient castle)—"This is the moat. Are there any questions you would like to ask?"

AMERICAN—"Yes. How in heck could a fellow get one of those in his eye?"

A Chinese statesman asserts that American development of China would prevent monopoly and exploitation. Just as it has in the United States.

"What's the charge for this battery?"

"Three amperes."

"Well, how much is that in American money?"

Bernard Shaw was attacked for calling an American radio audience dear boobs. We understand, however, this was by special permission of H. L. Mencken, the copyright owner.

ANATOMY

"Hey, you boob, how do you expect us to see the game up here? Sit down in front."

"Can't do it, buddy. I ain't built that way."

SWEET YOUNG THING (to cavalry sergeant)—"Is it true that when you are learning to ride it gives you a headache?"

SARGE—"Oh, no, miss. Quite the opposite!"

"How many ribs have you, Johnny?" asked the teacher.

"I don't know, ma'am. I'm so awful ticklish I never could count 'em."

The teacher was examining the class in physiology. (This comes from the *Buffalo Express*.) "Mary, you tell us," she said, "what is the function of the stomach."

"The function of the stomach," the little girl answered, "is to hold up the petticoat."

Teacher was warming to her subject and, laying down her book, said:

"Now, you all understand that the trunk is the middle part of the body, don't you?"

"Yes, ma'am," chorused the class with one exception.

"You understand it, too?" asked the teacher of the boy who had not answered.

"No, ma'am, because it isn't so."

"Why, my boy, what do you mean?"

"Well," replied the boy, "you ought to go to the circus and see the elephant."

THE CENSOR—"About this picture, *Beaches and Peaches*, you call it an educational film. What does it teach?"

THE MOVIE PRODUCER—"Anatomy."

ANCESTORS

"My ancestors came over in the Mayflower."

"It's mighty lucky for you they did. The immigration laws are much stricter now."

"I'll have you understand that I have blue blood in my veins."
"I hope you're taking something for it."

HE—"Oh, you mustn't blame me for my ancestors."

SHE—"I don't. I blame them for you."

PATRICIA—"My ancestors came to this country on the Mayflower."

GERALDINE—"I always thought you came from a lot of cheap skates. My ancestors came over first cabin in a Cunard liner."

Two colored men were standing on the corner discussing family trees. "Yes, suh, man," said Ambrose, "I can trace my relations back to a family tree."

"Chase 'em back to a family tree," said Mose.

"Naw, man, trace 'em, trace 'em—get me?"

"Well, they ain't but two kinds of things dat live in trees. Birds and monkeys, and you sho' ain't got no feathers on you."

"Scientists are not fully agreed as to whether we are descended from monkeys, or monkeys are descended from us," said Mr. Twobble.

"Let them fight it out among themselves," replied Mr. Dubwaite, calmly. "I can trace my lineage back 200 years and during that time none of my ancestors lived in a tree and ate cocoanuts for dinner. That satisfies me. If I'm related to a monkey, the relationship isn't close enough to worry about."

LITTLE GIRL—"Teacher said today that our ancestors away back were monkeys."

MOTHER—"You don't believe that, do you?"

"Well, I don't know much about it, but I told the teacher that maybe it wasn't so far back either, 'cause I heard dad say that you had made a monkey out of him."

LADY (to her partner)—"Have you any prominent men in your family, Mr. Dunleigh?"

MR. D.—"Yes, one of my forefathers was an Admiral. At one time he led the world's combined fleet."

LADY—"How interesting! What was his name?"

MR. D.—"Noah."

A young man was boasting that his family traced its ancestry much farther back than the Conqueror.

"I suppose," sneered one of his friends, "you'll be telling us that your forefathers were in the Ark with Noah?"

"Certainly not," said the young man, with a lift of his eyebrows. "My people had a boat of their own."

HAZY GENEALOGY—"I can trace my descent in a direct line from one of the early kings of England," she said.

"Which one?" he asked.

"I don't recall the name. What kings did England have?"

ANGELS

A man, unaccustomed to praising his wife, went out of his way to call her an angel.

"Mary," he said one morning, "you are an angel," and she felt charmed all day.

In the evening she ventured to ask why she had been so honoured.

"Well," said the wily one. "In the first place you are always flitting about; secondly, you are always harping on things; and thirdly, by your own account you have nothing to wear."

"Before we were married you called me an angel."

"I know it."

"And now you don't call me anything."

"You ought to be glad I possess such self-control."

No woman is so angelic as to prefer a halo to a hat.

"Mamma, do all angels fly?"

"Yes, Willie, why do you ask?"

"Cause I heard dad call the hired girl an angel the other day. Will she fly, too?"

"Yes, Willie, tomorrow."

"Don't you agree that my girl is an angel?"

"Yes, but I notice she paints."

"Well, did you ever see an angel that wasn't painted?"

ANGER

Edward, a six-year old, accidentally cut his shoe with his knife and his father proceeded to scold him at great length for his carelessness. The little fellow listened patiently for a time, then, looking up at his father, said:

"Papa, if you don't stop talking so much about it you'll get me mad too."

ANSWERS

"My father and I know everything in the world," said a small boy to his companion.

"All right," said the latter, "Where's Asia?"

It was a stiff question but the little fellow answered coolly, "That is one of the questions my father knows."

"Doesn't it humiliate you to have to go thru life like this?" asked the sympathetic woman as she purchased a photograph.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the Bearded Lady; "If it wasn't for the wife and kids I'd throw up the job today."

"Is there a word in the English language that contains all the vowels?"

"Unquestionably."

"What is it?"

"I've just told you."

Boss—"Yes, I want an office boy. Do you smoke?"

Boy—"No, thank you, sir, but I don't mind having an ice cream cone."

POLICEMAN—"Who owns this cow and calf?"

SCHOOLBOY—"I don't know who owns the cow, but I have an idea who owns the calf."

POLICEMAN—"Well, who owns the calf?"

SCHOOLBOY—"The cow."

One hot day last summer a man rushed coatless and breathless into a shop in the Grand Central. "What time does the Knickerbocker Express come in here?" he demanded. "It doesn't come in here at all," replied the clerk haughtily.

The old lady was eagerly questioning the parachute jumper about his experiences and sensations while falling thru the air. "But what do you do if your parachute refuses to open while you are falling?" she finally asked.

"Take it back up and fix it," was the laconic answer.

APPEALS

"A pastor in a New Jersey village," he said, "devoted a half hour one prayer meeting night to a loan appeal. His appeal was forcible. It even touched the rich old deacon, who hadn't subscribed to the loan hitherto on the ground that he could get a better rate of interest elsewhere.

"'I'll take \$50,' announced the deacon solemnly from his pew.

"Then, as he sat down, a piece of plaster fell from the ceiling, striking him a pretty hard blow on the head. He rose again hurriedly. He had a scared, awed look.

"'I mean \$500,' he said.

"Then Brother Jimmy Connor shouted lustily from the amen corner:

"'O Lord, hit him again!'"

A speaker at a ministers' meeting in Boston told the story of a negro clergyman who so pestered his bishop with appeals for help that it became necessary to tell him that he must not send any more appeals. His next communication was as follows:

"This is not an appeal. It is a report; I have no pants."

ARCHITECTURE

An architect remarked to a lady that he had been to see the great nave in the new church.

"Don't mention names," the lady replied. "I know the man you refer to."

ARCHITECT—"Have you any suggestion for decorating the study, Mr. Quickrich?"

MR. QUICKRICH (war-profiteer)—"Only that it must be brown. Great thinkers, I believe, are generally found in a brown study."

MRS. NEWRICH (looking over house plan)—"What's this thing here going to be?"

ARCHITECT—"That is an Italian staircase."

MRS. NEWRICH—"Just a waste of money. We probably won't ever have any Italians coming to see us."

ART

CUBIST—"The gentleman, whose portrait this is, has come and asked me to alter his nose a little."

FRIEND—"And that makes you cross?"

CUBIST—"No, but I can't remember where I put the nose."

"You men of political influence do not give art sufficient consideration."

"That's where you are wrong," answered Senator Sorghum. "In a campaign out our way you don't dare spend money for anything except brass bands."

"Majolica pitcher brings \$655 in sale," read Mrs. Fan.

"Huh!" sneered Mr. Fan. "He can't be much of a player."

"Did that cubist artist inherit his gift?"

"Presumably. His grandmother was a great hand for making crazy-quilts."

OLD LADY (visiting New York Museum)—"Have you a mummy of King Tut here?"

ATTENDANT—"No, madam."

OLD LADY (amazedly)—"Dear me, they have a very fine one in the British Museum."

"Year before last was a good one for painting all over the country. 'The Fountain,' with a woman and two children, sold for \$18,500."—*From our own Literary Digest.*

At a dinner in New York, James Montgomery Flagg, the clever artist, told this story to illustrate the influence of the artistic atmosphere:

"You can't escape the artistic atmosphere. Even my cook cannot escape it. She came into the studio today, and said: "About the potatoes for lunch, sir—will you have them in their jockets or in the nood?"

The cities of the world are full of statues that could be placed nicely in the holes out of which antique art works are being dug.

ARTISTS

When Whistler had finished a portrait of a well-known celebrity, he asked him whether he liked it.

"No, I can't say I do, Mr. Whistler, and you must really admit it's a bad work of art."

"Yes," replied the artist, looking at his sitter through his monocle, "but then you must admit that you are a bad work of nature."

Whistler and Leighton met one day in Piccadilly and sauntered along together talking art.

"But, my dear Whistler, said Leighton, "you leave your work so rough, so sketchy! Why do you never finish?"

Whistler screwed his glass in his eye and gave a fiendish laugh.

"My dear Leighton," he said, "why do you ever begin?"

"What do you mix your paints with?" a nosey tyro asked of a great artist. "With brains, sir!" was the answer.

ART CRITIC—"But the meadow on your picture hasn't the right green."

ARTIST—"And are you sure that a meadow has the right green?"

SHE—"I hear you are a great artist."

HE—"I hope to be. I've only just started."

SHE—"What are you doing?"

HE—"Well, I'm living in a studio and growing whiskers."

FIRST ARTIST—"Well, old man, how's business?"

SECOND ARTIST—"Oh, splendid! Got a commission this morning from a millionaire. Wants his little children painted very badly."

FIRST ARTIST (pleasantly)—"Well, my boy, you are the very man for the job."

HE—"Why did they hang that picture?"

SHE—"Perhaps they couldn't find the artist."

ASTRONOMY

An Irishman got a job at an observatory. During his first night's duty he paused to watch a learned professor who was peering thru a large telescope. Just then a star fell.

"Man aloive!" exclaimed the astounded Irishman. "You're a foine shot."

ATHLETICS

"Whatever happened to Ringer College's star fullback?"

"He left college. The alumni failed to pay the last instalment on him, and his family took him away."

AUTHORS

LANDLORD—"In one word, when are you going to pay your arrears?"

HARD-UP AUTHOR—"I will satisfy your demands as soon as I receive the money which the publisher will pay me if he accepts the novel I am going to send him as soon as the work is finished which I am about to commence when I have found a suitable subject and the necessary inspiration."

SHE—"What is your book about?"

AUTHOR—"Oh, about two hundred pages."

The caller was young and quite charming.

"If you like," said the young man at the desk, "I'll have your poem submitted to the editor."

"No," she answered positively. "I'll read it aloud to him. I prefer to have the editor submitted to the poem."

There are two sorts of authors: Those whom the editor is after and those who are after the editor.

AUTHOR—"I'm convinced that the publishers have a conspiracy against me."

FRIEND—"What makes you think so?"

AUTHOR—"Ten of them have refused the same story."

KNOCKOUT RILEY—"Cheeze, kid. Dat last article you wrote for de paper wuz a pippin."

ONE-ROUND PETE—"Dat's wot dey tell me. Y'know, buddy, sometimes I wish't I could read."

"Jenks, the famous ghost-writer, has finally achieved the ultimate in success."

"And what is that?"

"He has another ghost-writer write his ghost-writing for him."

Speaking of the freshness of Montaigne, Emerson said that his sentences were "vascular and alive—if you cut them they would bleed."

Dr. John Erskine went to lecture on Vergil at the University of Chattanooga. Dr. Alexander Guerry, president of the University, had never met Dr. Erskine, and when he went to the station to greet him, approached two men, mistaking each for his guest. Dr. Guerry told the educator about it, saying: "I asked one gentleman if he were Dr. Erskine, and he said emphatically, 'I should say not.' I asked a second man, and he said, 'I wish I were.' That shows at least one man has read your books." "Yes, it does," Dr. Erskine countered. "But which one?"

Little Emil Ludwig's come to our town to stay,
 An' switch his flashlight on the great an' shoo the dark away,
 An' the publishers he lands on keep smilin' in their sleep
 While Emil Ludwig does his stuff an' earns their board an' keep.
 An' all us other Boswells 'at reads him one by one,
 We set around the Lib'ary an' has the mostest fun
 A-guessin' how he does it an' never has a doubt,
 An' Ludwig's goin' to git you

ef
 you
 don't
 watch
 out.

Onc't there was a little boy wuz born the Prince of Zion,
 An' onc't there wuz a little boy 'ud yell fer blood-an' i'on,
 An' a little boy called Bonaparte 'ud make the guns go bang,
 An' a little boy called Goethe that growed through Sturm und
 Drang,
 An' a little boy called Wagner that made the grandest noise,
 An' a little boy called Wilhelm, the peskiest of boys;
 An' he collared 'em fer copy 'fore they knowed what they's
 about . . .
 An' Ludwig's goin' to git you

ef
 you
 don't
 watch
 out.

He never needs to know you, he throws one piercin' look,
 An' he's sized you up like lightnin', an' jammed you in a book.
 No matter how you holler an' no matter how you squall,
 When your dear ones comes to look for you you don't be there
 at all.

So hide behind your bushel an' be keerful not to sprout
 For Ludwig's goin' to git you

ef
 you
 don't
 watch
 out.

AUTOMOBILES AND AUTOMOBILE DRIVERS

The Germans are said to be exporting to this country toy motor-cars made from waste material, such as old oil-cans, at seven marks a dozen. Mr. Ford is reported to be looking thoughtful but confident.

An old yokel saw a motor-car for the first time in his life. It came dashing up the main street, and disappeared in a cloud of dust. "Well," said the yokel, "the horses must ha' bin goin' a good speed when they got loose from that carriage."

COP—"How do you know the men who stole your car were professionals?"

MOTORIST—"Because no amateur could have started it."

According to some automobile manufacturers, the shortest distance between two points is a straight eight.

MRS. CRAWFORD—"We're getting up a club to study auto-suggestion. You must join."

MRS. CRABSHAW—"Auto-suggestion? If it's a new scheme to get your husband to buy a car, you can count me in."

COOPER—"Honestly, now, you would never have had that this car of mine was one I had bought secondhand, would you?"

COLES—"Never in my life. I thought you had made it yourself."

"You say you come from Detroit," said the doctor to his fellow passenger; "that's where they make automobiles, isn't it?"

"Sure," replied the American with some resentment; "we make other things in Detroit, too."

"Yes, I know," retorted the doctor; "I've ridden in 'em."

Sign at a busy small-town filling station:

"Automobiles Washed One Dollar—Austins Dunked 50 Cents."

FATHER (with new car)—“Can’t understand what’s wrong. It went all right when I drove it down yesterday.”

BOBBIE (with vivid memories of his own toys)—“Yes; but yesterday it was new, Daddie.”

“Are you sure you have shown me all the principal parts of this car?” asked the fair prospective purchaser.

“Yes, madam, all the main ones,” replied the dealer.

“Well, then, where is the depreciation? Tom told me that was one of the biggest things about a car.”

Many a man who is a five-ton truck at the office is nothing but a trailer at home.

A thing of beauty has joy rides forever.

The inevitable has come. An automobile at Flint, startled at the sudden appearance of a horse, ran away and crashed into a post.

“Have you heard about the meanest man in the world?”

“Yea. He throws chewing-gum in the streets for Austins to get stuck on.”

Phineas Shark, the eminent statistician and mathematician, states that in 98.4 per cent of all the cities of the world it is possible to wake up at any hour of the night and hear somebody winding a flivver.

JONES (buying new overcoat)—“I can’t wear this, dear; it’s three sizes too big.”

WIFE—“Yes, you can! Remember it’s got to go over the radiator of the car in cold weather. That’s what we have to consider first.”

“This car has twice the speed it used to have, Henry.”

“Sure it has, Lizzy. I took the engine out—that was what held the darn thing back.”

In conversation "what?" is heard oftenest, except "our car" in the first year of its ownership.

Pictures are better than words. Think how utterly flat and inexpressive the word "crumpled" was until fenders were invented.

That a reputation is sometimes sufficient upon which to run a car, was proved to the entire satisfaction of E. A. Powers, head of the English department of the Chico State Teachers College, when the professor successfully ran his machine, a popular make, for nearly half of a mile before he noticed that the engine was "missing."

"And 'missing' literally," said Powers. "I thot that I had run over a boulder just before starting down a long grade," he continued, "and it was not until I endeavored to pick up speed at the bottom of the hill that I noticed anything was wrong."

Upon examination Powers found that the engine of the car had dropt out, and that the machine had evidently coasted down the hill.—*News item in the Chico (Calif.) Record.*

Overheard as a somewhat flustered young thing descended from the sedan: "Say, Mayme, I see you been on the rumple seat."

A Fool there was and he hitched his star
(Even as you and I)
To a second-hand bus all mud and tar—
We called it a joke that had gone too far,
But the Fool, he called it his motor-car.
(Even as you and I.)

Nobody was hurt when a Moose Jaw street-car hit an automobile and turned it over twice the other day. In automobile circles this must be the kind of car that is spoken of as a desirable turnover.

"Say, Jerry, I got a new job over in Kearney."

"What doing?"

"Painting whiskers on Fords."

"Huh?"

"Yea. Make 'em look like Lincolns."

"Baby's getting on wonderfully—I'm sure she'll be able to walk soon."

"D'you think it's worth the trouble of teaching her—hardly anybody walks much nowadays."

A driverless automobile is said to be "making a hit in the West." One would imagine it would make several.

FARMER JONES—"Wal, thar's one thing I like about these blamed automobilists, anyway."

FARMER BROWN—"What is that?"

FARMER JONES—"They don't mind getting killed themselves any more than they do killing other folks."

For Oscar Barr
 Please shed a tear;
 He cranked his car—
 'Twas still in gear.
 And heave a sigh
 For Oswald Doak:
 He didn't know
 His brakes were broke.

"How long did it take your wife to learn to drive?"

"It will be ten years in September."

MRS. THOMPSON (learning to drive)—"Henry, that little mirror up there isn't set right."

THOMPSON—"Isn't it?"

MRS. THOMPSON—"No; I can't see anything but the car behind."

Here lies till Gabriel's trumpet peal
 The bones of Shelby Sharp.
 He dozed while holding a steering wheel
 And woke up holding a harp.

The person who thinks all others are fools is at least a very safe motorist.

LADY DRIVER (after collision)—"But I insist it was my fault."

GENTLEMAN DRIVER—"No, my dear lady, it was my fault. I could tell your car was being driven by a woman at least forty rods away and I could easily have driven over into the field and avoided this."

DEFENDANT—"The things the prosecutor don't know about driving a car, your Worship, would fill a book."

THE BENCH—"And it seems to me, young man, the things you don't know about it would fill a hospital."

Autobitaaries

Gone from this life
 Is Rush Along Bill,
 He would pass other
 Cars on a hill.

LAWYER—"Then you say this man was drunk?"

WITNESS—"I do not. I simply said that he sat in his car for three hours in front of an excavation waiting for the light to turn green."

This is the tree
 That stopped Speedy Gowt,
 When they picked him up
 He was inside out.
 This rock withstood
 A terrific whack;
 It bent Speedy Knut
 He never bent back.

Beneath this sod
Lies Herby Tarr,
He couldn't pet
And drive a car.

Ben made a swift
And reckless turn,
His ashes repose
Within this urn.

Woman's intuition isn't so impressive when she is deciding which way to turn in traffic.

"My father's Mayor," bragged a small boy, "and when he rides in a parade the motor cops go ahead and he doesn't have to pay any attention to any traffic rules."

"That's nothing," sniffed his friend. "My father's a truck driver."

Oh, bury him deep
In some shady bower—
He drives in the middle
At ten miles an hour.

Flowers please
For Roscoe Blout:
He didn't know
His lights were out.

Here in peace
Is Dodson Bliss:
He told the cop
"You'll hear from this!"

Bow the head
For Prentice Sweezey;
He said "This car
Does eighty easy."

An arm protruding from the side of a machine ahead apparently can signify any one of the following things: The motorist is (1) knocking ashes off his cigaret, (2) going to turn to the

left, (3) warning a small boy to shut up, (4) going to turn to the right, (5) pointing to the scenery, (6) going to back up, (7) feeling for rain, (8) telling the wife he is sure the front door is locked, (9) hailing a friend in a passing car, (10) going to stop.

TRAFFIC COP—"Hey, you! Didn't you hear me yelling for you to stop?"

AUTO FIEND—"Oh! Was that you yelling? I thot that was just somebody I had run over."

THE ACCUSED—"I was not going forty miles an hour—not twenty—not even ten—in fact, when the officer came up I was almost at a standstill."

THE JUDGE—"I must stop this or you will be backing into something. Forty shillings."

Lives of motorists remind us,
 On a Sunday afternoon,
 That some drive as if they liked to
 Try and end them pretty soon.

MOTORIST—"Hey, you ought to look out!"

VICTIM—"Wassa matter, you gonna back up?"

TREES

(Close to highways)

I think that I shall never see,
 Along the road, an unscraped tree

With bark intact, and painted white,
 That no car ever hit at night.

For every tree that's near the road
 Has caused some auto to be towed.

Sideswiping trees is done a lot
 By drivers who are not so hot.

God gave them eyes so they could see,
 Yet any fool can hit a tree.

Oh, shed a tear
 For Luther Stover;
 He tried to toot
 Two State cops over.

Please wail one wail
 For Adolph Barr;
 He just would drive
 A one-eyed car.

Bill Muffet said
 His car couldn't skid;
 This monument shows
 That it could and did.

POLICEMAN (to motorist who nearly collided)—“Don't you know that you should always give half of the road to a woman driver?”

MOTORIST—“I always do, when I find out which half of the road she wants.”

A city man, driving his automobile along a little-used country road, heard something rattle beneath his car, stopt, looked back and saw a bright metal object lying in the road a short distance behind. It was a plow-point, evidently lost by some farmer.

It was fully half an hour before the next car came along, and its occupant, seeing the first man flat on his back under his vehicle by the roadside, stopt and asked what the trouble was.

The city man emerged and held up the plow-point.

“This blooming thing dropt off my car,” he said, “and I've been hunting for half an hour to find out where it belongs.”

The shades of night were falling fast,
 The guy stepped on it and rushed past,
 A crash—he died without a sound.
 They opened up his head and found—
 Excelsior!

Stop and let the train go by,
 It hardly takes a minute;
 Your car starts off again intact,
 And better still—you're in it.

A pressure of 15 pounds on this wire bumper throws out the clutch, applies the brakes, cuts off the ignition and blows the horn.—From the *Scientific American*. It seems to do about everything except take charge of the body.

IRISH TRAFFIC OFFICER (to speeder)—“Have you a permit for driving an auto?”

SPEEDER—“Sure. I've got it here in my pocketbook.”

OFFICER—“That's all right. If ye've got it I don't need to look at it. If ye didn't have one I'd have to see it.”

Push-ball played by teams of three motor-cars a side is providing America's new thrill. Push-pedestrian, with an unlimited team of motorists, still furnishes all the excitement we want at home.

“Why do you suppose there are fewer train accidents than there are automobile accidents?” “Well, I guess maybe it's because the engineer isn't in the habit of hugging the fireman.”

“How did your father know we went out in the car yesterday?”

“Quite simple! Remember that stout gentleman we ran into? That was father.”

If they keep on and make buses any larger, locomotives will have to stop, look, and listen at crossings.

WIFE (at busy crossing)—“Now remember, Herbert, the brake is on the left—or is it the right—but don't—”

HENPECKED HUSBAND—“For heaven's sake stop chattering. Your job is to smile at the policeman!”

MOTTO FOR MOTORISTS—Pedestrians should be seen and not hurt.—*Life*.

ANOTHER—Say it with brakes and save on the flowers.

Speaking of "white mule," two rustic sports were uncertainly flivvering their way home from the county seat.

"Bill," said Henry, "I wancha be very careful. First thing y'know you'll have us 'na ditch."

"Me?" said Bill, in astonishment, "why, I thot you was driving."

Phineas Shark, the eminent statistician and mathematician, estimates that if all the safety zones in the United States were placed side by side, there would still be pedestrians to stand outside of them and automobile drivers who would drive thru them.

WRECKED MOTORIST (opening his eyes)—"I had the right of way, didn't I?"

BYSTANDER—"Yeh, but the other fellow had a truck."

If all the autos in the world were laid end to end, it would be Sunday afternoon.

And from the depths of the sedan
 There came a muffled curse
 He was trying to fold a road-map
 Same as it was at first.

"Can you drive with one hand?"

"You bet I can."

"Then have an apple."

Just by the way, a wife hid herself in a rumble seat the other day to obtain evidence against her spouse. Later, it is related, she unfolded her discoveries in court. Nothing is said—and we admit a great curiosity—as to how she ever unfolded *herself*.

Several weeks ago there was an account in this paper of an auto collision. This is the correct version of it:

While driving to church, several weeks ago, Sarah P.— and father was runned into by a neighbor and overthrown. Marion C—, age 14, came up behind and wished to past. At the sound

of the Klaxon the former turned out giving more than half of the road. The latter was driving rather fast and she turned to quickly into the road again hence catching the hind wheel of her car into the front wheel of the formers sending them into the ditch. As the motor of Sarah's car was shut off no one was hurt and little damage was done. One will reach their destination just as soon if they would observe the rules of car driving.—*Prattsburgh Advertiser*.

WIFE'S VOICE (from up-stairs)—"You are back very quickly, dear."

HUSBAND (who went out ten minutes previously to try a new motorcycle)—"Er—yes—dear. I got a lift on an ambulance."

"Teach us to drive thru life without skidding into other people's business. Preserve our brake lining, that we may stop before we go too far. Help us to hear the knocks in our own motors and close our ears to the clashing of other people's gears. Keep alcohol in our radiators and out of our stomachs. Absolve us from the mania of trying to pass the other automobile on a narrow road. Open our eyes to the traffic signs, and keep our feet on the brakes."

"How's your new chauffeur, Jim?"

"Had to fire him; he used to be a motorman."

"Too reckless, eh?"

"Reckless, nothing! Why, I couldn't break him of the habit of slowing up at a crossing."

Making highways forty feet wide wouldn't change things much, except that buses would expand to thirty-eight feet.

The rain is raining all around;
It rains on roads and streets,
On highways and on boulevards,
And those in rumble seats.

"More persons are killed by motor cars than by airplanes," says a technical journal. It is only fair to point out that motorists have had much more experience and practice than aviators.

MADGE—"How are you getting along with your automobile lessons?"

MAY—"Wonderfully! Today I learned how to aim the thing."

If you are planning an auto tour this year, get a large road map. It will tell you everything you want to know, except how to fold it up again.

Since the introduction of automobiles in this country, we have not heard of a single person going crazy over trying to establish perpetual motion.

Here lie the bones
Of Emily bright;
She put out her left hand
And turned to the right.

SALESMAN—"Yes, sir, of all our cars, this is the one we feel confident and justified in pushing."

PROSPECTIVE CUSTOMER—"That's no good to me. I want one to ride in."

The other day a big car pulled up at a filling station out of Chicago some miles. The driver asked—"How far is it to Chicago?" Answer—"140 miles." "All right, give me twenty gallons of gas and a gallon of oil."

Later came another big car and asked—"How far is it to Chicago?" Answer—"140 miles." "All right, give me ten gallons of gas and a half gallon of oil."

Comes next a Ford. "How far is it to Chicago?" Answer—"140 miles." "Is that all! Well, give me a quart of water and a bottle of Three-in-One Oil."

"Is he a good driver?"

"Well, when the road turns the same time he does, it's just a coincidence."

COP—"Lady, don't you know this is a safety zone?"

WOMAN DRIVER (in difficulties)—"Of course, that's why I drove in here."

I envy you little lightning bug,
 You worry not a bit,
 For when you see a traffic cop,
 You know your tail light's lit.

"But how will I know when I come to the crossroads?"

"You can't miss the place. It has only five filling stations."

To fly thru the country roads in a powerful car at night is to feel as if you had escaped into another world, says a writer. And perhaps to find, in the end, that you actually have.

AUTOMOBILES

See Automobiles and Automobile Drivers.

AVIATION

COME-TO-GRIEF AIRMAN—"I was trying to make a record."

FARMER—"Well, you've made it. You be the first man in these parts who climbed down a tree without having to climb up it first."

I don't believe it. Nobody's ever going to fly; and if anybody ever did fly it wouldn't be anybody from Dayton.—*Unnamed Ohioan speaking in 1903.*

The negro went for a ride in an airplane. When he came down he said to the pilot: "Tank you, guv'nor, for dem two rides."

"Two rides?" said the aviator. "You've only had one!"

"No," said the negro, "two. Ma first and ma last."

A waste-basket must embitter a circular letter that has crossed the country in a plane.

"Sorry, but I can't insure you—you're too tall," said the agent to the man who wanted to take out an accident policy.

"Too tall? What's the matter with that?" protested the applicant. "And anyway I'm not as tall as my father was and he had no trouble getting insured."

"But your father," the agent explained, "was insured years ago when there was no danger of a fellow having his head knocked off by a skidding airplane."

Captain Orlebar, this British speed demon, who recently flew in that wonderful new plane at the rate of 368 miles an hour, is said to be about the best croquet-player in England. We knew there was a wild streak in him somewhere.

"Is this dirigible absolutely safe?" asked the prospective buyer.

"Safest on earth," grunted the maker, cryptically.

The aviator's wife is strange
In one way, beyond doubt;
Her heart rejoices when she sees
Her husband down and out.

"Daddy," said his little daughter, as they watched an airplane, "do you think they will ever get to heaven flying away up like that?"

"Not by going away up, my dear," was his reply. "They are more likely to do it by coming down."

By the time the air flivvers become numerous it is to be hoped that the monkey-wrenches and other tools will be equipped with parachutes.

NERVOUS PASSENGER (in aerial taxi, about 5,000 feet up)—
"W-w-what are you l-l-laughing at, driver?"

DRIVER—"I'm just laughing at the superintendent. About this time he'll be searching for me all over the lunatic asylum."

"Don't be afraid," said an aviator to a timid passenger. "All you have to do is to sit quiet."

"I know all about that," retorted the passenger. "But suppose something happens and we begin to fall?"

"Oh, in that case," the aviator reassured him, "you are to grasp the first solid thing we pass and hold tight."

William was thirsty for knowledge and interesting facts shone like jewels in his brain. "I read today," he said to Michael, "of the wonderful progress made in aviation. Men can now do anything—absolufely anything—a bird can do!"

But Michael was tired of wonders—he was more matter of fact. "Is that so?" he answered. "Well, when you see an airman fast asleep, hanging on to a branch of a tree with one foot, I'll come and have a look!"

AVIATOR—"How would you like a trip?"

RASTUS—"No, sah. I stays on terrah firmah, and the more firmah the less terrah."

"I was 4000 feet high," said the boasting aviator, "when my engine stopped and a wing support broke. Faster and faster I came down; every second I expected the end."

"What happened?" asked a breathless listener.

"Fortunately I fell on a rubber plant."

"Eph, I think I'll go to war."

"Very well, Rastus, but what branch am yo' gwinter jine, de army, navy or de aviation corpse?"

"De aviation corpse—whut dat?"

"Oh, dat am de flyin' department."

"You mean one o' dem airypplanes?"

"Yaas."

"No, suh! Lookaheah, niggah, when I dies I doan' wanta dig ma grave wid ma head."

"No, suh," ejaculated Private Perkins, "no, suh; Ah could have went in de air survice, but Ah done picked de laborin' battalion. S'pose Ah'd been a pilot an' de world had come to an end while Ah was up in de air and le' me to starve to death. No, suh!"

A group of aeronauts were telling balloon-stories in the smoking-room of a Chicago hotel. Capt. H. E. Honeywell, who with the "Fielding-Antonio" balloon was later to break all long-distance speed records, laughed and said:

"The great Elyot made a balloon ascent from Charleston one hot summer afternoon. A thunderstorm came up. Elyot, amid buckets of rain, the roar of thunder, and the flash of lightning, was blown about like a thistledown. On toward midnight he found himself over a plantation and threw out his anchor—a grapnel at the end of a long rope.

"It happened that a negro had died in one of the huts of this plantation. The funeral was to take place in the morning. A dozen friends of the dead man sat in the soft summer night before the hut, telling ghost-stories.

"Suddenly, in the darkness above them they heard strange noises—a flapping, as of great wings, menacing-cries. And they saw dimly a formless black shape.

"All but one man ran. This one man, as he cowered on his stool, had the ill luck to be seized by the grapnel.

"The grapnel, going at a great pace, whirled him up for four or five feet in the air and jerked him along at the rate of fifteen miles or so an hour.

"'Oh, massa, massa,' he yelled, squirming and kicking in that strange flight, 'I'se not de one! I'se not de cawpse! Dick's in de house dah! In de house dah!'"

TALKATIVE BALLOONIST (finishing story)—"And then, thousands of feet above the cruel ledges, I pulled the string that released me, knowing well that should my parachute fail to open I would dash my poor brains out on the rocks beneath."

INTERESTED GIRL—"And did you?"

"Maybe I shouldn't have brought this up," said the student as his plane went into a tailspin.

FIRST AVIATOR—"Quick, what do I do now, instructor?"

SECOND AVIATOR—Heavens above! Aren't you the instructor?"

BABIES

"What is your new brother's name?"

LITTLE JANE—"I don't know yet. We can't understand a word he says."

INFANT—"Baby wants a new pair of shoes."

MOTHER—"Oh, baby does, does she? Well, baby'd better come across with some bright sayings that'll sell, or baby'll go barefoot."

"And has your baby learned to talk yet?"

"Oh my, yes. We're teaching him to keep quiet now."

NURSE—"Well, Bobby, you have a new baby brother for a Christmas present."

BOBBY—"Oh, zowie! May I be the first to tell Mother?"

BURGLAR (to his wife)—"I've tried blasting and I've tried a sledge-hammer, but I still can't get this safe open."

WIFE—"Don't give up; let the baby play with it."

Hubby didn't show much interest in the newly arrived baby, and the young wife was disturbed. She was overjoyed one night to discover him standing over the baby's cot.

"A penny for your thots," she said, tenderly.

Startled, he blurted out: "For the life of me I can't see how anybody can make a cot like that for \$4.50."

LITTLE WILLIE (running home)—"Oh, mother, there's going to be trouble down at the grocer's."

MOTHER—"Why?"

WILLIE—"Mrs. Jones has a baby girl and Mr. Jones had a sign in his window for a week, 'Boy Wanted.'"

A proud young father wired the news of his happiness to his brother in these words:

"A handsome boy has come to my house and claims to be your nephew. We are doing our best to give him a proper welcome."

The brother, however, failed to see the point, and wired back:
"I have no nephew. The young man is an impostor."

A little fellow left in charge of his tiny brother called out, "Mother, won't you please speak to baby? He's sitting on the flypaper and there's a lot of flies waiting to get on."

THE PASTOR—"So God has sent you two more little brothers, Dolly?"

DOLLY (brightly)—"Yes, and he knows where the money's coming from. I heard daddy say so."

"I think I should have named my baby 'Flannel,'" said Mrs. Binks.

"Why?" asked Miss Jinks.

"Because," answered Mrs. Binks, "he shrinks from washing."

CALLER—"What a cute little baby! What is he saying?"

PERPLEXED FATHER—"I don't know. His mother carries the code book."

VISITOR—"And how old is your baby, dear?"

SMALL SISTER—"He isn't old at all. He's a this year's model."

"Well, son, how do you like the new sister we got for you?"

"Aw, shucks, dad!" exclaimed Willie, who wanted a radio set, "there's a lot o' things I needed worse'n a baby!"

"Mrs. Hare was very anxious to have her baby come in June, so she could name it June—after that month—if it was a girl."

"That was nice."

"Yes, but the baby came in March. 'March Hare' would hardly do, you know."

"And you say dat li'le baby is a gal?" inquired Parson Jones.

"Yas, sah."

"And is de odder one of the contrary sex?"

"Yes, sah. She am a gal, too."

"Well, Pat, do the twins make much noise at night?"

"Praise be to hivin! Shure each wan cries so loud yez can't hear the ither wan."

BACHELORS

A pretty girl at an evening party was bantering a genial bachelor on his reasons for remaining single.

"No-o-o, I never was exactly disappointed in love," he said. "I was what you might call discouraged. You see, when I was very young I became very much enamored of a young lady of my acquaintance. I was mortally afraid to tell her of my feeling, but at length I screwed up my courage to the proposing point. I said, 'Let's get married.' And she said, 'Why, who'd have us?'"

"Are you in favor of a tax on bachelors?" bawled a heckler.

"I thot, sir," replied the candidate, "that I had already made it clear that I was not in favor of any tax on raw material!"

Mr. and Mrs. Gunter were discussing married happiness. "You know my friend Jenkins, don't you, dear?" said Mr. Gunter after a while.

"Yes, dear."

"Well, that man has the most happy ideas about marriage."

"Really!"

"Yes; he believes that man and wife should always be in full harmony; that they should have no thot in the world but true domestic happiness."

"Splendid; and, of course, Mrs. Jenkins agrees with him?"

"Not so fast, my dear; Jenkins is not married."

HELEN—"How is your bachelor friend?"

HORACE—"When I saw him last he was mending slowly."

HELEN—"Why, I didn't know he'd been ill."

HORACE—"He hasn't been. He was sewing buttons on his clothes."

SARAH—"Mr. Rippler says that he is a confirmed bachelor."

SUSIE—"But he didn't say how many girls in town had assisted in confirming him, did he?"

The Bachelor's Psalm

Lives of henpecked men remind us
Who have not as yet been caught
That we might leave sons behind us,
But we rather guess we'll not.

She that's trim may be a fat one,
She that's sweet, some day be grim,
When by merely looking at one
She will squelch the soul in him.

Let us then go billing, cooing;
Let us call them sweet and fair;
It is lovely to be wooing,
But you'd better stop right there.

WIFE—"Are all men as stupid as you are?"

HUSBAND—"No, my dear; look at all the bachelors there are."

An Irishman, who was an eligible bachelor, visited a widow in his district every evening and had tea with her. A friend suggested that he should marry the lady.

"I have often thot about it," he said, "but where should I spend my evenings then?"

"Does your wife object to you running around with your men friends?"

"Not my married men friends," replied Mr. Dubwaite. "But she draws the line at bachelors."

"Why so?"

"She says whenever I go out with a party of bachelors, I always return home greatly depressed."

BAGGAGE

"I told you," said the merchant, "to mark this box 'Handle with care.' What's this gibberish you've scrawled on it?"

"That," replied the college graduate, "is the Latin for 'Handle with care.'"

"Huh! How do you expect a baggage man to understand that?"

"He won't, and therefore he won't get mad and smash the box."

BALDNESS

Bald-headedness is not, of course, always a disadvantage. In the judiciary field, for instance, it is even an asset, many a Judge having been elected because of the appeal of his negative coiffure. A Judge with too much hair is generally supposed to harbor improper views concerning the rights of radicals and to favor placing dynamite under the edges of the Constitution.

The man with only a small amount of cranial pelt is generally regarded as conservative during business hours and a bit waggish afterward, both of which assumptions oftentimes do him an injustice. A bald-headed man should not really be blamed even if he does behave skittishly. Such conduct is a defense mechanism and the natural result of trying to contradict the false impression of age given by the vanished locks.

However, if nature continues to discard hair as a useless factor in human life the bald-headed man will some day find himself riding proudly on the cow-catcher of evolution. In that era, a person with a thick head of hair will be regarded as an example of atavism, as a throwback from the crude cave man period. He will be looked upon, indeed, with the same vague repulsion that a man with a too hirsute body is likely to inspire today.

In this period there will be Bald-headed Valentinos in the theaters and unthatched angels on the stained glass windows. Whenever a gentleman is twitted because of his defective locks he should think of the happy day that is due to come winging down the ages.

BANKERS

To the many definitions of banker, G. Lynn Sumner, New York advertising agency head, submits a new one which has come to his attention. A banker, so the story goes, is a fellow who lends you an umbrella when the sun is shining and who, when it starts to rain, demands that the umbrella be returned.

"Whaddoyo' think ob Mistah Smith, de bankah, Mose?"

"Mistah Smith, de bankah? He's a fine gen'l'man. Yes, suh. And a good man, too. I'se borrowed five bucks ob him mo'n a yeah ago, an' he ain't nevah asked fo' it. All Ah does is to gib him a qua'tah dollah every Saddy—what he calls intrust—an' he tells me not to bodder bout de principul, w'ich am de five."

"I want to know," said the grim-faced woman, "how much money my husband drew out of the bank last week."

"I cannot give you that information, madam," answered the man in the cage.

"You're the paying teller, aren't you?"

"Yes, but I'm not the telling payer."

YOUNG MRS. GREEN (at bank-teller's window)—"I wish to open an account here."

TELLER—"Very well, madam. How much do you want to deposit?"

MRS. GREEN—"Why, nothing. I want to draw out forty dollars."

CLERK—"We can't pay you the twenty-five dollars on this money-order until you are identified."

MAN—"That's tough! There's only one man in town who can identify me and I owe him twenty."

MRS. YOUNGBRIDE—"Jack, those banks are frauds. Didn't you tell me that they would lend money on notes?"

HUSBAND—"Certainly, dear."

MRS. YOUNGBRIDE—"Well, they won't. I took those lovely ones you wrote to me before we were married, and the cashier read them and laughed, but he wouldn't let me have a cent on them."

A little bank in the South blew up one day and a bank examiner came down to look it over.

As he was working he noticed an old negro walking back and forth in front of the bank, stopping each trip to look anxiously at the door. The examiner finally went out and asked: "What's the matter with you?"

"Boss," the negro replied, "I done had fo'ty-eight dollahs in dat bank."

"Oh, well, you mustn't worry. Banks fail frequently, you know. It is nothing unusual. We'll make an examination and you'll get all that is coming to you. Didn't you ever hear of a bank blowing up before?"

"Yes, sir, I done hear tell of it. But, boss, this yer is de fust time I evah had one blow up right in mah face."

"What's a joint account, Pop?"

"It's an account where one person does the depositing and the other the withdrawing."

"What size bank is the one you work in?"

"Well, it takes a good story two weeks to get from the president back to the president."

Pat had opened his first bank account and had taken to paying most of his debts by check. One day the bank sent him a statement, together with a packet of canceled checks. Of the statement Pat made neither head nor tail, but the returned checks greatly pleased him. "Mike," he said to a friend, "sure an' it's a smart bank I'm doin' business wid now."

"How's that?"

"Why, Oi paid all me bills wid checks, an' be jabbers if the bank wasn't slick enough to get ivery check back for me."

BAPTISM

A revival meeting was in progress. An elder advanced slowly with a wiry, keen-eyed old fellow, a recent convert, prepared for the baptismal dip in the water. The usual question was asked, whether there was any reason why the ordinance of baptism should not be administered. The question was

greeted with silence for a few moments, then an angular man with red beard arose and with impressive solemnity remarked:

"Elder, I don't want to interfere with yer business, but I jes' want to say that this is an old sinner you've got hold of and that one dip won't do him no good; you'll have to anchor him out in deep water overnight."

An amateur charity worker, visiting a family in the tenement district, was alarmed to see the mother dash a cup of cold water in the face of the baby she had just finished dressing.

Too polite to express her amazement the visitor held her breath, expecting the air to be rent with screams. When none came, the child merely whimpering, she said: "Dear me, I should think he'd object more than that."

"Wouldn't ye now?" said the fond mother admiringly; "sure I've been practicing on him for three weeks. He won't yell when he's baptized next Sunday! He'll be used to it."

WARRIOR FROM PALESTINE (whose baby is about to be christened, and who has a bottle of Jordan water for the purpose)—"Eh, by the way, meenister, I ha'e brocht this bottle—"

MINISTER—"No' the noo, laddie! After the ceremony I'll be verra pleased!"

"And the name is to be what?" asked an English rector, as he approached the baptismal font with the baby in his arms.

"John Jellicoe Douglas Haig Lloyd George Bonar Law Smithers," announced the proud father, who had done his duty at home.

"Dear me!" said the rector, turning to the sexton. "A little more water, Mr. Jones, if you please, a little more water!"

BARBERS

TALKATIVE BARBER (about to lather)—"Do you mind shutting your mouth, sir?"

TIRED CUSTOMER—"No—do you?"

BARGAINS

One time on the Texas frontier a man came into a camp riding an old mule.

"How much for the mule?" asked a bystander.

"Jist a hundred dollars," answered the rider.

"I'll give you five dollars," said the other.

The rider stopt short, as if in amazement, and then slowly dismounted.

"Stranger," said he, "I ain't goin' to let a little matter of ninety-five dollars stand between me and a mule trade. The mule's yourn."

A young matron in whom the shopping instinct was strong asked a German butcher the price of a Hamburger steak.

"Twenty-five cents a poundt," he replied.

"But," she said, "the price at the corner store is only twelve cents."

"Vel," asked Otto, "vy don't you buy it down there?"

"They haven't any," she explained.

"Oh, I see," replied the butcher. "Ven I don't have it I sell it for ten cents."

"Oh, Mr. Jones," said Miss Dash, "I saw an advertisement saying that you could furnish your home by soap premiums. Every time you buy a piece of soap you get a furniture certificate. I am going to be married: do you think I could furnish my house that way?"

"Why, yes, Miss Dash," replied Mr. Jones, "I had a friend who got all the furniture for a six-room house that way. The company only had to send him furniture for one room; the other five were full of soap."

BASEBALL

WIFE—"John, why are you so delighted at his sliding second base—do you know him personally?"

"Pa," said Clarence, "what becomes of a ballplayer when his eyesight begins to fail?"

"They make an umpire out of him," growled his dad.

A very modern employer has ordered the following notice to be posted in his business premises:

"Any workman desiring to attend the funeral of a near relative must notify the foreman before ten A. M., on the day of the game."

The devil was the first coacher—he coached Eve when she stole first; Adam stole second.

When Isaac met Rebecca at the well she was walking with a pitcher.

Samson struck out when he beat the Philistines.

Moses made his first run when he saw the Egyptians.

Moses shut out the Egyptians at the Red Sea.

Cain made a base hit when he killed Abel.

Abraham made a sacrifice.

The prodigal son made a home run.

David was a long distance thrower.

"Pop!"

"Yes, my son."

"Did they play baseball in Noah's time?"

"No, my boy, I believe not."

"Why, didn't they, Pop?"

"Wet grounds, I guess, Harold."

In a village base ball match recently the local butcher was batting, when a ball hit him on the head, from which the catcher made a catch.

"Out!" said the umpire.

"But it hit me on the head," protested the batsman.

"I don't know where it hit you," responded the umpire.

"But I know the sound of wood, so out you go!"

The ball had gone over the railings, as balls will in suburban gardens, and a small but unabashed batsman appeared at the front door to ask for it.

Then appeared an irate father.

"How dare you show yourself at my house? How dare you ask for your ball? Do you know you nearly killed one of my children with it?"

"But you've got ten children," said the logical lad, "and I've only got one baseball."

BATHING

PESTOR (looking up from his newspaper)—"I say, Jim, what is the Order of the Bath?"

NESTOR (embracing the opportunity)—"Well, as I've experienced it, it's too cold; then you're short a towel; then you step on the soap, and, finally, the telephone bell rings!"

PATIENT PARENT—"Well, child, what on earth's the matter now?"

YOUNG HOPEFUL (who has been bathing with his bigger brother)—"Willy dropt the towel in the water and he's dried me wetter than I was before."

NEW LODGER—"Can I have a private bath?"

LANDLADY—"Yes, sir. We have only one bath tub in the house but everyone here takes his bath privately."

She was a Sunday-school teacher, and one Sunday afternoon she saw a number of boys on their way to bathe. "Do you know where little boys go to who bathe on Sunday?" she said.

"Yes," said one little arab. "It's farther up the canal side; but you can't go—girls ain't allowed."

"Arrested for wearing a one-piece bathing suit?"

"Yes."

"Shocking! What excuse did the young woman have for exposing her person like that?"

"Ah! You should have seen her excuse."

PATIENCE—"Hasn't Peggy come out of the water yet?"

PATRICE—"Oh, yes, long ago; she's in her bath-house."

"But what keeps her so long?"

"Why, she bought one of those new combination bathing suits, and I guess she's forgotten the combination."

A young man at the beach noticed a girl in the water with what looked like floaters under her arms. "You told me you could swim," he called out, "and yet you are using water wings."

"Water wings, nothing!" she called back. "They're hot water bottles. This water is too chilly for me."

BEAUTY

Mrs. Corntassel, from the rural districts, stopped her husband at the city's busy corner.

"Hiram," she expostulated, 'th' way you stare at the limbs of those shameless city hussies is something scandalous. One would think you'd never seen legs afore."

"Well, Maria," drawled Mr. Corntassel, "that's just what I was beginnin' to think myself."

A venerable justice sat in the place of honor at a reception. As a young lady of dazzling charms walked past he exclaimed almost involuntarily: "What a beautiful girl!"

The young woman overheard the justice's compliment, turned and gave him a radiant smile. "What an excellent judge!" she said.

MRS. BRIDEY (reproachfully)—"You used to say that you were intoxicated by my beauty."

HUSBAND—"Well, I'm a reformed drunkard."

SHE—"The Lord made us beautiful and dumb."

HE—"How's that?"

SHE—"Beautiful so the men would love us—and dumb so we could love them."

HE—"D'you know, May, you grow more beautiful daily?"

SHE—"Oh, George, you do exaggerate."

HE—"Well, then, I should say every other day."

"You're no judge of beauty."

"Think not?"

"No; this is not the most beautiful infant in the baby show."

"My eye for beauty is all right. Have you seen the baby's mother?"

"No."

"Take a look at her."

"You say your sister makes up jokes; then she's a humorist?"

"No; she works in a beauty parlor."

ALICE—"I paid my fourth visit to the beauty shop to-day."

MARIE—"Strange you can't seem to get waited on, dear."

BEGGARS

MAID—"There's a mendicant at the door, madam."

MRS. NEWRICH—"Well, tell him we haven't anything to mend just at present."

"Madam," remarked the weary wayfarer with the bandaged eye, "I was not always as you see me now."

"I know it," replied the stern-visaged woman at the back door. "The last time you were here you had on a deaf-and-dumb sign."

"My poor fellow," said the lady, "here is a quarter for you. Goodness gracious, it must be dreadful to be lame, but just think how much worse it would be if you were blind."

"Yer right, lady," agreed the beggar, "when I was blind I was always getting counterfeit money."

TRAMP—"Pity a pore man what has seven little ones to feed."

PASSER-BY—"But we met a week ago and you told me you had five children."

TRAMP—"Picture my astonishment next day, ma'am, when givin' 'em their mornin' bath, to discover I had seven."

MAN (standing on corner)—“Could you give a poor cripple enough for a cup of coffee and a sandwich?”

GOOD OLD LADY—“Why, my poor fellow, how are you crippled?”

MAN—“Financially.”

BEGGAR (accosting gentleman on street)—“I’ve seen better days, sir.”

GENT—“Sorry, but I’ve no time to discuss the weather.”

“Go away from me,” said the fashionably dressed lady, to the street beggar; “I wouldn’t have you touch me for ten dollars.”

“I was only goin’ t’ touch you for a nickel, lady,” was the reply.

Old Hilton had strong ideas on many things, and never hesitated to voice them. One day he was accosted by a healthy looking individual, who begged for a copper to buy food.

Hilton eyed the man sternly.

“Why do you waste your time begging?” he said, coldly. “You ought to be working.”

The suppliant drew himself erect.

“Have you ever begged?” he demanded in return.

“Of course not!” snapped old Hilton, angrily.

“Then you don’t know what work is!” the beggar retorted.

BETTING

“Oh, no, dear. I’m sure he’s a kind man. I just heard him say he put his shirt on a horse which was scratched.”

Looks are sometimes deceiving. A man with a vacant look may have a full house.

A contemporary describes betting as a means of getting something for nothing. Experience teaches us that it is usually a method of getting nothing for something.

A man walked reluctantly into a hat store.

"I just lost a bet," he said, "and I want to get a soft hat."

The salesman, selecting a hat from the shelf behind him, handed it to the prospective purchaser with the remark:

"This is the softest hat we have."

The customer gazed at it speculatively. "What I want," he said reluctantly, "is something a little more tender. I've got to eat it."

BIGAMY

In the good old days when an Indian chief could have as many wives as he cared to support, one who lived on a Western reservation went to Washington. The representative in Congress from the chief's district took him on a tour of inspection. Eventually they stopped at the Indian office. Its head had heard of this chief and was waiting for him.

"See here," he declared, "it is a violation of the law now to have more than one wife and the law must be obeyed. When you get back home you tell all of your wives, except one, that they can no longer look upon you as their husband."

"You tell 'em," suggested the Indian after a moment's reflection.

"Yes, she's married to a real-estate agent and a good, honest fellow, too."

"My gracious! Bigamy?"

JUDGE—"The jury having acquitted you of the charge of bigamy, you are freed to leave the court and go home."

PRISONER—"Thank you, your honor, but I want to be on the safe side—which home?"

BILL BOARDS

Beyond the Alps lies Italy and, lest we forget, behind the bill-boards lies America.

"How was the scenery on your trip?"

"Well, the toothpaste ads were rather better done than the tobacco, but there was more furniture than anything else."

BILLS

Money doesn't mean everything in this world, but somehow everything in this world seems to mean money.

"We are dunning him, but without much effect."

"Are you unremitting?"

"Yes, and so is he."

"Mr. Garvin," a man asked his tailor, "how is it you have not called on me for my account?"

"Oh, I never ask a gentleman for money."

"Indeed! How, then, do you get on if he doesn't pay?"

"Why," replied the tailor, hesitating, "after a certain time I conclude he is not a gentleman and then I ask him."

"I'd be much better off if they'd put that sign on the mail box."

"What sign?"

"Post no bills."

Mrs. (entering hubby's den)—"Here's my new dress, dear. I bought it for a song."

Mr.—"All right, send in the collector and I'll sing to him."

TAILOR (meeting customer)—"Morning Mr. Jones. This is Pay-your Bills Week. How about a little check?"

JONES—"Sorry old boy. Fact is I'm just having Extend-your-Credit Week!"

JOHN—"Just burned up a \$100 bill."

DEMIJOHN—"You must be a millionaire."

JOHN—"Well, it's easier to burn them than pay them."

An American in Paris has been arrested for attempting to sell a hotel he did not own. Possibly he thought his receipted bill was a transfer of title.

"Why did they select the stork to couple with the doctor? Why not the eagle or the owl?"

"The stork is the bird with the biggest bill."

"There's a man outside, sir, that wants to see you about a bill you owe him. He wouldn't give his name."

"What does he look like?"

"Well, he looks like you'd better pay it."

The bills had come in for building the young couple's home.

"George," said the bride of a few months, "they are twice what we expected!"

"Don't worry," said the young husband. "I expected they would be."

"But, George," she replied, "they're twice as much as that!"

After an enormous meal the client called the manager.

CLIENT—"Three years ago I dined at this restaurant and as I could not pay the bill you kicked me out."

MANAGER—"I am very sorry, sir—I beg your pardon."

CLIENT—"Don't mention it—you can just do it again."

See also Collections; Debts.

BOARDING HOUSES

THE SUMMER BOARDERS' CONSTANT CRY—"Have you much variety at your boarding-house?" Yes, we have three different names for the meals.

BOASTING

Two men were boasting about their brothers. The first one said: "My brother once went to a billiard match, picked up a ball in his right hand and another in his left, squeezed them, and the result was powder."

"That's nothing," said the other. "My brother once went to a farm, and he took a bull in the left hand and one in the right; he squeezed them; result—bottle of meat extract."

BOOKS AND READING

CUSTOMER—"I would like a book, please."

SHOPMAN—"Something light?"

CUSTOMER—"That doesn't matter—I have my car with me."

"Reading seeks its own level," say Messrs. Funk and Wagnalls. Probably this explains why so many tabloids are seen in the subway.

The *Literary Digest* says that books have a curative power. Yes; there are some which cure insomnia.

YOUNG LADY—"Your novel has a charming ending."

AUTHOR—"What do you think of the opening chapters?"

YOUNG LADY—"I have not got to them yet!"

LADY—"I want a nice book for an invalid."

BOOKSELLER—"Yes, madame. Something religious?"

LADY—"Er—no—no—er—he's convalescent!"

An Irishman who had recently become an American citizen and a union man was strolling along a New York street when his gaze met the following sign in a store window: "Dickens' Works All This Week for \$4.00."

"The devil he does," exclaimed Pat in disgust. "The dirty scab."

In an after-dinner speech a popular novelist remarked: "I entered the main-street store of the village and said to the clerk: 'Let me have the *Letters of Charles Lamb*.'"

"'Post-office right across the way, Mr. Lamb,' said the clerk politely."

RUTH (aged eight, despairingly, to librarian-aunt)—"I don't think this is a very interesting book—here I've read a hundred and twenty pages and he isn't in love with her yet!"

"Sir, I have all the gems of English literature in my library."

"Yes, and I notice that they are uncut gems."

"Have you enjoyed *Crabbe's Tales*?"

"Crabs have no tails."

"Oh, I should have said, read *Crabbe's Tales*."

"Red crabs have no tails either."

NEWRICH—"Now, le'see, I've ordered sets of Scott, Dickens, Irving an' all them boys. Now show me somethin' to read."

There is now a vogue for writing novels in several volumes. This means that women readers can skip much more at a sitting.

MRS. NEWLYWED—"I'm going out to buy a book."

HER FRIEND—"A book!"

MRS. NEWLYWED—"Yes, my husband bought me the most adorable reading-lamp yesterday."

BOOMERANGS

See Repartee.

BORES

THE BORE—"I passed by your place yesterday."

THE BORED—"Thanks, awfully!"

Usually when a fellow says, "Well, to make a long story short," it's too late.

BORROWING

"One's neighbor in Australia," a friend writes, "often lives as much as twenty miles away." In that country, when a man buys a lawn-mower, it practically becomes his own property.

"Come, come, you shouldn't refuse to loan me money. One friend should always be willing to help another."

"I know it, but you will insist on always being the other."

MRS. TOWN—"Who is that woman you just bowed to?"

MRS. SUBURBS—"Oh, she's my next door neighbor."

MRS. T.—"But she didn't return your bow."

MRS. S.—"No, she never returns anything."

"Pa, what is a rare volume?" asked Clarence. "It's a book that comes back after you have loaned it," replied Pa.

HABITUAL SPONGER—"Smith has just refused to lend me a five-spot. Did you think there were such mean people in the world?"

HIS AUDIENCE—"Yes, I'm another like that, myself."

NEIGHBOR—"Oh, I say, Ginks, may I borrow your lawn mower?"

GINKS—"Why, Smith took it back to Jones this morning because he promised Doyle he would return it to Olson's neighbor by Monday, provided Cohen got thru Sunday."

"Lend me a dime for my carfare home, will you, old man?"

"I'm sorry, but all I've got is half a dollar."

"Splendid! I'll take a taxi."

BRAINS

Rastus and Mose were having a heated argument. In reply to some remark of Rastus, Mose said:

"Guess I know, niggah! Don't you think I've got any brains?"

"Huh!" Rastus replied. "Niggah, if brains were dynamite, you couldn't blow off your hat!"

"Yo' ain't got no brains!"

"Ain't got no brains? Why, man, Ah got brains what ain't nevah been used!"

BRIDGE

One argument in favor of bridge is that it has done away with the necessity for an attic to store junk in. We give it all away now as prizes.

To the What Do You Think Editor

SIR—In your columns recently G. H. C. inquired how to arrange twelve bridge players. If she felt as I do about the

dismal game and its devotees her problem would be simple. (A) Arrange the bridge players in a straight line along the edge of the Grand Canyon or Niagara Falls. (B) Push them off.
G. B. H.

"Do you like bridge?"

"No," answered Cactus Joe. "It looks to me like one o' them games where they put a lot of arithmetic so's to take a regular card player's mind off'n the run of the deck."

"Fourth for bridge!"

"Okay!"

"That's great! Now all we need's a third."

BLINKS—"Have you ever seen a prize-fight?"

JINKS—"No, I've never seen a prize-fight, but I have looked in on a women's afternoon bridge party."

A man who is noted for his skill at bridge met a young woman who evinced great curiosity as to the number of prizes he had taken.

"And do you really enjoy bridge?" she finally asked.

The expert seemed surprised by the query. "Not at all," he responded. "I play a distinctly scientific game, you know."

Ultimatum to the M. D.'s

You have drugs for dread diseases,
Cures for coughs and colds and sneezes,
You assist us when our brains forget to ridge,
When we're tortured by the sun-burn,
You can make it sort of *un*-burn,
But you haven't found an antidote for *Br*idge!

You can save us in sclerosis,
Alkaline our acidosis,
You can mitigate the itch of tick or midge,
You can castigate bacilli,
Flagellate them flat or hilly,
Can't you isolate the germ that gives us *Br*idge?

We admit you're real relievers
 Of most all the forms of fevers,
 You can calm us when we Vitus-dance or fidge
 But we deem you ineffective
 Till you land a sure corrective
 Which will save us suffering souls who play at Bridge!

BROKERS

When "Bill" Travers went to a regatta off Newport one summer, and promptly observed that most of the yachts in the big squadron belonged to Wall Street brokers, he seemed to fall into a reverie, from which he emerged to put the disconcerting query, "I s-s-say, where are the c-c-customers' yachts?"

SLIGHTLY DELIRIOUS FINANCIER—"Nurse, what did you say my temperature was?"

NURSE—"One hundred and three, sir."

FINANCIER—"Right: when it gets to 103½ sell."

Two financiers who were partners discovered that an office-boy in their employ had been tampering with the petty cash.

One of them was so much enraged that he desired to send for the police, but the other was a calm and just man. He took a more moderate and humane view of the situation.

"No, no," he said; "let us always remember that we began in a small way ourselves."

There is one honest brokerage house. It advertises: "Let us place your name on our wailing list."

FIRST BROKER—"What's companionate marriage?"

SECOND BROKER—"Interim security no par, cumulative, free from stock liability, callable at any time."

After a three months' search a New York broker has been found in Seattle with his file clerk. We understand he will claim he had no idea where the file clerk put him.

BUSINESS

"If a man has a beautiful stenographer, do you suppose that will cause him to take more interest in his business?" asked Mr. Piglatch.

"I don't know whether he will take more interest in his business," said Mr. Peckton, thoughtfully, "but his wife will."

MOSE—"What lino o' business is you in now, Ephraim?"

EPHRAIM—"Ah's in de food business."

MOSE—"Which end ob de food business—de producin' end or de consumin' end?"

EPHRAIM—"Ah's in de consumin' end—de eating part."

JUDGE—"You say the unwritten law would have justified you in killing Mr. Cohen, and you had pulled a gun on him. Yet you did not fire. Why?"

MR. GOLDSTEIN—"Vell, judge, when I pointed my pistol at him he says, 'How much you vant for that gun?' I esk you, judge, how could I kill a man when he vas talking business?"

CITY SLICKER—"What does your son do?"

FARMER—"He's a bootblack in the city."

CITY SLICKER—"Oh, I see, you make hay while the son shines."

COMMERCIAL TRAVELER—"Our business is so large that my firm has just engaged ten men to do nothing but pump water to moisten stamps."

RIVAL—"That's nothing. Our business is so huge that the head bookkeeper has to go by car from debit to credit in his ledger."

"How is Simpson getting along in business?"

"Wonderfully; but he's terribly discouraged."

"How's that?"

"Well, they're so busy filling and shipping orders they haven't any time to hold a conference."

BUSINESS MAN—"Why did you leave your last position, Miss?"

FAIR APPLICANT—"There was no future to it."

BUSINESS MAN—"Indeed?"

FAIR APPLICANT—"No; the boss was already married."

OLD PA PSCADDS—"I won't have you marrying a mere clerk. You tell that young man to keep away until he has an interest in his firm."

MYRTLE PSCADDS—"Why, dad, he has that now. The manager told him he'd have to take some interest in his work or he'd lose his job; and he's already done it."

"The graspin'est man I ever knowed," said Uncle Jerry Peebles, "was an old chap named Snoopins. Somebody told him once that when he breathed he took in oxygen and gave out carbon. He spent a whole day tryin' to find out which of them two gases cost the most if you had to buy 'em. He wanted to know whether he was makin' or losin' money when he breathed."

"Well, Rastus, I hear you are working again. What business are you engaged in?"

"I'se done be engaged in the mining business, sah."

"What kind of mining are you doing--gold, silver or diamonds?"

"I'se doing kalsomining, sah."

There was no sentiment about Herbert Jones. He met the girl he wished to marry; and he proposed like this:

"Mary Dugh, will you be my life partner? I am a business man. If you are agreeable, I will draw up a marriage contract, we'll both sign, before witnesses, and then we can go on with the world's work."

She gasped, but presently regained her composure.

"Fortunately," she said, "I've had a little business training myself, so we can discuss this proposed contract properly and dispassionately."

"I'm so glad to find you so sensible," he told her.

She smiled sweetly.

"I regret I can give you nothing better than second option," she said.

"What!" he exclaimed.

"I'm afraid I have to inform you I am already engaged—that is to say, the first option is already taken. But a first option does not necessarily mean a closed contract. If you don't want to take a chance on a second option, say so; if you do, I'll drop you a line if I find myself on the matrimonial market again."

"That's cold-blooded," he complained.

"It's business," she averred.

"I'd rather have first option," he pleaded.

"A first option in such a case never has been, and never will be, secured by business methods," she replied.

"You are suffering from brain fag and ennui," announced the specialist. "You should take more interest in your business."

"I would like to," replied the patient.

"Then why don't you?" demanded the specialist.

"The law won't let me," replied the patient. "I'm a pawn-broker."

BUYERS

A furniture salesman in a Michigan store was waiting on a woman customer for linoleum. He had shown her every piece in stock. "I'm afraid, madam," he said, "that we haven't just the piece you are looking for, but we could get more from the factory."

"Well, perhaps you had better," she replied. "You see, I want something of a neater pattern and quite small—just a little square for my bird cage."

"The typical buyer is a man past middle life, spare, wrinkled, intelligent, cold, passive, non-committal, with eyes like a codfish, polite in contact, but at the same time unresponsive, cool, calm and damnably composed as a concrete post or a plaster-of-paris cat; a human petrification with a heart of feldspar and without charm or the friendly germ, minus bowels, passions or a sense of humor. Happily they never reproduce and all of them finally go to hell."

CANDIDATES

"Are you a clock watcher?" asked the employer of the candidate for a job.

"No, I don't like inside work," replied the applicant, without heat, "I'm a whistle listener."

"What we want is a candidate who isn't too radical nor yet too conservative; in short, a middle-of-the-road man."

"Then Timpkins is the man to nominate. He's been a bus driver for years."

BINGO—"Why are you hurrahing for the opposing candidate; have you gone crazy with the heat?"

STINGO—"No; I'm hurrahing because they nominated such an easy man for our candidate to beat."

See also Politicians.

CANDOR

Peter was playing at John's house. When it was time to go home, it started to rain. Mrs. White, however, gave Peter Johnny's raincoat and galoshes. "Don't take so much trouble, Mrs. White," said Peter politely. "I'm sure your mother would do as much for Johnny," she replied. "My mother would do more," said Peter. "She'd ask Johnny to stay to supper."

On top my thoughts are nice and neat
With noble words and manners sweet;
But when some crisis stirs my mind,
I'm just surprized at what I find.

Candid letter from a twelve-year-old, acknowledging a present:

"DEAR AUNT HARRIET:

"Thank you for your gift. I have always wanted a pin-cushion but not very much."

CANNIBALS

MISSIONARY—"Why do you look at me so intently?"

CANNIBAL—"I am the food inspector."

CAPITALISTS

"So you people put a couple of magnates in jail on heavy fines, did you?" asks the investigating reformer.

"Yes," replies the native. "We fined them the limit; they wouldn't pay and we put them in cells."

"That's a good example."

"Is it? Within two days they organized the prisoners, guards and jailers into the International Penalty Company, issued five hundred million in bonds, paid the fines of all the prisoners, left us with a mortgage on the jail and the court-house—and stuck the surplus money in their pockets."

CARELESSNESS

"Does my practising make you nervous?" asked the man who was learning to play a saxophone.

"It did when I first heard the neighbors discussing it," replied the man next door, "but I'm getting so now that I don't care what happens to you."

"Don't throw banana peels on the edge of the Grand Canyon," said a ranger to a careless tourist. "Do you want somebody to slip and fall three miles?"

CLARA—"You say Jack has been cruelly deceived by the young widow. Did she lead him on to believe that she loved him and then throw him over?"

BELLE—"Heavens, no! She led him to believe that she didn't care a rap for him, then, when he carelessly proposed, accepted him on the spot."

SAILOR—"They've just dropt their anchor."

MRS. SYMP—"Gracious, I was afraid they would! It's been dangling outside for some time."

Young Collins from the West was spending the summer on the farm of his Eastern uncle, and offered to assist the farmer.

They had been making hay one afternoon, and after finishing a high haystack, the young fellow called from the top:

"Say, uncle, how am I going to get down?"

The old farmer studied the problem a minute, and finally solved it to his own satisfaction.

"Oh, just shut your eyes and walk around a bit!"

"Judge, yo' honah," complained an irate colored lady to the court "dis yeah no 'count husban' o' mine drinks."

"Yassuh, jedge, yo' honah, Ah does drink some," admitted the husband. "But, jedge, dat woman don' treat me right. Why, Ah pawns de kitchen stove t' git a li'l money an' she don' miss it fo' two weeks."

CATS

The landlady bustled up to her new lodger as he came down to breakfast the first morning.

"Good-morning, sir," she wheezed.

"Good-morning," said the lodger.

"I hope you've had a good night's rest," said the landlady.

"No," said the mild-mannered little man. "Your cat kept me awake."

"Oh," said the landlady, tossing her head. "I suppose you're going to ask me to have the poor thing killed."

"No, not exactly," said the gentle lodger. "But would you very much mind having it tuned?"

Pat and Mike were walking thru a rather wild section when they spied a wild cat up in a tree top. They mistook the wild cat for a rather large domesticated cat, and Mike said: "Begorra, that sure is a foine cat up there. I believe if we could catch him and take him to the nixt village we could git a bit o' money for him."

Accordingly Mike climbed the tree and after considerable effort succeeded in shaking the cat loose. It fell almost at Pat's feet, and Pat immediately jumped on it. Mike, judging from the sounds that all was not well with Pat, peered down to behold a rolling, twisting mass on the ground that seemed to be mostly Pat and wild cat.

"Do ye want me to come down and hilp ye to hould him?" called Mike.

"No," answered Pat between gasps, "but for the love o' St. Patrick come down and hilp me leggo av him."

Four-year-old Bobby was stroking his cat before the fireplace in perfect content. The cat, also happy, began to purr loudly. Bobby gazed at her askance for a while, then suddenly seized her by the tail and dragged her roughly away from the hearth. His mother interposed.

"You must not hurt your kitty, Bobby."

"I'm not," said Bobby, protestingly, "but I've got to get her away from the fire. She's beginning to boil."

CAUTION

She was a young widow who had just remarried, and hubby No. 2 was causing her much anxiety.

"I cannot understand why my husband is so fastidious," she confessed to a friend. "He scarcely eats anything. Now, my first husband, who died, used to eat everything that I cooked for him."

"Did you tell your present husband that?" queried the friend.

"Oh, yes! Of course. Why?"

"Well, perhaps that's the reason."

OLDTIME BOARDER (to newcomer): "I say, old man—I don't think I'd touch the rice pudding if I were you—there was a wedding in this street yesterday."

Mrs. DIX—"I was ashamed of you, Ephraim, to see you dust the chair you sat on at Mrs. Henshaw's. I saw her little boy watching you."

DIX—"I saw him, too. I'm too old a fish to be caught on a bent pin."

MRS. ALBERTSON—"My husband has never spoken a harsh word to me."

MRS. ROLLE—"Ah! charming man—so considerate!"

MRS. ALBERTSON—"Oh, no; so cautious."

"You must stand in front of an open window every morning and take deep breaths."

"I can't do that, doctor."

"Why not?"

"I have only one window in my room. That faces the apartment of an old maid. I don't want her to get the idea that I'm trying to start something."

Two Georgia darkies were quarreling on a railroad platform. "You better go 'way frum me, nigger!" said the larger of the two; "'cause, ef I starts in on you, about this time day after tomorrow the sexton of the colored cemetery is gwine to be pattin' you in the face with a spade!"

"H-h-h-how f-f-far is it t-t-to B-b-b-barhaven?" the gentleman asked a traveler in the smoker. The man stood up without a word and went back to his chair-car. Another passenger answered the question, then sought out the unfriendly one.

"Why didn't you answer his question just then?"

"D-d-d-do you want m-m-me to g-g-g-get my f-f-f-fool head kn-n-n-nocked off?" was the reply.

At a party in England, the headmaster of a local school felt that he had partaken rather freely of champagne; he determined to be careful and avoid showing any of the usual signs of tipsiness.

When they rose from the table some one suggested that the hostess exhibit "the latest addition to her family." She agreed and presently the nurse appeared with a dainty pink basket containing twins.

The headmaster was nearest and, mindful of his determination, he steadied himself and said as he gazed into the basket, "What a beautiful baby!"

"Come right on in, Sambo," the farmer called out. "He won't hurt you. You know a barking dog never bites."

"Sure, boss, Ah knows dat," replied the cautious colored man. "but Ah don't know how soon he's going to stop barkin'."

Some people sing in the bathtub because the door won't stay locked.

MOTHER—"I hope he isn't one of those bold young men."

DAUGHTER—"Bold! When I said, 'If you wait until Christmas perhaps I'll let you kiss me under the mistletoe,' he said he would wait."

TIMID HOUSEHOLDER (resourcefully, after discovering two burglars at work)—"D-d-don't take any n-notice of me—I'm only walking in my s-s-sleep."

MISTRESS—"Mary, when you wait at table tonight for my guests, please don't wear any jewelry."

MAID—"I have nothing valuable, ma'am, but thank you for the warning."

CENSUS

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, has more people outside than inside its limits.—*Saratoga paper.*

CHARACTER

FATHER—"What kind of a man is this fellow to whom you are engaged?"

MARIAN—"Well, he says he has always wanted a home."

FATHER—"That sounds good."

MARIAN—"And he likes ours very much."

A well-known writer recently had an unhappy experience with a moving-picture concern, the head of which had made him hundreds of glowing promises only to break them.

"What kind of man is this Mr.—?" an acquaintance inquired of the author while on an outing.

"That's a little difficult to answer," replied the writer. "But—well, you know there are perhaps a thousand different portraits of Judas Iscariot in this country and Europe, drawn according to the imagination of the artist. No two of them look alike. But all of them look like that fellow."

"What sort of a citizen is Glipping? Is he public-spirited? Will he put his shoulder to the wheel?"

"No. Glipping is strongly averse to exerting himself, but if there happens to be a flaw in the wheel, he is always among the first to point it out."

DELIA—"What kind of a woman is she?"

BRIDGET—"Sure, if yez break a piece av news she takes it out av yer wages."

When you hear a man say that poverty is a great thing for the character, the chances are that you're listening to a millionaire.

MISTRESS—"You must exercise a little will power with him, nurse."

NURSE—"I do try to, mum, but you don't know his won't power."

There is nothing original in him but original sin.

A little folly is desirable in him that will not be guilty of Stupidity.—*Montaigne*.

"He is one of those echo persons who agree with everything you say."

"She is a woman who sticks to her principles as tho they were a matter of etiquette."

"He is the kind of man who saves his best story to tell while we are holding the front door open for him to go."

"He is one of those fellows who always grabs the stool when there's a piano to be moved."

"She is the sort of woman," remarked a lady recently, "who gives you her favorite recipe and purposely leaves out the most important ingredient."

It's fine to be unselfish if you can keep quiet about it.

CHESS

"He is the recording secretary of a chess club."

"But what does he do?"

"O, he reads the hours of the last meeting."

CHICAGO

The Bible is said to have been translated by a Chicago man into language that Chicagoans can understand, and we suppose every chapter begins with "Say, listen!"

"Here's a Chicago man in trouble for being engaged to four girls at the same time."

"We should not blame him too severely. In Chicago I suppose even Cupid uses a machine-gun."

"Let other navies tag their ships with such awe-inspiring cognomens as *Dauntless*, *Scorpion*, and *Terror*," says the *Chicago Daily News*. "The U.S. Navy simply christens its newest cruiser *Chicago*, and lets it go at that."

Carl Sandburg, who goes about the country strumming a guitar and singing folk songs, likes to tell stories while developing a "vamp" (musical term, not social). Two Chicago men, says Carl, died recently and met in the Great Beyond. "Well, Jim," said one of them, "Heaven is a pretty nice place, after all." "Yes," said Jim, "but this isn't Heaven."

AVIATOR'S COMPANION—"What city are we over now?"

AVIATOR—"Look down and tell me what you see."

"Two holdups."

"Chicago."

CHICAGO JUDGE—"So you were going 60 miles an hour, huh?"

GANGSTER—"I had to judge; I had just stolen the car."

JUDGE—"Case dismissed."

CHILDREN'S SAYINGS

MOTHER (Proudly)—"This is my son, Freddie, Mrs. Higgins. Isn't he a bright little fellow?"

FREDDIE (Accustomed to being shown off in public)—"What was that clever thing I said yesterday, mother?"

The telephone rang. Little Harry James went to answer. A man at the other end wanted Father. Upon being told he was not in, he asked whom he was speaking to. Harry James replied: "This is the son of my father speaking."

MA—"Is the clock running, Willie?"

WILLIE—"No, ma; it's just standing still an' waggin' its tail."

Teacher to little girl learning to write: "But where is the dot over the i?"

"It's in the pencil yet!"

A little fellow was learning from his aunt about Grant, Lee, and other famous leaders of the Civil War. "Is that the same Grant we pray to in church?" he inquired innocently.

"Pray to in church? You are mistaken, dear," said the aunt.

"No, I'm not," he insisted, "for during service we always say, 'Grant, we beseech thee, to hear us.'"

FATHER—"Why is it that you are always at the bottom of the class?"

JOHNNY—"It doesn't make any difference, daddy; they teach the same things at both ends."

"Run upstairs and wash your face, darling. I think Grandma wants to take you driving with her." "Hadn't we better find out for certain, Mummie?"

The doctor of a country village had two children who were acknowledged by the inhabitants as being the prettiest little girls in the district.

While the two children were out walking one day, they happened to pass quite near two small boys; one lived in the village and the other was a visitor.

"I say," said the latter to his friend, "who are those little girls?"

"They are the doctor's children," replied the village boy. "He always keeps the best for himself."

Little Gertrude bought a cake of toilet soap and told the druggist to charge it.

"Who is it for?" inquired the druggist.

"For all of us," replied Gertrude.

Little Willie fell seriously ill; but refused to take the medicine that the doctor had prescribed. His mother, before his repeated refusals, lost all hope.

"Oh," she wailed, "my boy will die! My darling boy will die!"

But from his sick-bed, Little Willie spoke gently.

"Don't worry, mother," he said. "Father will be home soon and he'll make me take it."

IN SUNDAY SCHOOL—"Who made you, Johnny?" "Dunno," replied the six-year-old. "Tommy does and he's only four." "Well, he ought to. He hasn't been made as long as I have."

Miss Murphy is a teacher in one of the lower grade schools at Northampton, Massachusetts. She was teaching her pupils to repeat in concert the 23d Psalm. She felt that one little boy was not saying it correctly. The next time the class recited the psalm she stood near this boy, and found, when it came to the verse, "Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me," etc., he said, "Surely, good Miss Murphy shall follow me all the days of my life."

One of our well-known electricians was sitting on the porch a few nights ago enjoying the balmy evening air. His eldest son, who had been playing about the garden, came rushing up with signs of suffering and pain on his countenance, and holding his left thumb in his right hand.

"What's the trouble, son?" solicitously asked the father.

"Daddy," answered the boy, "I picked up a bug, and one end of him wasn't insulated."

MRS. McCORMAC—"Sometimes there are rude boys in Sunday School who giggle and smile at little girls, and sometimes the little girls smile at them, but I hope my little girl does not behave like that."

LOUISE—"No, indeed, grandma. I always stick out my tongue at them."

A lady was entertaining the small son of her married friend.

"Are you quite sure you can cut your meat, Willy?" she asked after watching him a moment.

"Oh, yessum," he replied without looking up. "We often have it as tough as this at home."

The superintendent passed the infant class just as they were all singing:

"I want to be an angel
And with the angels stand
"A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand."

"Beautiful," said the superintendent, deeply moved. "And does every little girl and boy here want to be an angel?"

On which one little girl said to all:

"I don't. I'd rather be a monkey and swing by my tail."

The little girl had done unusually good work in the second grade, and was promoted to the third. On meeting her former teacher, whom she loved dearly, her first words were: "I wish you knew enough to teach me next year."

The other day my daughter overheard her little five-year-old Dorothy repeating the Apostles' Creed. She never dreamed that the child knew it at all. She said to her, "Dorothy, would you like to say that now as your prayer?" "Oh, no!" she replied. "That's just for Sundays."

Teddy had learned to spell a word in a way that was not the right way, and every time he came to it in his writing lesson, he wanted to spell it as he had learned it first. Would he *ever* get it right? "It is pretty hard to know all these things and get them straight, isn't it, Teddy?" said his aunt. "Yes, but it's a great deal harder to unknow 'em after you once get 'em crooked!"

Little Mae, four years old, when told that a noise from the cellar was a burglar, replied, "Oh, but I don't believe in burglars."

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER—"Now, Willie, what happens to a man who never thinks of his soul, but only of his body?"

WILLIE—"Please, teacher, he gets fat."

A little girl in southern California was having her first glimpse of snow. "Oh, mother, what is it—what is it?" she shouted excitedly.

"Why, that is *snow*, Peggy. Whatever did you think it was?"

"Snow! Why, it looks like *popped rain!*"

Two children had been trying to find their way home. Finally one said, "I wish I knew where we were." "Huh!" said the other, "I know where we are, all right, but I don't know where any place else is!"

The little girl had been visiting. When it was time for her to be going home, her hostess said: "Good-by, Marjorie; you must come again soon. We should like to see more of you."

"But there isn't any more of me," replied Marjorie.

I was warning my little neighbor about being careful crossing streets. "Oh, don't worry," the child assured me. "I always wait for the empty space to come by."

A teacher at a Christian center had been explaining and naming the four seasons to a class of children. "How many seasons have we?" she asked Rachel. "Two, miss," replied the little denizen of New York's sweat-shop district; "slack and busy."

MOTHER—"Now, do you know where bad little girls go to?"

MOLLY—"Oh, yes—they go almost everywhere."

The parson was trying to illustrate to the class of small boys what was meant by moral courage. "Supposing," he said "twelve boys were sleeping in a dormitory and one said his prayers. That would be moral courage." The boys quite understood. "Now," he went on, "can any one give me an example?" "Yes," answered the lad in the back row. "If twelve clergymen were sleeping in a dormitory and one *didn't* say his prayers, that would be moral courage."

It was in a Vermont town three days after the flood. The Methodist minister and his family, whose home had been in the path of the waters, were assembled around the breakfast table and about to engage in family worship. The minister took up the Bible, when his little four-year-old daughter exclaimed, "Papa it's my turn to read?" Given the Book she turned the pages as if to find the place and then, after glancing up to make sure she had the attention of her hearers, with the appearance of reading words before her on the printed page, said, "'Tain't going to rain no more. Amen!"

A modern business man's little boy was sent to Sunday School for the first time. He came home with a small picture-card illustrating the lesson.

"What is the card?" asked his mother.

"Oh, only an 'ad' about God," replied the young hopeful.

Bobby, just home from his first visit to the country, was telling the folks of its wonders. "And say, ma," he said, "out on the farm they get milk from cows, and it's just as good as any."

Grandmother had the old-fashioned way of measuring a yard by holding one end of the goods to her nose and stretching the piece at arm's length. One day little Mary, finding a bit of ribbon, carried it to her grandma, and said, "Here, Grandma; smell this and see how long it is."

Our Bobby was in a store with his mother when he was given candy by one of the clerks.

"What must you say, Bobbie?"

"Charge it," he replied.

A father took his little boy, Billy, to the park, and there the youngster saw a stork among other interesting exhibits. The boy seemed to be greatly interested in the stork, and looked at him as long as he could. Then, turning to his father, he said disappointedly:

"Gee, Daddy, he never recognized me!"

"May I go into the dentist's room, teacher, mother said I was to go," said a little Scotch lad.

"What's the matter?" inquired Miss Brown.

"My teeth are a wee bit slack," was the rather unusual form of expression.

Abbie, the little girl of the family, was seated at the breakfast table one morning. As usual eggs were served.

Either she was not hungry or she had grown tired of the bill of fare, for very earnestly and soberly she remarked:

"I do wish hens would lay something besides eggs."

Little Jane had been within the Loop district but once and that was when she had accompanied an aunt to a beauty parlor for a manicure, but that once supplied conversation for many a day. One day, while she was discoursing about the wonders to be seen down town, her daddy said, "How do you know? You have never been down town, have you?"

"Yes I have, daddy. Don't you denember the time Auntie had her fingers sharpened?"

Bobby was obstinate one day and refused to say his lesson to his teacher.

"But you know it quite well," she urged.

"Yes," admitted Bobby.

"Then why don't you say it to me?"

"'Cause if I say it now you'll only make me learn something else tomorrow."

Emily had been to school for the first time. "Well, darling, and what did you learn?" asked her mother, on Emily's return. "Nuffin'," sighed Emily, hopelessly. "I've got to go back tomorrow."

A little girl, for the first time in the country, watched the farmer's wife plucking a hen. After a careful scrutiny of the tedious process, the young visitor asked: "Have you to undress it every night?"

Some children of the Boston slums were taken down to the sea, and one little girl sat on the beach looking out toward Nahant, held spellbound by air and sun, water and sky. The social worker asked her to play with the others, but she would not. Then the worker said to her, "Tell me, dear, what are you doing and thinking, that you will not join with the others?" Her answer came back from her very soul, "Oh, teacher, this is the first time in my life I ever saw anything there is enough of."

"Papa, is this a camel's hair brush?"

"Yes, my child, that's a camel's hair brush."

"Golly, papa, it must take him a terrible long time to brush himself."

An author's children are necessarily exposed constantly to ample vocabularies but they don't always contract words in their original form and application. There's George Creel's youngest for instance. Not long ago, while enjoying his matutinal bath, Mr. Creel was summoned to the telephone which is on the ground floor of his home. He hastily donned a bathrobe—so hastily indeed that one Creel shoulder was exposed to the

chill morning air. As he dashed across the hall to the phone the youngest, busy over his cereal, spied his half-clothed father.

"Why, Daddy," he called out reproachfully, indicating the scanty wrappings, "why, Daddy, you're almost *illiterate!*"

Carol, aged four, rebelled at eating vegetables. Patiently her mother explained how they helped her to grow strong and that unless she ate them she could not hope to keep up with other children at school or in play. One day she was taken to a children's movie. Among the news pictures the West Point cadets were shown at drill. As the straight ranks marched past, Carol suddenly shrilled out, pointing to a sergeant bringing up the rear, "Oh Mother! There's a man who didn't eat his carrots!"

Ruth, aged four, was putting on a little dress and Shirley, aged three, asked, "That's a silk dress, isn't it, Ruth?"

Ruth answered, "Yes, I go to so many weddings, that's why I have this dress."

Little Tommy had spent his first day at school.

"What happened?" he was asked on his return home.

"Nothin'. A woman wanted to know how to spell cat, and I told her."

"What distinguished foreigner assisted the colonies in the American Revolution?" asked an Ohio teacher.

"God," answered Tommy promptly.

"Mama, I've got a stomach ache," said Nellie Bly, aged 6.

"That's because you've been without lunch. Your stomach is empty. You would feel better if you had something in it."

That afternoon the minister called, and in the course of conversation remarked that he had been suffering all day with a severe headache.

"That's because it's empty," said Nellie. "You'd feel better if you had something in it."

MOTHER (to little girl who had been sent to the hen house for eggs)—“Well, dear, were there no eggs?”

LITTLE GIRL—“No, mummie, only the one the hen uses for a pattern.”

TEACHER—“Now, Johnny, tell me what kind of clothes pussy wears.”

JOHNNY—“Clothes?”

TEACHER—“Yes—does she wear wool? Does she wear feathers?”

JOHNNY—“You poor lady. Ain't you never seen a cat?”

Little girl, radio fan, disturbed at her prayers by scratching on the screen door: “Please stand by, God, while I let the cat out.”

The teacher had been reading the story of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves to her class.

“Now, can anyone tell me,” she asked, “what Ali Baba said when he wanted to open the entrance to the cave?”

One child, an ardent film fan, replied: “Open, sez me!”

VISITING AUNT—“And here's a nice new bathrobe for Junior.”

JUNIOR—“Say, I ain't gonna take no bath in that thing!”

Ever since our nephew, long years ago, tucked into bed with our mother's benediction, “The Lord watch over you and give you peace,” turned to us in the dark and murmured: “I wonder if she means a piece of cake?” we have kept an eye open for children's interpretations of religious phrases. We have run across several fairly good ones, but none to touch the one that has come to us from a Buffalo mother. This lady's daughter Flora, age nine, has lately been enjoying the beneficent experience of Sunday school, from which she occasionally brings home a hymn, memorized, and sings it in a small voice around the house. Flora's mother has encouraged this pious tendency; that is, she encouraged it up until the day when Flora broke out with a new hymn starting: “Jesus is sneaking through Humboldt Park.”

"What was that again, Flora?" she asked. "How does it go?"

"Jesus is sneaking through Humboldt Park," sang Flora.

Her mother decided to let the matter drop for the moment. It required a certain amount of research before she was able to suggest to Flora that the line be reconstructed to read: "Jesus is seeking the humble heart."

Professor M., of the University of Paris, was delighted with an invitation to teach French in an American University. He lost no time in bringing his wife, his twin daughters, aged four, and his radio to this country. As soon as the radio was installed, both children listened intently, a look of surprise growing on their faces. Finally, Germaine spoke, "Daddy, how quickly the radio learned to speak English!"

A little city boy was visiting his country cousin.

"What do you know about cows? You don't even know if that's a Jersey cow."

"I don't know from here 'cause I can't see it's license."

CHINESE

And another thing to wonder about is how the Chinese people know just where and when one war ends and another commences.

As we understand it, a Chinese bandit is any Chinese who doesn't move fast when a Jap speaks.

Another reason for pitying the Chinaman is that he doesn't know which of his governments to blame for everything.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

CISSIE—"Auntie, you know that old man at the corner that was ill?"

AUNT JOBKINS (Christian Scientist)—"You mean he thot he was ill."

CISSIE—"Well, now he thinks he's dead."

Said a certain faith healer from Deal,
 "Tho I know that pain isn't real,
 When I sit on a pin
 And it punctures the skin,
 I don't like what I fancy I feel."

CHURCHES

One of the New York churches is notorious for its exclusiveness. A colored man took a fancy to the church, and promptly told the minister that he wished to join. The clergyman sought to evade the issue by suggesting to the man that he reflect more carefully on the matter, and make it the subject of prayers for guidance. The following day the man encountered the minister.

"Ah done prayed, sah," he declared, beaming, "an' de Lawd He done sent me an answer las' night."

"And what was it?" queried the clergyman, somewhat at a loss. "What did the Lord say?"

"Well, sah, He done axed me what chu'ch Ah wanted to jine, an' Ah tole Him it was yourn. An' He says: 'Ho, ho, dat chu'ch!' says He. 'You can't get in dere. Ah know you can't—'cause Ah been tryin' to git in dat chu'ch for ten years mahself an' Ah couldn't!'"

H. R. L. Sheppard quotes an old lady as saying, "I don't want the visitor from the church coming around saving her soul on me."

A VISITOR TO NEW YORK—"I beg pardon, but could you direct me to a church not involved in any squabble?"

SMALL BOY—"Why don't you come to my church?"

OTHER SMALL BOY—"Cause I belong to another abomination!"

Doxology, "Praise God from Women All Blessings Flow."
 —York (Pa.) church bulletin.

CURATE—"I am very glad to see you coming to church regularly, Mrs. Black."

MRS. BLACK—"Oh, yes, sir. I'll be coming often now, sir. I does it to spite me old man. He hates me going to church."

Hymn No. 336

(Congregation standing)

Sermon, "What are You Standing For?"

Dr. Fosdick

—*Church bulletin.*

There was one line in an advertisement, too, that we suspect is true of most churches—especially those of the big cities:

"There Will Be No Christian Endeavor During the Summer."

A man, says Sir Henry Lunn, himself a Church of England man, got into a Pullman dining-car, and said, "Is there any member of the Protestant Episcopal Church here?" A man rose and said, "Yes, I am." The questioner said, "Have you got a corkscrew, sir?" And it was forthcoming.

According to the religious census taken by the *World*, a majority of the voters are believers but few attend church. It would seem that most of us are devoutsiders.

VISITOR—"What nice buttons you are sewing on your little boy's suit. My husband once had some like that on his suit."

VICAR'S WIFE—"Yes, I get all my buttons out of the collection plate."

Two oysters were in a big pot full of milk, getting ready for stew.

Said one oyster to the other: "Where are we?"

"At a church supper," was the reply.

Wherupon the little oyster said:

"What on earth do they want of both of us?"

"I understand," said a young woman to another, "that at your church you are having such small congregations. Is that so?"

"Yes," answered the other girl, "so small that every time the minister says 'Dearly beloved,' you feel as if you had received a proposal."

In spite of its splendid work for the underprivileged, the church is still too much in awe of the propertied classes and of the state. While Russia is committing the heresy of forgetting God in its love for men, the old church committed the heresy of forgetting men in its love for God.—*The Rev. Lewis B. Whittemore.*

A little girl, attending an Episcopal church for the first time, was amazed to see all kneel suddenly. She asked her mother what they were going to do. Her mother replied, "Hush, they're going to say their prayers."

"What, with all their clothes on?"

CIVILIZATION

Civilization is advancing. Here's \$100,000 offered for a World Peace Plan, fully one-third as much as was guaranteed for a boxing bout.

A college professor says that civilization will last for 40,000 years. That's nice. And—er, when will it begin?

EXPLORER—"I have made a remarkable discovery. A tribe of human beings that possess no weapon of warfare."

LISTENER—"Is that so? Didn't think there was any part of the world that uncivilized."

The question is not where civilization began, but when will it.

You can tell a civilized country. It's one where people kill the birds and then spend millions to fight insects.

The more you try to explain civilization, the more respect you have for the ancients who blamed everything on the planets.

From bobbed haired bandits armed with gats
 And sporting gaily colored hats;
 From folks who catalog their ills,
 Their plasters, pills and doctor bills;
 From nursing infants who rehearse
 Their views of life and love in verse;
 From dancing daddies who delight
 In boutonnieres and waistcoats white;
 From "stylish stouts" in knickers pressed;
 From grafters with their wealth oppressed;
 From frisky plays and risky books;
 And politicians who are crooks;
 From flappers with their frills and fads;
 From picnic fans; misleading ads;
 And all the modern fake and fuss,
 Kind Providence deliver us.

Nations aren't likely to beat their swords into plowshares while beating their rivals into oil fields.

CLERGY

A mid-western clergyman received the following suggestion in verse:

Mr. Parson, we say, you make us think
 Of the blacksmith bold with forge like ink,
 Where he molds and welds and fastens with fire
 The spokes of the wheel to the outer tire.
 For this I know, and know full well,
 And any blacksmith the same will tell,
 That the sermon's effect—at least on the choir—
 Is just like the wheel near the blacksmith's fire;
 We tell it to you without any ire,
 That a very long spoke makes a very large tire!

The aged and reverend head of one of the numerous Halls in Oxford maintains the traditional practice of having undergraduates to tea on Sunday afternoon. Dr. Blank is old, and immersed in things not of this world, and tea-time conversation is apt to flag. Recently a newcomer, nervously eager to break a peculiarly depressing burst of silence, said: "I say, sir, have you seen the Dolly Sisters?" "No," replied the reverend gentleman reflectively, "I cannot say that I have. Indeed, I cannot recollect ever having heard of the order."

Dispatch from Albion, Michigan—

"'Father' Clancy dead at 91; left twelve children." The "Father" Clancy mentioned was an Episcopalian minister. That brings to mind a "true" story told us by a Protestant pastor of a neighboring town. He was rather new in the place, and his clerical dress resembled that of a priest. As he passed several little Catholic boys on the street, some of them tipped their hats and said in a chorus: "Good evenin', Fader." The minister had hardly passed when one of the youngsters who had not touched his hat turned on the others in disgust with: "Fader! he's no Fader; he's got tree kids."

How the pastor talked to the highwaymen who sought the cash that he did not have: "Ah, gentlemen, I might, indeed, have something to give you if only I had such energetic fellows as you to pass the plate now and then."

A clergyman gave out the hymn, "I Love to Steal Awhile Away," and the deacon who led the singing began: "I love to steal—" but found he had pitched the note too high.

Again he began, "I love to steal—" but this time it was too low. Once again he tried. "I love to steal—" and again got the pitch wrong.

After the third failure the minister said, "Observing our brother's propensities, let us pray."

At a famous Pan-Presbyterian Council held in Edinburgh, a large number of delegates went to the Scott country. A chain bridge across the Tweed at Dryburgh bore the legend that not more than twelve pedestrians could be on the bridge at one time.

But the delegates, disregarding or unseeing the notice, crowded on to the bridge in a solid body. The keeper of the bridge, Tom Fox by name, rushed forward, and with emphatic gesticulation ordered them back. They halted, and an argument ensued.

"Can you no' read?" exclaimed Tom Fox, pointing to the notice.

"We are Pan-Presbyterians," explained a delegate, "and we were so interested that we did not see the notice."

"You may be Pan-Presbyterians or Pot-Methodists," rejoined the now angry bridge-keeper; "but if ony mair o' ye come on this brig ye will be Baptists in a minute."

VICAR'S WIFE—"No, the vicar is not in just now. Is there any message you would like me to give him when he returns?"

OLD WOMAN (cheerfully)—"Please, mum, Martha Higgins would like to be buried at two o'clock to-morrow afternoon."

A graduate of Oxford determined to enter the Nonconformist Ministry, and, quite unnecessarily, published a manifesto setting forth his reasons and intentions.

In his enumeration of the various methods by which he was going to mark his aloofness from the sacerdotalism of the Established Church he wrote:

"I shall wear no clothes, to distinguish myself from my fellow Christians."

Need I say that all the picture shops of the University promptly displayed a fancy portrait of the newly fledged minister clad in what Artemus Ward called "the scandalous style of the Greek slave," and bearing the unkind inscription:

"The Rev. X. Y. Z. distinguishing himself from his fellow Christians."

A minister, while passing a group of convicts at work on the county roads, became very much depressed at the wickedness of the world.

"My good men," he exhorted, "we should strive to mend our ways."

"Well, wot you think we're doing," asked No. 3289, "digging fishworms?"

Ministers suffer fits of despair, even the best of them. John Clifford, great English Baptist, acknowledges one difficult experience. Seized one day by the mood of the prophet Elijah, he threw himself wearily on his bed with the lugubrious cry, "It is enough; now, O Lord, take away my life; for I am not better than my fathers!" His wife said nothing, but started to put on her street clothes and heavy coat. As she was departing, her spouse inquired piteously why she was leaving him. "I am going out for the undertaker," she replied. The report is that Dr. Clifford recovered immediately.

This is a story about Henry Ward Beecher. In a prayer he asked God's blessing upon those who lay upon beds of suffering, and sat upon chairs of idleness. He invoked the divine blessing upon all those present, especially those who had come before the beginning of the service; he also asked that God might let His benediction rest on those who arrived in time for that.

PRISON CHAPLAIN (to prisoner about to be discharged)—
"Now, my man, try to remember what I said in my sermon last Sunday and make up your mind never to return to this place."

PRISONER (deeply moved)—"No man who ever heard you preach would want to come back here."

A minister had just left home when he remembered that he had not shaved. Consequently he paid one of his rare visits to the village barber. That worthy, however, could not effect the operation without cutting the reverend gentleman's chin.

"Ah, John," remonstrated the cleric, "it's an awful thing, the drink."

"It is that, sir," responded the barber; "it makes the skin wonderfully tender."

An inquisitive old lady was always asking her minister questions. One day the persistent lady asked, "Mr.—, can you please tell me the difference between Cherubim and Seraphim?" The minister thought deeply for a minute or two and then quietly replied, "Well, they *had* a difference, madam, but they have made it up."

There is a preacher in Kansas who should have his salary raised for making the following announcement from his pulpit: "Brethren, the janitor and I will hold our regular prayer-meeting next Wednesday evening as usual."

SCIENTIST—"We are searching now for a way to provide light without heat; we want to discover cold light."

DEACON—"Come around and hear our preacher; he has just graduated from Harvard."

THE VICAR: "The collection this morning will be taken in the aid of the Arch Fund and not as erroneously printed in the Parish Magazine in aid of the Arch Fiend."

Dr. J. Ross Stevenson, preaching one Sunday in a Western town, was asked by the soprano for his subject, so that she could select an appropriate solo to follow the sermon. When he hesitated she said, "Never mind; I'll listen carefully, and before you get thru I'll have something selected." The sermon ended, then came the selection, "Sometime, somewhere, we'll understand!"

"Why don't you attend church?" asked the minister of a non-church-going man.

"Well, I'll tell you, Sir. The first time I went to church they threw water in my face, and the second time they tied me to a woman I've had to keep ever since."

"Yes," said the parson, "and the next time you go they'll throw dirt on you."

A clergyman was telling his congregation of the effects of intemperance, and said: "I hope the time soon will come when all liquor will be poured into the river. Now let us sing hymn No. 94."

Some members of the congregation smiled when they opened the hymn books and read the title, "Shall We Gather at the River?"

VICAR TO SEXTON—"I find our garden fête is fixed for the same day as the eclipse. I think I must get it put off."

SEXTON—"You couldn't hardly do that, sir, not a *total* eclipse you couldn't."

The boat was sinking. The captain roared up to the crowd of scared passengers.

"Who among you can pray?"

"I can," answered the minister.

"Then pray, mister," ordered the skipper. "The rest of you put life-preservers on; we're one short."

In Washington they tell the story of a golfing clergyman who had been beaten badly on the links by a parishioner thirty years his senior and had returned to the clubhouse rather disgruntled.

"Cheer up," his opponent said. "Remember, you win at the finish. You'll probably be burying me some day, I expect."

"Even then," said the preacher, "it will be your hole."

A Protestant lecturer, of somewhat rabid views, was attacking the High Church clergy. After a vigorous denunciation of ritualism, he concluded by saying, "But, my friends, what is the most grievous of all is the unblushing manner in which these men practice celibacy—ay, even in the open streets."

Do you think they approved of my sermon?" asked the newly appointed rector, hopeful that he had made a good impression.

"Yes, I think so," replied his wife; "they were all nodding."

A curate was leaving a country parish and was the recipient of all kinds of presentations, from slippers to surplices. One lady of originality sent him a bottle of choice cherries preserved in old brandy. The curate wrote thanking the donor for her kind thought in something like the following terms:

"I appreciate very much your handsome gift of cherries, but I appreciate even more *the spirit in which it was sent.*"

An English bishop received the following note from the vicar of a village in his diocese:

"My Lord: I regret to inform you of the death of my wife. Can you possibly send me a substitute for the week-end?"

"Friends," apologized the minister, "I have unintentionally left my notes at home. I will make a few extemporaneous remarks, trusting to the Lord for guidance. But tonight I shall come better prepared."

There was a young theologian named Fiddle
Who refused to accept a degree.
He didn't mind being called Fiddle,
But he didn't like Fiddle Dee Dee.

There are ladies in our church to whom our pastor, always a prudent man, won't speak except in the presence of a third person, since he read *Elmer Gantry*.

A young girl came to the late Father Healey of Dublin and confessed that she feared she had incurred the sin of vanity. "What makes you think that?" asked her father confessor. "Because every morning when I look into the mirror I think how beautiful I am."

"Never fear, my girl," was the reassuring reply. "That isn't a sin; it's only a mistake."

The minister answered the doorbell. "Excuse me for interrupting you, sir," said the caller, "but I am collecting for the poor. Do you happen to have any old clothes?" "Yes," answered the minister. "Would you be willing to give them to me? I can assure you that they will be put to a worthy use." "No, I cannot give them to you." "What do you do with them?" "Each night I brush them carefully, fold them, and hang them over a chair. Each morning I put them on again."

A suffragan who asked me not to mention his name told me a good story against himself after one of the May meetings. In some strange way he became acquainted with the fact that a particular horse, we will call "Shylock," was going to run on

a particular day. As he left home one morning he heard two road-menders discussing the day's racing. One told the other that he favored a certain horse, and at that moment the bishop passed, shook his head and mentioned the word "Shylock." Shylock won, and next morning one of the men presented himself on the bishop's doorstep and said, "Do you know anything for today, sir?"

A minister preached so long that one day one after another of his small congregation left. At last only the sexton or beadle remained. Still the preacher continued. Finally the sexton rose, walked down to the pulpit, held up the key of the church, and said:

"Sir, there's the key o' the dure; when ye hae finished wull ye lock it yersel'?"

A M.E. bishop's description of the kind of preaching addressed to rich sinners in some of the aristocratic congregations:

"Brethren, you must repent, as it were, and be converted in a measure, or you will be damned to some extent."

The usual dear old lady had the usual parrot presented to her by the usual sailor nephew. The bird had a vocabulary that would have made a bargee thotful. As a consequence it spent Sundays with its cage covered, so as not to shock sensitive ears with language unfit for all times and impossible on the Sabbath.

One Monday morning Polly had just been uncovered when the vicar was announced. Hurriedly the parrot was covered up again, but just as the vicar was shown into the room he heard a voice from the cage: "It's been a darned short week, hasn't it?"

A famous preacher made a neat score on one occasion against an anonymous correspondent.

Whilst in his pulpit one Sunday morning a note was handed to him by the verger, and upon opening it he found scrawled across a sheet of paper the word "Fool."

Rising to the occasion, he exhibited it to his congregation, and said: "In my time I have received much anonymous correspondence in which the writer has written the letter but forgotten to sign his name. But here is a strange thing—a man has signed his name and omitted to write the letter!"

"I would be glad," said the clergyman, after he had given out the text for his sermon, "if the young man who is standing outside the door would come in and make absolutely certain whether she is here tonight or not. That would be a great deal better than opening the door half an inch or so and thereby exposing the necks of the people in the back row to a current of cold air."

"You love the whisky too much, Donald, and you ought to know that the whisky is your enemy," said a Scottish clergyman to one of his parishioners who was too much addicted to the bottle.

"Eh, but, Meenister," slyly answered Donald, "don't ye aften tell us that we ocht tae love oor enemies?"

"Yes, Donald; but I never told you that you should swallow them."

A travelling Irish Evangelist who was in the habit of saying "My dear Dublin Souls," or "My dear Belfast Souls," speaking to an audience in Cork, said: "My dear Cork Souls!"

An old clergyman who had got a strong-lunged assistant, observed that one of his hearers was becoming rather irregular in his attendance at Church. He visited the home of the backslider, but the guidman was not in. He inquired of his wife why John was so seldom at church now?

"Oh, indeed, Minister," she replied, without the least hesitation, "that young man ye've got roars sae loud that John canna sleep sae comfortable as he did when you were preachin' yersel', sae peaceably."

R. C. T. B. tells us that a bishop in England was watching a small boy playing in the gutter. "What are you doing, my little man?" he asked. "Making a kerfederal." "And where is the bishop?" "Oh, I ain't got enough mud to make a bishop."

A certain bold young curate was playing at chess with his churchwarden's daughter, when a bystander remarked: "Miss Robinson, you might have taken the bishop."

"I wish she would take the curate," was his quick reply, and she did.

"I once heard a minister tell a story of Dr. Joseph Parker," writes Rev. K. L. Parry in the *Manchester Congregational Magazine*, "which reveals a good deal. Parker had not been in his best form on Thursday morning at the City Temple (London).

"The minister, who had been present, went to see him in the vestry after the service. 'Thank you, Doctor, very much for your sermon this morning.'

"'You liar!' thundered the Doctor.

"'Well, Doctor, I mean it, because I felt that if the great Parker could preach like that, there was hope for chaps like me.'

"'Ah,' said Parker, 'that's better. Wasn't it awful?'"

THE PASTOR (driving to church, to passer-by)—"Where are you going, John?"

JOHN—"To church in the next parish."

PASTOR—"I don't like that. What would you say if your sheep strayed to some one else's property?"

JOHN—"Well, s'far as that goes, I wouldn't say nothin' if the pasturage was better."

VICAR (concluding story)—"And now, children, would you like to ask any questions?"

BOBBY—"Yes, sir. Please, how do you get into your collar?"

A bishop in India prided himself on saying the right and tactful word to everyone he met, and by reason of his office he was not accustomed to find his remarks questioned. "So strange I should run up against you, dear madam," he said, "because I was chatting only a few minutes since with your two dear children." "Bishop," said the lady, "I have no children." "Are you sure?" he asked earnestly.

The young son of a preacher confided to his father recently that he had decided not to look forward to the ministry, for as he had been noting, "ministers have to stand up too much."

Dr. Andrew Clarke, the great commentator, was an early riser. A young preacher was talking to him about this habit, and said he was sorry he could not do the same. He wanted the doctor to tell him how he did it.

"Do you pray about it, Doctor?" piously inquired the young man.

"No," said Dr. Clarke, "I get up."

Charles H. Spurgeon's keen wit was always based on sterling common sense. One day he remarked to one of his sons:

"Can you tell me the reason why the lions didn't eat Daniel?"

"No, sir. Why was it?"

"Because the most of him was backbone and the rest was grit."

A tedious preacher had preached the assize sermon before Lord Yelverton. He came down smiling to his lordship, and, expecting congratulations upon his effort, asked:

"Well, my lord, how did you like the sermon?"

"Oh, most wonderful," replied Lord Yelverton: "It was like the peace of God, it passed all understanding; and like His mercy, I thot it would have endured for ever."

COLOURED PREACHER (appealing for funds)—"Breddern, Ah kaint preach hyah, and board in hebben."

A New England Episcopal bishop met a young minister at a social gathering, and was introduced. "Ah, Mr——, I am pleased to meet you. I am told that you are a Congregationalist."

"Yes, Bishop, I am a Congregationalist."

"Ah, well, Mr——, excuse me, but while I recognise you as a gentleman, I cannot recognise you as a Christian."

"That is all right, Bishop. While I can recognise you as a Christian, I cannot recognise you as a gentleman."

During sermon time the other day a baby began to cry, and its mother carried it towards the door.

"Stop!" said the minister, "the baby is not disturbing me."

The mother turned toward the pulpit and made the audible remark, "Oh, 'e ain't, ain't 'e? Well, you're a disturbin' of 'm."

Bishop Bloomfield confesses that as a country curate he thot very highly of a sermon he had preached on "Atheism," and was so imprudent as to ask a farmer with whom he had

walked from church how it struck him. "Well, sir," he replied, "for all you did say, and no doubt it was very clever, I still believe there is a God."

The easterly wind had dried the land, and the crops were suffering from the drought, so the agriculturists of the parish waited on the minister with a request to "put up a word or twa for rain."

The minister, who had a reputation for the efficacy of his supplications on previous occasions, heard the deputation gravely, and, after a silence, during which he carefully scanned the horizon, replied: "A wull, but A'll bide a wee till the win's mair off the west!"

A Scotch minister was walking thru a street in the village one misty evening when he fell into a deep hole. There was no ladder by which he could make his escape and he began to shout for help. A passing laborer heard his cries, and, looking down, asked who he was. The minister told him, whereupon the laborer remarked:

"Weel, ye needna kick up sic a noise. You'll no be needed afore Sawbath, an' this is only Wednesday night."

CLIMATE

"Is this a healthful town?" asked a stranger of a native of a certain benighted region of the West.

"It sure is," replied the native. "When I came here I couldn't utter a word. I had scarcely a hair on my head. I hadn't the strength to walk across the room, and I had to be lifted from my bed."

"That is wonderful," exclaimed the stranger. "How long have you been here?"

"I was born here."

SANDWICHMAN (on wet "summer" day)—"Wot kind o' bloke is that, mister?"

GENTLEMAN—"He's a Parsee—an Indian, you know—a sun-worshiper."

SANDWICHMAN—"Worships the sun, do 'e, sir? I suppose 'e's come 'ere to 'ave a rest!"

COAL

"How is it, Sandy," asked a visitor of a Scotch coal merchant, "that you quote the lowest prices in town and make reductions to your friends and yet you can make money?"

"Weel, it's this way," explained Sandy in an undertone. "Ye see, I knock off 2 shillin's a ton because a customer is a freen o' mine, and then I knock off 200 weight a ton because I'm a freen o' his."

CUSTOMER—"I want a ton of coal."

DEALER—"Yes, sir. What size?"

CUSTOMER—"Well, if it's not asking too much, I would like a 2,200 pound ton."

"What kind of coal do you wish, mum?"

"Dear me, I am so inexperienced in these things. Are there various kinds?"

"Oh, yes. We have egg coal, chestnut—"

"I think I'll take egg coal. We have eggs oftener than we have chestnuts."

COFFEE

DINER—"Waiter, take this coffee away. It's like mud."

WAITER—"Well, it was ground this morning."

He had made several vain attempts to swallow the mixture. But, somehow or other, he could not get it down. When at last he did manage to catch the waitress's eye, he called her, and said: "There's something funny about this coffee. It tastes like cocoa."

The waitress sipped it, made a wry face and sipped it again, to make sure. "I'm so sorry," she said. "I've given you tea."

"Do you drink coffee?" asked the doctor of an aged patient.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Coffee," continued the doctor, "is a slow poison."

"Yes, very slow," replied the old man; "I have taken it daily for nearly 80 years."

COLLECTIONS

PARSON—"We's goin' to take up a collection fo' a new organ dis mawnin'. Brudder Jones done gib only one dollah. Dere ought to be some enterprisin' man in dis congregation who will make it a hundred."

VOICE—"Ah makes it a hundred. Put me down fo' two naughts."

"Begorra, an' it's har-rd to collect money these days."

"Is it you bin tryin' to collect some, Mr. Murphy?"

"Sorry a cent; but there's plenty trying to collect some from me."

See also Bills; Debts.

COLLEGE GRADUATES

"Did you finish at college *cum laude*?"

"No, *mirabile dictu*."

An Eastern college graduate applied for work in a Michigan lumber camp and was assigned to one end of a cross-saw, the other end being in charge of an old and experienced lumberman. At the end of an hour the veteran stopt sawing and regarded his weary partner with pitying eyes.

"Sonny," he said, "I don't mind your riding on this saw, but if it's just the same to you, I wish you'd quit scraping your feet on the ground."

Said the friend to the proud father of a college graduate who had just been awarded an A.M. degree.

"I suppose Robert will be looking for a Ph.D. next?"

"No, he will be looking for a J.O.B."

"Th' noive of that guy," complained Jimmie, the office boy, "offerin' me six dollars a week! Wot does he t'ink I am--a college graduate?"

GRAD.—“This university certainly takes an interest in a fellow, doesn't it?”

TAD.—“How's that?”

GRAD.—“Well, I read in the graduate magazine that they will be very glad to hear of the death of any of their alumni.”

MOTHER (drilling the boy on abbreviations)—“That's right. But do you know what a 'doctor of philosophy' is?”

ROBERT.—“Sure! He's a guy that's gone to college three years longer than he should.”

FATHER.—“What was the hardest thing you learned at college?”

SON.—“How to open beer bottles with a half-dollar.”

“Didn't know you'd met Harry before.”

“Oh, yes, we went to college together.”

“Old friends, eh?”

“No, roommates.”

WANTED—Stenographer for special work after hours. Prefer one who has no college education as the work will require correct spelling and punctuation, and the use of common sense.—*Ad in a North Carolina paper.*

FOND MOTHER.—“Now that Harold is thru college, are you going to take him into the business with you?”

DOUBTFUL FATHER.—“I dunno. Couldn't you use him for a bridge prize?”

COLLEGE STUDENTS

The young man had just driven home from college at the close of the term.

“Did you pass everything?” asked his mother, anxiously.

“Everything but two Studebakers and a Pierce-Arrow. Darned if they mustn't have had airplane motors in them!”

SI—"Be those there college students, Mirandy?"

MIRANDY—"Well, they all go to college, if that's what you mean."

UPPERCLASSMAN—"Did you take a bath this morning?"

FROSH—"Why, is one missing?"

"Where did you find this wonderful follow-up system? It would get money out of anybody."

"I simply compiled and adapted the letters my son sent me from college."

FROSH—"Professor, I can't go to class today."

PROF.—"Why?"

FROSH—"I don't feel well."

PROF.—"Where don't you feel well?"

FROSH—"In class."

*Two Phi Beta Kappas at whist
Smote each other real hard on the wrist;
Cried the one with fervorescence,
"You superexcrecence!"
Cried the other, "Desist, now, desist!"*

VISITOR—"What does the chaplain do here?"

FRESH—"Oh, he gets up and looks over the student body and then prays for the college."

"Has your brother come home from college yet?"

"I guess so, or else the car's been stolen."

THE BOSS—"What—you a college graduate and you can't get tickets for the big game? Say, what do you think you're in this firm for?"

PROF.—"Mr. Smart, what is work?"

SLEEPY STUDE (stretching and opening one eye)—"Everything's work."

PROF. (not irate)—“Do you mean to tell me that this table is work?”

STUDE (closing eye and resuming former attitude)—“Sure; woodwork.”

DOCTOR—“I’m afraid I have bad news for you. You will never be able to work again.”

COLLEGE STUDENT—“Whadda you mean, bad news?”

“Were you ever in a position where you had to talk about something of which you were ignorant?”

“Sure. I’ve been through college!”

CO-ED—“Why didn’t you find out who he was when the professor called the roll?”

ANOTHER CO-ED—“I did try to, but he answered for four different names.”

ENGLISH PROFESSOR—“Jones, why are you not prepared?”

JONES—“I am prepared; you said, ‘*Read Twelfth Night or What You Will*,’ so I read *The Beautiful and Damned*.”

DEAN—“And where have you been for the last week?”

STUDE—“Stop me if you’ve heard this one!”

GREEK—“I had a good sleep this morning.”

GREASE—“You must have,—I take a course from him too.

“What is your brother in college?”

“A half-back.”

“I mean in studies.”

“Oh, in studies, he’s away back.”

“Physical culture, father, is perfectly lovely!” exclaimed an enthusiastic young miss just home from college. “Look! To develop the arms I grasp this rod in both hands and move it slowly from right to left.”

“Well, well,” replied dad admiringly, “what won’t science discover next? Why, if that rod had straw on the other end, you’d be sweeping.”

COLLEGE—"Hey, who got my black shoe? I've got one of somebody's tan pair."

EDUCATION—"Don't that beat the deuce! I'm in the same fix and trying to make an 8 o'clock."

Speaking of abysmal dumbness, there's the co-ed who's so dumb she thinks It is a pronoun.

After terrific struggles the freshman finally finished his examination paper, and then at the end, wrote:

"Dear Professor, If you sell any of my answers to the funny papers I expect you to split fifty-fifty with me."

Have you heard of the college boy who couldn't get his slicker on because he had a book in his hand and it wouldn't go thru the sleeve?

A freshman at Indiana university, taking out a permit to use his car while in residence, found himself confronted by the following question:—

"Purpose for which car is to be used?" In the blank he wrote:

"To ride in."

PROFESSOR—"Jones, what is the cause of cancer?"

JONES—"I did know, sir, but I've forgotten."

PROFESSOR—"What a pity! The only man that ever knew the cause of cancer—and he's forgotten it."

The impression grows that the three R's that are taught nowadays are Rah, Rah, Rah!

Any College Hymn;

Hats Off, Everybody!

Grmm da-daa, du de-daaa
 Alma mater thee,
 Rrmm du-duuu classic halls,
 Brmm la-laaa ivied walls,
 Alma mater thee!
 Grmm za-zaaa hopes and fears,
 Hrmm za-luuu after years,
 Alma Mater threeeeeee!

The first thing we read this morning was the comment of a noted educator who said there are two kinds of colleges in America.

Undoubtedly there are—those that wish they had fired the coach last fall, and those that wish they hadn't.

The story goes that several college presidents were discussing what they would do after they retired. What would they be fit for, was the question.

"Well," said one of them, "I don't know that I'd be fit for anything, but I know what I'd like to do. I'd like to be superintendent of an orphan asylum so I'd never get any letters from parents."

"I've a much better ambition," exclaimed another. "I want to be warden of a penitentiary. The alumni never come back to visit."

COMMUTING

MUGGINS—"Yes, I'm living out in the country now. It certainly has its inconveniences."

BUGGINS—"What do you miss most?"

MUGGINS—"The last train home at night."

"John," said the commuter's wife, "what train does Mr. Lawnmower take to town?"

"He takes the one after mine."

"If he takes the train after yours, how do you know what train he takes?"

"Because that's the one I take."

COMPLIMENTS

MAID (from next door)—"Mr. Jones sends his compliments and would you please shoot your dog, as it keeps him awake?"

MR. SNAPP—"Give my respects to Mr. Jones and tell him I shall greatly be his debtor if he will poison his daughter and burn her piano."

An old lady, wishing to pay a compliment to the preaching of a new vicar, told him:

"Really, sir, we didn't know what sin was until you came to this parish."

LAWYER (to judge)—"I admit that my client called the plaintiff a hog, but, considering the value of hogs at present, I call that a compliment rather than an insult."

See also Tact.

COMPOSITIONS

The other day Small Sister came home from school proudly flourishing a paper. "It's a composition about Socceratees," she said, handing it to Mother with a grand air. "Teacher told us about him and then we wrote it. You can read it if you want to." And Mother read: "Socrates was a great man. He was sort of a tramp. He told everybody what to do and they gave him poison."

I hope you haven't heard this "howler!" A schoolboy writing a composition on Henry VIII comments: "At this time Henry walked with difficulty, having an abness on his knee." Sounds like the old boy, doesn't it?

From a school boy's essay on the racehorse:

"The racehorse is a noble animal used very cruel by gentlemen. Races are very bad places. None but wicked people know anything about races. The last Derby was won by Mr. Morriss' Manna, a beautiful baby colt by Phalaris, rising four. The odds was nine to one against him, and he won eight lengths. Good old Steve!"

A foreign born child who is coming ahead rapidly at night school turned in recently the following original composition on our friend the frog.

"What a queer bird the frog are
 When he sit, he stand, almost.
 When he hop he fly, almost.
 He ain't got sense hardly.
 He ain't got no tail hardly, either.
 He sit on what he ain't got, almost."

One predicts a future for the schoolboy who wrote the following terse narrative about Elisha: "There was a man named Elisha. He had some bears and lived in a cave. Some boys tormented him. He said: 'If you keep on throwing stones at me, I'll turn the bears loose and they'll eat you up.' And they did, and he did, and the bears did."

When we go camping we must keep the place neat, we must be very careful to put out our fire. This is God's country. Don't burn it up and make it look like hell.—*Schoolgirl's essay in a Montana paper.*

CONGRESS

Suggested program for Congress: More movie and less talkie.

"How many members has Congress now?"

"Too."

The Chinese in New York are putting out great posters urging Americans to unite in a boycott on Japan. "Write to your congressman today," they say, "and the thing is done." The Chinese are great thinkers, but they have no sense of humor.

CONSERVATIVES

A conservative is one who wants the rules enforced so nobody can take his pile the way he got it.

COOKERY

A young husband criticized the biscuits his bride served him for breakfast, employing the usual stereotyped comparison. Instead of weeping, as some brides would, she got busy and as a result of her work she set before him the next morning a plate of hot biscuits alleged to be the real thing.

"Now, you've got it," he exclaimed, delightedly as he sampled the new lot. "These are exactly like mother used to make. How did you happen to hit upon the recipe?"

"It's no great secret," said his wife with glittering eyes. "I put in oleo instead of butter, used cold storage eggs, dropped a bit of alum in the flour and adulterated the milk. Remember, sweetheart, that mother lived before the enactment of the pure food law."

"My dear," said Mrs. Newlywed, her face flushed with the excitement of her afternoon in the kitchen, "I want you to be perfectly frank with me now. What would you suggest to improve these doughnuts I made today?"

"Well," replied Mr. Newlywed, lifting one with a slight effort, "I think it might be better if you made the hole bigger."

MRS. NEWLYWED (indignantly)—"I've told you to keep out of the kitchen, Dick. Now see what you've done—knocked down my cookery book and lost my page, and I haven't the faintest idea what I was cooking!"

HUBBY—"Of course, dear, it's only a rough idea of mine, but do you think it's possible that there's ever such a thing as a printer's error in that cookery manual of yours?"

"How do you like the potato salad?" "It's delicious. Did you buy it yourself?"

GOVERNOR OF PRISON (to recaptured convict)—"Out with it, man. How did you effect your escape?"

DISTRESS CONVICT—"Well, sir, me young wife sent me a file concealed in a cake, and I'm not sure now whether I ate the cake and sawed me way out with the file or ate the file and sawed me way out with the cake."

The really up-to-date cook-book has a blank page in the back, on which you can write the phone numbers of near-by delicatessens.

Another eternal triangle that causes trouble is a masculine appetite, a bride and a can-opener.

NEW HUSBAND—"Good gracious, darling, what a long pie. It is surely too big for us two."

WIFE—"I'm sorry, dear, but I couldn't get any shorter rhubarb anywhere."

YOUNG BRIDE—"Now, dearie, what will I get if I cook a dinner like that for you every day this year?"

ANSWER—"My life insurance."

"You know, Dorothy, these biscuits of yours," he began, as he helped himself to the seventh. "Yes," said his wife, with a weary smile. "Ah! they're nothing like mother's." "No?" The smile was gone. "No. Not a bit. You see, mother's were heavy and gave me dyspepsia, while yours are as light as a feather, and I can eat about—why, what's the matter?"

She had fainted.

COOLIDGE

This story is related by a person connected with the White House:

One Sunday after the President had returned from church, where he had gone alone, Mrs. Coolidge inquired:

"Was the sermon good?"

"Yes," he answered.

"What was it about?"

"Sin."

"What did the minister say?"

"He was against it."

We pin the hollyhock of welcome upon the eminent recruit to the magazine-writing racket. We are sure that Comrade Coolidge will get fewer rejection slips from editors than he got from Congress.

Now that Coolidge is doing magazine work, he probably longs for the good old days when he could mail letters without putting stamps on them.

Motor car manufacturers are rapidly immortalizing our presidents. We had the Cleveland; we have the Lincoln and now comes the Roosevelt. Why not another car—the Coolidge, America's Silent Six?

COOPERATION

A man on the south side advertised his car for sale. Early the next morning a man who lived across the street came over and said: "Pardon me, but I see by last night's paper you advertised your car for sale."

"Quite true," said the man who advertised the car, "but surely you are not in the market for it."

"No," was the reply, "but I only live across the street and I also want to sell my car. And there would be no need of my spending my money for an advertisement if after the people were thru looking at your car you could just send them across the street to look at my car."

A bee expert is out with the advice: "Don't coddle your bees." It's nice to know that we've been cooperating all these years by not even getting within coddling distance.

CORPULENCE

"Mrs. Podgers is dreadfully afraid of embonpoint," remarked Mrs. Gadsley to her caller.

"That's a terrible disease," returned the other woman. "My favorite aunt had it and the poor thing just wasted away."

BLINK—"Any fat people in your family?"

BLANK—"Yes, my aunt and uncle. They were so fat when they got married the wedding guests threw puffed rice at them."

CORRESPONDENCE COURSES

"Why do you always address the letter-carrier as professor?"

"It's a sort of honorary title. I'm taking a course by mail."

BOXING INSTRUCTOR (after first lesson)—“Now, have you any questions to ask?”

BEGINNER (dazed)—“Yes; how much is your correspondence course?”

— “How do you play hockey from correspondence school?”
“Oh, I send them an empty envelop.”

Have you ever noticed that the ads of correspondence schools telling how to raise your income from \$15 per week to \$20,000 a year invariably appear in fiction magazines?

COURTESY

Courtesy is the quality that keeps a woman smiling when a departing guest stands at the open screen and lets flies in.

COURTSHIP

OLD MAN—“Are you sure you can give my daughter the luxuries to which she is accustomed?”

SUITOR—“I ought to; I'm the one who accustomed her to them.”

“Did you tell her when you proposed that you weren't worthy of her? That always makes a good impression.”

“Well, I was going to. But she told me so first.”

HE—“Weren't we engaged last year?”

SHE—“I expect so, if you were staying in the same hotel as I was.”

HE—“May I kiss you?”

SHE—“Heavens! Another amateur!”

FATHER—“Isn't that young man rather fast?”

DAUGHTER—“Yes, but I don't think he'll get away.”

NED—"Well, what did she say when you proposed to her?"

JOHN—"I didn't propose. Before I got a chance she told me she loved Emerson, Longfellow and Poe, and what chance did I have with a girl who is in love with three other fellows?"

SHE—"I'm sorry to disappoint you, but the fact is, last night I became engaged to Dick."

HE (knowing her)—"Well, how about next week?"

The vicar was taking to task one of the young members of his flock. "William," he said, "I hear that you have been raising false hopes in several maiden hearts. If rumor does not lie, you are engaged to one girl in this village, another in Little Mudford, and a third in Ditchley. How do you come to do such a thing?"

William grinned uneasily. "Why, parson," he explained, "I've got a bicycle."

A doctor declares that kissing shortens life. We presume he means single life.

"Why did you break your engagement with that school-teacher?"

"I didn't show up, one night, and she wanted me to bring a written excuse signed by my mother."

"Miss Lamb—er—Sylvia—there's a question I've been wanting to ask you for weeks."

"Carry on, old thing, the answer's been waiting for months."

HIS GIRL—"Reginald, dear, do try and be cheerful. I know it will come all right. Mamma, at least, is on our side."

REGINALD—"What makes you think so?"

HIS GIRL—"Well, dear, I heard her tell papa not to judge you too much by appearances."

A charming girl recently became engaged to a young man who seemed sceptical at times as to the depth of her affection for him.

"And am I the very first man you have ever loved, Maud?" he would ask.

One evening this got on the nerves of Maud, who replied petulantly:

"Why, of course you are, Frank! How tedious you men are! You all ask the same question."

A little love, a little hate,
And that was life;
A little hanging on the gate
And then a wife.

A certain canny Scotsman had carried on a courtship of long duration without definitely committing himself. The girl, if she worried herself at the long probation, gave no sign until one morning her tardy lover, thumbing a small notebook, said:

"Maggie, I hae been weighing up your guid points, and I hae already got to ten. When I get a dozen I'm goin' tae ask ye the fatal question."

"Weel, I wish ye luck, Jock," answered the maiden. "I hae also gotten a wee book, and I've been puttin' doon your bad points. There are nineteen in it already, and when it reaches the score I'm goin' tae accept the blacksmith!"

"Have you given Jack his final answer yet?"

"Not yet—but I've given him my final 'No.'"

"Did her father encourage you?"

"He smoked a 50-cent cigar I happened to have in my pocket and borrowed \$10. Is that encouragement?"

"'Encouragement'? My boy, it looks to me as if you were already a member of the family."

WIFE (with newspaper)—"Just think of it! A couple got married a few days ago after a courtship which lasted fifty years."

HUB—"I suppose the poor old man was too feeble to hold out any longer."

POMPOUS—"You have asked for my daughter's hand in marriage! What, may I ask, are your financial prospects?"

PROSPECTUS—"We have an income of about \$11,000 a year!"

POMPOUS—"Well, that's not so bad. With my daughter's allowance of \$10,000 annually, you ought to be able to get along!"

PROSPECTUS—"Yes, sir, I—I—included that!"

Our rivals are insects, says an eminent entomologist. Of course, but it's darned hard to make the girl of your dreams realize it.

GRANDDAUGHTER (being lectured)—"I seem to have heard that the girls of your period 'set their caps' at men."

DISAPPROVING GRANDMOTHER—"But not their knee-caps."

DAD—"Look here, my dear. I don't mind your sitting up late with that young man of yours, but I do object to him walking off with my morning papers!"

The old-time practise of kissing the bride received a jolt at a recent Rowan County wedding when an awkward-looking guest was asked if he had kissed the bride, and replied: "Not lately."

Her head rested on his shoulder and her little hand lay confidingly in his.

"Tell me, Alfred," said the happy maiden, "how you ever came to pick me out as the girl you wanted to marry."

"Well, Dora," replied the ecstatic young man in a gush of confidence, "it was mother that put me up to it."

"And as far as that Tommy Tompkins goes, I don't like him."

"But Father, you don't know how far he goes."

"Do you love me, darling?"

"Of course I do, Herbert."

"Herbert! My name's Arthur!"

"Why, so it is. I keep thinking that to-day is Monday."

"Jack and Emily are going to be married."

"Emily! I thought she was one of these modern girls who don't believe in marriage."

"So did Jack."

OLD GENTLEMAN (bewildered at the elaborate wedding)—
"Are you the bridegroom?"

YOUNG MAN—"No, sir; I was eliminated in the semi-finals."

See also Love; Proposals.

CREDIT

"So you've given up drinking, have you, 'Rastus?" said the grocer.

"Yes, sah," said the old fellow, "I ain't teched a drap in fo' weeks."

"Well, you deserve credit for that."

"Yes, sah; dat's jes' what I thinks, Mistah Brown. I was jus' gwine ter ax yo' if yo' cud trus' me fo' some groceries."

O'Donnel who kept the corner saloon was in the back room playing penochle with the boys. Hennessey, his barkeeper, interrupted him with this question: "Is Mahoney good for a drink?" Without looking up from his cards O'Donnel answered: "Has he had it?" "He has," replied the barkeeper. "He is," said the boss.

CRITICS

"I have had," the dramatist stated, "a whole crowd of imitators."

"Yes," said the critic, "especially beforehand."

A writer reminds us that at one time dramatic critics used to sit on the stage. Nowadays they merely sit on the author, the cast, the scenery and the producer.

"The luminosity of some critics reminds one of a blind man watching in a dark room for a black cat which isn't there, or a nigger making ink at midnight."

CROSSWORD PUZZLES

TEMPERANCE LECTURER—"What is the curse of Britain to-day? What brings man bleary-eyed to his work? What makes women neglect their children? Yes—and *what* is wrecking 'arf the 'appy 'omes in our land? What is it, gentlemen?"

VOICE FROM THE CROWD—"Cross-word puzzles!"

"Are you wearing spectacles, old man?"

"Yes. Thru cross-word puzzles I've contracted an optical defect. One eye travels vertically and the other horizontally!"

CULTURE

One of our English literature professors, whose name we must in all kindness withhold, was negotiating for some time with a ladies' literary club in Maine, about a lecture on Chaucer, on whom he was a distinguished authority. They finally wrote, "We have decided to have a baked bean supper instead."

"What a beautiful landscape! You say Frank Wilcox painted it? Oh, I don't like his work! I'm always admiring some picture, and then finding out that it's his."

A story is told of a young Polish girl in a New York school who was asked to write the difference between an educated man and an intelligent man. She summed it up thus: "An educated man gets his thinks from some one else; an intelligent man works his own thinks."

"Who was this 'ere Nero, Bill?" asked a coster of his friend as they gazed into the picture shop. "Wasn't 'e a chap that was always cold?"

"No, that was Zero," was the answer. "Another bloke altogether."

"Did you know Harold has died? Such a clever man. He knew four dead languages." "Well, he can use them now."

A certain old lady was so concerned about one of the villagers who was unable to read that she persuaded the village school-master to give him some lessons. Some time later she met the villager and said to him:

"Well, George, I suppose you are now able to read the Bible fairly easily?"

"Lor^d, bless you, mum," he replied, "I was out of the Bible and into the football news over a week ago!"

TOURIST—"What's the matter, my man? You look dejected."

GEORGIA CRACKER—"Times is terrible. Here I spent two years learnin' to read, and now comes these talkin' pictures and it ain't necessary."

"Shakespeare was the greatest dramatist that ever lived."

"I don't think much of his work."

"But don't you think 'Hamlet' is fine?"

"No, it is just a compilation of quotations."

CURIOSITY

ART (in front of her parents)—"Here, son, take this quarter, and go and see "the Sheik" at the movies."

SMALL BROTHER—"If it's all the same to you, I'd just as soon stay here and watch you and sister, after mamma and papa go to bed."

PHRENOLOGIST—"This bump on your head shows that you are very curious."

CLIENT—"You are right. I got that by sticking my head into an elevator shaft to see if the lift was coming up and it wasn't."

CYNICS

In the English House of Commons a few years ago a very prosy member was making a long and very dull speech, when a cynic noticed a fellow member leaning forward holding an ear-

trumpet to his ear, eagerly trying to follow the speaker. Pointing his finger at the listener, the cynic exclaimed to those around him: "Look at that fool over there, refusing to avail himself of his natural advantages."

Some people can make us positively happy if they will leave us alone and keep out of our sight.

A young man who had taken his Ford out on a cold wintry day was covering the engine with a blanket.

LITTLE BOY (looking on)—"Don't cover it up, mister, I saw what it was."

A certain man was tempted to leave instruction in his will that this epitaph should be put upon his tomb:

Don't bother me now,
 Don't bother me never.
 I want to be dead
 For ever and ever.

"What would you say a cynic was?"

"A cynic, dear girl, is a man who has never stepped out with anything but a co-ed and who claims that all women are alike."

Yale began its \$7,000,000 investigation of human behavior by examining the brains of minnows, the big cynic.

DACHSHUNDS

MR. SPINKES—"But why did you buy a dachshund for the children?"

MR. LINKES—"So that they can all pet him at once."

The dachshund's eyes are dim
 With love for you, and tender;
 The dachshund's form is slim,
 And silvery and slender.
 And if you pat his head on Sunday,
 He'll wag his little tail on Monday!

Dachshund racing has been tried in Germany. The trouble is that on a circular track a very speedy animal often overtakes itself.

DAMAGES

Patrick Murphy, while passing down Tremont Street, was hit on the head by a brick which fell from a building in process of construction. One of the first things he did, after being taken home and put to bed, was to send for a lawyer.

A few days later he received word to call, as his lawyer had settled the case. He called and received five crisp, new \$100 bills.

"How much did you get?" he asked.

"Two thousand dollars," answered the lawyer.

"Two thousand, and you give me \$500? Say, who got hit by that brick, you or me?"

There had been a railway collision near a country town, and a shrewd lawyer had hurried to the scene of disaster. He noticed this old man with a badly injured head, and hurried up to him where he lay moaning on the ground.

"How about damages?" he began.

But the sufferer waved him off.

"G'way, boss, g'way," he said. "Ah nebber hit de train. Ah nebber done such a t'ing in all mah life! Yo' cyain't git no damages out ob me."

"Mrs. Clancy, yer child is badly spoiled."

"Gwan wid yez!"

"Well, if ye don't believe me, come and see what the steam roller just did to it."

Two friends met in the Strand the morning after an airplane raid.

"Any damage done your way?" the first asked.

"Damage! Rather!" answered the other. "Father and mother were blown clean out of the window. The neighbors say it's the first time they've been seen to leave the house together in seventeen years."

MAISIE—"The jury awarded me \$5,000 damages from that fellow that kissed me."

MAMIE—"Gee! that's swell."

MAISIE—"But he hasn't got the \$5,000 and nobody has offered to kiss me since."

An auto had just knocked a man down and run over his toes, and the victim was claiming damages.

"Great Scot!" gasped the astounded owner of the car; "you want \$200 for a damaged foot! I'm not a millionaire, you know."

"Perhaps you ain't," tersely replied the victim, "and I ain't no centipede either."

Sleeper, the Santa Fé stage driver, answers questions freely and gives the passengers a good deal of information that is not called for by their tickets. A nervous old lady was riding down a dangerous looking trail with him once, when she noticed a hatchet lying in the bottom of the stage and inquired why he carried it.

"I use the hatchet to knock injured passengers in the head," replied Mr. Sleeper.

The old lady gasped with astonishment and drew away from him to the other end of the seat.

Sleeper leaned over toward her, and in a confidential whisper explained:

"We have a good many accidents on this here line. The stage's allus tippin' over and rollin' down precipices, and every time a passenger gits hurt he sues the company for damages. These here damage suits uses up all the profits of stagin', and we've had to stop 'em, so every driver carries a hatchet. When a passenger gits hurt we simply knock 'em on the head and throw the body over a precipice, and then there ain't no law-suit. See?"

DANCING

DOC—"Now, remember, you can't dance for two weeks."

PATIENT—"I know it, Doc, the record is seventy-two hours."

HE—"I do hope you will pardon my dancing on your feet—I'm a little out of practice."

SHE—"I don't mind your dancing on them. It's the continual jumping on and off that aggravates me."

"A dancer spun round on her toe thirty-eight times—of all the useless stunts!"

"Oh, I don't know. It would come in handy if she ever had to get the dinner in a kitchenette."

HE—"When I dance with you I feel as though I were treading on clouds."

SHE—"Don't kid yourself; those are my feet."

Her mother took Peggy from the dancing school because the child persisted in dancing her own way rather than follow instructions. A little later, at a family party, Peggy was showing her footwork and her uncle asked if she was still taking dancing lessons. "No, Uncle John," she replied, "I don't go to dancing school any more. I just take private lessons from myself."

DEAN INGE

At a recent dinner in London A. P. Herbert made a palpable hit at that busy journalistic cleric, Dean Inge. "He is usually described as a pillar of the church," said Mr. Herbert. "Really, he is two columns of an evening newspaper."

A street in London has been named after a well-known dean. Lamp posts at short intervals, however, disperse the gloom.

DEBTS

A doctor was called upon to attend the butler of an aristocratic but impecunious patient. When he arrived he found the man in bed, and a very superficial examination revealed the fact that there was nothing whatever the matter with him.

"It's like this, sir," said the butler, in a hoarse whisper. "The madam owes me \$30 in wages, and I'm goin' to stop here until I get it."

"And a very good idea," said the doctor. "Move over. She owes me \$250."

A collection attorney received an account accompanied by a request that he "move heaven and earth to get this scoundrel." He replied: "There would be no use in moving either locality in this instance. The debtor died last week."

A retail dealer in leather goods wrote to a firm in Massachusetts ordering a carload of merchandise. The Massachusetts firm wired:

"Cannot ship your order until the last consignment is paid for."

"Unable to wait so long," telegraphed the leather merchant. "Cancel the order."

"I understand your husband can't meet his creditors."

"I don't believe he wants to, particularly."

AUTOIST—"I haven't paid a cent for repairs on my machine all the ten months I have had it."

FRIEND—"So the man who did the repairs told me."

The celebrated French poet, Saint-Foix, who, in spite of his large income, was always in debt, sat one day in a barber's shop waiting to be shaved. He was lathered, when the door opened and a tradesman entered who happened to be one of the poet's largest creditors. No sooner did this man see Saint-Foix than he angrily demanded his money. The poet composedly begged him not to make a scene.

"Won't you wait for the money until I am shaved?"

"Certainly," said the other, pleased at the prospect.

Saint-Foix then made the barber a witness of the agreement, and immediately took a towel, wiped the lather from his face, and left the shop. He wore a beard to the end of his days.

BUSINESS MAN—"You're better off than I am, my man, I'm two hundred thousand in debt."

UNEMPLOYED—"Well, it wouldn't hurt you much to go another ten cents in the hole, would it, Mister?"

"I never forget anything when it is once in my head."

"Well, old man, how about that \$25 I lent you some time back?"

"Of course, that's different. I put that in my pocket."

See also Bills; Collections.

DEFINITIONS

"What are these 'yesmen' that I sometimes hear about?" writes a feminine inquirer.

"Yesmen, madam, are fellows who hang around the man that nobody noes."

"Two or three" always means at least three, or three and upward. "One or two" seldom if ever means one. "In a minute" means anywhere from five to fifty minutes. "That reminds me of a story" means, "Now you keep quiet while I tell my joke." "I hold no brief for" means, "I am now going to defend—" "While I do not wish to appear critical" means, "But I am going to have my say out anyhow." "Of course it's no business of mine" means, "I am simply devoured with curiosity." "My conduct calls for no apology and needs no explanation" is the usual introduction for an apology or an explanation. "No one could possibly have mistaken my meaning" is what we say when some one has mistaken it.

An artist, very much married, spent a riotous evening with some of "the boys," and felt—and looked—very seedy "the morning after."

His wife was anxious about him and persuaded him to consult a doctor. The latter, after examining his patient, diagnosed his complaint and prescribed for him.

"The wife will want to know what I am suffering from," said the patient as the doctor showed him out.

"Oh, tell her it's syncopation," was the reply.

On his return home hubby repeated to her what the doctor had said. She did not know what the word meant, so she looked it up in a dictionary and read: "Syncopation—an uneven movement from bar to bar."

OPTIMIST—"Sick man learning to play a harp."

PESSIMIST—"Sick man learning to shovel coal."

TEACHER—"What is an island, Charles?"

CHARLEY—"A place where the bottom of the sea sticks up thru the water."

EPHRAIM—"What you call it when a gal gits married three times—bigotry?"

MOSE—"Lawsy, boy, you suttonly am a ignoramus. Why, when a gal gets married two times, dat am bigotry, when she tries it three times, dat am trigonometry."

MRS. BLANK (reading)—"John, dear, what is a canard?"

MR. BLANK—"Is it possible you don't know what a canard is? Why, the word explains itself."

MRS. BLANK—"Well, I can't see it. What does it mean, anyway?"

MR. BLANK—"A canard is a story one canardly believe. See?"

Life is what you make.

The late Major Barttelot was the hero of one of the most delightful of schoolboy blunders. "What is the meaning of the word 'adage'?" was the question asked by the master. Young Barttelot replied, "A place to put cats." The master, as much mystified as the class, called him up at the end of the lesson, and asked him what had put such an idea into his head. "Well, sir," said Barttelot, looking injured, "doesn't it say in Shakespeare: 'Like the poor cat in the adage'?"

TEMPTATION—Something which when resisted gives happiness and which when yielded to gives greater happiness.

POPULAR MAN—One with a talent for boring others less than they bore him.

"Papa, what's d-e-w?"

"Well, son, when the world began, and the cosmic forces were put in motion, they worked so hard all night they er—per-spired—and that's what we call dew."

DENTISTS

"Did you get your money?" asked the wife of the dentist who had called to collect an account.

"Not a cent," growled the dentist, "and, worse than that, he insulted me, and gnashed my teeth at me!"

The dentist has his troubles.

After working on a woman who had an extravagant coiffure to impede his progress and handicap his manipulations, Dr. Pullem (right name withheld by advertising department), sighed his relief and motioned for her to arise.

The woman pulled herself together, looked into a mirror, and then again seated herself in the chair.

"I am all thru with your teeth," the dentist told her.

"I know," the woman answered, "but aren't you going to fix up my hair?"

THE DENTIST—"That you said this tooth hadn't been stopt before?"

THE PATIENT (feebly)—"No, it hasn't."

THE DENTIST—"Well, there are traces of gold on my instrument."

THE PATIENT (more feebly)—"Perhaps you've struck my back collar-stud!"

Little Dorothy had been to the dentist's to have a tooth extracted. This is the way she explained the procedure:

"The man grabbed hold with a pair of tongs and pulled his best, and just before it killed me the tooth came out."

DEPRESSION

It seems that 1930 and 1931 will go down as the years that went down.

America is willing to do almost anything for the workingman except give him a job.

NOTICE ON FRONT GATE—"Beggars, pedlars, etc., please beware of the Wolf at my front door."

Business will get better, but we won't know it when it does, says Henry Ford. That's an idea. Perhaps it has been better all along.

Before the economic depression the tenth word in a telegram was "love." Now the tenth word is "please."

BRIDE (seeking groom)—"What's become of Sandy?"

BEST MAN—"He's behind the car trying on the old shoes!"

Mr. Walter S. Gifford, president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, has been named head man of Mr. Hoover's unemployment board this winter, indicating that Washington's attitude toward the depression is summed up by the words, "Excuse it, please."

DESTINATION

A long, hungry-looking individual "buted in" on the waiting line at the Sacramento Northern ticket window and the men who were in a hurry glowered. "I want a ticket to Marysville," said the man, and he put 50 cents under the wicket.

"You can't go to Marysville for 50 cents," returned the ticket seller.

"Well, then," asked the man, "where can I go for 50 cents?"

And each of the 14 men in the waiting line told him where he could go.

A man got in a cab at the Richmond railway station and said:
"Drive me to a haberdasher's."

"Yaas, suh," said the driver, as he whipped up his horse and drove a block; then, leaning over to address his passenger, said:

"Scuse me, boss, but whar d'yu say you want'er go?"

"To a haberdasher's."

"Yaas, suh; yaas, suh!"

After another block there was the same performance.

"Scuse me boss, but whar d'yu say yu want'er go?"

"To a haberdasher's," was the somewhat impatient reply.

Then came the final appeal.

"No look a-here, boss, I be'en drivin' in dis town twenty years and I ain't never giv' nobody away yit. Now you jes' tell dis niggar whar 't is you want'er go."

DIARIES

"Mother, can I keep a diary?"

"Certainly, darling."

"But can I keep this perfectly dizzy one I found downstairs in your desk?"

A really practical diary is said to be coming on the market. Only the dates for the first week are printed, and the rest of the sheets are perforated for shaving-papers.

DIET

A diet expert suggests the juice of an orange and a slice of bran bread in the morning, but doesn't say whether it is to be taken before or after breakfast.

OLD LADY—"Can't you cheer your little brother up and stop his crying?"

SMALL BOY—"Well, did you ever try to cheer anybody up that's just had five bananas, two hot dogs, and seven ice cream cones?"

A minister tells me of an amusing slip of the tongue which he perpetrated the other day. Quoting an old proverb, he said: "The proof of the pudding is in the evening." It seems to me he wasn't so far wrong after all.

WILLIE—"Ma, if the baby was to eat tadpoles, would it give him a big bass voice like a frog?"

MOTHER—"Good gracious, no! They'd kill him."

WILLIE—"Well, they didn't!"

Mary had a little lamb,
 A lobster and some prunes,
 A glass of milk, a piece of pie,
 And then some macaroons;
 It made the naughty waiters grin
 To see her order so;
 And when they carried Mary out,
 Her face was white as snow.

It was the duty of Janet, the maid, to tie up Jeff, the house dog, every night before she retired. One night she failed in her duty, and next morning found Jeff loose.

He had played havoc with the contents of the larder. When the mistress heard the news, she inquired:

"Has he eaten much, Janet?"

"Every blessed thing," replied the maid, "except the dog biscuits!"

A dignified Cornell professor broadcasts a warning against eating the cellulose wrappers that come around the smokes. And what we can't see is why he didn't also tell us never to eat the can the beans come in, too!

The heat must be awful at Cornell this summer!

My soul, be on thy guard.
 Ten thousand foes arise,
 Including sinkers boiled in lard
 And many kinds of pies.
 O watch and fight each day
 Around the dinner hour.

A second helping paves the way
For Satan's awful power.
Wouldst thou be free from sin?
Thine eager lips avert
From overmuch of protein
And any rich dessert.
For worthy lives restored
Are they that have the will
To quit the wicked festal board
A little hungry still.

The little boy was gazing pensively at a gooseberry-bush.
"What's the matter, darling?" asked his mother.
"Have gooseberries any legs, mother?" asked the little chap.
"No, darling, of course they haven't," said his mother.
The boy's look became more pensive than ever.
"Then I guess I must have swallowed a caterpillar," he said.

A little fellow of our acquaintance wants to know why vitamins were put in spinach and cod liver oil instead of in cake and candy.

FRIEND—"Why do you always inquire what your patients eat? Does it help your diagnosis?"

DOCTOR—"No, but it helps my charges for professional services."

Two men, waiting on the corner for the lights to change, got into a conversation.

"See that man over there? I owe my fortune to him," remarked one of them.

"Who is he?" remarked the other.

"He is a pie maker who supplies 95 per cent of the restaurants in town."

"Huh! And who are you?"

"I am the millionaire dyspepsia tablet manufacturer."

DIPLOMACY

"Before we were married," she complained, "you always engaged a cab when you took me anywhere. Now you think the street-car is good enough for me."

"No, my darling, I don't think the street-car is good enough for you; it's because I'm so proud of you. In a cab you would be seen by nobody, while I can show you off to so many people by taking you in a street-car."

A young American woman wished to be presented at the court of the King of Saxony. The high officials, having inquired into her social standing at home, objected. They represented to her that the King could scarcely receive the daughter of a retail boot-seller.

The young woman cabled home and told her father the situation. The next morning she received his answer:

"Can't call it selling. Practically giving them away. See advertisement."

That solved the difficulty. She was presented as the daughter of an "eminent philanthropist."

"Did you use diplomacy when you discharged your cook?"

"I presume you might call it that," answered Mr. Glipping. "I fired her over the telephone and hung up the receiver before the wire got hot."

"What do you mean by going around telling people that I am swell-headed and stuck up?" asked the Big Man.

"I didn't say anything of the kind," replied the Little Man. "I merely remarked that you were orgulous to an extreme degree."

"Oh, well, that's different," said the Big Man.

DOUGHBOY—"Aw, what do you know about war?"

LEATHERNECK—"Nothin', buddy. Not a thing. War's somethin' I don't know nothin' about. But I got two medals in an intervention, three machete cuts, in a pacification, and six bullet wounds in a punitive expedition."

A diplomat is a person who is appointed to avert situations that would never occur if there were no diplomats.

We are reminded by Herbert Adams Gibbons that the United States has often done exactly what Japan is doing at Shanghai. It gets a person nowhere to have as keen a memory as that.

DISCRETION

WILLIE—"Paw, what is discretion?"

PAW—"Discretion is something that comes to a man when he is too old to benefit by it, my son."

DISTANCES

"How far is it to the railroad station?" "Two minutes' walk if you run."

"You say," quizzed the lawyer, "that the defendant fired three shots at you in rapid succession? Now, how far were you from him when he fired?"

"The fust shot, or the last one, sah?"

"Why? What difference does that make?"

"'Bout a quatah ob a mile, sah."

"How far is it to New York?" asked the passenger with a mileage book.

"I can't say exactly," replied the conductor who used to work in a dry-goods store. "But I should guess about a yard and three-quarters."

TEACHER—"Which is farther away, England or the moon?"

JOHNNY—"England."

TEACHER—"England? What makes you think that?"

JOHNNY—"Cause we can see the moon and we can't see England."

An Irishman boarded the train at Woonsocket, S. D., and said to the conductor: "Conductor, how far is it from Woonsocket to Mitchell?" "It is twenty-nine miles from Woonsocket to Mitchell." "Thankee, sir, an' how far is it from Mitchell to Woonsocket?" "Why, you darn fool, didn't I tell you it was twenty-nine miles from Woonsocket to Mitchell; do you suppose it is any further from Mitchell to Woonsocket than from Woonsocket to Mitchell?" "Sure an' I don't know. I know it's a deal further from New Year's to Christmas than from Christmas to New Year's."

DITTO

Two Hebrews went in business together in a small town, one went to New York to buy the goods, and the other stayed at home. The one who stayed at home got the bills a few days after his partner was in New York. The bills were as follows: 24 Doz. Neck Wear, and 8 Doz. Ditto; 24 suits and 4 Ditto; 18 Pants and 12 Ditto. This ditto part bothered the one at home; so he telegraphed his partner to come home immediately. When his partner arrived he showed him the bills and said:

"Vat for do you mean you shall buy ditto for a clothing business?"

"I buy ditto?" asked the brother.

"Yes, here's de bills."

"Vell, dey stuck me in New York."

So he returned to New York and learned that ditto meant "the same." He came back home, and his partner meeting him at the depot said:

"Vell, Abie, did you find out vat ditto is?"

"Yes," said Abie, "I find out vat a ditto is—I'm a d—m fool, and you're a ditto."

DIVORCES

FILM STAR—"What will you charge to conduct my divorce?"

LAWYER—"If you'll give me a monopoly of your future divorces, I'll do this one for nothing!"

NANCY—"Jedge, sah, I'se don' cum fer a devorce, fum mah man."

JUDGE—"On what grounds, madam?"

"Fer infidelity, sah."

"Infidelity? Who is the other woman in the case?"

"Other woman, sah? Dey ain't no other woman, but ouah prechah don't tol' me mah man am an infidel."

LAWYER—"You want a divorce on the grounds of insanity; but are you sure your husband is insane?"

WOMAN—"Well, if he isn't now, I'll live with him until he is—so get the papers ready."

"So Mrs. Blank has got a divorce. What was the trouble, incompatibility?"

"No, merely the first two syllables."

An Indianapolis lawyer who handles many divorce cases in the county courts, was approached the other day by a man who contemplated bringing divorce proceedings against his wife.

"I want to find out if I have ground for a divorce," he informed the attorney on entering his office.

"Are you married?" the lawyer asked.

"Why, yes, of course," responded the client.

"Then you have grounds," the attorney said.

"So you want a divorce, Rastus?"

"Yes, suh, jedge, yo' honah—Ah sho'ly does."

"What's the trouble?"

"'Count ob ma wife makin' an ironical remark."

"An ironical remark?"

"Yes, suh—she says if you don't go to work, I'll hit you in the face wid dis flatiron."

TEACHER—"Horatio, where is your sister today?"

HORATIO—"Gettin' measured for a new dress: she's flower girl in a divorce case."

DOCTORS

"Doctor, I am sorry to drag you so far out in the country on such a bad night."

"Oh, it's alright because I have another patient near here so I can kill two birds with one stone."

PHYSICIAN—"From this brief examination I am of the opinion that you are suffering from clergyman's sore throat."

PATIENT—"The h— you say!"

PHYSICIAN (hastily)—"But it is quite possible I'm wrong. I will look again."

SAILOR—"I'm a little better, Doc, but I'm still a little short of breath."

DOCTOR—"Have patience, my lad, and we'll soon stop that."

"What did you operate on Jones for?"

"A hundred pounds."

"No, I mean what had he got?"

"A hundred pounds."

PATIENT—"Will the anesthetic make me sick?"

DOCTOR—"No, I think not."

PATIENT—"How long will it be before I know anything?"

DOCTOR—"Aren't you expecting too much of an anesthetic?"

The oldest doctor in the world has just celebrated his hundredth birthday. His case is regarded as a triumph for Nature over medical knowledge.

He had just hung out his shingle. That morning a stranger entered. The doctor asked to be excused as he hurried to the phone.

Taking down the receiver, he said: "Yes, this is Dr. Whoosit. Yes, I will be ready for you at two-ten this afternoon. But please be prompt for I am very busy. Two hundred dollars? Yes, that was the estimate I gave you."

• Hanging up the receiver, he turned to the stranger and, rubbing his hands, asked: "Now, sir, what can I do for you?"

"Nothing," replied the stranger, quietly. "I only came in to connect up the telephone."

JONES—"Come over as quickly as you can, doctor. My wife has fallen and broken her leg."

SPECIALIST—"Which leg is it?"

JONES—"The left one."

SPECIALIST—"You'll have to get someone else, then. I specialize on the right leg only."

THE LADY—"Are you fond of lobster salad, doctor?"

THE DOCTOR—"No, I'm not fond of it, but I'm grateful to it."

HOST (to guest, a retired doctor)—"And did you ever make a serious mistake in your diagnosis?"

GUEST—"Yes, one serious one—I once treated a patient for indigestion and she could easily have afforded appendicitis!"

The student meditated thoughtfully ere he spoke.

"I am not sure, father, whether I shall be a specialist for the ears or the teeth."

"Choose the teeth, my boy; everyone has thirty-two of them, but only two ears."

QUACK DOCTOR (addressing crowd)—"Two years ago, my friends, I was a physical wreck—'orrible to behold. Now I'm a-goin' to tell you what wrought this wonderful change."

OLD LADY (in crowd)—"Wot change?"

PATIENT (at lunatic asylum)—"We like you better than the last doctor."

NEW DOCTOR (flattered)—"How is that?"

PATIENT—"You seem more like one of us."

The Rev. Dr. Channing had a brother, a medical doctor, whom he very much resembled. A gentleman met the latter one day and said:

"You preached a fine sermon on Sunday, Doctor"; to which he replied:

"I am not the brother that preaches; I am the one that practises."

DOCTOR—"H'm! You are run down, sir. You need an ocean voyage. What is your business?"

PATIENT—"Second mate of the *Anna Maria*, just in from Hong Kong."

An English professor wrote on the blackboard in his laboratory:

"Professor Wilson informs his students that he has this day been appointed honorary physician to her Majesty Queen Victoria."

In the course of the morning he had occasion to leave the room, and found on his return that some student wag had added to the announcement the words:

"God save the Queen!"

DOCTOR—"The more lawyers the longer the case."

LAWYER—"The more doctors the shorter the case."

A young Doctor had among his first patients an uncommonly dirty infant brought to his rooms in the arms of a mother whose face showed the same abhorrence of soap. Looking down upon the child for a moment, he solemnly said: "It seems to be suffering from 'hydropathic hydrophobia.'"

"Oh, Doctor, is it as bad as that?" cried the mother. "That's a big sickness for such a mite. Whatever shall I do for the child?"

"Wash its face," replied the doctor. "The disease will go off with the dirt."

"Wash its face! Wash its face, indeed!" exclaimed its mother, losing her temper. "What next, I'd like to know?"

"Wash your own, madam, wash your own!" was the rejoinder.

It was a bicycle accident. The man had broken his leg. She confiscated the walking stick of a passer-by and broke it in three pieces for splints; she blushingly took off her underskirt for bandages, and she was enthusiastically cheered by the crowd. When all was completed she summoned a cab and took her patient to the hospital.

"Who bandaged this limb so creditably?" inquired the surgeon.

"I did," she blushingly replied.

"Well, it is most beautifully done," said the surgeon, "but you have, I see, made one little mistake."

She felt terribly self-conscious.

"You have bandaged the wrong leg."

The doctor was examining a naval hospital orderly for advancement in rating. "What would you do if the captain fainted on the bridge?"

"Bring him to," warbled the aspiring orderly.

"Then what?" asked the doctor.

"Bring him two more," returned the man promptly.

A village newspaper contains this reference to the local hospital achievements. "Our esteemed fellow-citizen Abner Brown will go to the hospital tomorrow to be operated on for appendicitis. He will leave a wife and two children."

"Ah, we doctors have many enemies in this world."

"Yes—but more in the next!"

BAGGS—"I'm worried. My girl is running around with that new doctor in town."

JAGGS—"Feed her an apple a day."

Snipps, badly depressed, had gone to consult the doctor. The doctor sounded his heart, felt his pulse, and looked at his tongue.

"The trouble with you is the same as that with another patient of mine," he said. "He worried and got nervous dyspepsia. He was worrying himself to death about his tailor's bill. Now he is cured."

"But how did you cure him?" asked the new patient.

"I told him to stop worrying, and he has," replied the doctor.

"I know," was the doleful answer—"I know he has. But I'm his tailor!"

"I don't like your heart action," the doctor said, applying the stethoscope again. "You have had some trouble with angina pectoris, haven't you?"

"You're right in a way, Doctor," said the young man sheepishly, "only that isn't her name."

A man with the croup halted a doctor on a quiet street corner.

"Doctor," he said, coughing violently, "what ought a chap to do when he's got the croup?"

The doctor's eye emitted a steely light at the thought of being lunched out of a free prescription, and he said:

"Such a man, my friend, ought to consult a good physician."

"Thanks, Doctor," said the sufferer, as he took his leave. "That's what I'll do then."

"Doctor," asked a patient, "I am feeling much better now, and I want you to let me have your bill."

"Nonsense, sir," said the physician, "do be calm; you are not strong enough for that yet!"

DOCTOR—"Cheer up! I've had exactly the same complaint."

PATIENT—"Yes—but you didn't have the same doctor!"

PAT—"I say, doctor, did you ever doctor another doctor?"

DOCTOR—"Oh, yes, very often."

PAT—"Well, tell me this: Does a doctor doctor a doctor the way the doctored doctor wants to be doctored, or does the doctor doing the doctoring doctor the other doctor in his own way?"

"Doctor, tell me all. I am prepared for the very worst. Hide nothing from me."

"Well, if you insist—my bill will amount to £25."

See also Bills.

DOGS

"I had a bird dog once," the old sportsman observed, "that was really noteworthy. He never failed on a point. One day I had him out for exercise in the park, when suddenly he pointed, rigid as a stone. I was puzzled. There was no possibility of game. The grass was close clipped. The dog had his nose straight on a man seated on a bench. I thot the man might have a live bird in his pocket, but no, the man was in his shirt sleeves. Then I had an idea.

"'Pardon me, sir,' I said, 'but would you mind telling me your name?'

"'No, I don't mind,' he replied. 'It's Partridge.'"

Bosco—"Your dog howled all night."

Rosco—"That's a sign of death. Whose, I wonder?"

Bosco—"Your dog's, if he howls again tonight."

Nip Harper says that when he takes his double-barrel shotgun to go hunting, Towser refuses to be stampeded by trees hanging full of squirrels and would hunt nothing but quail. When he takes up his rifle, then the sagacious animal will not cast a sidelong glance at a quail, but gives his whole attention to

squirrels. When Nip takes up his club, neither squirrels nor quail can secure any attention from Towser. He has eyes for rabbits only. And the other day, when Nip took his pole and fishing tackle to go fishing awhile Towser gave a demonstration heretofore unknown in his curriculum. He went to work industriously digging up the ground in search of fishing worms.

In Delta, Colorado, the town council is becomingly modest; and we are told that when a tax on dogs was imposed, they made the ordinance read: "Tax on each dog—male, one dollar; vice versa, three dollars."

Elegy On the Death of A Mad Dog

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short,—
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a Godly race he ran,—
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,—
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighboring streets
The wondering neighbors ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad,
 To every Christian eye;
 And while they swore the dog was mad,
 They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
 That showed the rogues they lied;
 The man recovered of the bite,
 The dog it was that died.

—*Oliver Goldsmith.*

KNIGHT OF THE ROAD—"Say, boy, your dog bit me on the ankle."

BOY—"Well, that's as high as he could reach. You wouldn't expect a little pup like that to bite you on the neck, would you?"

A business man who had been irritated beyond measure by solicitors for this and that—tag-days, drives, and charity advertising—so the story goes, was bitten by a dog. He went on to "business as usual." When word got around his outer office and a couple of his irritants inquired solicitously of him:

"You have just been bitten by a mad dog?"

"Yes. I was." (Business of not looking up)

"What! And you came right to your office?"

"Yes. There was some writing I felt I just had to get done."
 (Business of going on writing)

"O, I see. Writing your will, I take it."

"No. Writing the names of the people I am going to bite when I go mad."

"Lay down, pup; lay down!" ordered the man. "Good doggie—lay down, I say."

"You'll have to say 'Lie down,' Mister," declared a small bystander. "That's a Boston terrier."

AGITATED HOTEL MANAGER—"Say, don't you know that you shouldn't whistle in the lobby like that?"

BELL BOY—"Boss, I ain't whistlin'. I'se pagin' Missus Jones' dawg."

Willie wanted a dog, and his uncle met his hint to that effect by saying, "Well, Willie, suppose I do give you \$200 for a dog. Would you spend all that for one dog, or would you buy a pretty good dog, and put the rest of the money in the savings bank?"

"Uncle," said Willie, "if you leave it to me, I'll buy two hundred one-dollar dogs."

MRS. LADIDAH—"I'm going to enter Fido in the dog show next week."

FRIEND—"Do you think he will win?"

MRS. LADIDAH—"No, but he'll meet some nice dogs."

Seven-year-old Mary had been repeatedly cautioned against bandling any object that might contain germs. "Mother," she said, "I shall never play with my puppy any more, because he has germs on him."

"Oh, no!" replied the mother. "There are no germs on your puppy."

"Yes, there are," insisted the child. "I saw one hop."

You can buy a dog with money, but it takes love to put a wag in its tail.

On the main street a little woolly dog appeared bearing a large bone in his mouth. He was bent on burying the bone, and to that end he attempted to scratch a hole in the asphalt pavement without of course making the slightest impression on its hard surface. From street to street he went with the bone in his mouth, stopping at intervals to scratch furiously at the impervious asphalt until he finally arrived at the corner of a street where the Automobile Club had erected one of its signs. A resident of the city saw the little dog gaze earnestly at the sign for a few minutes, and then with the bone firmly clenched between his teeth he darted off up the street, and was still going at top speed as far as the resident could see him. A moment later the resident looked at the Automobile Club sign. It read as follows: "Six Miles to a Dirt Road."

See also Dachshunds.

DREAMS

Alphonse presented himself, breathless, at the ticket office of the steamship company. He addressed the agent confidentially.

"Oh, monsieur, I wish a stateroom on your next steamship sailing for Hayre," he said, "and I wish above all to secure for my passage the room No. 33."

The agent shook his head.

"Too bad you've set your heart on it," he said, "for it's been engaged over a fortnight by people that wouldn't like to change. Won't any other stateroom do you?"

"But, monsieur, it was in a dream I saw the number," said Alphonse sadly. "My grandfather, dead now twenty years, appeared to me, well and hearty, and on each cheek was a figure 3, so"—and Alphonse illustrated freely.

The agent had not much regard for superstition, but he knew his man.

"Look here," he said. "Was your grandfather's mouth open or shut when he appeared to you?"

"But, monsieur, it was open slightly, thus"—and Alphonse again illustrated.

"You're all right, then," said the agent cheerfully. "Three hundred and three is what you want, and I have it here for you."

"I had a queer dream last night," said Mr. Gabb.

"What was it about?" asked Mrs. Gabb.

"I dreamt that I saw you for the first time," replied Mr. Gabb.

"And what did you do?" asked Mrs. Gabb, sweetly.

"I declined to be introduced, and I kept on running," replied Mr. Gabb.

A young man went into a music store the other day and said to the clerk: "Have you got a song called 'You Carry Your Barnacles Hither and Thither'?"

"Do you know who wrote it?"

The young man shook his head.

After a search that lasted a quarter of an hour, the clerk said: "I am afraid I can't locate it. Do you know the publisher?"

"No," the young man replied. "In fact, I am not certain there is a song like that at all. I dreamed about it the other night and I just wanted to find out."

JONES—"So I was talking in my sleep last night, eh? That's strange. I was dreaming of your mother."

MRS. JONES—"Why is it strange?"

JONES—"I don't see how I got a chance to say a word."

DRIVERS

See Automobiles and Automobile Drivers.

DRUG STORES

CUSTOMER—"Good heavens, Mr. Druggist, I'm poisoned! It must have been the sandwiches my wife gave me."

PHARMACIST—"Yes, that's it. I tell you, you're taking a chance every time you eat a sandwich that isn't prepared by a registered pharmacist."

CUSTOMER—"So you've got rid of that pretty assistant you had?"

DRUGGIST—"Yes, all my gentlemen customers kept saying that a smile from her was as good as a tonic!"

"I hear Jones fell down on his pharmacy examination."

"Yes—he got mixed on the difference between a club and a Western sandwich."

A man entered a drug-store very hurriedly and asked for a dozen two-grain quinine pills.

"Do you want them put in a box, sir?" asked the clerk, as he was counting them out.

"Oh, no, certainly not," replied the customer. "I was thinking of rolling them home."

"I understand Jones has been given a medal by the Society for Pharmaceutical Research." "Yes, he has invented three new types of sandwiches."

Two druggists were talking about one of their confrères who had just died.

"He was a great druggist," said one.

"He was," admitted the other. "But don't you think he made his chicken-salad a little too salty?"

The druggist was awakened long after midnight by the violent ringing of his doorbell. On looking out his window he saw a young miss in evening clothes. "What's the matter," he cried, as he pulled on his dressing gown. "Somebody ill?" "Oh, no," she cried gaily; but I'm at a dance close by and I've mislaid my rouge." "Really?" asked the druggist, softly. "Well I'm sorry but I never keep enough rouge in stock to cover a cheek like yours."

DYSPEPSIA

"You've got indigestion; that's what's the matter with you," said the doctor.

"Oh, that's what it is, then?" inquired the patient.

"That's it. You've been eating a lot of meat, I suppose?"

"I have; yes."

"Well, now you're paying for it."

"Would you mind telling my butcher that, doctor?"

"Jack, dear, before our wedding I wish you would see a doctor."

"Why should I? I am well, except for a touch of dyspepsia."

"That's just it. I'd like you to get a certificate from him which would show that your dyspepsia antedated our marriage."

"Ever have any trouble with dyspepsia?"

"Only when I try to spell it."

"Wonder what causes indigestion?"

"Frequently it is caused by the inability of a round stomach to adjust itself to a square meal."

"Have you ever tried to masticate your food thoroly?" asked the doctor of his patient.

"I did once on a railroad dining car," replied the thin man. "I was chewing at a mile a minute."

DOCTOR—"Your trouble is dyspepsia; you should laugh heartily before and after your meals."

PATIENT—"Impossible, doctor. I cook them myself and then I wash the dishes."

ECONOMY

WIFE—"Dear, if you'll get a car I can save a lot on clothes during our vacation this summer."

HUB—"How do you mean?"

WIFE—"Well, you see, if we go to one hotel as formerly, I'll need seven dresses; whereas if we have a car I can get one dress and we'll go to seven hotels."

A prominent New York broker was joking a friend about his recent removal to a certain lonely suburb in New Jersey. The conversation ran something like this:

"What on earth possessed you to go out there, anyhow?"

"So as to save money."

"How? Is food any cheaper there?"

"On the contrary, it is slightly more expensive than in Brooklyn."

"And have you carfare to pay?"

"Yes; and the coal is dearer, too."

"How, then, do you expect to save?"

"Well, no opera, \$200 a year; no café meals, \$500 a year; no theatres, \$400 a year; no taxi fares, \$50 a year; no distractions of any kind, \$75 a year."

"See here, Old Top," broke in the other man, "couldn't you save money by dying?"

"So you're getting married? To whom?"

"To Mary. She's a lovely girl and I think she's very economical."

"What makes you think so?"

"Well, she's always trying to reduce expenses. When I go to see her, every evening, she puts out the light, and she insists that we both sit on the same chair."

A lady who owned a tortoise-shell cat called up her grocer one morning and gave her usual economical order—an order for dried beans, hominy, yesterday's bread, and so forth—and she concluded with a request for one cent's worth of cat's meat.

The grocer sighed, for this order would have to be delivered three miles away, but, as he was entering the items in his order-book, the lady called him up again.

"Mr. Sands," she said, "O, Mr. Sands!"

"Yes, madam?"

"Mr. Sands. I want to cancel that order for cat's meat. The cat's just caught a bird."

HUBBY—"We must think of the future. We ought to economize more. If I were to die where would you be?"

WIFEY—"Why, I'd be right here. The question is, where would you be?"

SUPERVISOR—"I just found a new spike on your track; practice economy, Mike."

SECTION FOREMAN—"Good fir ye! Oi've bin havin' two of me min huntin' fir that spike all mornin'!"

A young man proposed to a girl and was accepted. After their first tender transports were over they fell into serious talk. "Now that we are engaged," said the girl, "we must begin to economize. Promise me, darling, that you won't do anything you can't afford."

The young man laughed grimly. "If I promised you that," he said, "I'd have to break off our engagement."

WORRIED HUBBY—"Business is still pretty bad, dear. If you could economize a little in dresses—wear something plainer——"

WIFEY—"Certainly, darling. I'll order some plainer dresses the first thing in the morning!"

See also Saving; Thrift.

EDITORS

If you see an editor who pleases everybody, there will be a glass plate over his face and he will not be standing up.

ST. PETER (*to applicant*)—"What was your business when on earth?"

APPLICANT—"Editor of a newspaper."

ST. PETER—"Big circulation, of course?"

APPLICANT—"No, small; smallest in the country."

ST. PETER—"Pick out your harp."

Editing country items is a pleasing business if you can stand it. If we write what pleases people—that is our duty and we deserve no credit. If we write what displeases—we are a grouch. If we write up the news as it actually is—people call us over the phone and tell us to cut it out. Yes, indeed, writing items is a pleasing business—we like it.

"I see you have employed a bouncer."

"Yes," said the editor of the Toadvine Argus. "We suddenly decided we needed one."

"What happened?"

"A wild-eyed citizen came into the—er—sanctum the other day, with a shot-gun in one hand and an ax in the other and demanded to see the fellow who had been writing articles for the paper on how to support a family of five on \$1800 a year."

"I tell you," said the young sub-editor of a local paper, "that the editor isn't in, and I'm not going to tell you again. If you have anything for him you can leave it with me."

"Very well," said the caller, taking off his coat, "I came to give him a good, sound thrashing, but I'll give it to you instead."

"Is the editor in?"

"He's somewhere about," said the office boy.

"Tell him a friend wants to see him."

"You live here, don't you?"

"No."

"All right, I'll tell him. He says he ain't got no friends in this town."

EDUCATION

Miss Mollie Brown, Georgia back-woods school-teacher and spinster of forty, but who was neither fat nor fair, was going the rounds of the neighborhood to raise her average in atten-

dance. On leaving the Dobbs place she advised Nancy, a half-grown, dyed-in-the-wool cracker girl, to come back to school, and pointedly set forth the many draw-backs of ignorance.

With a knowing bob of her head, Nancy touchily said:

"Now look here, Miss Mollie. My granmaw she didn't git no eddication, an' she got married. My maw she didn't get no eddication an' she got married. You got eddication an' you hain't got married. Huh! I ain't hankerin' ayfter eddication."

"De only thing dat some people gits out of education," said Uncle Ben, "is de ability to talk so's people can't understand 'em."

ENGLISHMAN (patronizingly)—"Your school facilities are excellent, I am told."

AMERICAN (suavely)—"Well, I should say. See the Smithsonian Institution over there? Think of a building like that just to educate the Smiths."

EFFICIENCY

. An applicant for work at the Ford plant asked a veteran Ford employe if it were true that the company was always finding methods of speeding up production by using fewer men. The veteran replied:

"Most certainly. In fact," he continued, "I just had a dream which illustrates the point. Mr. Ford was dead and I could see the pallbearers carrying his body. Suddenly the procession stopt. Mr. Ford had come to life. As soon as the casket was opened he sat upright, and, on seeing six pallbearers, cried out at once: 'Put this casket on wheels and lay off five men.'"

Latest invention seems to be wage-saving machinery that throws thousands of dollars out of circulation.

"You told me to file these letters, sir," said the new yeoman.

"Yes," returned the officer.

"Well, I was just thinkin' that it'd be easier to trim 'em with a pair of scissors."

A man who was wanted by the police had been photographed in six different positions, and the pictures were circulated among the police. The chief in a small town wrote headquarters a few days later, saying, "I duly received the pictures of the six miscreants whose capture is desired. I have arrested five of them; the sixth is under observation and will be taken soon."

Efficiency is the art of spending nine-tenths of your time making out reports that somebody thinks he is going to read but never does.

If we understand the experts correctly, rigid economy is the process by which we cut down expenses so that we can produce more cheaply and easily the things we've got too many of already.

"If you place your nose on the grindstone rough
And keep it down there long enough,
You'll soon forget there are such things
As brooks that bubble, and birds that sing;
And for you your whole world will compose,
Just you—and the stone—and your
Poor old nose."

EGOTISM

We all have to be our own center, says Dean Inge, but we are not obliged to be our own circumference.

When Herbert Spencer was in this country, a great dinner was given him in New York, at which many significant speeches were made, and the most significant and eloquent of all was by Henry Ward Beecher. Afterwards a pompous and enormously conceited physician ran up to Beecher with this exclamation, "Beecher, you are the greatest man in the world," to which Beecher replied, with biting sarcasm,

"My dear Doctor, you have, for the moment, forgotten yourself."

Confidential personal counselor, with Lincoln's inspiration and spirit of charity, offers his services.—"Ad" in *New York World*. No use. We're looking for one with Lincoln's modesty.

I love the right. With courage strong
I'll ever battle 'gainst the wrong.
And they are always right, you see,
Who in their views agree with me.

CELEBRITY (after lengthy monopoly of the conversation)—
"But enough about me; let us talk about yourself. Tell me—
what do you think of my part in the new play?"

WILLIE—"Hello! Why are you standin' here in front of the
office you got fired from last week? Waitin' to get taken back?"

JIMMIE—"Not much! I just wanted to see if they was still
in business."

In his new book, *The Life Story of King George*, Richard Dent tells of an incident at the time of the death of Queen Victoria. When the present Prince of Wales was told about the death of his famous great-grandmother, he wondered if she would be happy in heaven. He was assured she would be, but still expressed doubt, because, as he said, "She'll have to walk behind the angels, and she won't like that."

From Schenectady comes the announcement that the center of the universe has been discovered. It is going to be a shock to a lot of people when they find out that they are not it.

De hoot owl said to de whipporwill:
"You don't sing nuffin' an you won't keep still;
You ought to take notice dat it would be
Polite to let folks listen to me."

Says de whipporwill to de old hoot owl:
"You sleeps all day an' at night you prowl.
An' you shows yoh ign'unce all complete
Interruptin' de music dat I make so sweet."

An' dat's de way wif man an' bird,
Each thinks his voice should sure be heard.
An' most of us ain't got much mo' skill
Dan de old hoot owl an' de whipporwill.

Several years ago Archie Roosevelt (son of the late President U.S.A.) was asked by another boy what sort of man his father was.

"Oh," said Master Archie, "he's the sort of man who, if he went to a wedding, would want to be the bride, while, if he went to a funeral he'd want to be the corpse."

"Do you girls really like conceited men better than the other kind?"

"What other kind?"

It is a strange commentary that the head never begins to swell until the mind stops growing.

EMPLOYERS

A company promoter advertised for an office boy. His final choice fell upon a bright youth, to whom he said: "My boy, I like your appearance and your manner. I think you may do for the place. Did you bring a character?" "No, sir," replied the boy "but I'll go get it." "Very well; come back tomorrow morning and if it is satisfactory I daresay I shall engage you." Late that afternoon the financier was surprised by the return of the candidate. "Well," he said cheerfully, "have you got your character?" "No," answered the boy, "but I've got yours—and I ain't coming."

A certain firm desiring to impress upon its employes the advantages of secrecy, had the following printed on its salary receipt forms: "Please understand your salary is your personal business, and shouldn't be disclosed to anyone."

A recent addition to the staff, signing the receipt added: "I promise I won't mention it to anyone. I'm just as much ashamed of it as you are."

A backward land is one where employers pay small wages so they can make enough money to provide charity for needy workmen.

The great detective stood before the rich merchant, waiting for his instructions. "It's this way," began the merchant. "I have been robbed of hundreds of dollars. A rascal has gone about the country, pretending to be a collector of ours. He has simply coined money. Why, in a week he has collected more than all our travelers put together. He must be found as quickly as possible. Spare no expense."

"Right," said the detective, "within a week he will be in prison."

"Prison!" cried the merchant. "Why, man, I don't want him arrested; I want to employ him."

EMPLOYEE—"I have been here 10 years doing three men's work for one man's pay. Now I want a raise."

EMPLOYER (slightly Scotch)—"I can't give you a raise but if you'll tell me who the other two men are I'll discharge them."

EMPLOYMENT

"Just what good have you done to humanity?" asked the judge before passing sentence on the pickpocket.

"Well," replied the confirmed criminal, "I've kept three or four detectives working regularly."

ENEMIES

"Why, Norah," said her mistress, "how nice you look in your new dress and hat. I hope you will meet all your friends this afternoon so that they may see you in your fine clothes."

"Me friends, mum?" returned Norah. "What'll I be wantin' to see them for? Sure, I don't care to make me friends jealous. It's me enemies I want to meet when I'm dressed up."

"Have you ever tried to love your enemies?"

"Yes," answered the slow-speaking man, "I have tried. But I never got a real enemy to reciprocate my affections with any degree of reliability."

There's one nice thing about your enemies: They never borrow money from you.

ENGLISHMEN

An English lady on the Rhine, hearing a German speaking of her party as foreigners, exclaimed: "No, we are not foreigners, we are English; it is you that are foreigners."

MASCULINE BORROWER AT CHURCH STREET—"Ave you all Kyne's works?"

THE LIBRARIAN—"I don't know whether we have them all, but you will find several titles of Peter B. Kyne on that shelf."

MASCULINE BORROWER—"I don't want any books by Peter B. Kyne. I asked you for the works of 'All Caine—C-a-i-n-e."

Seated around a table in a London grill-room were some Americans and one Englishman. A breezy American remarked, "I stayed out so late last night at a drinking-club that when I started home I met myself going to the office."

There was a general laugh. The Englishman smiled doubtfully.

Another American ventured: "You see the point, don't you? Just good-natured exaggeration."

"Yes," said the Englishman, a trifle more doubtfully; "I see. He would never recognise himself in that condition."

STUDE—"And poor Harry was killed by a revolving crane."

ENGLISHWOMAN—"My word! what fierce birds you have in America."

SCENE—A hotel in Buenos Aires.

HOTEL CLERK (registering new guest)—"Foreigner, sir?"

NEW ARRIVAL (testily)—"Certainly not. English."

There was a man in Lunton Town
 An' 'e was wondrous wise,
 'E took 'is little shyvin' brush
 An' lather orl 'is fyce.
 An' w'en 'e saw the soap was on,
 Wiv orl 'is might an' main,
 'E took 'is little ryzor up
 An' shyved it orf agayne.

The cockney was making his first visit to the country. As he was preparing for bed, a terrific whoop outside of his windows shattered his nerves. He ran downstairs and shouted in his host's ear: "My God, man, what's that terrible noise?" "Why, that's nothing but an owl." "I know it's an 'owl, but 'oos 'owlin'?"

A pompous individual from England was visiting an American school one day and was asked to quiz the children on geography. He began: "What is the capital of 'Olland?"

"Hi!" was the crushing rejoinder from someone in the back row.

"I often wondered why the English were tea drinkers."

"Yes?"

"Yep, but I know now. I had some of their coffee."

Elizabeth N. Barr, an editorial writer with the *Reclassificationist*, tells a story of an Englishman who telephoned to say he had not received his paper. Having difficulty in understanding the name, the editor asked that he spell it.

"'Ow do you spell it?" the Englishman said. "Spell it with a hoe and a hen and a he and a hi and two hells.

A London 'bus driver had shouted, "Igh 'Oborn!" till the passenger on the seat behind him could no longer resist the temptation to make a joke.

"Excuse me," said the passenger, "but haven't you dropped something?"

"I see wot you're driving at," returned the driver, keenly, "but never mind. I shall pick it up when we get to Hoxford Street."

EPITAPHS

Henry Ward Beecher was once riding with Robert Ingersoll, when the latter asked him to write his epitaph. Taking a piece of paper, Mr. Beecher wrote, "Robert Burns."

Here lies the body of Johnny Sap,
He drove a car with a gal in his lap.

INSCRIPTION ON A TOMBSTONE—"Here lies an atheist. All dressed up and no place to go."

David Hume

David Hume, the celebrated historian and author of the ideal system of ethics, lies buried in Calton Hill, Edinburgh, in a circular tomb, on which the following *jeu d'esprit* has been written:

Within this circular idea
Call'd vulgarly a tomb,
The ideas and impressions lie,
That constituted Hume.

Mary Gwynne

From Cambridge:

Here lies the body of MARY GWYNNE,
Who was so very pure within
She cracked the shell of her earthly skin,
And hatched herself a cherubim.

On an infant eight months old:

Since I have been so quickly done for,
I wonder what I was begun for.

Here lies the body of GEORDIE DENHAM,
If ye saw him now ye wadna ken him.

On an Editor

"Here *lies* an Editor!
Snooks, if you will;
In mercy, Kind Providence,
Let him *lie still!*

He lied for his living: so
 He lived while he lied:
 When he could not *lie longer*
 He lied down and died."

In Burlington Churchyard, Iowa:

Beneath this stone our baby lays
 He neither cries nor hollers
 He lived just one and twenty days,
 And cost us forty dollars.

From Bath Abbey:

Here lies Ann Mann;
 She lived an old *Maid* and
 she died an old *Mann*.

"Hoe, hoe, who lies here?"
 'Tis I, thee goode Erle of Devonshire,
 With Kate, my wife, to me full dere,
 Wee lyved togeather fifty-fyve yere;
 That we spent, wee had;
 That wee lefte, we loste;
 That wee gave, wee have.

ETIQUET

Now that even the tabloid papers are giving lessons in etiquette, it becomes more important than ever for a gentleman to have bad manners.

"Yes, my dear," said the old lady, "there's one thing I'm thankful for, and that is that my daughter Lizzie married a gentleman."

"And 'ow do you know 'e was a gentleman?" said her friend.

"Because I put 'im to the test," replied the old lady. "The first time my daughter brought 'im 'ome, I gave 'im a cup of 'ot tea, and when 'e poured it out into 'is saucer, 'e didn't blow on it like any ordinary feller, 'e fanned it with is 'at."

Before little Stanley went to the party with his sister Helen, the usual instructions which precede a children's party were given by mother. However, the youngster seems to have fallen short of expectations, for when the two returned home, Helen reported, "It was awful, mother, Stanley did all the don'ts."

FIRST LITTLE GIRL—"What's etiquette, Lily?"

SECOND DITTO—"Oh, that's the noise you mustn't swallow your tea with when there's company."

Tommy's mother gave him a book on etiquette instead of the usual *Robinson Crusoe*.

It thereafter became a pretty fragment of English home life until Tommy's sister, in attempting to leave the room one day, found herself clutched by the hand and flung violently backwards into the coal scuttle.

"You ignorant little beast," protested Tommy, "don't you know that a gentleman should open the door for you?"

Another serious social problem is what to send the florist's daughter when she is ill.

LADY OF THE BARGE—"You're no lidy!"

THE OTHER LADY—"Ho! If I wasn't a lidy p'raps I could tell you wot sort of a lidy you ain't!"

E. R. favors us with a few social tips, as follows:

When a young woman is introduced to a bachelor who says, "I'm very happy to meet you," she should say with a smile, "Lucky is the word, old thing!"

Should a young lady while out skating approach a gentleman who has come a cropper on the ice, she should say, "How do you do, Mr. Jones? Oh, don't get up."

Frequently when one is introduced to a well-known person, one remarks, "I've heard a lot about you," the well-known person should reply lightly, "Well, you can't prove anything."

EXAGGERATION

"When I was in India," said the club bore, "I saw a tiger come down to the water where some women were washing clothes. It was a very fierce tiger, but one woman, with great presence of mind splashed some water in its face—and it slunk away."

"Gentlemen," said a man in an armchair, "I can vouch for the truth of this story. Some minutes after this incident I was coming down to the water, I met this tiger, and, as is my habit, stroked its whiskers. Gentlemen, those whiskers were wet."

They were lost in a snow-storm:

"Oh, look, George! There's a chicken, so we must be near a farm."

"That's not a chicken. That's the weathercock on the parish church."

It was so hot in the Yakima Valley last week that the heat affected the animals. I saw a hound dog chasing a jack rabbit, and they were both walking.

FARMER—"I never see such a season. My corn isn't an inch high!"

NEIGHBOR—"An inch? Why the sparrows have to kneel down to eat mine."

Several times during dinner the visiting Englishman had seemed about to speak, but had restrained himself. As they were having coffee he cast caution to the winds, leaned to his host, and blurted out, "Tell me, does Mr. Capone really eat beans with a machine-gun?"

Speaking of potations, this is the choicest example of morning-after story that has come to my knowledge:

The hero awakens in a state of utter physical and mental disrepair, but at least in familiar surroundings. It is his own room and his pet kitten is meandering across the floor.

"Great Scott, cat," moans the sufferer, "don't stamp your feet so!"

That, my friends, is a headache.

EVIDENCE

DOORKEEPER IN PUBLIC BUILDING—"Say, come back. Dogs are not allowed in here, sir."

VISITOR—"That's not my dog."

DOORKEEPER—"Not your dog! Why, he's following you."

VISITOR—"Well, so are you."

A school inspector said to a pretty teacher:

"Do you teach observation?"

"Yes."

"Then I will test the class. Now, children, shut your eyes and sit still." The inspector made a slow, chirping sort of noise and followed with: "Now, children, what did I do?"

One little boy piped out:

"Kissed teacher."

EMPLOYER—"Ah, Brown, I've decided to raise your salary \$2 a week."

BROWN—"Will you give me that in writing, sir?"

EMPLOYER—"Isn't my word good enough for you?"

BROWN—"Oh, yes, sir. But I want evidence to show my wife. She's expecting me to get a \$5 raise."

"The evidence shows, Mrs. Mulcohey, that you threw a stone at Policeman Casey."

"It shows more than that, yer Honer. It shows that Oi hit him."

"We must have evidence which no one dares dispute," said the judge, severely.

"That's what I'm giving, your honor," answered the witness. "It was my mother-in-law who told me."

"Would you convict a man on circumstantial evidence?" they asked the lady juror.

"I would," she replied. "I've convicted my husband that way dozens of times."

See also Witnesses.

EXAMINATIONS

MEDICAL PROFESSOR—"What would you do in the case of a person eating poisonous mushrooms?"

STUDENT—"Recommend a change of diet."

TEACHER—"Who was the king of France during the Revolution?"

CONFUSED STUDENT—"Louis the Thirteenth—no, the Fifteenth no, the Fourteenth—no, the—well, anyhow, he was in his teens."

S. S. TEACHER—"What's an epistle?"

KID—"Wife of an apostle."

Poise is the way a Dutchman says boys.

Equinox is a wild animal that lives in the Arctic.

King Arthur's Round Table was written by the author of Ten Knights in a Bar Room.

Copernicus invented the Cornucopia.

Etiquette teaches us how to be polite without trying to remember to be.

In the stone age all the men were ossified.

The climax of a story is where it says it is to be continued.

A gulf is a dent in a continent.

Buttress is a butler's wife.

Conservation means doing without things we need.

If Ponce de Leon hadn't died before he found the fountain of youth, he wouldn't have died.

MATH. INSTRUCTOR—"What do we mean when we say the whole is greater than any of its parts?"

STUDE—"A restaurant doughnut."

A conscientious young Sunday-school teacher had been telling her class of little boys about the crowns of glory and the rewards in heaven for good people. "And now, tell me," she said, "who will get the biggest crown?" There was a moment of deep silence and then a voice piped out: "Him what's got th' biggest head."

TEACHER—Now, boys, can any of you tell me something about Good Friday?"

TOMMY—"Yes, ma'am. He was the feller that done the housework for Robinson Crusoe."

An English schoolboy rendered "Pax in bello," as "Freedom from indigestion."

Little Albert came home from school with a new book under his arm. "It's a prize, Mother," he said. "A prize? What for, dear?" "For natural history. Teacher asked me how many legs an ostrich had and I said three." "But an ostrich has two legs." "I know that now, Mother, but the rest of the class said four; so I was nearest."

A Los Angeles business man was very keen on having proficient clerks in his employ, according to the Times of that flowery city. Before a clerk could enter his office he was required to pass a written examination on his knowledge of business.

At one examination one of the questions was: "Who formed the first company?"

A certain bright youth was a little puzzled at this, but he was not to be floored. He wrote:

"Noah successfully floated a company while the rest of the world was in liquidation."

He passed.

TEACHER—"What is the difference between a flea and an elephant?"

TOMMY—"Well, an elephant can have fleas, but a flea can't have elephants."

The pastor was examining one of the younger classes, and asked the question, "What are the sins of omission?" After a little silence one young lady offered:

"Please, sir, they're sins we ought to have committed and haven't."

"A connoisseur is a person who stands outside a picture palace."

"Matrimony is a place where souls suffer for a time on account of their sins."

"A polygon is a dead parrot."

"The 'Compleat Angler' is another name for Euclid, because he wrote all about angles."

"Ali Baba means being away when the crime was committed."

"Where's the capital of the United States?"

"In Europe."

Hey, diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle,
The cow gave a test to the moon:
"The little dog laughed—is that true or false?
Can a dish run away with a spoon?"

Old Mother Hubbard kept in her cupboard
Some tests of poor Fido's I. Q.
When the bone was in sight
Fido tested all right
How does this method strike you?

ECONOMICS PROFESSOR—"Name some production in which the supply exceeds the demand."

STUDE—"Trouble."

TEACHER—"What do they call the instrument the French use for beheading people?"

BOBBY—"The Gillette, I think."

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER—"And when it rained forty days and forty nights, what happened then?"

BRIGHT WILLIE—"The natives said it was very unusual."

"Iceland," said teacher in the geography class, "is about as large as Siam."

"Iceland," wrote John at examination time, "is about as large as teacher."

Teaching is a very dangerous occupation. It wrecks the nervous system.

Columbus came to America to view the country.
Alexander the Great is pitcher for the Phillies.

When he awoke, he found himself fast asleep upon the mountainside.

We sent money to the children of Europe in order to get our names in the *Literary Digest*.

A circle is a line that runs around until it meets itself.

Tragedy is when a law of life is broken and the one who breaks it does not live to see it repaired.

A wife is a figure of speech because she is always talking.

The Carmagnole was a lot of people crazy with the thot of blood that got together and danced.

"Be still, sad heart and cease repinning.

Behind the clouds is the sun, still shinning."

A cask of red wine fell into the street while unloading it.

One of the causes of feeble-mindedness is old age. Some people are born that way.

"This morning," said the teacher of an early Sunday school class, "the subject of the lesson is Ruth the gleaner. Who can tell me anything about Ruth?"

A small boy raised his hand.

"Well, Willie, what do you know about Ruth?" said the teacher encouragingly. And Willie piped out in a shrill little voice:

"He cleaned up fifty-four home runs this season."

The Junior Class was asked to write on paper the answer to the question, "What does the word 'gentleman' mean?" There were quite a variety of answers:

"A gentleman is a man that don't drink."

"A gentleman is a grown up boy."

"A man that has lots of money is called a gentleman."

"A man that does no work is a gentleman."

"My papa is a gentleman, he's out of a job."

A teacher who prided herself on having taught "Pilgrim's Progress" with considerable thoroughness and efficiency to a Freshman class in high school, threw up her hands in despair when she received on a test paper at the close of the work the astonishing statement, "Faithful died and was eaten by cannibals like Moses!"

Suspected of being mentally deficient, a school boy was asked by a psychologist:

"How many ears has a cat?"

"Two," the lad replied instantly.

"And how many eyes has a cat?"

"Two."

"And how many legs has a cat?"

The boy looked at him suspiciously.

"Say," he inquired, "didn't you ever see a cat?"

EXCUSES

INSPECTOR—"Got away, has he? Did you guard all the exits?"

CONSTABLE—"Yes, but we think he must have left by one of the entrances."

"Tommy, what do you mean by hitting little Alice over the head with a tomato can?"

"Well, er—right after that she threw sand at me."

JUDGE—"The two men were fighting with chairs. Didn't you try to establish peace?"

WITNESS—"No, there was not a third chair."

LAWYER (whose client is under arrest)—"You say you've a perfect answer to this wife murder charge. What is it?"

CLIENT—"She wasn't my wife."

)

BOSS—"Sir, what does this mean? Someone just called up and said that you were sick and could not come to work today."

CLERK—"Ha, ha! The joke is on him. He wasn't supposed to call up until tomorrow."

MRS. MAGGS—"Wot excuse does he make fer not lookin' fer a job?"

MRS. DAGGS—"All of 'em."

Jimmie carried the following excuse to the teacher the next morning: "Please excuse Jimmie from being absent. He had a new baby brother. It was not his fault."

"Oh, Elinor, your dog has killed one of Reggie's prize roosters."

"Darling, I'm so sorry. But you mustn't blame poor Fido—how was he to know that it was a prize rooster?"

BROWN (to Employer)—"Jones won't be at the office this week, sir, owing to a bereavement in his family."

EMPLOYER—"Oh, indeed, and who's dead this time?"

BROWN—"Jones, sir."

In the good old days of romance and adventure a king's jester one day found His Majesty bending over a basin and washing his face.

In a spirit of fun the jester gave the king a resounding kick on that part of his sacred person situated directly behind his stomach.

Deeply enraged, the king ordered the immediate execution of his audacious jester, but finally consented to pardon him if he would make an apology more outrageous than the original insult.

The condemned jester reflected for a moment and then remarked: "Will Your Majesty please forgive me. I did not know it was you. I thot it was the queen."

EXPENSES

"So your wife has made a cut in her expenses."

"Yes, but the operation was a very minor one."

SEARS—"Now that you have a new auto I suppose you are out all the time."

ROEBUCK—"You bet! I was out \$50 on repairs last week."

"Pa, you remember you promised to give me \$5 if I passed in school this year?"

"Yes, Tom."

"Well, pa, you ain't gonna have that expense."

"Madam," said the doctor, "I shall have to paint your husband's throat with nitrate of silver."

"Please use nitrate of gold, doctor," exclaimed Mrs. Moneybags. "The expense is quite immaterial."

"Mr. Jobbles," said the head of the firm, "I notice there's a considerable item for meals in your expense account."

"Er—I was entertaining customers and prospective buyers, sir."

"All right. I'm not complaining, but I hope you will bear in mind that we are selling tractors, and no lady of the chorus ever buys a tractor."

"George," murmured Minnie, "am I as dear to you now as I was before we married?"

"I can't tell," replied George, absently-mindedly. "I didn't keep any account of expenses then."

"Just had to pay out \$50 for having my car overhauled."

"What! Why you bought it brand new only two weeks ago."

"Yes, but it was overhauled by a motorcycle cop."

EXPERIENCE

Johnson was being questioned by the draft board. "Have you had any military experience?" said the examiner.

"Yes, sah, Ah's been shot at twice," Johnson replied proudly.

MAISIE—"A certain young man sent me some flowers this morning."

MAUD—"Don't say 'a certain young man,' my dear. There is none of them certain until you've got them."

"You know," said the woman whose auto had run down a man, "you must have been walking very carelessly. I am a very careful driver. I have been driving a car for seven years."

"Lady, you have nothing on me. I have been walking for 54 years."

"You say that you want some name engraved on this ring," said the jeweler to the bashful young man.

"Yes; I want the words, 'George, to his dearest Alice' engraved on the inside of the ring."

"Is the young lady your sister?"

"No; she is the young lady to whom I am engaged."

"Well, if I were you I would not have 'George, to his dearest Alice' engraved on the ring. If Alice changes her mind you can't use the ring again."

"What would you suggest?"

"I would suggest the words, 'George, to his first and only love.' You see, with that inscription you can use the ring half a dozen times. I have had experience in such matters myself."

EXPERTS

An expert is one who knows more and more about less and less; and less and less about more and more.

An expert is an ordinary man away from home.

"Improvement in retail business laid to holiday buying." Those trade experts just find out everything.

EXPLORERS

SHOEMAKER—"Here are the boots for your new polar expedition. Were you satisfied with the boots I made for the last trip?"

EXPLORER—"Quite. They were the best boots I ever ate on a polar expedition."

EXTRAVAGANCE

TED—"I hear he is very extravagant."

NED—"Is he? Why, he had a plumber repair his auto."

FAME

The reporters and photographers guarded the great incoming liner and went hunting for personages. And the first lady they encountered was the most beautiful lady they had ever seen. Immediately they surrounded her, hats off, and inquired her name.

The lady smiled sweetly and spoke as follows:

"Does it matter? Who would be interested in it?"

"But surely you will pose for us?" said the photographers.

"I think not," replied the lady. "You will not care for my picture when I tell you what I am not."

"What you are not!" exclaimed the reporters, puzzled.

"Yes, what I am not," said she. "I am not separated from my husband, I haven't divorced him, nor do I intend to divorce him. I am not going to spend the season at my place on Long Island. This is not the latest costume from Paris. I brought back no strange pet with me, not even a French count. That I am not an actress you have, of course, gathered long since. I have not been studying any art in Paris. And, in addition, I wouldn't think of sitting for my photograph with one knee on top of the other."

The reporters and the photographers put on their hats and proceeded along the deck.

Ellen Terry, famous actress, died today. She became famous as Rudolph Valentino's leading lady in *The Four Horsemen—Laredo, Texas paper*.

TEACHER—"Who was George Washington?"

PUPIL—"He's the guy whose wife makes candy."

Some men wake up and find themselves famous, but most of us just wake up and find ourselves late.

FAMILIES

HECK—"Come now, own up. Who is the head of your household?"

PECK—"Well, my wife used to be, but since my daughters have grown up, we have a commission form of government."

Great family trees in America are few, but it is probable that many new ones were started during the war by grafting.

A woman came into the car with five children. She busied herself seating them. A benevolent old gentleman arose and gave her his seat.

"Are these all your children, madam?" he asked, "or is it a picnic?"

"They're all mine," snapped the woman, "and it's no picnic."

A grandfather recently visited a household in which he has a small grandson who spent part of the summer at a boys' camp. The lad talked so enthusiastically about the place that his grandfather offered a slight reminder. "After all, tho," he remarked, "you were rather glad to get home weren't you?" "No" replied the boy thoughtfully, "no." Then he added: "But some of the fellows were—those that had dogs."

FARMERS

POLITICAL SPEAKER—"The farmer gets his living from the soil."

HECKLER—"And so does the washerwoman."

The farmer leads no EZ life,
The CD sows will rot,
And when at EV rests from strife
His bones all AK lot.

There is a farmer who is Y's
Enough to take his E's,
And study nature with his I's,
And think of what he C's.

He hears the clatter of the J's
 As they each other T's;
 And see that when a tree D K's
 It makes a home for B's.

A pair of oxen he will U's,
 With many "Haws and G's,"
 And their mistakes will be X Q's,
 While plowing for his P's.

In raising crops he all X L's,
 And therefore little O's;
 And when he hoes his soil by spells
 He also soils his hoes.

When riding near a farm orchard two city motorists stopped the car, stepped out, climbed the wall, and gathered half a peck of rosy apples. To complete the "joke" they slowed down as they went by the farmhouse and called out to the proprietor:

"We helped ourselves to your apples, old man. That we'd tell you."

"Oh, that's all right," the farmer called back, "I helped myself to your tools while you were in the orchard."

CAN THE SOVIETS BEAT THIS?—By fertilizing his ranch freely, planting it scientifically and cultivating it with diligence, a Colorado farmer recently harvested thirty bushels of grasshoppers to the acre.

When an old farmer was asked if hot weather was really good for the cotton crop he replied: "Well, somebody said so at that time and it was too hot for anybody to deny it and that's how the damned idea got started."

"He's a successful farmer?"

"Yes, he's sold his farm to a golf club!"

FATHERS

Alice for the first time saw a cat carrying her kitten by the nape of its neck.

"You ain't fit to be a mother," she cried scathingly. "You ain't hardly fit to be a father!"

LITTLE BOY (calling father at office)—“Hello, who is this?”

FATHER (recognizing son's voice)—“The smartest man in the world.”

LITTLE BOY—“Pardon me, I got the wrong number.”

KIND OLD LADY (to little boy)—“And what are you going to do when you grow up, my little man?”

URCHIN—“Foller in me father's finger-prints.”

JIMMY—“Dearest, I must marry you—”

SHIMMY—“Have you seen father?”

JIMMY—“Often, honey, but I love you just the same.”

“I'm goin' home to help me Dad.”

“What does your father do, Jimmy?”

“He's a bricklayer.”

“Why, how can you help him?”

“Aw, he jus' bosses.”

NURSE—“Bobby! What would your father say if he saw you'd broken that branch off?”

BOBBY—“He'd say trees are not so well made now as they were before the war.”

LITTLE EDNA (seeing mother's new evening dress, just arrived)—“Oh, mamma, how lovely! Will you wear it tonight?”

MOTHER—“No, dear, not tonight. This is for when ladies and gentlemen come to dinner.”

EDNA—“Oh, mamma, let's pretend just for once that papa's a gentleman.”

MOTHER (after relating a pathetic story)—“Now, Reggie, wouldn't you like to give your bunny to that poor little boy you saw today who hasn't any father?”

REGGIE (clutching rabbit)—“Couldn't we give him Father instead?”

TEACHER (looking over Teddy's home work)—“I don't see how it's possible for a single person to make so many mistakes.”

TEDDY (proudly)—“It isn't a single person, teacher. Father helped me.”

FAULTS

SHE (flushing)—"I know, Alfred, I have my faults."

HE—"Oh, certainly!"

SHE (angrily)—"Indeed! Perhaps you'll tell me what they are?"

FIGHTING

WOMAN—"Your honor, he broke every dish in the house over my head, and treated me cruelly."

JUDGE—"Did your husband apologize or express regret for his actions?"

WOMAN—"No; the ambulance took him away before he could speak to me."

"Willie, where did you get that black eye?"

"Johnny Smith hit me."

"I hope you remember what your Sunday-school teacher said about heaping coals on the heads of your enemies."

"Well, ma, I didn't have any coal, so I just stuck his head in the ash barrel."

"Here, young man, you shouldn't hit that boy when he's down."

"Gwan! What d'yer think I got 'im down fer?"

WITNESS—"Then he upped and 'e knocked me down with a leaf."

MAGISTRATE—"With a leaf?"

WITNESS—"Yes, your Honor. With a leaf from the table."

JACOB—"I vas fighting vith a feller last veek end I got sockit in de synagogue."

ELI—"De synagogue? Vich synagogue vas dat?"

JACOB—"I got hit in de temple."

"You told me you could beat that fellow hands down!" "But he didn't keep his hands down."

JUDGE—"Pat, I wouldn't think you would hit a little man like that."

PAT—"Suppose he called you an Irish slob?"

JUDGE—"But I'm not an Irishman."

PAT—"Suppose he called you a Dutch slob?"

JUDGE—"But I'm not a Dutchman."

PAT—"Well, suppose he called you the kind of slob that you are?"

"Willie, I hear you've been fighting with one of those boys next door and have given him a black eye."

"Yes'm. You see, they's twins and I wanted some way to tell them apart."

Monaghan's friend appeared the day after the wake, looking as if he had been in a football game or had been hit by a pile driver.

"And did you enjoy yourself at the wake?" Monaghan asked.

"We sure had the devil's own time," replied Pat. "There was only one sound nose left in the party after it was over, and that one belonged to the tay kittle."

"Oi, Oi!" chortled Casey; "an' did Maloney give yez the' black oye?"

"He did not," retorted Murphy with dignity, according to the *Ladies' Home Journal*, "he give me only the' black. Oi hod th' oye ahl th' toime."

There was recently hailed into Court a small Irishman to whom it was a new experience. But he was unabashed.

"Prisoner at the bar," called out the clerk, "do you wish to challenge any of the jury?"

"Well," returned the Irishman, "Oi'm not exactly in trainin', but Oi think Oi could go a round or two with that fat guy in the corner."

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER—"Now, Charlie, what can you tell me about Goliath?"

CHARLIE—"Goliath was the man David rocked to sleep."

FINANCES

During a financial stringency in a Pennsylvania town some years ago a clerk in a bank was trying to explain to a stolid German why the bank could not pay cash to depositors as formerly, and was insisting that the man should be satisfied with clearing-house checks.

The man could not grasp the idea, however, and finally the president of the bank was called in to elucidate matters. After a detailed explanation of the financial situation, the president concluded with:

"Now, my good friend, you understand, do you not?"

"Yes," was the reply, "I t'ink I do. It's just like dis: When my baby wakes up in der night and cries for milk, I gif her a milk ticket."

A man going along a lonely road was set upon by two highwaymen. He fought desperately, but was finally overcome and searched. All that the bandits found was a dime. "Search him again," said one. "He would never put up a fight like that for a dime."

They searched him again, but could find no more. "Now tell me," asked the spokesman, "why you fought so we nearly had to kill you?"

"Well," answered the victim, "the truth of the matter is I didn't want my financial condition exposed."

FIRE INSURANCE

See Insurance, Fire.

FIREMEN

One of our country correspondents, telling about a fire in his town, wrote: "The Fire Department was called, but not much damage was done."

Well, is this the chief of the Fire Department?

Yes, this is the chief.

Well, my house is on fire.

How long has it been burnin'?

Half an hour.

Did you try puttin' water on it?

Yes, but it won't go out.

Then 'taint no use in us comin' over, because that's all we could do. G'bye!

FISH

TEACHER—"How many bones have you in your body?"

WILLIE—"Nine hundred."

TEACHER—"That's a good many more than I have."

WILLIE—"Yeah, but I had sardines for lunch."

FISHING

A pessimist may have his faults but his ideas about fishing are generally pretty accurate.

ANGLER (describing a catch)—"The trout was so long—I tell you I never saw such a fish!"

RUSTIC—"No, I don't suppose you ever did."

"How many fish have you caught, uncle?" asked someone, observing an old colored man fishing on the banks of a stream. "Well, suh," answered the aged angler thoughtfully, "ef I ketch dis heah one I'm after, and two mo', I'll have three."

The drunk halted in front of an enormous stuffed tarpon in a glass case. He stared at it for a minute or two in silence. Then he said: "The fella who caught—hic—that fish is a—hic—liar!"

"Say!" yelled the farmer, who owned the pond, "don't you see that sign: No Fishing Here?"

"I sure do," said the disgusted fisherman. "The fellah that printed that sign knew what he was talkin' about!"

Hi Somers was the durndest cuss
 For catchin' fish—he sure was great!
 He never used to make a fuss
 About the kind of pole er bait,
 Er weather, neither, he'd just say,
 "I got to ketch a mess today."
 An' toward the creek you'd see him slide
 A-whistlin' soft and walking wide.
 I says one day to Hi, says I
 "How do you always ketch 'em, Hi?"
 He hove his bait another switch in,
 An' chucklin' says, "I jest keep fishin'."

FLATTERY

OLD SALT (to fair visitor who has been out several times with him in his boat)—"Bit of a swell today, miss."

VISITOR—"That's nice of you to say so—but you ought to see me on Sundays!"

MARGARET—"The hotel clerk was so flattering."

RUTH—"Why?"

MARGARET—"Think of it—he wrote suite 16 after my name on the register."

FOOD

A little girl at dinner table was given a dish of noodle soup. The mother noticed that she was eating nothing but the soup leaving the noodles. She asked her why she did not eat the noodles too.

Unconcernedly she answered, "Can't catch 'em."

The Hodja was a very witty man. He was invited one night to a big dinner where all the Turkish state officials were to appear. During the dinner, fish was served which proved quite stale, so that the Hodja was unable to eat it.

Knowing that he would be asked why he did not eat, he bent over and whispered into the fish's fin and in turn put his ear to the fish's mouth. This of course caused a general curiosity among the diners, and they asked: "Hodja Effendi, what are you doing?"

He answered: "My neighbor was drowned three weeks ago and I asked the fish if he had seen anything of him, but the fish said, 'No, my friend, I have been out of the water for the last six months.'"

PARLIAMENTARY CANDIDATE—"We must grow more wheat and—"

HECKLER IN CROWD—"Yes, but what about hay?"

CANDIDATE—"I'm discussing human food now, but I'll come to your speciality in a moment."

Johnny was feeling peevish, and it was most unusual for him to be out of sorts. Mother was anxious to know what the matter was. "I—I feel awful inside!" groaned Johnny. "What do you think it is?" asked mother. "O," wailed Johnny, "I had French beans and German sausages at auntie's yesterday, and now they seem to be fighting along my whole front."

DINER (finally)—"Anyhow, waiter, I won't eat such food! You'd better fetch the manager."

WAITER—"That's no good, sir. He wouldn't eat it!"

Food for That

The orator eats tongue, we hear,
 The sultan, turkey lunch;
 The undertaker drinks his bier,
 The pugilist, his punch.
 The acrobats spring water drink,
 The Enquet man eats toast,
 Surveyors eat their stakes, we think,
 And editors, a roast.
 Shoemakers have filet of sole,
 The printer, pies and sweets;
 The hungry actor eats his role,
 Policemen munch their beats.

FORESIGHT

"Bill Scraggs knew beforehand the exact year, month, day, hour and manner of his death."

"How did he know that?"

"The judge told him."

Old John, custodian of the bath-houses at a famous resort, was in the habit of entering Miss Augusta's compartment before she had completely re clothed herself.

One morning she said to him: "John, you ought to knock before you come in. Some day you might come in while I was undressed."

To which honest old John replied: "Lor' bless you, miss! no danger of that. I alius peeks thru the knot-hole afore I comes in."

FORGETFULNESS

THE MUSICIAN (after having nearly played her visitor to sleep)—"What would you like me to play now?"

THE VISITOR (dreamily)—"Oh, I don't know—I should keep right on with trumps."

A colored preacher took some candidates for immersion down to a river in Louisiana. Seeing some alligators in the stream, one of them objected.

"Why, brother," urged the pastor, "can't you trust the Lord? He took care of Jonah, didn't he?"

"Y-a-as," admitted the darky, "but a whale's different. A whale's got a memory, but ef one o' dem 'gators wus ter swallow dis nigger, he'd jes' go ter sleep dar in de sun an' fergit all 'bout me."

"I understand Brown is taking lessons from a memory teacher."

"He ought to. The last time I played golf with him he forgot about twenty strokes that he took."

A minister's wife, a doctor's wife, and a traveling man's wife met one day recently and were talking about the forgetfulness of their husbands.

The minister's wife thot her husband was the most forgetful man living, because he would go to church and forget his notes and no one could make out what he was trying to preach about.

The doctor's wife thot her husband was the most forgetful, for he would often start out to see a patient and forget his medicine case and, therefore, travel miles for nothing.

"Well," said the traveling man's wife, "my husband beats that. He came home the other day and patted me on the cheek and said, 'I believe I have seen you before, little girl. What is your name?'"

EDITH—"Dear Jack is so forgetful."

MAUD—"Isn't he! At the party last night I had to keep reminding him that it's you he's engaged to and not me."

See also Memory.

FOUNTAIN PENS

Fountain pens now have every needed improvement except a contrivance to bark when they are placed in the wrong pocket.

FRENCH

A Frenchman who recently came to New York was invited to a Golden Wedding Anniversary.

He could not get the purpose of it all and quietly inquired of a friend, "for why is this celebration?"

The Yankee answered, "You see those old people—they have been living together for 50 years and now they are celebrating their golden wedding."

"Ah!" exclaimed the Frenchman—"I see. He live with the lady 50 years and now he marry her. How noble."

FRIENDSHIP

John Ruskin, the English art critic, once criticised in his fearless way a picture of a well known painter, who was very

much grieved at the effect. Later, on hearing of the sorrow he had caused, he wrote to the artist that he regretted he could not speak more favorably of the picture, but hoped it would make no difference in their friendship. The artist, it is said, wrote in reply the following note: "Dear Ruskin: Next time I meet you I shall knock you down, but I hope it will make no difference in our friendship."

A true friend is one who likes us in spite of our achievements.

FUNDAMENTALISM

A Fundamentalist is a besieged Christian anxious to dictate terms of surrender to Science.

FURS

"Animals," says a naturalist, "don't know how lucky they are." Do a family of rabbits, for instance, realize that they are running about in beautiful sealskin coats?

GANDHI

Some day the lion may lie down with the lamb, but it has refrained from doing so with Mr. Gandhi's goat.

GARDENING

FIRST COMMUTER—"Have a garden last summer?"

SECOND COMMUTER—"Yes; one of those Peter Pan gardens—it never grew up."

The seed catalog shows nice pictures of everything except the backache.

"How has your potato crop turned out, old chap?" asked one ardent amateur gardener of his neighbor.

"Splendid, old man," replied the other; "some are as big as marbles, some as big as peas, and, of course, quite a lot of little ones."

"You said you want me to give your friend literary work? Is he an optimist or a pessimist?"

"What difference does that make?"

"It makes a lot of difference. I want him to edit a seed catalog."

What a man needs in gardening is a cast-iron back with a hinge in it.

"How did the dahlia seeds turn out, sir?"

"Splendid! In fact, dam' well wonderful! They took first prize in the carnations."

"How many varieties of insects do you suppose there are in the world?"

"Come out in the garden, and I'll show you."

A young man had been spending much energy on his garden, but when the green things began to come up in his neighbors' gardens his remained as bare as Sahara.

"I can't understand it," he said earnestly, "for I bought the very best seed. I planted corn and beans and tomatoes, and I paid eighteen cents a can for all of them."

GENEROSITY

As a rule when a man is generous to a fault, it's his own fault he's generous to.

In England if you ask for more sugar the hostess fishes out a small extra lump.

In Ireland the lady hands you the sugar bowl to help yourself.

In Scotland if you complain that your tea is not sweet enough, the good lady usually suggests that "maybe you haven't stirred it."

A typist, who occasionally did work for Dr. F. B. Meyer, the English preacher who died recently, took back to him a manuscript which she had typed out quickly at his request.

When Dr. Meyer returned the account with payment, she found that he had added, in his own handwriting: "To shoe leather 1s."

Mrs. STINGY—"Dear, the baby has swallowed a penny. What on earth shall I do?"

Mr. STINGY—"Oh, well, let him have it. Next Thursday is his birthday, anyway."

GEOGRAPHY

"What's the shape of the earth?" asked the teacher, calling suddenly upon Willie.

"Round."

"How do you know it's round?"

"All right," said Willie; "it's square then. I don't want to start any argument about it."

"Where is the island of Cuba situated?" asked the teacher of a foreign-looking boy.

"I dunno, mam."

"Don't you know where your sugar comes from?"

"Yes, mam, we borrow it from next door."

TEACHER—"You'll have to stay in after school and work on your geography lesson. You didn't locate a single one of the cities."

WILLIE—"I can't locate them, but with my radio I can tune in on the whole blame lot."

Geogriffy

Every country has a boundary on each side to keep it from running into the next country and getting the inhabitants mixed up. If it wasent for boundaries the different people wouldnt know wich langwidge to speak or wich flag to cheer for.

The biggest hill is a mountain and the smallest hill is a meadow with a hump. You could cut grass at the bottom of a mountain and shovel snow on the top at the same time if it wasent impossible.

A peninsula is a body of land that would of bin a island with a little more incouragement.

A lake is a stout body of water that would ony be a pond if it was mutch smaller, and would ony be a puddle if it was as small as it could get without disappearing.

A river is a moveable current of water between 2 banks. It is plezzant to jump in and swim and unplezzant to forget ware you left your clothes.

GERMS

Rhyme of A Grateful Patient

There was a germ anthropophagous,
 Whose tastes were distinctly optophagous,
 Till Doc turned him green
 With zinc fluorescein
 And he hunted his little sarcophagus.

GIFTS

PURCHASER (who is selecting a wedding gift)—“Yes, I rather like that. What is the title?”

PICTURE DEALER—“‘The Coming Storm’—would make a splendid wedding present.”

“Strange Edith should invite that horrid grass-widow to her wedding; she has such a disagreeable past.”

“Yes, my dear, but she’s rich enough to furnish a very agreeable present.”

JIGGS—“I want to get my girl something nice for her birthday, but I don’t want her to know anything about it.”

BRIGGS—“Get her a radio set; she won’t know anything about that for years.”

DAVE—“I’ve got a present for my girl’s 21st birthday.”

HIS DAD—“Well, why not give it to her? You’ve been a fool, hanging on to it for 10 years.”

"What birthday present are you going to give your husband?"

"Oh, a hundred cigars."

"What did you pay for them?"

"Nothing! For the past few months I have taken one or two from his box daily. He has not noticed it, and will be delighted with my tact in getting the kind he always smokes."

MRS. TELLER—"I hear that Dorothy, the new bride, got a set of Wedgewood china as a present from her Uncle Goop."

MRS. NAYBER—"Is that possible? Wedgewood is extremely costly."

MRS. TELLER—"Well, I heard it was Wedgewood or Woolworth or something of that sort."

NEPHEW—"Thanks very much for the present."

AUNT—"Oh, that's nothing to thank me for!"

NEPHEW—"That's what I thot, but mother told me to thank you just the same."

DUMB DORA—"Last week he sent me a box of candy with a card reading, 'Sweets to the Sweet.'"

ACTIVE AGNES—"That was a pretty sentiment."

DUMB DORA—"Yes, but this week he sent me an ivory hair-brush."

GIRLS

I once met a girl from old Ga.
 Who danced with a cute leaning ta;
 But her chat could affa
 No pleasure—she ba
 By talking of men down in Ga.

JIM—"That's a wild, wild girl you have, Joe."

JOE—"Well, she was wild. But I've got her so tame now she'll eat right out of my purse."

"Who were the two women you and Jack were out with last night?"

"A pair of convent girls."

"How."

"Oh, it was nun o' this and nun o' that."

"You know, dad, he always said he'd never marry until the right girl came along." "Well, how does he know you are the right one?" "Oh, I told him I was."

From Grandpa Perkins' point of view the modern maiden was all wrong, and the old gentleman was not above telling his granddaughter of his observations. "No, Nora," he nodded sadly, "girls are not the same nowadays, unfortunately." His granddaughter smiled. She had heard this so many times. "No," went on the old man, "you never see a girl blush nowadays. When I was a young man it was different." "Oh, grandad!" exclaimed the girl, "What ever did you say to them?"

GOLF

CADDIE (as irate golfer throws away last smashed club)—
"An' 'ow about that pretty sweater, sir—will you be wantin' that any longer?"

Golf not only improves your general health, but enables you to understand the jokes in the comic weeklies.

"Lost your job as a caddy?" said one boy.

"Yep," replied the other. "I could do the work all right, but I couldn't learn not to laugh."

LADY GOLF NOVICE (after tenth swipe at ball)—"Thank goodness it's gone at last."

CADDIE—"It isn't the ball that's gone, miss—it's your wrist-watch."

At a golf club one Sunday morning a member turned up late. Asked why, he said it was really a toss-up whether he should come there that morning or go to church.

"And I had to toss up fifteen times," he added.

One of the best of Harry Vardon's many good golfing stories tells how a certain Englishman was playing over a golf course in Scotland, and playing very badly.

"Dear, dear!" he said at last, "there cannot be worse players than myself."

"Weel, weel, maybe there are worse players," said the caddie consolingly, "but," he went on, "they dinna play."

FIRST GOLFER—"That was a fine drive you made this morning."

SECOND GOLFER—"Which one do you mean?"

FIRST GOLFER—"Oh, you know—that time you hit the ball!"

GOLFER—"Hi, caddie! Isn't Major Pepper out of that bunker yet? How many strokes has he had?"

CADDIE—"Seventeen ordinary, sir, and one apoplectic!"

"What was your score?" asked a golfer.

"Seventy-two," replied the novice.

"Seventy-two? That's jolly good!"

"It's not so bad," agreed the novice, "but I'm hoping to do better at the second hole."

GOLFER—"If you laugh at me again, I'll knock your block off."

CADDIE—"Haw, haw, you wouldn't even know what club to use."

This bit of irony appeared in the form of a sign on a Scottish golf course:

"Members are requested to refrain from picking up lost balls until they have stopped rolling."

Our guess is that the inventor of scopolamin, the truth-forcing drug, grew weary of listening to golf scores.

"If you spend so much time at golf you won't have anything laid aside for a rainy day."

"Won't I? My desk is loaded up with work that I've put aside for a rainy day."

Rather a good golfing story is being told just now concerning Mr. Oscar Asche. The noted actor was playing over a Scottish golf course some time ago, but was not doing very well. However, he managed to get in one fine stroke, and while walking to the next hole he remarked cheerfully to his caddie, an elderly man: "You'll have seen worse players than I am." There was no response. Thinking that perhaps the caddie had not heard, Mr. Asche went closer to him and repeated the remark. "I heard ye afore," retorted the caddie. "I was just considerin'."

GOLFER (to members ahead)—"Pardon, but would you mind if I played thru? I've just heard that my wife has been taken seriously ill."

GOLFER—"Notice any improvement since last year?"

CADDY—"Had your clubs shined up, haven't you, sir?"

Golf is having a refining influence on our community. It is no longer considered etiquette to draw a gun on Main Street without hollering "Fore!"—*The Saskatoon (Can.) Daily Star.*

"Why do you play golf so much?"

"It keeps me fit."

"What for?"

"Golf."

GOSSIP

"This is the worst town for gossip I ever lived in."

"H'm! What have you been doing?"

Two women met the other day in a fashionable shop.

"Mrs. Tobey," remarked the first woman, "isn't in your set any more, is she?"

"No, indeed," replied the other, "She had to drop out of that set."

"Drop out!" exclaimed the first speaker. "Why, she told me she climbed out."

"Her house is exactly what you'd expect."

"My dear, it would be, wouldn't it!"

GOVERNMENT

A representative government is one that elects six men in favor of a thing and six against it and wonders why something isn't done.

"So your husband tried to get a government post? What is he doing now?"

"Nothing—he got the post."

GRATITUDE

"Even animals show their feeling," remarked the comedian to a friend the other day. (This happened in England; London *Tit-Bits* tells it.) "Only yesterday an animal showed me gratitude. I was wandering along a stream in the country when I met a cow in great distress. Her calf was drowning. I plunged in the water and rescued the calf, and the grateful cow licked my hand."

"That wasn't gratitude," replied the friend. "The cow that she had twins."

HABITS

HE—"Will you love me if I give up all my bad habits?"

SHE—"But, George, how could you expect me to love a perfect stranger?"

FLOORWALKER (at 1 A. M., to burglar in his home)—"Silverware? Yes, sir. Step this way."

"Phwat was the last card Oi delt ye, Mike?"

"A spade."

"Oi knew it. Oi saw ye spit on your hands before ye picked it up."

The teacher was trying to impress upon her pupils the importance of doing right at all times, and to bring out the answer, "Bad habits," she inquired: "What is it that we find so easy to get into and so hard to get out of?"

There was silence for a moment and then one little fellow answered, "Bed."

Stories about men who have lost their voices are usually easier to tell than to write. Here is one, however, about an old farmer in Georgia who could hardly speak above a whisper. He was leaning on a fence by the side of a country road watching a dozen or so razorback hogs in a patch of woodland. They were behaving in a most extraordinary manner, for every few minutes they would burst out of a gap in the fence, run across the road to another patch of woodland, and almost immediately afterward dash madly back again.

"What's the matter with them hogs *anyway?*" a passing stranger asked.

"They ain't nothing the matter with them much," the old farmer whispered hoarsely. "Them hogs belongs to me and before I lost my voice I used to call them to their feed. After I lost my voice, when it came feeding time, I used to knock on this here fence rail with my stick."

He paused and shook his head solemnly.

"And now them cussed woodpeckers up in them trees has got them poor hogs plump crazy," he concluded.—*Montague Glass in Cosmopolitan from "Stories That Have Made Me Laugh."*

HASTE

A lady showing evidence of haste entered a street car near the shopping district, and, seeing a friend, she stood in front of her talking.

"Sit down," said the friend, making room for her.

"Really, dear, I haven't time," replied the flustered woman. "I'm in such a hurry to get to the station."

Too Busy to Live

(Commended to Persons Affected With Hurryitis.)

He hadn't time to greet the day,
 He hadn't time to laugh or play;
 He hadn't time to wait a while,
 He hadn't time to give a smile;
 He hadn't time to glean the news,
 He hadn't time to dream or muse;
 He hadn't time to train his mind,
 He hadn't time to be just kind;
 He hadn't time to see a joke,
 He hadn't time to write his folk;
 He hadn't time to eat a meal,
 He hadn't time to deeply feel;
 He hadn't time to take a rest,
 He hadn't time to act his best;
 He hadn't time to help a cause,
 He hadn't time to make a pause;
 He hadn't time to pen a note,
 He hadn't time to cast a vote;
 He hadn't time to sing a song,
 He hadn't time to right a wrong;
 He hadn't time to send a gift,
 He hadn't time to practice thrift.
 He hadn't time to exercise,
 He hadn't time to scan the skies;
 He hadn't time to heed a cry,
 He hadn't time to say good-by;
 He hadn't time to study poise,
 He hadn't time to repress noise;
 He hadn't time to go abroad,
 He hadn't time to serve his God;
 He hadn't time to lend or give,
 He hadn't time to really live;
 He hadn't time to read this verse,
 He hadn't time—he's in a hearse.

HEAVEN

St. Peter had had a busy day and Gabriel had not loafed any himself.

Throngs had visited the gate and been looked over.

Those who answered their questionnaires successfully and satisfactorily were admitted. For others it was, "Going down!"

Finally, when the books were about to be closed for the day, a soul that had belonged to a newspaper man when on earth came puffing along.

"What'll we do with him—the books are practically closed for the day?" said Peter to Gabriel.

Before Gabriel had had time to answer, the shade of the journalist timidly spoke up:

"You might label me 'Too Late to Classify,' and let me in anyway. I can't go to the other place—I forgot my fire badge."

This is going the rounds: A broker from the financial vortex sought admission at the pearly gates. "Who are you?" said St. Peter. "I am a Wall Street broker." "What do you want?" "I want to get in." "What have you done that entitles you to admission?" "Well, I saw a decrepit woman in Broadway the other day and gave her two cents." "Gabriel, is that on the records?" "Yes, St. Peter; it's marked down to his credit." "What else have you done?" "Well, I crossed the Brooklyn Bridge the other night and met a newsboy half frozen to death and gave him one cent." "Gabriel, is that on the records?" "Yes, St. Peter." "What else have you done?" "Well, I can't recollect anything else just now." "Gabriel, what do you think we ought to do with this fellow?" "Oh, give him back his three cents and tell him to go to hell."

WILLIE—"Mamma, do people that lie ever go to heaven?"

MOTHER—"Why, of course not, Willie."

WILLIE—"Gee! I bet it's lonesome up in heaven with only God and George Washington."

HELL

Hell for garage mechanics will be a land of abundant grease and no steering wheels to wipe it on.

HEREDITY AND ENVIRONMENT

PUSH—"Say, what makes you so darned talkative?"

PULL—"Well, my father was an Irishman, and my mother was a woman."

It was the saying of a wise man that if we could trace our descendants we should find all slaves to come from princes and all princes to come from slaves.

FATHER—"If a boy of mine goes off to college and makes good, it's because of heredity. If he runs wild, it's because of environment. I believe in looking at every question from both sides."

PHYLLIDA—"Sometimes you appear really manly, and sometimes you are effeminate. How do you account for it?"

PHILLIP—"I suppose it's hereditary. Half of my ancestors were men and the other half women!"

SCRUBWOMAN (to child)—"Wot, Willie, did I hear you say 'aint' ? And your mother for eight years scrubbin' the floor in th' English department."

Funny world! To require fitness in doctors, lawyers, etc., and do nothing about parents.

VISITOR (speaking of little boy)—"He has his mother's eyes."

MOTHER—"And his father's mouth."

CHILD—"And his brother's trousers."

When the meek inherit the earth it is going to be worth walking across town to see the unmeek take it away from them.

Jackson came home after a visit to friends.

"Well," asked his wife, "did you see the Jones's twins?"

"Yes."

"Oh, George," she went on eagerly, "don't you think the boy is the picture of his father?"

"Yes," he said, "I certainly do. And the girl is the talkie of her mother."

Sir Philip Gibbs looks extremely young to be the father of a nineteen-year-old son. "I had an interview with President Harding shortly after my arrival in America," he said, "and I introduced my son. The President was very much surprized.

He said it reminded him of the time when Justice Day, who is a very little man, introduced his son, who is six-foot-four, to Chief Justice White. The Chief Justice looked at this pair and said, 'A block of the old chip, I guess.'

HEROES

A Manchester business man paid a visit to a planter friend in Uganda, who was a keen sportsman. Not without considerable misgiving the visitor allowed himself to be prevailed upon to go lion-hunting.

His first night in the jungle was a sleepless one. Next morning the two friends started out early, and had gone but a short distance when they came upon fresh tracks which the enthusiastic sportsman identified as being those of a full-grown lion.

"Tell you what we had better do," said the Manchester man, brightly. "You go ahead and see where he went, and I'll go back and see where he came from!"

No man, they say, is a hero to his *valet de chambre*. But the reason of this is that a hero can be recognised only by a hero.—*Goethe*.

NATIVE—"Sahib, I saw a lot of tiger tracks about a mile north of here."

HUNTER—"Good! Which way is south?"

HISTORY

TEACHER—"In what battle did Gen. Wolfe, when hearing of victory, cry, 'I die happy'?"

JOHNNY—"I think it was his last battle."

TEACHER—"Tommy, how many wars was Spain engaged in during the 17th century?"

TOMMY—"Seven."

TEACHER—"Seven? Enumerate them."

TOMMY—"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven."

Undiscovered church history from an examination paper in a Los Angeles high school: "The Protestant Reformation was when the Protestants broke away from the Catholic Church and began to forgive their own sins."

HENRY—"Why is the history professor sore on you?"

GEORGE—"The prof. says to me, 'What German chieftain captured Rome?' So I says to him, 'It was Stillico, wasn't it?' So he says, 'Don't ask me. I'm asking you.' So I says, 'I don't know either, prof.'"

SCHOOLMASTER—"Where was Nelson killed?" "Trafalgar Square," was the reply. "Indeed!" said the teacher, "then I suppose Wellington was killed at Waterloo Station?" "No sir," responded William, "that was Napoleon."

FIRST IDIOT—"Who was the smallest man in history?"

SECOND IDIOT—"The Roman soldier who went to sleep on his watch."

HOLLYWOOD

"This motion picture came clean from Hollywood."

"Is it possible?"

Hollywood has more Spanish homes than Spain, more Greek gods than Greece, more sheiks than Arabia, more Bohemians than Bohemia, more whiskers than Russia, and more bull than Bulgaria. It is the one place in which one can see Judas Iscariot, Napoleon, and a Chicago gangster going to work in the same flivver; where Cleopatra sits on a papiermâché rock, bums a Camel from Nancy Sykes, and eats chili and beans at the hot doggerly with Abraham Lincoln; where George Washington is told how he should dress by an ex-second-hand clothing dealer, told how to conduct affairs at Valley Forge by an ex-taxi driver, and takes his pay check from an ex-pawnbroker.

"Hollywood," says the stunt man, "is the name of a Symptom."

HOME

A lecturer says somewhat cryptically that "Those who had the right kind of home training still maintain a belief in hell."

Far in the forest, the leaves are falling,
Marsh grass is golden, wild geese are calling;
But here, in the city, the whole world hollers,
"I want an apartment for sixty-five dollars!"

Many of the new garages are being built with houses attached.

LANDLORD—"What is the complaint?"

TENANT—"The bathroom faucet won't run; would you mind having the hole in the roof shifted over the tub?"

SPORTING GENT—"I wish to buy a revolver."

SALESMAN—"In the basement, sir—domestic article section."

We have, points out the *Tacoma Ledger*, finer homes and make less use of them than any other nation.

A home is a little-used building that usually stands on the same lot with the garage.

HONESTY

SHE—"The world is full of rascals. This morning, the milkman gave me a counterfeit half-dollar."

HE—"Where is it, my dear?"

"Oh, I've already got rid of it—luckily the butcher took it."

Diogenes was looking for an honest man, says Life. "What luck?" asked the wayfarer. "Oh, pretty fair," replied Diogenes. "I still have my lantern."

Be on the level and you are not likely to go down hill.

HORSES

"How did Blank lose the fingers of his right hand?"

"Put them in the horse's mouth to see how many teeth he had."

"And then what happened?"

"The horse closed his mouth to see how many fingers Blank had."

"Can any boy tell me what harness is?" asked the teacher.
Not a single boy knew.

"Well," she continued, "is there any boy here whose father works among horses?"

One small boy stood up and answered, "Yes, teacher, mine does."

"Well," said the teacher, "what does your father put on the horse every morning?"

"Please, teacher, every cent he has."

A junior barrister was hurrying across to the Law Courts when he almost collided with a cab. The driver, who had pulled up with a jerk, pronounced his opinion in plain English about absent-minded people.

"Couldn't you see the bloomin' 'oss?" he asked with withering sarcasm.

"See him!" gasped the startled barrister, looking contemptuously at the animal between the shafts. Then he stepped onto the curb. "I didn't see your horse when I stood in front of him," he added, "but I can see something when I look at him sideways!"

TIM—"What's your hoss named?"

SAM—"He's named Regulator."

TIM—"Why?"

SAM—"All the other hosses go by him."

HOSPITALITY

It's what the guests say as they swing out of the driveway that really counts.

MOTORIST—"Is there any speed law here?"

NATIVE—"Naw, you fellers can't get thru here any too fast for us."

HOSPITALS

"Where have you been?"

"In the hospital getting censored."

"Censored?"

"Yes. I had several important parts cut out."

The Hindu babu hospital assistant had been taken to task for not keeping proper charts of the patients. Next day he presented the following:

8 a. m. The patient's life in low degree.

10 a. m. Life in sink.

11 a. m. Flit.

1 p. m. Flut.

HE—"At which joint did your friend have his arm amputated?"

SHE—"That's a mighty disrespectful way to speak of a hospital."

HOTELS

The train was approaching Bumville. "Say," a passenger accosted his neighbor, "do you know Bumville well?"

"Yes, sir. Very well. I come here at least twice a year."

"Well, what hotel would you recommend?"

"Try the Liberty hotel."

"Do you always stop there?"

"No, but I have stopped at all the others."

A Boston man who was passing the night at a hotel in a Southern town told the colored porter he wanted to be called early in the morning. The porter replied: "Say, boss, Ah reckon yo' ain't familiar with these heah modern inventions.

When yo' wants to be called in de mawnin' all yo' has to do is jest to press de button at de head of yo' bed. Den we comes up an' calls you."

PROSPECTIVE GUEST—"Why, this room reminds me of a prison."

ASSISTANT MANAGER—"Well, sir, it's all a matter of what one is used to!"

He was unaware of the eccentricities to be found in the wild west when he entered what seemed to be the only hotel in the place. After ushering him to a table and giving the stranger a glass of ice water, the waiter inquired: "Will you have saushages on toast?"

"No; I never eat 'em," the guest replied.

"In that case," said the waiter, "dinner is over."

"Can you direct me to the best hotel in this town?" asked the stranger, who had set his bag upon the station platform.

"I can," replied the man who was waiting for a train going the other way, "but I hate to do it."

"Why?"

"Because you will think, after you've seen it, that I'm a liar."

In an Arkansas "hotel" in one of the smaller towns a new colored clerk stood behind the desk. A traveling man entered and registered.

"Henry," said he, "give me a call for six o'clock."

The clerk ran his eye down the call sheet.

"I is shore sorry, boss," he explained, "but all dem six-o'clock calls done been taken. I kin give you-all a call for seven o'clock."

The notice in the rooms of hotels which reads: "Have you left anything?" should be changed to "Have you anything left?"

PATRON—"May I have some stationery?"

HOTEL CLERK (haughtily)—"Are you a guest of the house?"

PATRON—"Heck, no. I am paying twenty dollars a day."

A guest hurried up to the hotel clerk's counter. He had just ten minutes to pay his bill, reach the station and board the train.

"Hang it!" he exclaimed, "I've forgotten something. Here, boy, run up to my room—number 437—and see if I left my pajamas and shaving kit. Hurry, I've only five minutes now."

The boy hurried. In four minutes he returned, out of breath. "Yes, sir," he panted. "You left them."

HUNTING

"Hallo, old man, had any luck shooting?"

"I should say I did! I shot 17 ducks in one day."

"Were they wild?"

"Well—no—not exactly; but the farmer, who owned them, was."

"What is the name of the species I have just shot?" demanded the amateur hunter of his guide.

"Well, sir," returned the guide, "I've just been investigating and he says his name is Smith."

"Did you have any luck hunting tigers in India?"

"Marvelous luck. Didn't come across a single tiger."

There are dangers and dangers. A Westerner, out shooting rabbits with an Easterner, said: "This is pretty tame work. Out West, where we shoot bears and mountain lions, there's a spice of danger to the sport."

"So," said the Easterner, "you like danger with your shooting, do you? Well, then, you must go with my brother-in-law some day. Last week he shot his cousin."

The sportsman strode into a poulterer's shop, and with the air of a man who meant business, said:

"Can you sell me a nice, plump pheasant?"

"I'm sorry, I have not a pheasant left, sir," replied the shopman, "but here are some fine sausages that I can highly recommend. I'm sure your wife will be delighted with them."

"Sausages be blowed!" yelled the sportsman. "How can I tell my wife I shot sausages?"

"Yes," said the amateur sportsman, "I had great luck on my gunning trip today."

"Why, you didn't bag anything."

"I know, but the last time I was out I bagged a cow."

Two local fire laddies recently went on a hunting trip.

Hearing a shot, one yelled to the other:

"Get something?"

"You bettcha," the other replied.

"What is it?"

"Pheasant."

The other, approaching, laughed derisively.

"Huh!" he said, "that isn't a pheasant; it's a screech owl."

"Oh, well," said the first hunter, "what's the difference. When I eat a bird I eat its meat. I ain't particular what kind of a voice it's got."

A traveling man on his regular route stopped overnight frequently at a certain small town and, as there was nothing to do in the evening, fell into the habit of attending the usual gathering round the grocery-store stove.

There was one old man who had quite a reputation as a gunner and the salesman got to know him well. After an absence of some time, the salesman finally made his town again and as usual went to the store for the evening. The old man was there and this question, naturally, was asked:

"How is gunning this fall, uncle?"

The old man shook his head in a dismal sort of way and answered:

"Not very good, but I did have a little luck the other day. I took the old gun out, and saw a fox lying beside a rock. I pulled up the gun to fire and I'll be blamed if another fox didn't come out and lie down on the other side of the rock. I fired at the sharp edge of the rock, the bullet split and killed both foxes.

"The gun kicked so that it knocked me over into a brook that was behind me, and my right hand landed on a muskrat and my left on a beaver.

"When I got up out of the water my trousers were so full of brook trout that they burst a suspender button and it flew and killed a partridge."

FIRST HUNTER—"Killed anything?"

SECOND HUNTER—"Not a thing! Wish I'd gone motoring now."

MRS. GOTHAM—"Are you going to take the children out today, Henry?"

MR. GOTHAM—"No, dear. I'm not, I'm going hunting."

"Well, can't you take them hunting with you?"

"No; I'm afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

"Afraid I won't get what I'm going after if I take them. I'm going flat hunting."

A tourist traveling in the Rocky Mountains was introduced to an old hunter who claimed to have killed no fewer than a hundred bears.

"Bill," said the introducer, "this feller wants to hear some narrer escapes you had from bears."

"Young man," said Bill, "if thar's been any narrer escapes, the bears had 'em."

HURRY

See Haste.

HUSBANDS

"A husband leads a dog's life," said Mr. Gabb.

"That's right," agreed Mrs. Gabb. "He growls all day and snores all night."

SYMPATHETIC NEIGHBOR—"I hear you lost your husband. It's a terrible thing."

WIDOW—"Yes, indeed. You know what you're losing but you don't know what you'll get the next time."

MRS. GEFILTEFISH—"I have such an indulgent husband."

MRS. SPINKSTEIN—"Yes, so Jim says. Sometimes indulges too much, doesn't he?"

HENPECKED HUSBAND—"Where is your mistress going for the winter?"

MAID—"To Palm Beach, sir."

H. H.—"Do you know whether she is asking me with her?"

The average American family consists of 4.1 persons, we read, and you have one guess, as to who constitutes the .1 person.

SUSPICIOUS MISTRESS—"Jessie, didn't I hear you talking with somebody?"

COOK—"Yessum; reckon so."

MISTRESS—"Haven't I told you repeatedly, Jessie, that you must never have any of your gentlemen friends call here?"

COOK—"Hee, hee, missus! How he will laff when he hears dat! Lo' bless you, dat wasn't no gemmun frin'. Dat was jus' mah husband."

"I've often wondered what became of your husband. Did he die or what?"

"The latter."

SHE—"My husband certainly does enjoy smoking in his den. Has your husband a den?"

OTHER SHE—"No, he growls all over the house."

"I have some bad news for you," said the young wife tremulously.

"Shoot!" growled the brute, never emerging from the sporting section of the newspaper.

"No," she replied thotfully, "I had considered that, but I decided not to, I'm just going to divorce you."

Blessed is the husband who is an unhandy fellow; he reads his newspaper while his neighbors are mending carpet sweepers.

See also Marriage; Married Life.

ICEBERG

FREDDY—"What is an iceberg, daddy?"

DADDY—"Why it's a kind of permanent wave, son."

ICICLE

TEACHER—"And now, Tommy, can you tell me what an icicle is?"

TOMMY (after profound silence)—"Please, ma'am, it's a stiff piece of water."

IGNORANCE

DUMBELL—"I know a man who was so ignorant that the first time we put a necktie on him he stood for two hours in the same place, thinking he was hitched to something."

INDIAN CLUB—"That is nothing. I knew a man who was so ignorant that we had to put plow handles on the street cars to get him inside."

Emil Ludwig, the German biographer, said to a New York reporter during his American visit:

"In all my biographies I condemn war. Some people extol war. They say it hardens a nation and turns its people into heroes. Well, the ignoramus who says war turns people into heroes is worse than the city girl.

"A city girl visited the country one June day. She came to a pond whose shallows were full of tadpoles—thousands of little black tadpoles flopping about in an inch of muddy water.

"'Oh,' she said, 'look at the tadpoles! And to think that some day every one of the horrid, wriggling little things will be a beautiful butterfly!'"

TEACHER—"Willie, how do you define ignorance?"

WILLIE—"It's when you don't know something and somebody finds it out."

INCOME

BILLFUSS—"I notice that that fellow Hi Price heads the list in the income tax paid last year and he's put down as an interior decorator. I didn't know he ever had anything to do with paper hanging, painting or anything of that sort."

SMIFF—"No; you're on the wrong scent; he's a bootlegger."

MRS. JINKS—"What is your husband's average income, Mrs. Hinks?"

MRS. HINKS—"Oh, about midnight."

FRIEND—"I suppose you find your wife can live on your income all right?"

NEWLYWED—"Oh, yes, indeed; but it's up to me now to make another one for myself."

Blushing, she hid her face on her father's shoulder. "He loves me," she said.

"Then I suppose he wants to marry you?" the old man grunted.

"Yes, Dad."

"What's his income?"

She started. "I don't know," she murmured, "but the coincidence is very strange."

"What coincidence?" asked her father.

"Archibald," she answered, "asked the very same question about your income."

"Teacher, what does income mean?" "I believe you know, if you would just think. Now see if you cannot give a sentence using the word correctly."

"The boy opened the door and in come a cat."

INCOME TAX

Professor Einstein may be a wonder when it comes to handling theories, but we often wonder how he makes out when he gets up against a reality of such substance as an income-tax blank.

LADY—"What, in your opinion, is your finest piece of fiction?"

AUTHOR—"My last income tax return."

Speaking of increased taxes, is it sporting to jump on an income when it's down?

"What are you going to give up this Lent?"

"Two hundred and fifty dollars income tax."

WIFE (watching hold-up scene on the screen)—"That reminds me, Albert, our income tax is due tomorrow."

INDUSTRY

Fifty-three young Russians have arrived to study United States industry, and on coming up for air after finding it they will confer a favor on their hosts by telling where it is.

Dear Mrs. McGowan across the hall was speaking of the trouble she's been having with her car.

"But everybody has trouble lately," she said; "and it's nothing in the world but them using these raw materials at the factories."

INDUSTRIOUS

Mrs. Day, a young matron, was seated one spring morning on the piazza of her pretty suburban cottage, busily engaged in plying her needle. A coat of her husband's was in her lap. Looking up from her work, when her husband appeared in the doorway, the young woman exclaimed, somewhat fretfully:

"Really, Eugene, it is too bad, the careless way your tailor put this button on. This is the sixth time I have had to sew it on for you."

Father was feeling critical toward his son. "Boy," said he, "why don't you get out and find a job? When I was your age I was working fifteen hours a day for three bucks a week and

at the end of five years I owned the store. Let that stand as an example to you, son!"

The son reflected and then replied, "Yer can't do that nowadays, Dad, they all got cash registers!"

"Your new clerk seems industrious."

"He has just started to work for us."

"You anticipate that he will slow up after a while?"

"I'm sure of it. Tomorrow or the next day he will begin to notice that we have some good-looking stenographers about the premises."

DICK—"I think Edith will make a fine wife. I have been calling on her for six months now and nearly always have found her darning her father's socks."

JACK—"That caught me, too, until I found out that it was the same sock."

INSOMNIA

SYMPATHIZER—"How's your insomnia?"

INCURABLE—"Worse and worse. I can't even sleep when it's time to get up."

CHARLIE—"I have insomnia; can't sleep a wink."

JIM—"I know a good remedy: a glass of whisky an hour. Won't put you to sleep but it makes it a pleasure to stay awake."

PATIENT—"What shall I do for insomnia, doctor?"

DOCTOR—"Every evening keep repeating to yourself, 'I am a night watchman.'"

"Oh, dear," sighed Mrs. Alden, as she tossed about in bed, "I'm suffering dreadfully from insomnia."

"Go to sleep and you'll be all right," growled Mr. Alden, as he rolled over and began to snore again.

ALBERTSON—"Say, old man, do you know of any cure for insomnia?"

GOLDE—"Why, they say that counting up to a thousand is a sure remedy."

ALBERTSON—"Dawgone it, that's what everybody tells me. But the baby's too young to count."

The head of a large business house noticed that one of his clerks had been looking off color for some months, and one morning, when he was looking rather paler than usual, he tackled him on the subject. "You look tired this morning, Jones," he said kindly. "Don't you sleep well?"

"No, sir," was the reply. "The fellow I share a room with and I suffer from alternate insomnia."

"Alternate insomnia! What is that?"

"Whichever gets to sleep first keeps the other awake all night!"

"Afraid you're going to have insomnia? What are the symptoms?"

"Twins."

"My dear, the doctor says a brisk walk before going to bed will cure my insomnia."

"Well," returned his wife, "I'll clear the room so that you can walk! and you may as well take the baby with you."

GABBY—"I'm suffering dreadfully from insomnia. I've tried all sorts of remedies, but I can find nothing that will send me to sleep."

SWEET—"Why don't you try talking to yourself?"

INSTALMENTS

LITERARY NOTE—"Lives of great men often remind us that the next quarterly payment on them is about due."

What this country really needs is a good five-cent instalment plan.

SHE—"Why so thotful, dear?"

HE—"I have one dollar over this week and can't remember which instalment I forgot to pay."

"You are working too hard," said the doctor.

"I know it," sighed the patient, "but it is the only way I can keep up the easy payments."

SHE—"This dining room goes back to Louis the Fourteenth."

HE—"That's nothing. My whole living room set goes back to Sears, Roebuck the fifteenth."

When time ends, the instalment houses are going to have a lot of unpaid bills on their books.

MR. SPENDER—"Any instalments due to-day?"

MRS. SPENDER—"No, dear, I think not."

MR. SPENDER—"Any payments due on the house, the radio, the furniture the rugs, or the books?"

MRS. SPENDER—"No."

MR. SPENDER—"Then I have ten dollars we don't need. What do you say if we buy a new car?"

The only reason a great many American families don't own an elephant is that they have never been offered an elephant for a dollar down and easy weekly payments.

Mrs. Higgins had just paid the last instalment on the perambulator.

SHOPKEEPER—"Thank you, Madam. How is the baby getting on now?"

MRS. HIGGINS—"Oh he's quite all right. He's getting married next week."

DUBIOUS PERSON—"I've been getting threatening letters thru the mail. Isn't there a law against that?"

POST-OFFICE INSPECTOR—"Of course there is. It's a very serious offense to send threatening letters. Have you any idea who's doing it?"

DUBIOUS PERSON—"Sure. The Woofus Furniture Company."

TEACHER—"Johnny, if your father could save one dollar a week for four weeks, what would he have?"

MODERN CHILD (promptly)—"A radio, an electric refrigerator, a new suit, and a lot more furniture."

"Where's your car?"

"I turned it in as a first payment on a turkey."

"Where's old Bill been lately? I haven't seen him for months."

"What? Haven't you 'eard? He's got three years for stealin' a car."

"What did he want to steal a car for? Why didn't he buy one an' not pay for it, like a gentleman!"

Suitable sentiment on postcard from Cunard passenger to friend at home: "Having a good time. Wish it were paid for."

INSTRUCTIONS

The Kansas City *Star* reports a Lakin, Kansas, druggist who sent a shipment of ice cream by parcel post with the inscription: If not delivered in five days, never mind.

PHOTOGRAPHER TO VICTIM—"Please look pleasant, lady, and in a few moments you may resume your natural expression."

INSURANCE, ACCIDENT

JACK—"You say you fell from a ladder and were painfully injured? Why don't you file a claim on your insurance company?"

CLARENCE—"I would, but you see it wasn't exactly an accident. I was planning to elope with Mabel and I mistook her father's room for her's."

"Callahan," demanded the judge, "why did you dump your hod of bricks on your friend McIntyre?"

"It was this way, judge," explained the offender. "I wanst tole McIntyre that if he was hard up for money to come to the

building where I was workin' and I'd do him a favor. An' whin I saw him comin' down the street, dead broke, I dropped the bricks down on his head, knowin' he had an accident policy."

An enterprising insurance agent induced an Irishman to take out an accident policy for his wife. A few days later, while conversing with a friend in his office, he was startled to see the Irishman rush in, brandishing fiercely a stout cane.

"Ye rascal!" he yelled, springing toward the agent, "ye wanter cheat me!"

Fortunately the enraged man was disarmed and held fast by the agent's friend, who was a powerfully built man. The Irishman, struggling to get free, shouted:

"Let me get at the spalpeen! Think ov it, chargin' me foive dollars fer an accident ticket fer me ole woman, an' she jest broke her leg a-fallin' downshtairs! Wot's the good ov the ticket, anyhow?"

"Can you recommend the company with which you are insured against accidents?"

"Rather! I have been insured 10 years and never had an accident."

INSURANCE, FIRE

An Aberdonian had just insured his house against fire. As he signed his name he turned to the insurance agent and asked:

"What would I get if my house was to burn down to-morrow?"

"Oh, I should say about ten years," replied the insurance man.

The boy stood on the burning deck
 Whence all but him had fled;
 He would not move to save his neck,
 "For I'm insured," he said.

INSURANCE, LIFE

BLONDINE—"Did you have a good time at the dance last night?"

BRUNETTA—"Kinda."

"Who was that handsome chap I saw you with just after the intermission?"

"He is a stranger in town."

"Dashing, isn't he?"

"Nerviest gink I ever seen."

"I noticed he had his arm rather tightly about you."

"I didn't mind that so much."

"What then?"

"Do you know why he had me clutched that way?"

"No."

"Well, would you believe it, he had me that way so I couldn't escape, and all the time we were dancing he was trying to sell me some life insurance."

MRS. NEWBRIE—"Have you any faith in life insurance?"

MRS. OLDBRIDE—"Yes, indeed; I've realized \$10,000 from two husbands, and they weren't good ones, either."

FREDDIE—"Now that you are married I suppose you will take out an insurance policy?"

EDDIE—"Oh, no! I don't think she's going to be dangerous."

When the agent for the life insurance company paid Mrs. Stone the amount of insurance her husband had carried, he asked her to take out a policy on her own life.

"I believe I will," she said, "my husband had such good luck with his."

LIFE INSURANCE AGENT—"My dear sir, have you made any provision for those who come after you?"

HARDY—"Yes, I've put the dog at the door, and told the servant to say I'm out of town."

SECRETARY—"Mr. Terry said to tell you he is too busy to talk to you today."

LIFE INSURANCE AGENT—"Tell him he won't have to say a word."

A speaker at the Hartford meeting of Group 5, Wisconsin Bankers Association, declared that one can prove almost anything by statistics. He recited the story of a tottering old man who limped into the office of a large insurance company and asked to have his life insured.

"How old are you," asked one of the agents.

"Ninety-seven," replied the applicant.

"That is altogether too old," said the agent, "and we cannot insure you."

"Well," returned the old man, "I figured I was all right for life insurance because statistics prove that very few people die at 97 or over."

INVENTIONS

Chairman Lasker of the U. S. shipping board, said in a Washington address: "Some of the critics of the shipping board understand the board's work so thoroly, and this work is in their opinion so simple and easy, that when I listen to them I remember a certain young matron.

"A great banker said to this young matron: 'I am ashamed of my failure to keep abreast of modern science. Take the electric light, for instance; I haven't the least idea how it works.'

"The young matron gave him a patronizing smile. 'Why,' she said, 'it's very simple really. You just press a button, and the light comes on—that's all there is to it.'"

"What modern inventions have done most to help men up in the world?" "The elevator and the alarm clock."

I eat my peas with honey,
 I have done it all my life;
 They do taste kind of funny,
 But it keeps them on the knife.

PROFESSOR (in freshman science class)—“Who is the greatest inventor the world has ever known?”

FRESHMAN—“An Irishman by the name of Pat Pending.”

Physicists are wondering what will happen when the newly invented indestructible collar meets the irresistible laundry machine.

Ted Cook says that the best way to quit smoking is to carry an automatic lighter.

Another good place for a zipper would be on string beans.

Scientist has invented an earthquake announcer that goes off like an alarm clock. There is a much more general need for an alarm clock that goes off like an earthquake.

Mr. Graham Bell has devised an apparatus for condensing air into water, to be used by travelers in the desert. Mr. Bell is the inventor of the telephone, and he seems to be endeavoring to make amends for his early indiscretion.

“Let's see, how does that saying go: If a man make a better mouse trap than his neighbor, the world will beat — ”

“Will beat him out of the patent, no doubt.”

Necessity may have been the mother of invention, but today, alas, invention is the mother of necessities.

A Harvard professor has invented a machine which will exert six hundred thousand pounds pressure per square inch. Useful for attaching postage stamps.

INVESTMENTS

A lot of people who bought “securities” are wondering whether they understand the English language.

Want to make some dough?
 Here's a plan to try:
 Buy stocks when they're low,
 Sell them when they're high.
 Or, if you're a sport,
 Ere the issues drop,
 Sell the market short
 When it's at the top.
 Then when stocks have slid
 Seven points to ten—
 That's the time to bid—
 Buy them in again!
 Make your dough with ease,
 Save your strength and time,
 Meanwhile, could you please,
 Let me have a dime?

The Soviet government has put into operation the largest electric plant in the world. It is hard to see how they can expect to make it work without an Insull to play games with the stock.

"How did Richleigh make all his money?"
 "By judicious speculation and investment."
 "And how did Poorman lose all his money?"
 "Gambling on the stock market."

GRIGGS—"Did that little deal of yours turn out a paying investment?"

BRIGGS—"Oh, yes, but I wasn't the payee."

The disastrous orgy of gambling taught America such a lesson that everybody is determined to get out earlier next time.

"Are you looking for a permanent investment?"
 "Not too permanent."
 "Huh?"
 "I don't want to put my money in unless there's a chance to get it out."

IRISHMEN

ROONEY—"Which would ye sooner be in, Casey—an explosion or a collision?"

CASEY—"In a collision."

ROONEY—"Why?"

CASEY—"Because in a collision, there ye are; but in an explosion, where are ye?"

An Irish recruit, being rebuked by the sergeant for striking one of his companions:

"I thought there was no harm in it," said Pat, "as I had nothing in my hand but my fist."

A Dublin driver who expected a liberal fare from two officers whom he drove to the barracks from the Rotunda received only a shilling, which was his strict legal due. The driver looked at it and uttered a malediction on the Czar Nicholas. This was shortly after the Crimean War. "Why do you speak ill of the Emperor of Russia, my man?" asked the officer. "Why then, I'll tell you, sor, becase he killed off all the gintlemen in the British Army."

PAT—"Have you christened your new baby yet?"

MIKE—"We have."

PAT—"An' phwat did you call it?"

MIKE—"Hazel."

PAT—"Sure, bad cess to ye, with 223 Saints to name the kid after, ye had to go and name it after a nut."

One day two Englishmen and an Irishman were working on a road. As the day grew warmer, Pat the Irishman took his coat off, and hung it on some bushes. When he wasn't looking the Englishmen drew a donkey's head on the coat. In the evening when the men were ready to go home, the Englishmen stood near by to see what Pat would say about the coat.

"Well," said Pat, "which one of you guys wiped his face on me coat?"

"Gimme three cigars," ordered O'Rourke, shoving a quarter across the counter.

"Strong ones, or mild?"

"Gimme the strong ones. The weak wans is always bustin' in me pocket."

They were looking at the kangaroo at the Zoo, when an Irishman said: "Beg pardon, sor, phwat kind of a creature is that?"

"Oh," said the gentleman, "that is a native of Australia."

"Good hivens!" exclaimed Pat. "An' me sister married wan o' thim."

MRS. O'BRIEN (to caller)—"Faith, Norah, yez risimble yure mother that much Oi'd know yez wor her daughter if Oi'd never seen ayther av yez."

In a small village in Ireland the mother of a soldier met the village priest who asked her if she had had bad news. "Sure I have," she said. "Pat has been killed."

"Oh, I am very sorry," said the priest. "Did you receive word from the war office?"

"No," she said, "I received word from himself."

The priest looked perplexed, and said, "But how is that?"

"Sure," she said, "here is the letter, read it for yourself."

The letter said, "Dear Mother—I am now in the Holy Land."

An Irishman was once carving a fowl at a party. He asked one of the company what part of it he would like. He said a leg. He asked the next one. He also said a leg. Then he asked the third one, and she said a leg. "Arrah!" said Paddy, much irritated, "do you think it's a spider I'm carving?"

One of those old stories that must have had its origin in the Garden of Eden has to do with a corpulent, self-complacent Irish contractor, who sank into his most comfortable chair and remarked to his wife, "Well, Kate, me dear, life to me seems to have been one long run of prosperity. First I was plain Hooley; then I married you and became Mr. Hooley. Then I was made Councilor Hooley, and later Alderman Hooley. To cap the lot, as I wint into church yisterday all the congregation with one accord rose and sang 'Hooley, Hooley, Hooley!'"

A gentleman riding with an old Irishman came in sight of an old gallows and to display his wit said: "Pat, do you see that?"

"To be sure I do," replied Pat.

"And where would you be today if the gallows had its due?"

"I'd be riding alone," replied Pat.

BOSS—"Mike, how did the accident happen?"

MIKE—"Well, boss, ye see, 'twas like this. I was drivin' me truck up State street, when I had to stop suddenly, and a fellow in a big Packard crashed into the rear end of me truck. Shure it didn't hurt his machine very much, but he jumped off and ran up to me and shakin his fhist said, 'Hey, you little Harp, why didn't you put out your hand?' 'Put out me hand?' say I, 'ye dang fool, if ye couldn't see the truck, how the devil could ye see me hand?'"

An Irishman applied for a job on the police force and the chief was quizzing him.

"What would you do if you found a big crowd gathered at some point on your beat? How would you disperse them in the quickest, easiest way?"

"Faith, an' O'd just pass me hat."

The foreman looked the applicant for work up and down.

"Are you a mechanic?" he asked.

"No, sorr," was the answer, "oi'm a McCarthy."

In Ireland it seems that many a truce word is spoken in jest.

In a Pacific Coast town there had been a slight earthquake shock, and Messrs. Clancy and Callahan had both felt it.

"Patrick," said Mr. Callahan solemnly, "what did ye think whin first the ground began to trimble?"

"Think?" ejaculated Mr. Clancy with scorn. "What man that has the use of his legs to run wit' and his lungs to roar wit' would be after thinkin' at a toime like thot?"

MIKE—"This is a great country, Pat."

PAT—"And how's that?"

MIKE—"Sure, th' paper sez yez can buy a foive-dollar money order for three cints."

Dr. J. R. P. Sclater, of Toronto, first met the late Studdert Kennedy when they were chaplains on the Western front. To "Woodbine Willie," as Kennedy was called, Sclater said, "You've got a good Galloway name; you must be a Scotsman." "A Scotsman? God forbid!" And he paused to let it sink in. "The Scots," he added, "are the most efficient and the least pleasant race on earth. The Irish may be the least efficient, but they are the most pleasant. I'm an Irishman."

MRS. MURPHY—"Why Pat, you have your shoes on the wrong feet."

PAT.—"Begorra they're the only feet I have."

"What are your political sympathies, Comrade?"

"Oi'm aginst the government, dom it."

"But here there is no government. This is a complete anarchy."

"Thin Oi'm aginst the anarchy."

This is a study in intonation. The night before an engagement the Irish sergeant endeavored to inspire his men. He explained what was to take place. Then ensued this colloquy:

"Bhoys, will yez fight or will yez run?"

"We will!"

"Will what?"

"Will not!"

"That's the spirit, bhoys; I knew yez would."

Hogan was tired of the city and wanted to move out to the great open spaces where men are men and all that sort of thing. Accordingly, he sought information from a friend.

"Clancy," he said, "ye've taken a homestead, so ye know all about it. Will ye be tellin' me th' law about goin' about it?"

"Well," said Clancy judiciously, "I'm not aither rememberin' the letter of th' law, but here's what it amounts to. Th' Guvviment is willin' to bet ye wan hundred an' sixty acres of land agin' fourteen dollars that ye can't live on it five years without starvin' to death."

The only difference between an Irishman and a Dutchman is, when a Dutchman dies, he's dead; but when an Irishman dies, they have to watch him for three days and three nights.

PAT—"Oi wouldn't throw ye a rope if ye was drownin'."

MIKE—"Oi wouldn't touch it if ye did."

"Come, come, my man," said the would-be peacemaker, "you don't really want to fight. I can tell by your looks. Your face is too benign."

"Two be nine, is ut, ye dom butter-in! Take thot! Oi'll let yez know Oi'm no hatchet face."

"Drink," said the Irish preacher, "is the greatest curse of the country. It makes ye quarrel with yer neighbors. It makes ye shoot at yer landlord. And it makes yer miss him."

Standing by the entrance of a large estate in the suburbs of Dublin are two huge dogs carved out of granite.

An Englishman going by in a motor thought he would have some fun with the Irish driver.

"How often, Pat, do you feed those two big dogs?"

"Whenever they bark, sir," was the straight-forward reply.

JEWELRY

"Is that a real diamond?"

"Well, very nearly."

JOKES

Simpkins considered himself a humorist. He sent a selection of his original jokes to the editor of a newspaper and confidently awaited a remittance. His excitement ran high when he received a letter, obviously from the newspaper office.

He opened it with feverish haste. There was no cheque, however, just a small note, as follows:

"Dear sir—Your jokes received. Some we have seen before; some we have not seen yet."

We editors may dig and toil,
 Till our finger tips are sore,
 But some poor fish is sure to say—
 I've heard that joke before.

—*McGill Daily.*

And those we serve make us so mad
 We sometimes wish they'd croak.
 Not one will stop to realize
 He is the world's best joke.

We could tell you some more jokes, but what's the use? You would only laugh at them.

"When is a joke not a joke?"

"Usually."

The man who possesses a sense of humor and knows how to use it can have an easy time traveling thru the world. After Thomas Lawrence, the young archaeologist, had earned international fame during the World War by the work he had done in Arabia, he returned to England and built a bungalow in Epping Forest, near London, a national preserve. When the authorities told him he had broken the law by erecting a stationary house when the law provides that all buildings in the park must be movable, Lawrence did no arguing. He listened respectfully and wasted none of his own time explaining that his service to the Empire in the East entitled him to some consideration.

Instead, he bought some red paint and with a brush put four wheels on the foundations.

Altho the English are not supposed to have a sense of humor by those who do not know them, the authorities looked at those painted wheels, laughed, and left Lawrence alone.

Men with a true sense of humor waste little of their time arguing or explaining.

FIRST ENGLISHMAN—"Charley, did you hear that joke about the Egyptian guide who showed some tourists two skulls of Cleopatra—one as a girl and one as a woman?"

SECOND DITTO—"No, let's hear it."

EDITOR (after a surfeit of old jokes)—"M—m—, Yes! But I would like to meet a humorist who is not an exhumarist."

Whatever trouble Adam had,
 No, man, in days of yore,
 Could say when he had told a joke,
 "I've heard that one before."

Things We'd Like To See

An absent-minded professor.
 A drunk that says "hic" and "ish."
 A stupid Englishman.
 A tight Scotchman.

JUDGES

MAGISTRATE—"This man's watch was fastened in his pocket by a safety-pin. How did you manage to get it?"

PRISONER—"Well, Judge, I usually gets two guineas fer six lessons."

"I shall have to give you ten days or \$20," said the judge.
 "I'll take the \$20, judge," said the prisoner.

A lawyer said, when defending before Lord Young a plaintiff of somewhat libulous appearance:

"My client, my lord, is a most remarkable man, and holds a very responsible position; he is a manager of a waterworks."

After a long look the judge answered:

"Yes, he looks like a man who could be trusted with any amount of water."

PRISONER—"It is difficult to see how I can be a forger. Why, I can't sign my own name."

JUDGE—"You are not charged with signing your own name."

MAGISTRATE—"Have you anything to say before I pass sentence?"

BURGLAR—"Yes, m'lud. It's a bit thick bein' identified by a bloke wot kept 'is head under the bedclothes the whole time."

A judge, in remanding a criminal, called him a scoundrel. The prisoner replied:

"Sir, I am not as big a scoundrel as your honor"—here the culprit stopped, but finally added—"takes me to be."

"Put your words closer together," said the judge.

A man who had been arrested on suspicion was appearing before the magistrate.

"What were you doing when the policeman came?" asked the magistrate.

"Waiting, sir," replied the prisoner.

"What were you waiting for?"

"For money."

"Who was to give you money?"

"The man I had been waiting for."

"What did he owe it you for?"

"For waiting."

"Enough of this tomfoolery!" snapped the magistrate, who by now was very angry. "What do you do for a living?"

"I'm a waiter, sir," replied the innocent man.

"You are charged," said the Court, "with having wilfully, feloniously, and with malice aforethought appropriated to your own use and behoof a certain article, to wit, a vehicle—said vehicle having been wrongfully and feloniously abstracted by you from the premises of one John Doe on or about the 14th day of August, anno Domini, 1912 contrary to the statute in such case made and provided, and against the peace and dignity of the people of the State of Illinois. What say you?"

"I'm not guilty, Jedge," protested the prisoner. "All I done was to steal a buggy."

In the early days of Arizona an elderly and pompous chief justice was presiding at the trial of a celebrated murder case. An aged negro had been ruthlessly killed and the only eyewitness to the murder was a very small negro boy. When he was called to give his testimony the lawyer for the defense objected on the ground that he was too young to know the nature of an oath and in examining him asked:

"What would happen to you if you told a lie?"

"De debbil 'ud git me," the boy replied.

"Yes, and I'd get you," sternly said the chief justice.

"Dat's jus' what I said," answered the boy.

See also Lawyers.

JURIES

Some years ago in a Western State, then a territory, a popular citizen became involved with an influential and overbearing character and killed him.

Public sentiment leaned toward the defendant, but the law was against him, and, when the day of trial came the defendant, his counsel and friends held a consultation, and, fearful of the consequences, they decided that the defendant should plead guilty and beg the court's mercy.

The jury was charged by the court and retired. Presently it returned, and the foreman said:

"We find defendant not guilty."

The judge viewed the jury in surprize and said:

"Gentlemen of the jury, how be it? This defendant pleads guilty, and you find him not guilty?"

The foreman answered:

"Well, your Honor, the defendant is such a liar we can't believe him under oath."

LAWYER (examining prospective juror in criminal case)—
"Mr. Juror, have you any fixed opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the accused?"

JUROR (emphatically)—"Naw, I ain't got no doubt but the guy's guilty, but they ain't nobody fixed me."

Down in Arkansas a man was tried for assault and battery with intent to kill. The State produced as evidence the weapons used, a rail, gun, saw, and rifle. The defendant's counsel exhibited as the other man's weapons a scythe blade, pitchfork, pistol, dog, razor, and hoe. After being out several hours the jury gave this verdict: "We, the jury, would have given a dollar to see the fight."

The judge was evidently getting a bit fed up with the jury, and at last he announced:

"I discharge the jury!"

A tall, lean member of the twelve then rose.

"Say, judge, you can't discharge me!"

"Can't discharge you? Why not?" thundered the other.

"Waal," replied the jurymen, pointing to counsel for the defence, "I was hired by that guy over there!"

Sam, impaneled for jury service at a murder trial, had seemed a little too anxious to serve.

"Do you know the accused?" he was asked.

"Yassuh—dat is, nossuh," he replied, realizing that if he made an affirmative answer he would be disbarred from serving.

"Have you made up your mind as to his guilt or innocence?"

"Oh, no, suh."

"You think, then, that you could give his case a fair hearing?"

"Yassuh," replied Sam. "Leastways, ez fair ez de ole scamp deserves."

KINGS

"There is a big difference between the kings of old times and kings now."

"In what way?"

"In former times the kings used to keep fools. Now, they let the fools keep them."

KISSING

HARRY—"So you won't kiss and make up?"

HARRIET—"Well, I won't make up."

FATHER—"How is it, young man, that I find you kissing my daughter? How is it, I ask you?"

SOFA SQUEEZER—"Oh, great! Great!"

FLAPPER—"I'm telling you for the last time that you can't kiss me."

SHEIK—"Fine! I knew you would weaken sooner or later."

HE (having just kissed her)—“Ah! That was indeed a triumph of mind over matter!”

SHE—“Yes, I didn't mind, because you didn't matter.”

FATHER (angrily)—“Young man, didn't I see you kiss my daughter?”

LOVER (blandly)—“Really, I don't know. I was too busy to notice.”

“Sir,” exclaimed the indignant Boston girl after the kiss had been stolen, “how dare you! No man ever kissed me before.”

“Oh, that's all right,” replied the nerry youth. “Somebody had to break the ice.”

CHARLIE—“My wife kisses me evenings when I get home late.”

MATTY—“Affection?”

CHARLIE—“No; investigation.”

PATIENT (calling on family doctor)—“Doctor, my son has scarlet fever, and the worst part about it is that he admits he got it from kissing the house maid.”

DOCTOR (soothingly)—“Young people will do thotless things.”

PATIENT—“But don't you see, doctor, to be plain with you, I've kissed that girl myself.”

DOCTOR—“By jove, that's too bad.”

PATIENT—“And to make matters worse, as I kissed my wife every morning and night, I'm afraid that she too——”

DOCTOR (wildly)—“Good heavens, I will have it, too!”

PEGGY—“People say that a kiss speaks volumes.”

PERCY—“Then don't you think it would be fun to start a library?”

PAPA—“Why did you permit young Gaybird to kiss you in the parlor last night?”

DAUGHTER—“Because I was afraid he'd catch cold in the hall.”

“Constable, that man kissed me!”

“Never mind, ma'am. He's obviously short-sighted.”

"May I kiss you, Jennie?" asked the young man, in the parlor.

"Oh!" replied Jennie, "mother's in the other room."

"That's all right," replied the young man, "your father can kiss her."

THE POETIC LOVER—"Just one kiss. Love makes the world go round."

MODERN CAMPUS AMAZON—"So does a smash on the jaw."

To miss a kiss is more amiss
 Than it would be to kiss a miss,
 Provided that the kiss you miss
 The miss herself would never miss.

BOBBY—"I saw you kiss sister last night!"

STIMSON—"Did you, Bobby? Here's a quarter for you."

BOBBY—"Thanks; and then I saw you kissing the maid in the hall."

STIMSON—"Great Scot! Here's \$5."

"What did you say when Jack threatened to kiss you?"

"I told him I'd just like to see him."

"And then?"

"Well, Jack always tries to do what I like."

MAY (teasingly)—"They say kissing is so dangerous."

RAY (gamely)—"Perhaps! But isn't it grand if you live thru it?"

ROBERTA—"What do you mean by kissing me?"

ROBERT—"I just couldn't help myself."

ROBERTA—"But you just did."

JACK—"Do you object to kissing on sanitary grounds?"

JACQUETTE—"Oh, no."

JACK—"Then let's take a little stroll thru the infirmary."

HE—"That young brother of yours saw me kiss you just now. What should I give him to keep him quiet?"

SHE (absently)—"He usually gets a quarter."

"How are you getting along with your girl?"

"She won't speak to me any more. I kissed her, and when she said it wasn't nice, I admitted it."

KITCHENETTES

Polygamy would never work in this country. Think of six wives in a kitchenette!

KNOWLEDGE

SCHOOL DIRECTOR—"Be very diligent in your studies. Remember, what you have learned no one can ever take from you."

PUPIL—"Well, they can't ever take from me what I haven't learned either, can they?"

WILLIE—"Please, teacher, what did I learn today?"

TEACHER—"What a peculiar question!"

WILLIE—"Well, they'll ask me when I get home."

WIFE—"My dear George, don't run away with the idea that I am ignorant. I know a great deal more than I care to tell."

HUSBAND—"Well, my dear, I hope you will acquire a lot more of that kind of knowledge."

He was learned in all the classics,
 He was hep to legal lore,
 Tho' he'd never seen a dog iron,
 Or heard a Pullman sleeper snore.

He said he'd seen a cigar stand,
 And a flower shop now and then,
 And also watched a cracker box,
 But never a fountain pen.

INEBRRIATED ONE (to local professor with reputation for great knowledge)—“Some people think they know everything.”

After this had been repeated two or three times the professor replied that he had known people who thot they knew more than they did know, but that he had never met anyone who claimed to know everything.

INEBRATED ONE—“Well, I can tell you something you don't know! My wife is your washerwoman, and I'm wearing one of your shirts!”

MRS. SMITH—“Really, Mr. Giles, your prices are getting exorbitant.”

FARMER GILES—“Well, mum, it's this way: When a chap 'as to know the botanical name of what 'e grows, an' the zoological name of the hinsect wot eats it, an' the chemical name of wot kills the hinsect, some one's got to pay for it!”

The son of the family was home on his first vacation since he had attained to the dignity of college prefect. He and his father were discussing affairs of the day, and finally the boy remarked:

“Say, gov, I hope when I am as old as you are I'll know more than you do.”

“I'll go you one better, my boy,” the father replied. “I hope that when you are that old you will know as much as you think you do now.”

When the rich man brought his son for entrance to the state college he told the president he wished a short course.

“The boy can never learn all you teach here,” said the father “Can you arrange it for him so he'll go thru quick?”

“Oh, yes,” said the president; “he can take a short course. It all depends upon what you want to make of him. When God wants to make an oak He takes a hundred years, but He takes only two months to make a squash.”

BARR—“How do you, with all your interests, manage to gain such knowledge of contemporaneous literature?”

CARR—“I always read while I wait for my wife to dress.”

LANGUAGE

The rhetorician who laid down the rule, "Never use a preposition to end a sentence with," has been outdone by the child who asked, "What did you bring that book to me to be read to out of for?"

The average man has been found in Iowa. We believe our readers should be told just what kind of fellow he is:

He is fond of all *athaletic* sports.

He gets at least one book a week from the public *liberry*.

"James, have you whispered today without permission?"

"Only wunst."

"Leroy, should James have said 'wunst'?"

"No'm, he should have said 'twict.'"

ST. PETER—"Who's there?"

VOICE—"It is I."

ST. PETER—"Get out of here. We don't want any more school teachers."

ROOMMATE (at 7 a.m.)—"Y'up?"

ROOMMATE (yawning)—"Yup!"

TEACHER—"I have went. That's wrong, isn't it?"

JOHNNY—"Yes, ma'am."

TEACHER—"Why is it wrong?"

JOHNNY—"Because you ain't went yet."

AMERICAN (in his effort to ask for a singe in a perfect French accent)—"Singe."

FRENCH BARBLR (who is rather sensitive about his personal appearance)—"Comment? ? ?"

AMERICAN—"Je dis singe."

BARBER—"Va-t-en, dairty peeg!"

MISS JENKINS—"Nobody ever heard of a sentence without a predicate."

KNECHT—"I have, Miss Jenkins."

MISS JENKINS—"What is it?"

KNECHT—"Thirty days."

JOHNNY at circus—"Mother, ain't that a hell of an elephant?"

MOTHER—"Johnny, how often must I tell you not to say 'ain't?'"

A village priest, on his sabbatical year, arrived in Rome and put up at a modest hotel.

Not knowing Italian, he tried to get along with his liturgical Latin. As he was about to make an excursion to the surrounding country, he came out of his room prepared for travel, and the porter, seeing him, supposed that he wanted his trunk carried out.

"That may stay here," said the priest. "I shall return."

"*Non capisco, Monsignore,*" returned the porter, shrugging his shoulders.

"*Requiescat in pace,*" said the priest, pointing to the trunk. "*Resurgam!*"

FAIR VISITOR—"Is there some place aboard where I can get a drink of water?"

THE GOB—"Certainly, Miss. At the scuttlebutt, on the star-board side of the gun deck, 'midships, just for'rud of the dynamo hatch."

An excited Labour Member once shouted:

"If this Bill passes, I see before the working men of England a future from which they have been for too many years kept out."

TAILOR—"Euripides?"

CUSTOMER—"Yah, Eumenides."

Huh! Shakespeare used only 23,000 words, and it takes almost that many to drive a mule.

IRATE PAPA—"No, sir. My daughter can never be yours."

BRIGHT SUITOR—"Quite right, sir. She cannot possibly be my daughter. I only wanted her to be my wife."

The Riches are each twenty-eight years old. They were married in February, 1921, and the baby boy born six weeks ago was their first. He is an accountant for the Underwood Type-writer Company.—*News item.*

Go Ahead, Zoo Me!

A ptarmigan's ptesty, I'm ptold,
 Ptied up by a ptouch of ptomaine;
 A gnu's gnever gnettled by gnerves,
 A dhole dhoesn't dhwell like a Dhane;
 A xerus combines xest and xcal,
 A llama llikes lliver and llimes—
 (Xoological dhetails pthat gnever lack charm,
 Pthough I've heard pthem a gnumber of ptimes.)

They grinned when the waiter spoke to me in Greek, but their laughter changed to astonishment at my ready reply.

"I wanna roasta bif san'wich, str-r-romberry pie, two cup skawfee," was the simple and clear statement I made without hesitation.

"Mother," asked little Jack, "is it correct to say that you 'water a horse' when he is thirsty?"

"Yes, dear," replied his mother.

"Well, then," said Jack, picking up a saucer, "I'm going to milk the cat."

"Did you have any difficulty with your French in Paris?"

"No—but the French people did."

(From a story)—"She held out her hand and the young man took it and departed."

He was looking for a quiet place to park his car, and seeing a side street, turned into it, put the brake up, and was walking off when a policeman appeared.

"You can't leave your car there."

"Why not? It's a quiet spot."

"I tell you you can't leave it there."

"But, my good man, it's a cul-de-sac."

"I don't care if it's a Rolls-Royce, out with it."

A Prague professor thinks that despite opposition English will become the world language. America will be the last country to give in.

There is a plague of caterpillars on oak trees, especially in Surrey. The Forestry Commission have the matter in hand. They are eating the leaves until the trees are in some cases almost bare.—*Daily Sketch*.

ENTHUSIASTIC GIRL—"Isn't this a topping party?"

BLASE BOY—"It'd be top-hole if the music wasn't so dud, 'cos the grub's not bad, what there is of it, and the floor's good enough in parts, and the girls aren't too dusty, only they dance as if their steering-gear was wonky!"

TEACHER—"Define trickle."

BOY—"To run slowly."

TEACHER—"Define anecdote."

BOY—"A short, funny tale."

TEACHER—"Use both words in a sentence."

BOY—"The dog trickled down the street with a can tied to his anecdote."

"How d'yer like yer new boss, Mame?" asked one stenographer of another on the elevated.

"Oh, he ain't so bad, only he's kind of bigoted."

"What yer mean, bigoted?"

"He seems ter think that words can only be spelled in his way."

TEACHER—"Use the right verb in this sentence—"The toast was drank in silence."

PUPIL—"The toast was ate in silence."

A postage-stamp in the Aztec language is "*amatlozuiltiquiti-catlaxlahuila*." When with the Aztecs, don't write—telegraph.

NEW PRIEST—"I am told, Mrs. Murphy, that you boast of two fine healthy boys."

MRS. MURPHY—"Divil a boast, yer rivirince. Sure I do be apologizin' for thim 50 toimes a day."

Young Mr. Vanderbilt has written a novel about Reno which is said to be "very frank but not vulgar." As an ardent supporter of the Society Against Calling Pullman Porters George, may we suggest a Society Against Calling Novels Frank?

Professor Horgesheimer, the German, says that eventually Americans will be speaking German instead of English. It is English they speak, then, is it?

Little Willie evidently had been "listening in" on some of his big brother's conversations with a chum and the following is a sample of the information he drew from one of them:

"Mama, why do they wax people?"

"They don't, Willie. Why do you ask?"

"Why, when brother came home from work he told Bill that last night the party waxed Mary."

A celebrated singer was in a motor-car accident one day. A paper, after recording the accident, added, "We are happy to state that he was able to appear the following evening in four pieces."

The following bit of "English as she is wrote" is said to be copied from a placard posted above an alms box in the cathedral of Milan, Italy:

"APPELE TO CHARITABLES—The Brothers (so-called of Mercy) ask some slender Arms for their Hospital. They harbour all kinds of diseases and have no respect for religion."

"That new maid of ours must be from New York. She speaks of the nursery as the 'noisery.'"

HUB—"Well, I rather think that's the way it should be pronounced."

An American who was spending his vacation in London was constantly irritated by the English pronunciation, such as "sin-jen" for St. John, and "maudlin" for Magdelene. One afternoon at a tea party he decided to get even with his hostess.

"What do you think of Niagara Falls?" she asked.

"I don't believe I know what you mean."

"Haven't you heard of the wonderful Niagara Falls near Buffalo, N.Y.?"

"Oh, yes, but we call them Niffles now."

DOCTOR, to Cockney patient—"Now, my man, what about this ear?"

PATIENT—"This 'ere wot?"

"Why Jane, that cake is as black as a cinder; did you cook it according to my instructions?"

"Well, no, mum, not exactly, but if you'll excuse me, it's one of my own cremation."

The Indian student, writing a letter to the superintendent of the mission, desired to end with the words: "May Heaven preserve you."

Not being quite confident of the meaning of "preserve," he looked up a dictionary. When the letter reached the superintendent it ended with the words: "And may Heaven pickle you."

Chinese and Japanese armies are said to be shopping about for a battle-field that can be pronounced by Occidental newspaper readers.

LAUGHTER

Biffkins was suffering from liver trouble and the doctor told him that if he laughed 15 minutes before each meal, his condition would improve. One day in a restaurant, while Biffkins was having his little laugh, a man at the opposite table walked over to him and said in an angry manner: "What the dickens are you laughing at?"

"Why, I am laughing for my liver," said Biffkins.

"Well, then, I guess I had better start laughing too. I ordered mine half an hour ago."

"Have you ever laughed until you cried?"

"Yes, I did so this morning."

"How?"

"Father stepped on a tack. I laughed. He saw me. I cried."

SHE—"Are they putting that poor man out for laughing?"

HE—"No. The manager has sent for him to find out what he was laughing at."

LAW

Zeke was a country boy, and ambitious. He decided to study law. Preliminaries arranged, he left home on a Monday. He returned the following Friday.

"Lo, Zeke" an acquaintance hailed, "How do you like the law?"

"Don't like it" said Zeke positively. "I'm sorry now I learnt it."

AUTO TOURIST—"I clearly had the right of way when this man ran into me, and yet you say I was to blame."

LOCAL OFFICER—"You certainly were."

AUTOIST—"Why?"

LOCAL OFFICER—"Because his father is Mayor, his brother is Chief of Police and I go with his sister."

A delightfully entertaining legal story has just come to hand from a Chinese village near Peking. It so happens that four tradesmen in that locality clubbed together to buy cotton. Eventually, in order to protect their merchandise from the rats, they procured a cat. It was agreed that each of them should own one of the animal's legs. Soon afterwards, however, the cat hurt one of its paws. The owner of that particular leg in consequence bound it up with a rag soaked in oil. The cat went too near the fire. The bandage ignited, and the terrified animal rushed amongst the bales of cotton, which naturally flared up and were destroyed. The three owners of the uninjured legs thereupon sued their partner. In the ruling of the Chinese judge there is not absent an element of humor. For he held that, since the cat was unable to use the injured leg, the cotton was set on fire by the action of the three uninjured legs. Consequently, these three legs were guilty, and their owners must pay.

There ain't no use
New laws to make—
We've got more now
Than we can break!

An American lawyer was sitting at his desk one day when a Chinaman entered.

"You lawyer?" he asked.

"Yes, what can I do for you?"

"How much you charge if one Chinaman killum other Chinaman, to get him off?"

"Oh, about \$500 to defend a person accused of murder."

Some days later the Oriental returned and planked down \$500 on the lawyer's desk.

"All light," he said. "I killum."

A lawyer thus illustrates the language of his craft: "If a man were to give another an orange, he would simply say: 'Have an orange.' But when the transaction is intrusted to a lawyer to be put in writing he adopts this form: 'I hereby give and convey to you, all and singular, my estate and interests, right, title, claim and advantages of and in said orange, together with all its rind, juice, pulp and pips, and all rights and advantages therein, with full power to bite, cut, suck and otherwise to eat the same or give the same away with or without the rind, skin, juice, pulp or pips, anything hereinbefore or hereinafter or in any other means of whatever nature or kind whatsoever to the contrary in anywise notwithstanding.'

"And then another lawyer comes along and takes it away from you."

Some time ago a man was charged with shooting a number of pigeons, the property of a farmer. In giving his evidence the farmer was exceedingly careful, even nervous, and the solicitor for the defence endeavoured to frighten him. "Now," he remarked, "are you prepared to swear that this man shot your pigeons?"

"I didn't say he did shoot 'em," was the reply. "I said I suspected him o' doing it."

"Ah! Now we're coming to it. What made you suspect that man?"

"Well firstly, I caught him on my land wi' a gun. Secondly, I heerd a gun go off an' saw some pigeons fall. Thirdly, I foun' four o' my pigeons in his pocket—and I don't think them birds flew there and committed suicide."

A judge was pointing out to his Court that a witness was not necessarily to be regarded as untruthful because he altered a statement he had previously made. "For instance," he said, "when I entered this Court today I could have sworn that I had my watch in my pocket. But then I remembered I had left it in the bathroom at home."

When the judge got home that night his wife said: "Why all this bother about your watch—sending four or five men for it?"

"Good heavens!" said the judge; "I never sent anyone! What did you do?"

"I gave it to the first one who came; he knew just where it was."

LAWYERS

A sailor was called into the witness-box to give evidence.

"Well, sir," said the lawyer, "do you know the plaintiff and defendant?"

"I don't know the drift of them words," answered the sailor.

"What! Not know the meaning of 'plaintiff' and 'defendant'?" continued the lawyer. "A pretty fellow you to come here as a witness! Can you tell me where on board the ship it was the man struck the other?"

"Abaft the binnacle," said the sailor.

"Abaft the binnacle," said the lawyer. "What do you mean by that?"

"A pretty fellow you," responded the sailor, "to come here as a lawyer, and don't know what 'abast the binnacle' means!"

Holyoake says that he once heard Lord Westbury plead a case when the Court adjourned for lunch as he arrived at the

word "sesquipedalian." He had got only "sequi" pronounced. When the Court returned he went on with "pedalian" as tho no interruption had occurred.

I don't care to speak ill of any man behind his back, but I believe the gentleman who has just gone out is a solicitor.—
Dr. Samuel Johnson.

An Irishman was going thru a churchyard and came across an inscription which read:

"Here lies a lawyer and an honest man."

"Bless me heart!" said Mike. "How on earth did they get the two av thim into the wan grave?"

"Doctors sometimes make mistakes, don't they?"

"The same as lawyers," was the reply.

"But doctors' mistakes are buried six feet under ground," said the lawyer.

"Yes," said the doctor, "and lawyers' mistakes sometimes swing in the air."

A lawyer who lost his temper after a disagreement with the judge began to walk quickly out of the Court.

"Are you trying to show contempt for the Court?" demanded the judge.

"No, my lord," was the reply. "I am trying to conceal it."

It was said that Richard Webster, Q.C. (afterwards Lord Alverstone), being a very early riser, usually fixed six o'clock in the morning for consultation with his juniors, and that one nervous young barrister was so anxious not to be late for the appointment with his chief that he sat up all night to keep it.

A convivial member of the Bar was retained to act with Webster in an important civil suit. Webster sent a note asking his "learned friend" to call at his chambers at six the following morning. The convivial one stared hard at it for several minutes. Then he seized a pen and wrote the following answer:

"DEAR WEBSTER,

"Sorry I cannot keep the appointment. It is much too late for me, as I like to be in bed not later than four."

A solicitor, very short in stature, was put in the witness-box during a certain case, and a tall barrister began to cross-examine him.

"What are you?" shouted the barrister.

"I am a solicitor," was the reply.

"A solicitor!" thundered the counsel. "Why, I could put you in my pocket!"

"If you did," said the solicitor, "you would have more law in your pocket than in your head!"

It is told of a popular solicitor that he recently called upon another of the profession and asked his opinion upon a certain point of law. The lawyer to whom the question was addressed drew himself up and said: "I generally get paid for what I know." The questioner drew half a crown from his pocket, handed it to the other, and coolly remarked: "Tell me all you know, and give me the change."

Lord Brougham defined a lawyer as "a legal gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemies and keeps it himself."

Fox, observing the solemn appearance of Lord Thurlow during the trial of Warren Hastings, whispered in an aside to the Speaker:

"I wonder whether anyone ever was as wise as Thurlow looks."

LAWYER (to flustered witness)—"Now, sir, did you, or did you not, on the date in question or at any time, say to the defendant or anyone else that the statement imputed to you and denied by the plaintiff was a matter of no moment or otherwise? Answer me, yes or no."

BEWILDERED WITNESS:—"Yes or no, what?"

EXAMINING LAWYER—"Are you acquainted with any of the attorneys in this case?"

PROSPECTIVE JUROR (excitedly turning to judge)—"Not guilty, Your Honor!"

A successful Chautauqua lecturer, who is also a lawyer, was presented to his audience as follows: "I am very glad to introduce to you, ladies and gentlemen, Mr. B., who will give his lecture, 'The Trial of Jesus from a Lawyer's Standpoint.' I can imagine only one lecture which might prove more interesting to this audience than the one announced. That would be 'The Trial of a Lawyer from Jesus' Standpoint.'"

"This law is a queer business."

"How so?"

"They swear a man to tell the truth."

"What then?"

"And every time he shows signs of doing so some lawyer objects."

The respondent was being examined in lunacy proceedings.

"Who was our first President?" asked his counsel.

"Washington."

"Correct. Who was our second President?"

"John Adams."

Correct."

Then there was a pause.

"He's doing well," whispered a friend of the lawyer. "Why don't you keep on?"

"I ain't sure who was third President myself."

Said one lawyer to the other, "You're a cheat." "And you're a liar," retorted the second lawyer. "Now that the parties have identified each other," remarked the judge, "we will proceed with the case."

A young criminal lawyer was always full of quips.

A few years ago I attended the funeral of a millionaire financier—one of those "high financiers" whose low methods he loved to turn the light on.

I arrived at the funeral a little late and took a seat beside him, and whispered, "How far has the service gone?"

He nodded toward the clergyman in the pulpit, whispered back tersely, "Just opened for the defense."

When a young barrister, Mr. Justice Hawkins was engaged in fighting a forlorn hope. In the middle of his address the judge interrupted with the remark:

"When you can prove that two blacks make a white I'll listen to your argument."

"I can do that, my lord. I have known a black cock and a black hen to produce a white egg."

I have no use for lawyers,
That I have, I won't pretend;
I admit, tho, one comes handy,
When a felon needs a friend.

"You are lying so clumsily," said the judge to the defendant, "that I would advise you to get a lawyer."

It was at a reception and the lady who had been reading up on health culture mistook Lawyer Williams for his brother, the doctor.

"Is it better," she asked, "to lie on the right side or the left?"

"Madam," replied the lawyer, "if one is on the right side it often isn't necessary to lie at all."

He had just been worsted in a law suit, and he was very angry.

"I look upon you, sir, as a rascal," he said.

"You are privileged," said the rival attorney, "to look upon me in any character you care to assume."

LAWYER—"Do you understand the nature of an oath, Madam?"

WITNESS—"I should say I do. I was in the car that bumped into your car against signals this morning."

The late John S. Chapman is best remembered by the Bar as a lawyer of profound learning and a forceful and eloquent advocate. His friends, however, recall that behind his dignified bearing and serious manner, there was concealed a keen wit, of which the following is an example:

Upon leaving the courthouse after a masterful argument to the Court, Mr. Chapman was congratulated by an associate in the case. "That was a wonderful argument," he said. "I only hope that it did not go over the Judge's head. The Judge, you know, is no longer the lawyer that he used to be."

"No," said Chapman, "he is not, and what is more, he never was."

A famous lawyer rendered a charge which his client thought excessive, in view of the fact that he had won the case with only a half hour's effort in court. The bill was returned for itemization. This is the way it appeared:

To appearing in court and securing dismissal of action	\$ 100.00
To knowing how	4,900.00
	<hr/>
Total	\$5,000.00

A distinguished eastern lawyer lately found himself in a little west Texas county-seat town. While walking around and viewing the place he became conscious of a great, rumbling volume of sound, evidently proceeding from the open windows of a large building about a square away. The sound rolled and reverberated and filled the air; it seemed to him like a gigantic human voice, amplified. Upon asking a bystander if that were the court house, he was informed that it was. He said "there must be a great trial going on." The bystander said, "Oh, no, that's only one of our prominent lawyers taking a judgment on default."

See also Judges.

LAZINESS

People who throw kisses are mighty near hopelessly lazy.

"They say your husband is so lazy you can't depend on him to wind the clock," remarked the crude woman.

"No," replied the patient woman. "John isn't that lazy. He can wind an ordinary clock, but I wouldn't expect him to stay at work long enough to wind one of these cheap tin watches."

FOREMAN—"How is it that you're only carrying one plank when the others are carrying two?"

WORKER—"Well, I suppose they're too lazy to make a double journey like I do!"

A colored brother got religion. He was a lazy chap, but he proclaimed loudly that he was going to help on the good cause with all his strength and power. He wound up his first prayer in this manner:

"Use me, Lord, use me—in mah advisory capacity!"

MRS. BILGE—"I never knew your husband was lazy."

MRS. BILKS—"He's had a postal on his desk for a week now and says he can't read it because it is wrong side up."

A lawsuit was recently in full swing, according to *Everybody's Magazine*, and during its progress a witness was cross-examined as to the habits and character of the defendant.

"Has Mr. March a reputation for being abnormally lazy?" asked counsel briskly.

"Well, sir, it's this way——"

"Will you kindly answer the question asked?" struck in the irascible lawyer.

"Well, sir, I was going to say it's this way. I don't want to do the gentleman in question any injustice, and I won't go so far as to say, sir, that he's lazy, exactly; but if it required any voluntary work on his part to digest his food—why, he'd die from lack of nourishment, sir."

LEAGUE OF NATIONS

Now the League of Nations Council will meet again and issue the ultimatum that if Japan doesn't get out of Manchuria on some other date, the council will hold another meeting.

Are we quite sure the Tower of Babel wasn't just an old-time League of Nations?

It seems that the League of Nations works best at stopping wars when there aren't any.

LETTERS

A small boy was told that he must write to his grandmother a letter of sympathy on the death of her husband. This was the letter, adorned with many blots, that eventually arrived: "Dear Grandma,—What a pity about poor Grandpa! Please send me some stamps. There is a new boy here who squeaks if I hit him. With love, from Roger."

Extracts from Letters to the Veterans' Bureau

Just a line to let you know that I am a widow and four children.

Previous to his departure we were married to a Justice of the Piece.

He was inducted into the surface.

I have a four months' old baby and he is my only support.

I was discharged for a goiter which I was sent home on.

I did not know my husband had a middle name and if he did, I don't think it was none.

Your relationship to him? Answer: Just a mere aunt and a few cousins.

You ask for allotment number. I have four boys and two girls.

Please return my marriage certificate, baby hasn't eaten in three days.

Both sides of our parents are old and poor.

I am writing to ask you why I have not received my elopement. His money was kept from him for the elopement which I never received.

I have already written to Mr. Headquarters and received no reply and if I don't get one I am going to write to Uncle Sam himself.

I ain't received no pay since my husband went away from nowhere.

We have your letter. I am his grandfather and grandmother. He was born and brought up according to your instructions.

You have changed my little boy to a girl. Will it make any difference?

Please let me know if John has put in an application for a wife and child.

You have taken away my man to fite and he was the best I ever had. Now you will have to keep me or who in the Hell will if you don't?

Please send me a wife's form.

The village choir-boys, relates *The London Chronicle*, had decided to form a cricket team, and appointed their junior member honorary secretary. In due course the youngster appealed to the curate for support. This is how the letter ended: "And we should be very pleased, sir, if you would allow us the use of the bats which the choir men say you have in the belfry."

A section foreman on a railroad was ordering a list of supplies. He had completed his letter when he found he was in need of a "frog" for a switch, so his letter ran as follows:

Mr. Supervisor.

Dear Sir: You will please ship me some pick handles, spike mauls, spikes and wrenches.

Yours truly,

Pat Hogan and a frog.

"What a long letter you have there."

"Yes, sixteen pages from Liane."

"What does she say?"

"That she will tell me the news when she sees me."

LIARS

Occasionally there are times when a lie is the truth. The following story illustrates that paradox:

In Oregon there are many sloughs of mud or quicksand which are difficult and dangerous to cross. A certain Methodist missionary in that State, in the course of his travels, came to a slough which looked so formidable that he called a boy, who was chopping wood on the other side, and said:

"Boy, is that a safe slough to cross?"

"Oh, yes."

"Has it a good hard bottom?"

"Oh, yes," said the boy.

The man started to cross; his horse mired, and he had to dismount and wade out. Naturally he was angry.

"Why did you lie to me?" he demanded. "Didn't you say the slough had a good hard bottom?"

"Oh, yes," said the boy, "the bottom is good and hard, but you didn't get down to it!"

Geysers Bob is one of the famous drivers of the Yellowstone Park.

"Oh, Mr. Bob," gushed a female tourist, "how did you get your romantic name?"

They were standing near Old Faithful geyser.

"Well," said Bob, "I clum up in Old Faithful one day and got too near the crater and fell in."

"How interesting!" commented the female tourist. "What happened?"

"Why," said Bob, pointing to the Beehive geyser, half a mile away, "I came out of the Beehive—over there."

"Well! well!" she gasped. "How long did it take?"

"Oh," said Bob, "if I had come straight thru it would only have taken about ten minutes; but I stopped on the way for a haircut and a shave!"

"I want to be excused," said a worried-looking juryman addressing the judge. "I owe a man ten dollars, and as he is leaving for a post abroad to be gone some years I want to catch him before he gets on board, and pay the ten dollars. It may be my last chance."

"You are excused," returned His Honor in icy tones. "I don't want anybody on the jury who can lie like that."

LADY—"My husband is a deceitful wretch. Last night he pretended to believe me when he knew I was lying to him."

LIBRARIANS

It was the custom of a young woman, employed in a hat factory, to borrow two books from the library. On a certain evening she selected only one, saying: "I will only take one to-night, as I am going to church, and I don't want to go in looking like a librarian."

EXTRACT FROM COUNTRY NEWSPAPER—"The—Library will close for two weeks, beginning August 25th, for the annual cleaning and vacation of the librarians.

A school-teacher in a Western town, wishing to extend her rather scanty knowledge of the stories of Edgar Allan Poe, inquired at the delivery desk of the rural library for *The Gold Bug*, adding, "I can't seem to find it in the catalog, but I am sure you have it. A friend of mine had it out last week." The librarian glanced at the card-catalog drawer over which the teacher had been poring, and smiled a superior smile. "No wonder, Miss Smith," she explained with patient gentleness. "You're looking under 'Fiction.' Turn to 'Entomology' and you won't have any trouble."

LIBRARIES

WANTED—Cataloger for the summer; 3500v. Address Mary E. Midwinter, Public library, Arcola, Ill.

NOTE RECEIVED FROM BRANCH—"We called at reader's house for this book, and are still trying to recover."

A STAGGERING QUERY—"Are all the navigable rivers in the United States in this Library?"

A former page came in the other day and said: "I have always wanted to go to Europe, but never so much as now. Those attractive posters at the door make me want to go the worst way."

A very small person approached the desk and said, "I want to start Library." He was asked, "Can you write your name?" "No," was the reply, "but I can say my telephone number."

The first visit of a small station's patron: "Goodnight! I never seen so many books in all my life. Give me three 'sevens' and two 'fourteen-day ones.' Then I want *Heart Throbs*—it's poetry—a bunch of authors all mixed up together. Do you have it? Desk 7, Literature? No, it ain't literature, it's poetry!"

A visitor from another Branch, who was having trouble with her bobbed hair which was growing long again, was engaged in making a bright colored poster in the children's room. She was surrounded by an interested group of youngsters. "Is she an artist?" one of them asked. "'Course," another volunteered, "Don't you know artists always wear their hair funny?"

One borrower wished to be informed on how to remove a scorch from a pair of palm beach trousers. After looking over the material given him, he remarked: "I've got enough ideas now to rub a hole in them pants. Thank you."

Peter and Polly (A Futuristic Review)

"This book is about Polly. How when she was eight year old it is about her brother Peter too all the living staircase of the spring, Step by step, upwards to the great gallery of the summer let me watch the same succession year by year."

Recently a colored girl came to Quincy and asked to have her book renewed.

"What is the title of the book?" asked the assistant.

"The Gullimerlimmerloss," was the astounding reply.

"Hungarian?" ventured the assistant.

"No. English. It's by Po'tah."

DESK ASSISTANT TO SMALL BOY—"You can only take one book on a card."

SMALL BOY TO DESK ASSISTANT—"Then I'll take two cards, please."

Verbatim report of a question and answer. Obliging Assistant: "Do you want anything?" Astonished visitor: "No, do you?"

Two little boys rush into Perkins. First little boy to librarian: "You were in our room yesterday, so I brought this boy over with me to get books."

Librarian to second little boy: "Have you ever taken library books?"

Second little boy: "No I never took liberry books; I never knew what a liberry was. I thot it was something to pick."

A very diminutive lad asked the Children's Librarian for a library card.

LIBRARIAN—"Can you write your name?"

SMALL BOY—"No ma'm."

LIBRARIAN—"Well, you will have to wait for a card until you are old enough to go to school and write your name."

SMALL BOY (hopefully)—"Oh, but I can write my name with my blocks."

LITTLE GIRL TO THE LIBRARIAN—"My sister sent me in to get Mildred's floss and Adam's bead."

"One of our borrowers," says Desk 3, "tried again to persuade us to let him take the law quizzer. Again we explained that reference books are held for consultation in the reading rooms, adding "The library is open in the evenings and on Sunday and Thanksgiving Day" and suggested that he plan to come at some such time. His reply was: 'But my wife will not believe that I am here.'"

Touching confidence was displayed by the young girl who inquired of the head of the Philosophy Division "Are you the lady who takes care of the European debt?" She little knew how much we enjoyed saying, "No; the lady at Desk 3 does that."

TIMID LITTLE GIRL (in appropriately wee voice)—"I'd like Scare-a-mouse, please."

OVER THE TELEPHONE (borrower)—"Do you ever mail books to your local borrowers?"

ASSISTANT—"Yes, on some occasions. Is there any reason why you cannot come to the Library and select your books?"

BORROWER—"Yes, I can't park in front of your building."

GUESSING GAMES

"When will Molly have her birthday?" (When Molly was six)

"Blue Beard's hand book" (Dan Beard handy books)

"Pioneer and his wife" (Pioneer life)

"Healthy books"

"A book of manners for olders"

"Afloat on a dishpan" (Adrift on an icepan)

"The Count of Monte Crisco"

I want a card to stop the Library," said a little girl to the desk assistant."

BOY OF TWELVE—"Can you give me *What is Man* by Mark Twain? He wrote that and *The Mysterious Stranger* after he was dead."

A telephone call came for "a list of books suitable for gifts to a sixteen year old girl in the hospital." After naming over several light, sweet romances, the voice at the other end of the wire said, "No, I don't think those would do at all—she likes books like *Brass*. Where, oh, where, is our old fashioned "sweet" sixteen-year-old?"

A boy about twelve said that he had ordered a book on Pharmacy and wanted to know whether or not it had come. The assistant asked him if he hoped to be a druggist. "Well, I may be and I may be a farmer. I have ordered this book on pharmacy to see if I want to be a farmer."

A man who was collecting an arm-full of detective stories refused an Octavius Roy Cohen story saying: "I don't want to be amused, I like to be curdled."

"Teacher, have youse got a book with a picture of a girl with a long skinny neck?" Who but Tenniel's Alice, we ask you?"

AN OLD LADY (to the reference librarian)—"Where can I find a picture of the Church of England?"

LIFE INSURANCE

See Insurance, Life.

LIMERICKS

There once was a man not unique
Who imagined himself quite a shique;
But the girls didn't fall
For the fellow at all—
He made only twenty a wique.

They say that ex-president Taft
When hit by a golf-ball once laughed
And said, "I'm not sore,
But altho you cried 'Fore'
The place where you hit me was aft."

A maiden who walked on the Corso
Displayed overmuch of her torso.
A crowd soon collected
But no one objected,
And some were in favor of more so.

There was a young lady named May,
Who read a love story each day.
"It's funny," she said,
When at last she was wed;
"I didn't think life was this way."

A canny young fisher named Fisher
Once fished from the edge of a fissure.
A fish with a grin
Pulled the fisherman in—
Now they're fishing the fissure for Fisher.

A Mouse in her room woke Miss Dowd.
She was frightened—it must be allowed.
Soon a happy thot hit her—
To scare off the critter,
She sat up in bed and meowed.

There once was a maiden of Siam,
 Who said to her lover, young Kiam,
 "If you kiss me, of course,
 You will have to use force,
 But God knows you're stronger than I am."

An epicure dining at Crewe
 Found a corpulent mouse in his stew;
 Said the waiter, "Don't shout
 Nor wave it about,
 Or the rest will be wanting one too."

LOGIC

Two small girls were playing together one afternoon in the park.

"I wonder what time it is," said one of them at last.

"Well, it can't be four o'clock yet," replied the other with magnificent logic, "because my mother said I was to be home at four—and I'm not."

LOVE

"What shall I do to keep from falling in love?"

"Try pricing apartments."

THE SISTER—"Captain Randall proposes in this letter. I wonder if he really loves me—he's only known me a week."

THE BROTHER—"Oh, then, perhaps he does!"

CAUTIOUS FATHER—"My dear, if you want a good husband, marry Mr. Easie. He really and truly loves you."

DAUGHTER—"How do you know that, dad?"

CAUTIOUS FATHER—"Because I've been borrowing money off him for six months, and still he keeps coming."

MRS. SLIM (meditating)—"I wonder why fat men are always so good-natured?"

MR. SLIM—"Because nobody loves them."

"Do you really love me?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"Well, here's my check-book. You can look over the stubs."

LUCK

An elderly employe of a London profit-sharing company, on receiving his first profit warrant, turned to the manager and said: "Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life, but this is the first blinkin' time they have ever overtaken me!"

I am a traveling salesman. Business had been bad—so bad that I trembled whenever I opened a letter from the house. I needed orders—Oh! how I needed 'em! I was desperate and in my desperation I thot of a new firm, Wright Brothers, over at Springville. They had as good as promised me an order as soon as they got into their new building. I called them up, and I'll never forget George Wright's voice over the wire: "Sure! Come on over. We'll give you an order."

I reached Springville the next evening at about sunset. How well I remember the time o' day. The bus was crowded, so I sat on the front seat with the driver. But I didn't mind a little thing like that, for was I not going to get a fine order? Springville was just over a hill from the railroad station. As we ascended the hill, and seeing the golden glow in the west, and being happy and at peace with the world, I exclaimed to the driver, "Ah! what a beautiful sunset!"

"Sunset nothin'!" said the driver. "That's the Wright Brothers' new shop burnin' down!"

WIFE (boarding a train for a vacation trip)—"Horrors; I forgot to turn off the electric iron!"

HUSBAND—"Don't worry. It's all right. Nothing can burn very long, for I forgot to turn off the water in the bathtub."

In the course of one of his lecture trips, Mark Twain arrived at a small town. Before dinner he went to a barber shop to be shaved.

"You are a stranger?" asked the barber.

"Yes," Mark Twain replied. "This is the first time I've been here."

"You chose a good time to come," the barber continued. "Mark Twain is going to read and lecture tonight. You'll go, I suppose?"

"Oh I guess so."

"Have you bought your ticket?"

"Not yet."

"But everything is sold out. You'll have to stand."

"How very annoying!" Mark Twain said with a sigh. "I never saw such luck! I always have to stand when that fellow lectures."

A publishing office received the following request:

"Dear Editor: Please tell me the address of most reliable fortune teller.—Anxious."

The editor wisely replied, "Dunn and Bradstreet, New York City."

Luck always seems to favor the man who doesn't count on it.

FRITZ—"Dad, you are a lucky man."

FATHER—"How is that?"

FRITZ—"You won't have to buy me any school books this year. I have been left in the same class."

Martin Jensen thought he had his full share of good luck when he flew across the Pacific in the Dole races last year, but now he knows that luck is still with him. In company with Bartlett Stephens, Assistant Superintendent of San Francisco's Municipal Airport, Jensen started to make a flight.

The plane speeded down the runway, started upward, careened to one side and nearly crashed, when Jensen seized the dual control, righted the ship and held her aloft.

"Gee whiz, Bart!" Marty yelled, "that's the sloppiest take-off you ever made."

"Me?" replied Stephens. "Hell's bells, I thought you were at the controls. I wasn't."

'ENERY—"W'at's worryin' you today, 'Erbert?"

'ERBERT—"I found a recipe for 'ome-made beer, an' I got no 'ome."

LUXURY

Personally we crave luxury, but we have never seen a \$5,000 funeral that we wanted.

MAGAZINES

Brain Food

See the forest on these hills.
 Destined for the paper-mills:
 Pause amid these woodland scenes—
 Here are future magazines.
 There a sturdy giant falls:
 That will be the new *McCall's*.
 —Here's some timber for a dry jest
 In *The Literary Digest*.
 See that pine against the sky?
 That is *Harper's* for July.
 See that hemlock in the canyon?
 That's the *Woman's Home Companion*.
 —There's a fellow cutting spruce:
 Let us ask him, for whose use.
 What! It's for the *Mercury*?
 Woodman, woodman, spare that tree!

A business man who is a large advertiser received a letter not long ago from the manager of a religious weekly, soliciting advertising on the ground that the weekly had not only a large circulation, but a very "credulous class of readers."

MANCHURIA

Japan says she wouldn't have Manchuria as a gift, and that's not the way she is getting it, either.—*Dallas News*.

We have noticed that in the afternoon papers the dispatches from the Eastern war are always dated tomorrow. That is, on

February 25, we read dispatches dated February 26. It is a double annoyance to read of a war that we do not approve of being waged on a day that hasn't arrived yet.

Japan's stand at Geneva for disarmament isn't inconsistent. No other nation is doing as much to prove it's a good idea.

The attitude of Japan reminds one of the sheep stealer whose excuse was that a sheep tried to bite him.

MARRIAGE

The King of Siam whose father has 300 wives, has just married his first. It looks as tho he would never be the husband his father was.

When a man and a girl marry they become one; but it is for them to discover which one.

STELLA—"I'm to be married next week and I'm terribly nervous."

ELLA—"I suppose there is a chance of a man getting away up to the last minute."

"When are Joan and Ed to be married?"

"Never, I'm afraid."

"Why, how's that?"

"Well, she won't marry him until he pays his debts, and he can't pay his debts until she marries him."

A CLERGYMAN ON READING THE VERSE—"A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho," said:

"We are not told, my friends, much about this man, but if we read between the lines of his being called a certain man, we arrive at the conclusion that he was not a bachelor, for of all men they are the most uncertain."

"Dear Lord, I ask nothing for myself! Only give mother a son-in-law."

NELL—"Mamie, you look downhearted."

MAMIE—"Yes, I wish I were dead or married. Preferably the latter."

"Do you think it is unlucky to marry on a Friday?"

"Certainly. Why should Friday be an exception?"

SINGLE GENT—"What's the best month to get married in?"

MARRIED PERSON—"Octembruary."

SINGLE GENT—"Why, there's no such month."

MARRIED PERSON—"Just so."

Spring

Day calls from golden Eastern skies,

"Sluggards, arise! Arise! Arise!

To fetch and carry."

The brooklet thru the meadow flows,

And cries, "A rose! A rose! A rose!

Would I might tarry."

The lover frantically prays,

"Please, sir, a raise! A raise! A raise!

I want to marry."

Well, I confess, I did not guess

A simple marriage vow

Would make me find all women-kind

Such unkind women now!

They need not, sure, as *distant* be

As Java or Japan,—

Yet every Miss reminds me this—

I'm not a single man!

QUESTION—"Is it bad luck to postpone a wedding?"

ANSWER—"Not if you keep on doing it."

HE—"Will you marry me?"

THE HEIRESS—"No, I'm afraid not."

HE—"Oh, come on, be a support."

"Young women nowadays," remarks an ornithologist in the employ of the Government, "take too light a view of marriage. While in the West last summer I was induced to lecture to a summer school. During the course of this lecture I chanced to remark:

"The ostrich sees very little; on the other hand, it digests everything."

"Whereupon a girl on the front bench exclaimed, sotto voce, to her neighbor: 'Gee! What an idcal husband an ostrich must make!'"

KJERULF—"You mean to say you were not at your daughter's wedding? Where were you?"

BJSCO—"I was looking for a job for the groom."

"Alice could have married anybody she pleased."

"Then why is she still single?"

"She never pleased anybody."

Bigamy is having one wife too many. Monogamy, in certain instances, is the same thing.

"Why do brides wear white, mummy?"

"Because they are so happy, darling."

"Then why do bridegrooms wear black?"

Silence!

Gentlemen frequently marry brunettes before they begin preferring blondes.

"Ma, I'm engaged."

"Can she bake a cherry pie?"

"Yes, and she can change a tire."

A young man, about to be married, went to see the clergyman about having the bans published.

"Is your intended wife a spinster?" the clergyman asked.

The man thot for a moment; then he replied. "No, sir, she's a dressmaker!"

From the amount of fuss made over the word "obey" in the marriage ceremony, one might be mistakenly led to suppose that it means something.

OLE—"Tillie, will ye marry me?"

TILLIE—"Yaas, Ole."

A long deadening silence falls. Finally, it is broken.

TILLIE—"Vy don't you say something, Ole?"

OLE—"Vell, I tank Ay say too muche alreddy!"

MISS GREEN—"I know he's rich, but isn't he too old to be considered eligible?"

MRS. WYSE—"My dear, he's too eligible to be considered old."

Is it too late to report that last Sunday the announcer introduced Judge Lindsey over the radio as "an authority on marriage and divorce and crime in general?"

Another thing—when you give a wedding present to a companionate couple, do you get it back when they separate?

WIFE—"Oh, you needn't think you're so wonderful. The night you proposed to me you looked absolutely silly!"

HUSBAND—"A coincidence. The fact is, I was absolutely silly!"

THE BACHELOR—"How we change as we grow older!"

THE DIVORCEE—"Yes, d'you know, I used to marry men I wouldn't invite to dinner now!"

MRS. HAWKINS—"I have just been reading that in the Saratoga Islands a wife can be bought for fifteen shillings. Isn't it dreadful?"

MR. HAWKINS—"Well, I suppose there are profiteers there just as in any other country."

E. P. M.—"Had he finished his education?"

G. H.—"No, he died a bachelor."

NEP—"Well, how is your companionate marriage working out?"

JED—"Terrible—I've lost my wife's address."

"Is your new son-in-law a good provider?"

"He can just about keep my daughter in gloves. I pay for everything else."

"Then he deceived you as to his circumstances."

"No. I remember he merely asked for her hand."

HE—"People are saying you married me for my money."

SHE—"Well, I had to give them some reason."

"Where will you reside?" asked the reporter of the young bridal couple.

"At the Old Manse," replied the erstwhile Miss Millions.

And this is the way the item appeared:

"Mr. Hardup and his bride, who was the former Miss Millions, have returned from their honeymoon. They will live at the old man's."

HENRY—"He married to get a home."

HETTY—"Well?"

HENRY—"His wife has so many relatives that he thinks now he's got an hotel!"

MAUD—"I didn't accept Roderick the first time he proposed."

CLAIR—"No, darling, you weren't present at the time."

"Are you a bachelor from choice?"

"Yes, I am."

"But isn't that rather ungracious and ungallant?"

"You must ask the ladies. It was their choice."

MR. WIBBLES—"What fine dark hair you have, Miss Blackhead. My wife, who is younger than you are, has her hair quite grey."

MISS BLACKHEAD—"Yes, and if I'd been your wife no doubt my hair would have been grey too."

PARENT—"What is your reason for wishing to marry my daughter?"

YOUNG MAN—"I have no reason, sir; I am in love."

A gentleman who had been very unhappy in marriage married again soon after his wife died. Dr. Johnson said it was the triumph of hope over experience.

An old colored janitor's employer asked him why he was sporting around in his good clothes when it wasn't a holiday.

"Well, you see, boss," he replied, "I'm celebratin' my golden wedding."

"But isn't your wife celebrating it with you?"

"Oh, Mandy! She ain't got nothin' to do with it. She's jes' my third wife."

ROD—"What was her name before she married?"

TOD—"Before she married whom?"

SUE—"Do you believe in companionate marriage?"

FLO—"No, my boy friend has a steady job."

Over on the side of the Ochre Hills, at a small clachan or village, the wife of a ploughman died. The ploughman was dressed too early for her funeral, and so he "bethocht" himself he would go and visit Jenny MacFadyen, and ask her to be his wife; but Jenny banged him oot at the door with the "besom." Nothing daunted he tried Marget Smith, who accepted him. As he was returning past Jenny's door, she cried to him:

"Here! here! Robert; come in a wee. If I hadna been sae hasty, I micht hae given ye a different answer."

"Ah, well! Marget Smith has agreed to tak' me; but I'll mind you the next time, Jenny."

"You have saved me from drowning" said the young man, as he grasped his rescuer's hand. "You may marry my sister."

The rescuer glanced at the girl.

"Hi!" shouted the young man. "What are you doing?"

"Throwing you in again," was the answer.

SHE—"I wonder how many men I shall make unhappy when I marry?"

HE—"Well, how many men do you intend to marry?"

A gentleman travelling thru Alabama was much interested in Uncle Ned.

"So you were once a slave, Uncle Ned?" said the gentleman.

"Yas, sah."

"Well, well, and after the war you got your freedom?"

"No, sah," said Ned gloomily. "Not exactly I didn't get ma freedom. After the war I done got married."

"Now," said the bridegroom to the bride when they returned from their honeymoon trip, "let us have a clear understanding before we settle down to married life. Are you the president or the vice-president of the society?"

"I want to be neither president nor vice-president," she answered. "I will be content with a subordinate position."

"What position is that, my dear?"

"Treasurer."

"Dear me!" said the good-looking lady to the superintendent of the insane asylum, "what a vicious look that woman has we passed just now in the corridor. Is she dangerous?"

"Yes, at times," replied the superintendent evasively.

"But why do you allow her such freedom?"

"Can't help it."

"But isn't she an inmate and under your control?"

"No, she's neither under my control nor an inmate. She's my wife."

Search is again being made for a real English equivalent for fiancé. Fiasco, of course, should never be used until after the honeymoon.

As Widow Watts bent industriously over her washtub she was treated to polite conversation by a male friend, who presently turned the conversation to matrimony, winding up with a proposal of marriage.

"Are ye sure ye love me?" sighed the buxom widow, as she paused in her wringing.

The man vowed he did.

For a few minutes there was silence as the widow continued her labor. Then suddenly she raised her head, and asked:

"You ain't lost yer job, 'ave yer?"

"But, darling, don't you want to marry a man who is economical?"

"I suppose so; but it's awful being engaged to one."

"This question has two sides," said the late Senator Newlands, in a political discussion. "It's like the young ladies' matrimonial argument: 'I,' said the first young woman, 'don't intend to marry till I'm thirty.'"

"'And I,' said the second, 'don't intend to be thirty till I'm married.'"

Companionate version: "Say, haven't I been married to you before some place?"

A wealthy widow was about to marry a widower whose sole possession was a family of small children.

On the day set apart for the happy event a friend of the prospective groom met one of the children, a little child of six years. To see what she would say, he accosted her with: "Where are you going, Jenny, all dressed up so fine?"

"I am going to a wedding," answered Jenny proudly.

"Whose wedding?" was the next query.

"Mrs. Noble's," came the reply.

"And whom is Mrs. Noble going to marry?"

"Why," exclaimed Jenny, in astonished tones, "don't you know? She's going to marry us!"

When a man and a woman discuss the subject of matrimony, one seldom gets the better of the other. It usually results in a tie.

"And you tell me several men proposed marriage to you?" he said savagely.

"Yes; several," the wife replied.

"Well, I wish you had married the first fool who proposed."

"I did."

Children should be seen and not had.

A young man, an only son, married against the wishes of his parents. A short time afterwards, in telling a friend how to break the news to them, he said: "Tell them first I am dead; and then gently work up to the climax."

At the close of the wedding breakfast a gentleman noted for his lack of tact arose, causing anxiety to the bridegroom, who knew his failing.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, genially, "I propose the health of the bridegroom. May he see many days like this."

The stupid man couldn't understand why the bride glared at him.

Mrs. McTaggart to Mrs. Walker:

"Dae ye ken Jock Tamson? He was to be marrit and his mither was angry about it, and do ye ken what he did? He went and got marrit the nicht afore the wedding."

"He's a lightning lover," she said, with a smirk to her friend. "We met a week ago. The day before yesterday he kissed me. Yesterday we got engaged, and now, already, he owes me six pounds."

Mrs. KNAGGER—"I remember the time when you were just crazy to marry me."

Mr. KNAGGER—"So do I, but I didn't realize it at the time."

"Dear Clare," wrote the young man, "Pardon me but I am getting so forgetful. I proposed to you last night, but really forget whether you said 'Yes' or 'no.'"

"Dear Will," she replied by note, "so glad to hear from you. I know I said 'No' to someone last night but I had forgotten just who it was."

"When it is time for you to marry," said a father to his daughter, "I won't allow you to throw yourself away upon one of the frivolous young fellows I see about. I'll select for you

a staid, sensible, middle-aged man. What do you say to one about fifty years of age?"

"Well, father," replied the girl, "if it is just the same to you, I would prefer two of twenty-five."

HOBBS—"I've half a mind to get married."

DOBBS—"Watch out! Reno's full of people who used only half their minds in getting married."

An Irishman was once brought up before a magistrate, charged with marrying six wives. The magistrate asked him how he could be so hardened a villain. "Please, your Worship," says Paddy, "I was just trying to get a good one."

"What made ye tak' Jock?" queried a woman of her newly married friend.

"Tak' Jock?" was the half-sarcastic reply: "he followed me to market, he followed me to the garden, he followed me Saturday and Sunday, and jist had to tak' him to get rid o' him."

At the chapel in the little country town it was the custom of the pastor to kiss the bride after the wedding ceremony.

One young woman who was about to be married there did not at all like the prospect of having to put up with this, and so she instructed her young man to tell the minister that she did not wish him to kiss her. The bridegroom did as he was told.

"Henry," said the lady when next she saw her swain, "did you tell the minister that I do not wish him to kiss me?"

"I did, darling," he answered.

"What did he say?" she asked.

"He said that in that case he would charge only half his usual fee."

"Can you define matrimony?"

"Yes! You go to adore, you ring a belle, and you give your name to a maid—and then you're taken in!"

HE—"I have ordered the ring, dear. What would you like to have engraved on it?"

SHE (a publisher's daughter)—"Well, 'All rights reserved,' I think would be rather nice!"

HE—"Dearest, will you marry me?"

SHE—"John, I can't marry you, but I shall always respect your good taste."

"I'm afraid it won't fit," she said, as she tried the ring.

"That's funny," he mused; "I never had any trouble with it before."

DILLYDALLY (a chronic procrastinator)—"I dreamed last night that I—er—ah—proposed to you. I wonder what that is a sign of?"

MISS LINGER LONG (desperately)—"It is a sign that you have got more sense when you are asleep than when you are awake."

William Wilberforce, the slave liberator, had a sister who was a hustler. She hustled for William on the hustings, and succeeded in getting him elected to Parliament. On one occasion, when she had concluded her stump speech, some enthusiasts in the crowd shouted: "Miss Wilberforce forever!"

The lady stepped forward. "Gentlemen, I thank you," she said, "but, believe me, I do not wish to be Miss Wilberforce forever."

A chemist who had just moved into a new establishment, was boasting of his well-assorted stock-in-trade. "There isn't a drug missing," he declared.

"That's saying a good deal," remarked one of his friends, a man of a pretty wit. "Come now, I'll wager you haven't any spirit of contradiction."

The shopkeeper was not in the least embarrassed.

"Wait a bit," he said. "You shall see for yourself."

With that he left the group and returned in a few minutes leading by the hand—his wife.

Two old Scotsmen in a train were discussing the domestic unhappiness of a mutual friend. "Aye, aye," said one, "Jamie Thompson has a sair time wi' that wife o' his. They say they're aye fechtin'."

"What else can you expect?" said the other scornfully; "the pair feckless creature marrit after coortin' for only seven years. Man, he had nae chance to ken the woman in sich a short time. When I was coortin', I coorted for twenty years."

An amused listener to this dialog now ventured to ask if this long courtship had ensured certain connubial bliss, whereupon the old Scotsman replied: "I tell ye I coorted for twenty year, and in that time I kent what woman was, and so I didna' marry."

Their union was the result of eleven children.—*London, Ontario, paper.*

The happy mother of a seven-months old baby, whose chief business seems to be making a noise in the world, was paying her sister a visit, and the other evening young Master Harry, aged seven years, was delegated to care for the baby while his elders were at dinner. So he wheeled it back and forth, forth and back, the length of the library, giving vent to his sentiments by singing, much to the amusement of the family:

"Gee whiz, I'm glad I'm free,
No wedding bells for me."

"Do you believe in companionate marriage?"

"Sure, I joined the Wife-of-the-month club."

THE BOY—"Do you know, Dad, my Sunday school teacher says that in some parts of Africa a man doesn't know his wife until he marries her."

DAD—"Why single out Africa?"

Rastus's lawyer was informing him on the legal status of his matrimonial relationship and his chances for a divorce:

"Mistuh Johnson, I has discovered I can get you yo' divorce on the grounds that yo' marriage ain't legal on account of her father he had no license to carry a gun."

"You have a charming wife."

"Sorry, old man, but she's spoken for two divorces ahead."

See also Husbands; Wives.

MARRIED LIFE

An Irishman and his wife who had had a falling out were sitting by a peat fire one winter evening, where the dog and the cat were also cozily enjoying the warmth, when the wife said to her husband.

"Begorra, Pat, see how quiet and peaceful those two creatures are lying there together! Sure an' they give us a lesson that should shame us!"

"True for you, Mary; but tie them together, and see if they will then be so peaceful."

LOCKETT—"Do you know what I think of married life?"

KEYHOLE—"Are you married?"

LOCKETT—"Yes."

KEYHOLE—"Yes."

"Where did you go on your honeymoon?"

Jack, darling, where *did* we go?"

"And now," wound up the lecturer after a long discourse, "is there a man in this hall who will acknowledge that he will deceive his wife? If so, will he stand up?" There was a dead silence, but presently a meek looking man at the back of the hall rose to his feet and came to the platform. The lecturer gasped, "What sir," she exclaimed, "do you mean to tell me that you are so debased that you would deceive your wife?" The meek-looking man stared hard at her. "Oh, I beg your pardon, ma'am," he explained. "I thot you said believe her."

Isabel, aged nine, had just been told the story of Daniel in the lion's den. Then mother asked: "And what do you think Daniel did the very first thing aiter he was saved from the lions?"

Without much hesitation, Isabel replied: "Why, he must have telephoned home to his wife to tell her he was all right."

"On what grounds are you seeking a divorce from your wife?"

"Misrepresentation. When I asked her to marry me she said she was agreeable."

"Only yesterday," said Jones, who was discussing philanthropy, "I refused a woman a small sum of money, and in consequence I passed a sleepless night. The tone of her reproachful voice never left me for a moment?"

"Dear me, indeed a kind heart! Who was the woman?"

"My wife."

MR. TOMKYN—"Brown was very short in his manner to everybody tonight!"

MRS. TOMKYN—"Yes, but we must forgive him, as I hear he's just had some heavy business losses."

MR. TOMKYN—"My dear, a real gentleman does not give vent to that sort of thing till he gets home to his wife."

Smith got married. The evening of his first pay-day he gave his bride \$14 of the \$15 salary and kept only \$1 for himself.

But the second pay-day Smith gave his wife \$1 and kept \$14 himself.

"Why, John," she cried, in injured tones, "how on earth do you think I can manage for a whole week on a paltry dollar?"

"I'll admit I don't know," he answered. "I had a rotten time myself last week. It's your turn now."

WEED—"What's the idea of the suitcase—going away?"

LEE—"No, I heard the church was giving a rummage sale and I'm taking all my clothes down to the office until it's over."

"For goodness sake," scolded the irate wife, after having asked her husband for the fifth Sunday to accompany her to Church, "the neighbors will soon be talking about us as they did about poor Mr. and Mrs. Jones. The only time they went out together was when the gas stove exploded."

There must be hundreds of localities and homesteads about which the following story is still told in very definite detail, and with emphatic assurance of its truth. The story appears in a very old book which gives it a French location, and inserts the Oriental custom of burial in a winding-sheet.

In a village in Picardy, after a long sickness, a farmer's wife fell into a lethargy. Her husband was willing, good man, to believe her out of pain, and so, according to the custom of that country, she was wrapped in a sheet, and carried out to be buried.

But as ill luck would have it, the bearers carried her so near the hedge that the thorns pierced the sheet and waked the woman from her trance.

Some years after she died in reality, and as the funeral passed along the husband would every now and then call out, "Not too near the hedge, not too near the hedge, neighbors."

MUGGINS—"My wife never listens to a word I say."

BUGGINS—"How do you know? Maybe you talk in your sleep."

FIRST GENTLEMAN—"Did you get home last night before the storm?"

SECOND GENTLEMAN—"That was when it started."

JUDGE COURT—"When you married him you promised to share his lot, didn't you?"

MRS. FEDDUP—"Yes, but I didn't know then it was just a lot of trouble."

In the world's broad field of battle
 In the bivouacs of life
 You will find the Christian soldier
 Represented by his wife.

"Dear me, how slovenly the postal authorities are! Here's a card from my husband, who's in Manchester on business, and it's got the Paris postmark."

"Whatever makes you and Billy so quarrelsome?" demanded Mrs. Brown.

"Why," replied little Betty, "we're just playing papa and mamma, and we can't agree on the budget."

"Why does a red-headed woman always marry a meek man?"

"She doesn't. He just gets that way."

WIFE—"John, is it true that money talks?"

HUSBAND—"That's what they say, my dear."

"Well, I wish you'd leave a little here to talk to me during the day. I get so lonely."

Grim was the reply of the Scottish grave-digger when a certain niggardly farmer was haggling about the charge for his wife's interment. I well remember the grave-digger recounting the incident. I had asked him if he ever had had any difficulty in getting payment for his rather trying work.

"Only yince," he said. "It was when Ewan Swan buried his wife. Ye mind her with the guid gaun tongue. Efter I had raised my kep, as a signal to the mourners to gang, Ewan stayed ahint. Says he to me, 'What will I be aw'n ye, John?' 'Seeven and six,' says I. 'It's ower much,' says he, 'in licht sandy soil like that,' and he hands me a croon. 'Sandy soil or hard clay, it's seeven and six,' says I, 'and doon with another half-croon or up she comes!' And I nivver seen a half-croon come sae smert oot o' a fermer's pooch."

"What is a pedestrian, Daddy?"

"It is a person with a wife, daughter, two sons, and a car."

MRS. SMITH—"My husband talks in his sleep. Doesn't yours?"

MRS. JONES—"No, and it's so exaspating. He only smiles."

LAWYER—"Had you complete command of yourself at the time?"

WITNESS—"No, sir. My wife was with me."

"What's the matter, Oscar—you look terrible."

"My wife's on a diet."

"Hallo, where have you been?"

"To the station to see my wife off for a month's holiday."

"But how black your hands are!"

"Yes, I patted the engine."

"Your neighbor Meck and his wife had a row over what kind of car they should get, he wanting an open car and she a sedan."

"Oh, yes; but the incident is closed."

"So is the car. I saw her out in it this morning."

FORGETFUL HUSBAND (to friend)—"I want you to help me. I promised to meet my wife at one o'clock for luncheon, and I can't remember where. Would you mind ringing her up at our house and asking her where I am likely to be about that time?"

"Have they been married long?"

"Just long enough so they have found there are a lot of things that you can't say with flowers."

"Some people," said Mrs. Knagg, "have eyes and see not, ears and hear not."

"But never tongues and talk not," growled her husband.

WIFE—"I'm going to give you a piece of my mind."

HUSBY—"Just a small helping, please."

MAGISTRATE—"And you were having words with your wife?"

DEFENDANT—"Not with 'er, your honor, from 'er."

"Now, Charles," said the teacher, "if your father can do a piece of work in one hour and your mother can do it in one hour, how long would it take both of them to do it?"

"Three hours," answered Charles, "counting the time they would waste in arguing."

I went home late, removed my shoes,
 And played a sneaking game
 Up the front stairs. But lo! Ahead,
 My wife was doing the same!

WIFE (during quarrel)—"You're becoming absolutely unbearable. It will soon be impossible to live with you."

HUB (hopefully)—"How soon?"

Teacher was going to give an object lesson. "Tommy," she began. "Why does your father put up storm windows every fall?"

"Well," said Tommy, "Mother keeps at him until he finally gives in."

FRIEND (eying very luxurious car)—“But you don't mean to tell me that you bought it just to satisfy a whim of your wife's?”

THE OTHER (sadly)—“Ah, you don't know her, old man. She's got a whim of iron.”

“You hit your husband with a chair? Pray tell me, why did you do it?”

“I did it,” sighed the lady, “because I could not lift the table.”

“I want to bring young Wivelspoon home to dinner tonight,” said the husband.

“Bring him tonight!” shrieked his wife. “You know that the maid left without notice and the baby's cutting teeth, and I've got a cold, and the butcher says we can't have any more meat until we pay the bill. . .”

“Yes, I know all that,” he interrupted. “That's why I want to bring him home. I like the young fathead and he's thinking of getting married.”

NEW BRIDE (seeking advice from friend)—“What do you give your husband when the dinner does not suit him?”

EXPERIENCED HAND—“His coat and hat.”

“A joint bank account must be nice.”

“Yes, it's a lovely arrangement. My husband deposits the money, and I draw it out.”

“Jimpson is very attentive to his wife, it appears.”

“Yes; he always oils up the lawn-mower for her before he goes to the office.”

“I don't know what's the matter with that little man over there. He was so attentive a few moments ago and now he won't even look at me.”

“Perhaps he saw me come in. He's my husband!”

FRIEND—"What did you do when you found out your husband was leading a double life?"

WIFE—"Oh, I redoubled."

Divorced are Mr.
And Mrs. Howell;
He wiped the car
With her best guest towel!

Conclusion of a story on the children's page in a magazine says, "And they were married and lived happily even after."

THE JUDGE (sternly)—"Well, what's your alibi for speeding sixty miles an hour thru the residence section?"

THE VICTIM—I had just heard, your honor, that the ladies of my wife's church were giving a rummage sale, and I was hurrying home to save my other pants."

THE JUDGE—"Case dismissed!"

"So on your birthday your wife gave you a smoker's set. I didn't know you smoked."

"I don't, but she does."

"Why are you putting 'personal' on that letter to Mr. Durand?"

"I want his wife to open it."

JOHN—"What do you mean dear, when you say I've been deceiving you for years?"

MARY—"I've just found out that you get a \$2,000 allowance on your income tax return for being married and you only give me a miserable \$10 a week."

"If you had it to do over again would you marry me, dear?"

"Of course, if I *had* to do it over again."

See also Husbands; Wives.

MATHEMATICS

FARMER (showing friend over the farm)—“How many sheep would you guess were in that flock?”

VISITOR (considers a moment and ventures)—“About five hundred.”

“Absolutely correct! How did you guess it?”

“Wal, I jest counted the legs, and divided the number by four.”

You would hardly believe it, but it's true that—

$$1 \times 9 + 2 = 11$$

$$12 \times 9 + 3 = 111$$

$$123 \times 9 + 4 = 1111$$

$$1234 \times 9 + 5 = 11111$$

$$12345 \times 9 + 6 = 111111$$

$$123456 \times 9 + 7 = 1111111$$

$$1234567 \times 9 + 8 = 11111111$$

$$12345678 \times 9 + 9 = 111111111$$

$$123456789 \times 9 + 10 = 1111111111$$

This is one of the hard-to-believe facts dug up by Robert L. Ripley and printed in his recent book *Believe it or Not*.

POLICEMAN (to bespectacled fat professor who has witnessed smash)—“You say you saw the accident, sir. What was the number of the car that knocked this man down?”

PROFESSOR MATTEOSSIAN—“I'm afraid I've forgotten it. But I remember noticing that if it were multiplied by itself, the cube root of the product would be equal to the sum of the digits reversed.”

TEACHER—“Tommy, what is one-half of one-tenth?”

SMALL BOY—“I don't know exactly, teacher, but it can't be very much.”

JIMMIE—“Say, dad, here's one magazine advertisement says 80 per cent of the dentists use their toothpaste, and another ad says 90 per cent use their brand. That makes 170 per cent. How can that be true when my arithmetic says you can never have over 100 per cent of anything?”

DAD—“Jimmie, your arithmetic is away behind the times. I'll have to get you a new one.”

"Good morning, children," said the arithmetic teacher. "How many of you have prepared an original problem in multiplication as I requested?" Only one hand went up.

"Well, William, you may give your problem and the rest of the class may solve it."

"If my baby sister is a year old now and weighs twenty pounds, and keeps on gaining two ounces a day until she is sixteen years old, and if the price of living doubles again in the next ten years, how much will my sister's graduation outfit cost? Mother says she would like to know."

FATHER—"What does the teacher say about your poor arithmetic work?"

WILLIE—"She says she'd rather you wouldn't help me with it."

PAPA JOE—"You are very backward in your arithmetic, Willie. When I was your age I was in cube root."

LITTLE JOE—"What's that?"

PAPA JOE—"What? You don't even know what it is? My! My! That's terrible! Here! Give me your pencil. Now we'll take, say 1 2 3 4, and find the cube root. First you divide—No, you— Let me see—um—yes—no— Well, never mind—I guess you're too young to understand it, anyway."

The teacher was giving her class their first lesson in fractions. An object lesson seemed desirable. "Helen," she said, "if a mince pie were on your dinner table and your mother asked you if you would have a third or a fourth, what would you say?"

"A fourth," said Helen.

Some of the children tittered, and the teacher asked, "Why would you have a fourth?"

"Because," said Helen, "I don't like mince pie."

JOHNNY—"Say, paw, I can't get these 'rithmetic examples. Teacher said something 'bout findin' the greatest common divisor."

PAW (in disgust)—"Great Scott! Haven't they found that thing yet? Why, they were huntin' for it when I was a boy."

The puzzle runs like this: A man deposited fifty dollars in a bank. He drew it out in various sums. When he had his original fifty dollars drawn out he discovered he still had a dollar in the bank, as follows:

Withdraws \$20.	Balance	\$30.00
Withdraws 15.	"	15.00
Withdraws 9.	"	6.00
Withdraws 6.	"	.00
---		---
\$50.		\$51.00

"What's the date today?"

"Let me look in the newspaper you have in your pocket."

"No use, it's yesterday's paper."

"Well, Bobby, what do you think of your new teacher?"

"Oh, he is not bad in himself but one can't rely on what he says."

"How is that?"

"First he said 'two and two make four' and then he said 'three and one make four.'"

•

MEASUREMENT

A trial for assault and battery was in progress, and the first witness, an old farmer, had ascended the witness stand.

"Now just how far were you from the parties when this alleged assault took place?" asked the attorney for the defense, notorious for his custom of browbeating witnesses.

"Exactly thirteen feet, eleven inches and a half."

"Do you mean to sit here and tell this court, under oath, that you were exactly thirteen feet, eleven inches and a half away?"

"Yes, I certainly do."

"How can you be so exact?"

"Because I expected some dam' fool or other would ask me," said the farmer, "so I jest took out my rule and measured it."

MEMORY

"Speaking of animals remembering," said the tall, elderly man, "when I was a boy I once gave a circus elephant a stick of striped candy."

"Well?"

"After that, whenever that circus was to parade in the town, the barbers had to take in their striped poles."

A man who had just returned from a tour round the world was entertaining a party of friends with glowing stories of the wonders he had seen.

After describing at great length the Pyramids, the Taj Mahal, Niagara Falls, and so on, he wound up by exclaiming:

"Ah! my friends, I have seen spectacles that I shall never forget!"

"Indeed?" said an old lady who was rather hard of hearing. "I wish you had brought me a pair, because I am always forgetting mine."

BUSINESS MAN—"Well, if it isn't John Corcoran, the man I met up in Maine one rainy night six years ago at the Moose River Junction railway station."

SALESMAN (retreating to door)—"Good-day, sir."

BUSINESS MAN—"Aren't you going to try and sell me something?"

SALESMAN—"No. I sell memory courses."

MEN

A man is that large irrational creature who is always looking for home atmosphere in a hotel and hotel service around the house.

See also Husbands.

METAPHORS

Every man should stick to his trade. When he goes prowling about in strange pastures he spoils the broth.

METAPHYSICS

"Oh yes," said Donald to his minister, "I ken well enough what metaphysics is. When the party wha listens disna ken what the party wha speaks means, and when the party wha speaks disna ken what he means himsel', that's metaphysics, mon."

MILK

COUNTRY COUSIN—"Now this is the bossy cow that gives little Elsie such nice milk."

LITTLE ELSIE (from the city)—"Now show me the one that gives the malted milk."

Little Johnny, a city boy in the country for the first time, saw the milking of a cow.

"Now you know where the milk comes from, don't you?" he was asked.

"Sure!" replied Johnny. "You give the cow some breakfast food and water and then drain the crankcase."

FIDDLE—"What's the matter?"

STYX—"I wrote an article on fresh milk, and the editor condensed it."

MRS. NEWLYWED—"Milkman, do you keep your cows in pasture?"

MILKMAN—"Why, of course m'am."

MRS. NEWLYWED—"Goody! Fred does so love pasteurized milk."

Little Lottie, aged four, who was spending a week with her aunt in the country, had developed a great fondness for milk. One day, having drunk as much as her aunt thot good for her, she was informed that she could not have any more.

"Pshaw;" exclaimed the indignant little miss, "I don't see why you want to be so stingy with your old milk. There's two whole cowfuls out in the barn."

MILLINERY

"Madam, you had better not wear that hat much in this dry town. We've not the location here."

"What has that to do with my hat?"

"I notice it is full of cocktails."

HE—"My dear, I can't afford to buy you that hat."

SHE—"Still, you'd save money if you did."

HE—"How do you make that out?"

SHE—"Because I shall fret myself ill if I don't get it, and you know what doctors' bills are!"

MINISTERS

See Clergy.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

People taken by surprise sometimes say what they do not mean. A carful of people were entertained recently by a conversation which neither of the participants found comic. A train was waiting in a dim station at the end of a dull afternoon; lights were not yet lighted, and it was decidedly dusky within the car.

An excited and near-sighted woman hurried in, hurried down the aisle, peering at the passengers as she went, and at last, as she dropped into a seat beside another woman, exclaimed with a sigh of relief:

"Oh, it's you!"

"Certainly not!" snapped a startled stranger, turning; whereupon the mistaken traveler hastily apologized:

"I beg your pardon—but it's so dark in here I was quite sure you were."

Another woman, in similar circumstances, became even more confused. She was waiting for her sister in a railway station when a gentleman, looking for his wife, and misled by a general resemblance in figure and clothing, stepped up behind her, and, laying his hand on her shoulder, exclaimed:

"Thank goodness, Emma, it's you!"

The name he used happened to be really hers, which made the sudden familiarity even more startling. She jumped nervously.

"You're mistaken, sir!" she gasped. "I'm Emma, but she isn't me."

HE—"Say, Mabel, may I come over tonight?"

SHE—"Sure, John, come on over."

HE—"Why, this is not John."

SHE—"This is not Mabel, either."

Two little boys sat side by side in school. The teacher always asked the first boy who made him and he answered: "God." Then she asked the second boy who was the first man and he said: "Adam." One day the first little boy was sick, and absent; so the first question came to the second boy. "Who made you?" asked the teacher.

"Adam," replied the boy.

"No, No!" said the teacher. "Dont you know that God made you?"

"No, marm!" said the kid. "You can't fool me—the boy God made stayed home to-day!"

MOLECULE

The question on the board was, "What is a molecule?"

Willie's answer was: "A molecule is something so small that it cannot be seen thru a microbe."

MONEY

A little girl walked into a confectionery store at Pendleton, placed a nickel on the counter and called for an ice-cream cone.

"Ice-cream cones are seven cents, little girl," the fizz clerk announced.

"Well, then gimme a soda pop."

"Six cents."

"Got any root beer?"

"Yep, six cents, too."

The little girl sighed disappointedly and started out, leaving her nickel on the counter.

"Here, little girl, you're leaving your nickel," the clerk called to her.

"Oh, that's all right," the child shouted back. "It's no good to me—it won't buy anything!"

A woman once came to Dr. Bunkum with the announcement: "Dr. Bunkum, the Lord has sent me to you for \$300."

"That must be a mistake, madam," he responded instantly, "for the Lord knows I haven't got \$300."

SHE—"I suppose you know Alice married money."

HE—"Oh, yes. They're separated now, aren't they?"

SHE—"No—just she and her husband are separated."

"This government report states that the life of a paper dollar is only seven or eight months."

"Well, I have never had one die on my hands."

I am twenty-five cents.

I am not on speaking terms with the butcher.

I am too small to buy a quart of ice-cream.

I am not large enough to purchase a box of candy.

I am too small to buy a ticket to a movie.

I am hardly fit for a tip, but—believe me, when I go to church on Sunday I am considered some money!

ALPHA—"What was the denomination of that bill you loaned me?"

THETA—"Episcopalian I guess; it keeps lent."

PARENT—"Now on the question of money—can you keep going?"

DAUGHTER'S BEAU—"Well, sir, you see—er—I'm afraid—"

PARENT—"Precisely. Well, if you can't keep going, don't keep coming."

MORALS

DISTRICT VISITOR—"What are the morals of this village like?"

RESIDENT—"Excellent! So good, in fact, that several of our sewing-parties have failed for want of scandal."

If, said an old Greek thinker, you make a heap of all customs somewhere considered sacred and moral, and then take from it all customs somewhere considered impious and immoral, nothing will remain.—*Will Durant.*

MOSQUITOS

"I thot you wrote me there were no mosquitoes at your place?" said the visitor.

"Well," answered Farmer Cornlossel, " I thot I was tellin' you correct. I didn't believe they was any mosquitoes here. When I wrote that I was up to Si Simlin's place, and I thot all the mosquitoes in the world must be in his front yard."

A. H. writes—"The mosquito is like a child; the moment he stops making a noise you know he is getting into something."

COUNTRY BOARDER—"You wrote that you were never bothered by mosquitoes here, and they have almost eaten me alive."

FARMER—"I didn't say anything about 'em botherin' you, did I? I said they never bother me, an' they don't; I'm used to 'em."

MOTHERS

Six-year-old Margaret often played with Nellie, a neighbor's little girl. One rainy day the two were just starting across the clean kitchen floor at Margaret's home when the latter's mother, sceing their muddy shoes, headed them off and sent them out to play on the porch. After a moment, Nellie remarked:

"My mother don't care how much I run over the kitchen floor."

There was quite a long interval of silence. Then Margaret said: "I wish I had a nice, dirty mother like you've got, Nellie."

"Dear," said Mrs. Brown, "I believe mother is offended about something. She hasn't been to see us for several days."

"Be sure," said Mr. Brown, "to find out what it is when she comes, and we'll try it on her again."

Two neighbors were chatting over the fence when Mrs. B, smiling, passed down the street.

"Pretty woman, Mrs. B!" remarked one. "Who was she?"

"I really have forgotten. Here's her little boy. I'll ask him. Frank, who was your mother before she was married?"

Frank regarded his questioner gravely. "She wasn't my mother before she was married," he severely replied.

MOTHER-IN-LAW

HUSBAND (to cook)—"My mother-in-law is coming on a long visit tomorrow. I've made out a list of her favorite dishes for you."

COOK—"Yes, sir."

HUSBAND—"Well, the first time you serve one of them, you're fired."

PASTA—"Do you know that your dog bit my mother-in-law yesterday?"

LATTECALDO—"No; is that so? Well, I suppose you will sue me for damages?"

PASTA—"Not at all. What will you take for the dog?"

HUSBAND—"Didn't I telegraph you not to bring your mother with you?"

WIFE—"That's what she wants to see you about."

MOTHER—"And now tell me what you meant by introducing me to Mr. Brown as your aunt?"

DAUGHTER—"Forgive me, mother, but Mr. Browns appears to be on the point of proposing, and it would not do to run any risks. He has a strong prejudice against mothers-in-law."

"John dear," said Mabel, as her lord and master entered the house, "I've just had a letter from mother, and she is coming to visit us. It is a pretty expensive trip for little Muddy, and I wondered if we couldn't help her out a little."

"Of course we can," said John, giving his wife a generous kiss. "Just you write and tell her that I'll be only too glad to pay for her railroad ticket back home again as soon as she decides to go."

MOTHER-IN-LAW (angrily)—"It's about time the mothers-in-law disappeared from the comic papers."

SON-IN-LAW—"Yes. I think they ought to disappear altogether."

WIFE—"I wish you'd bring home a pineapple, Edward. Mother is coming today, and you know she'd give half her life for a good pineapple."

EDWARD—"Really! Then I'll bring two!"

WIFE'S MOTHER (to gardening son-in-law)—"I hope you're being careful when you dig up a worm, Richard. Remember it can feel and think just as well as you can."

Mr. Justice Swift recently said that the question of the wife having to live with her mother-in-law has animated society since the days of Adam and Eve. He omitted, however, to identify Eve's mother-in-law.

"John, here is five shillings. Fetch my mother-in-law from the station."

"But if she is not there?"

"Then you shall have another five shillings."

MOTORING

See Automobiles and automobile drivers.

MOTORISTS

See Automobiles and automobile drivers.

MOVING PICTURES

An American film-producer says that the children he employs often suggest ideas to him. That explains a good deal.

AUTHOR—"Can I sell you a scenario?"

MOVIE PRODUCER—"G'wan, we've had a scenario for years."

"Jump, lady, jump!" shouted the firemen holding the life-net to the movie star, who stood at the sixth-story window with the flames raging behind her.

"I'll do nothing of the sort," she shouted back. "Tell the director to send my double here this instant."

FIRST KID—"Sure, Charlie Chaplin's goin' to heaven when he dies!"

SECOND DITTO—"Gee! Pretty soft for Saint Peter!"

Here a massacre of 450,000 Christians took place, 126 B.C.—
Caption in a Hollywood magazine.

The use of talking motion-pictures in the churches would greatly increase attendance at the other churches.

"How is Viola Vacuum getting along in the talking-pictures?"

"Oh, all right, I guess. She has a double for four-syllable words."

A joyous event had taken place in the home of the film-producer.

"Here is the son and heir, sir," said the nurse, smiling coyly.

The producer gave it a perfunctory glance. "Sorry," he said absently, "not quite the type!"

"I couldn't even think of marriage unless you can offer me the same sort of life as I have been accustomed to see in the films."

If an enterprising Movie director had stage-managed the Marines' recent reproduction of the Battle of Gettysburg, the account might run something like this:

Picture—General Pickett moves his troops out to attack.

Subtitle—“*England expects every man to do his duty.*”

Picture—The Union soldiers dig intrenchments as General Meade strolls among them.

Subtitle—“*I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer.*”

Picture—Jefferson Davis rides up and takes command of Pickett's brigade and waves a battleflag.

Subtitle—“*Don't fire, men, until you see the whites of their eyes!*”

Picture—The Union troops are fleeing in utter rout when General Grant drops from a balloon and the soldiers crowd around him singing.

Subtitle—“*When asked what state he hails from,*

Our sole reply shall be:

He comes from Appomattox

And its glorious apple-tree.”

Picture—The Confederates swarm over the Union breastworks when President Lincoln appears and speaks to the fighting armies.

Subtitle—“*Let us have peace!*”

Picture—President Lincoln, General Grant, General Lee, President Davis, General Longstreet, and the two armies shake hands, and standing in line repeat these words:

Subtitle—“*Liberty and Union, one and inseparable, now and forever.*”

The highly unclad state of the African aborigines shown in the movie exploration films gives us to wonder what they do with our old pants, etc., that are sent them from time to time.

“Where did you get the plot for your second novel?”

“From the film version of my first.”

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Polish, Austrian, Swede or Mex.,
Twinkling with imported sex.

France wants to bar a lot of our movies. If she succeeds, maybe she'll tell us how she did it.

A visitor to Hollywood met an old friend, now a movie director, who invited him to visit the studio, stating that during the next afternoon they expected to film Lady Godiva riding a horse down the boulevard.

"Sure, I'll come," said the friend; "it's a long time since I saw a horse."

"What makes the actors lisp like that?"

"It's because the talking movies are still in their infancy."

See also Hollywood.

MULES

"You said the mule was quite tame," the buyer observed.

"And so he is tame, isn't he?" asked the dealer.

"Not altogether—only partly so," the discontented purchaser replied. "He is tame in front, I dare say; but he is desperately wild behind!"

"What's that you call your mule?"

"I call him 'Corporation,'" answered the old colored man.

"How did you come to give him such a name?"

"F'm studyin de animal and readin' de papahs. Dat mule gets mo' blame an' abuse dan anything else in de township, an' goes ahead havin' his own way jes' de same."

"How much would you charge me to haul that pile of stones away, Rastus?"

"'Bout \$5, boss."

"Seems to me that \$5 is quite a large sum of money to pay for that job."

"I done knows dat, boss, but I'se done got to hire a man to help me hitch up dat mule of mine."

MUSHROOMS

Here lie the bones
Of Farmer MacMonnie
He thot the mushrooms
Tasted funny.

MUSIC

Some one has just recently revealed the fact that music is much more enjoyable if "you listen to it with your eyes shut." It is also more enjoyable if the people sitting near you listen to it with their mouths shut.

LAWYER'S WIFE (as they motored by the Trinity Church)—
"Aren't those chimes melodiously beautiful! Such harmony! So inspiring!"

LAWYER—"You'll have to speak louder. Those damned bells are making such a racket I can't hear what you say."

Seven hundred concert parties are now working at English seaside resorts. It is crisp little facts like this that reconcile one to having to stay in town.

And after hearing the Stein Song a few million times, we sent our first contribution to the Anti-Saloon League.

"To express silence in music," said Cabaner, "I should require three military bands."

"Sir, would you give five dollars to bury a saxophone player?"
"Here's thirty dollars; bury six of 'em."

"That last little thing of yours was charming," said the gushing hostess. "I loved it's wild abandon. Was it your own composition?"

"No, madam," scowled the lion of the evening. "I was putting a new string on my violin."

And the nights shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall seem like joys after hearing
The stuff that our neighbors play.

"What did you hear at the Opera yesterday?"

"All sorts of things. Smith is going bankrupt, Mrs. Brown has dyed hair, the Whites are having a divorce."

"Now," said the leader of the Brushville band, "we'll play 'The Stars and Stripes Forever!'"

"Gosh!" exclaimed the cornet-player, "I've just played that!"

"Hullo! Bought a saxophone?"

"No; I borrowed it from the man next door."

"But you can't play it."

"Neither can he while I've got it."

"Do you enjoy grand opera?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox; "especially when it's loud enough to keep me from hearing a lot of fool conversation that's going on around me."

"My daughter can do anything with the piano."

"Could she lock it up and drop the key in the river?"

"Mummy, you bought sister a piano, so buy me a bicycle."

"What for?"

"So that I can go riding while she practises."

MRS. J— M— has decided not to announce any more programs by the choir of the Congregational Church until the duck season is over. However there will always be good music by some members of the choir Sunday evening.

FIRST DAD—"I am spending a lot of money for my daughter's vocal and instrumental music lessons."

SECOND DITTO—"That's foolish. A radio is cheaper, and you can get just as terrible stuff over it."

THE PRODIGY'S MOTHER—"Of course, I know she makes little mistakes sometimes; but you see she plays entirely by ear."

THE PRODIGY'S UNCLE—"Unfortunately, that's the way I listen."

MUSICIANS

At a concert in Detroit, quarters were decidedly cramped and Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heinck, the soloist, had to make her entrance from the rear, down thru the orchestra with

its maze of music stands. All went well till she came to the orchestra, where her familiarly large proportions began knocking over music racks.

"Go sideways, Madame," hissed Conductor Gabrilowitsch in an excited stage whisper.

Ernestine wrinkled her brow, gave a puzzled look from right to left, and called back to the conductor in a hoarse whisper, "Mein Gott, I have no sideways!"

An American jazz orchestra which sailed the other day for a tour of South America will be lucky if it isn't mistaken for a revolution.

"At church last Sunday morning," says a newspaper in Vermont, "the choir tenor, sang, 'I May Not Pass This Way Again,' to the delight of the congregation."

"And so you are a professional saxophonist?"

"Oh, no, I just play for my own amazement."

MUSSOLINI

Apollo, we read in the encyclopedia, was worshiped by the Romans as the god of the sun, medicine, divination, archery, poetry, beauty, pastures, music, youth, fruits and prophecy. His name has recently been changed to Benito Mussolini.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER—"Who commanded the sun to stand still?"

ARCHIE—"Mussolini."

"When in Rome do as the Romans do" is no longer advice; it's a command.

An Arab chieftain recently issued a proclamation, signing himself "Lord of the Earth." He may now expect a stiff letter from Signor Mussolini.

The Duce regards Julius Cæsar as the Mussolini of ancient Rome.

NAMES

Our friend Guerrini was telling about meeting a middle class Italian on the train to Genoa. He was accompanied by his son, a bright youngster. Guerrini, asked, "What is your son's name?" "He has some English name," answered the father, a bit apologetically, "and I can't pronounce it."

The assured ease of Monckton Milnes's manner won for him the nickname, "The Cool of the Evening."

"I always wondered where all the Smiths came from until I came to this city."

"Then what happened?"

"I saw a sign, 'Smith Manufacturing Company.'"

NO MORE SMITHS—Joshua L. Smith, the last surviving member of the Smith family, died.—*Maryland paper.*

CONSTABLE (to speeding foreigner)—"'Ere, you mustn't go rushing abaht like that. What's yer name?"

SPEEDING FOREIGNER—"Je ne comprends pas."

CONSTABLE—"Ow d'yer spell it?"—

POLICEMAN (producing notebook)—"Name, please."

MOTORIST—"Aloysius-Alastair-Cyprian."

POLICEMAN (putting book away)—"Well, don't let me catch you again."

I have a great memory. I can recite all the names on three pages of the New York telephone directory. Wanna hear me? All right then, Levy, Levy, Levy, Levy, Levy.

The old lady came out of a half doze as the train approached the station.

"Where are we, Bobby?" she asked.

"I don't know, grandma," replied the little fellow.

"But didn't the conductor call out something just now?"

"No, grandma, he just stuck his head inside the door and sneezed."

"Quick, Bobby, help me with these things!" she exclaimed. "This is Oshkosh."

J. W. Hamm, well known Missouri restaurant millionaire, has announced that he will add an addition to his magnificent Hamm apartments. The building, when completed, will be known as the Hamm Annex.

WELFARE WORKER—"Now, let's see, your name begins with—?"

PRISONER—"With a nine, lady."

"What's your name, little boy?"

"Sam."

"What is the rest of it?"

"Mule."

George Washington was very small and very new to the life of the public school. "And so your name is George Washington?" said the teacher.

"Yessum, Jorge Washin'ton."

"And I suppose you try to be as nearly like him as a little boy can, don't you?"

"Lak who, ma'am?"

"Like George Washington."

The youngster looked puzzled. "Ah kain't help bein' lak Jorge Washin'ton," he replied stoutly, "cose that's who ah am."

"Cousin Dorothy, you know, always wanted to have a little daughter so she could name her June." "Yes. Did she do it?" "No. The man she married was named Bugg."

A motorist was stopped by a policeman for speeding, whereupon he became angry and called the policeman an ass. After he had paid his fine the magistrate reproved him for what he had said to the officer. "Then I mustn't call a policeman an ass?" he asked.

"Certainly not," said the magistrate. "You must not insult the police."

"But you wouldn't mind if I called an ass a policeman, would you?"

"Why, no, if it gives you any satisfaction." answered his worship, with a smile.

The motorist turned to the man who had arrested him. "Good-day, policeman," he said, as he left the court.

MARCELLA—"Is Minerva Milksop making a name for herself on the stage?"

WAVERLY—"I should say she is. She has changed it three times already, and still she doesn't seem to be satisfied with it."

A clergyman from northeastern Pennsylvania tells the story of an Italian who brought his baby to him to be baptized.

"Now," he said, "you see you baptize heem right. Last time I tell you I want my boy call 'Tom,' you call heem Thomas. Thees time I want heem call 'Jack,' I no want you call him Jackass!"

"Have the Blithersbys named their new twins yet?"

"Yes, but they were not given the names applied to them by Mr. Blithersby when they first arrived."

"What did he call the precious pair?"

"'Trouble' and 'More of It.'"

NATURE

It is reported in America that a sheep is learning to talk. *London Opinion* understands that the animal is being taught simple words and has already mastered the first syllable of banana.

HE—"Does the moon affect the tide?"

SHE—"No, only the untied."

Two small boys were out hunting in the woods and one of them stopped and picked up a chestnut burr.

"Tommy!" he called excitedly. "Come here! I've found a porcupine egg!"

Nature is wonderful! A million years ago she didn't know we were going to wear glasses, yet look at the way she has placed our ears!

The crane that waited for the sea to sink,
And leave dried fish to feed him,
Died, I think.

Nature can not jump from winter to summer without a spring, or from summer to winter without a fall.

NEGROES

MANDY—"Yo-all reminds me of one of dem flyin' machines."

RASTUS—"How cum, woman, how cum? 'Cause I is a high flyah?"

MANDY—"No, sah, cullud man; it's jes 'cause you ain't no use on earth."

EMPLOYER—"Sam, I hear you and George almost had a fight."

SAM—"Yassah, boss, we all would 'a' had a terrible fracas, only they wasn't nobody there to hold us apart."

"Sambo, I don't understand how you can do all your work so quickly and so well."

"I'll tell you how 'tis, boss. I sticks de match of enthusiasm to de fuse ov yenergy—and jest natchurally explodes, I does."

An old Southern planter was discussing the hereafter with his old black body servant. "Sam," said his master, "let's make an agreement this way: The one that gets over there first must come back and tell the other what it is like over there." "Yes, sah," replied Sam. "Dat suits me all right, but effen you all dies fust, please come back in de daytime, sah."

Roy Simpson, negro laborer, was putting in his first day with a construction gang whose foreman was known for getting the maximum amount of labor out of his men. Simpson was helping in the task of moving the right-of-way, and all day long he

carried heavy timbers and ties until at the close of the day he was completely tired out. Come quitting time. Before he went he approached the boss and said:

"Mister, you sure you got me down on the payroll?"

The foreman looked over the list of names he held. "Yes," he said, finally, "here you are—Simpson—Roy Simpson. That's right, isn't it?"

"Yaas suh, boss," said the negro, "dass right. I thot mebbe you had me down as Samson."

Rastus and his wife, driving to town in their decrepit flivver, had parked it casually in the first available space. While they were away a traffic officer attached a numbered tag to the vehicle for parking in a prohibited zone. On their return, Rastus noticed the tag and was for throwing it into the street, but Rebecca restrained him.

"Sabe de ticket, honey," she said. "Dat number might win sumthin'."

\ "For de land's sake, Mandy, what make you-all gib dat baby a big piece of po'k to chaw on? Don't you-all know de po' chile'll choke on it?"

"Dinah, can't you-all see de string what's tied to dat piece o' po'k? De odder end's tied to the chile's toe. Ef he chokes he kick, an' if he kick he'll jerk de po'k out. Ah reckon you'all don' learn me nothin' 'bout bringin' up chillun."

"Sistah Smith, I's sorry, but I needs must depaht."

"Oh, Mr. Johnsing—needs you must?"

Hepsy, the maid of color, had told the mistress that she was going to be married.

"Well, Hepsy," said the mistress, "I'm sorry to lose you, but I suppose it is all for the best. How long have you known the man?"

"About two weeks, ma'am."

"My! no longer than that? Don't you think you ought to wait and know him better?"

"No, ma'am," exclaimed Hepsy. "Ef I knowed him any better I sho' never would marry him."

IRATE MASTER (to Negro servant)—"Rastus, I thot I told you to get a domestic turkey. This one has shot in it."

RASTUS—"I done got a domestic turkey, sir."

MASTER—"Well, how did the shot get in it?"

RASTUS—"I 'specks they was meant for me, suh."

"Brush yo' off, sah?" asked the porter as the train pulled into the station.

"Brush me off if you want to, but I'm opposed to tipping," said the matter-of-fact traveler.

"Well, sah," said the porter, "yo' clothes ain't nearly as dusty as ah thot they was."

RASTUS—"Ah wants a divorce. Dat woman jes talk, talk, talk, night an' day. Ah can't get no rest, an' dat talk am drivin' me crazy."

YOUNG LAWYER—"What does she talk about?"

RASTUS—"She don't say."

Old Mose Parker was pretty sick, and the darky doctor promptly put him to bed and laid down all sorts of rules and regulations as to sleep and diet. After he had gone, Mose turned to his wife and complained:

"Mandy, how does dat dere fool doctor reckon ah's g'wine to eat breast ob chicken ebery day if ah ain't got mah ebenin's free?"

"Does 'at smile mean you forgive me?"

"Stay away, niggah; I'se just smilin' to rest mah face."

They were making a drive to raise funds for an addition to the African Baptist Church. Two colored sisters called on old Uncle Berry, an aged negro, who lived on the outskirts of the village, and explained the purpose of their visit and asked the aged darkey to give something toward the cause.

"Lawzy, sisters, I sho would like to help you-all along," he said, "but I just ain't got it. Why, I has the hardest time to keep paying a little something on what I already owe round here."

"But," said one of the collectors, "you know you owe the Lord something, too."

"Yes, dat's right, sister," said the old man; "but he ain't pushing me like my other creditors is."

Lemuel shuffled into the employment office down in Savannah one morning and said hopefully:

"Don' spose you don' know nobody as don' want nobody to do nothin', does you?"

A colored woman presented herself at the church for confirmation and was asked to recite the Apostles' Creed, the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments. She got thru the first two, but bungled the Ten Commandments. She tried several times and then whispered in the parson's ear: "You'se got to 'scuse me, pahson; I ain't been practicin' de Ten Commandments lately."

A lady who shall be nameless had a colored servant named Sarah, who said to her mistress one day: "Missis, I want a day's holiday."

"What for, Sarah?"

"Missis, John's wife's dead, an' I wants to 'tend de funeral."

So Sarah got her holiday and went to the funeral, and her mistress noticed that she went about her work with a cheerful spirit afterwards, singing and laughing.

A week later Sarah said to her mistress: "Missis, I wants to give notice."

"Why, Sarah, are you not happy here?"

"It's not dat, missis, but yo' member yo gib me holiday to 'tend John's wife's funeral? Well, missis, John say I de life ob dat funeral, and now I'se gwine to marry de corpse's husband."

A darky named Sam borrowed \$25 from his friend Tom, and gave his note for the amount.

Time went on, the note became long past due, and Tom was very impatient for its payment.

One day the two men met on the street. Tom stopped and said, with determination: "Look heah, man, when ah you-all gwine t' pay thet note?"

"I ain't got no money now," replied Sam, "but I'm going to pay it soon as I kin."

"Yo' been sayin' thet for months," retorted Tom, "but it don't git me no money. Yer gwine t' pay thet money here and now, thet's whut yer gwine t' do. Ef y' don't, y' know whut I'm goin' t' do? I'm going to burn yer old note; then whar'll yo' be at?"

"Yas yo' will. Yas yo' will," Sam shouted. "Jes' yo' burn dat note o' mine and I'll pop a lawsuit onto yo'."

\ SAMBO—"You know, Rastus, dat every time Ah kiss mah wife she closes her eyes an' holler?"

RASTUS—"Ah say she do!"

SAMBO—"What's dat, Nigger?"

RASTUS—"Ah say, do she?"

"Ah wants a day off, boss, to look for a job faw mah wife."

"And—if she doesn't get it?"

"I'll be back to-morrow."

"Sam, are you ever fired with enthusiasm?"

"Yessah! from every job I tackles."

A colored mammy came into the office of the estate for which she worked to receive her monthly wages. As she could not write, she always made her mark on the receipt—the usual cross. But on this occasion she made a circle.

"What's the matter, Linda?" the man in charge asked. "Why don't you make a cross as usual?"

"Why," Linda explained earnestly, "Ah done got married yesterday an' changed mah name."

A colored girl asks support for three minor children.

"Are you living together now?"

"Yassuh."

"How long have you been married?"

"Please, Judge-Yonna, we ain't nev' been ma'ied."

"Well, how long have you been living together?"

"Six yeahs."

His Honor (Judge Stanton) turns to the defendant: "How does it happen you haven't married this girl?"

"Please, Judge-Yonna, Ah'm willin' to ma'y her. Ah wants to ma'y her. She woan do it."

His Honor, again addressing the woman: "How about that? Why won't you marry this man—he's the father of the children, isn't he?"

"Well, suh, Ah nev' did think he's much 'count."

The Bailiff: "Si-i-i-lence!"

A very scholarly man, and an ornament to his profession, was the late Shakespearean actor, Robert Mantell.

One time, upon entering his dressing room, his negro valet cornered him and asked if he hadn't forgotten something.

"I don't think so," said Mr. Mantell.

"W'y, yo' said yo' was goin' to bring me a bottle ob gin."

"I didn't forget it, Ebenezer," replied Mr. Mantell. "I sent it to you in care of the doorkeeper."

"Golly, Mistah Robert," groaned Ebenezer "yo' jes as well sent me a cabbage leaf in care of a rabbit."

OLD COLORED MAMMY—"Ah wants a ticket fo' Florence."

TICKET AGENT (after ten minutes of wearying thumbing over railroad guides)—"Where is Florence, madam?"

OLD COLORED MAMMY—"Settin' over dar on de bench, suh."

A colored gentleman who appeared in court as a witness was asked:—

"What is your name?"

"Calhoun Jefferson, sah."

"Can you sign your name?"

"Sah?"

"I ask if you can write your name."

"Well, no sah. Ah nebber writes my name, Ah dictates it, suh."

CAPTAIN—"What are you scratching your head for Rufus?"

COLORED PRIVATE—"Aw, sah, I's got arifmetic bugs in my head."

CAPTAIN—"What are arithmetic bugs?"

COLORED PRIVATE—"Dat's cooties."

CAPTAIN—"Why do you call them arithmetic bugs?"

COLORED PRIVATE—"Because dey add to misery, dey subtract from my pleasure, dey divides my atenshun, and dey multiply like de dickens."

Into a Southern police court had been haled for the fourth time a negro boy, charged with chicken-stealing. The magistrate determined to appeal to the boy's father.

"See here," said His Honor "this boy of yours has been in court so many times for stealing chickens that I have come to look upon him as a regular visitor."

"I doesn't blame yo', jedge," said the father, "an' I's tired of seein' him here myse'f."

"Then why don't you teach him the way he should go?"

"I has showed him the right way, jedge," replied the old man very earnestly. "I has cert'n'y showed him the right way, but somehow, yo' honor, dat wuthless nigger keeps gittin' ketched coming away with the chickens."

An old colored man was burning grass when a "wise guy" stopped and said: "You're foolish to do that, Uncle Eb; it will make the meadow as black as you are."

"Don't worry 'bout dat, sah," responded Uncle Eb. "Dat grass will grow out an' be as green as you is."

JUDGE—"Sam, this is a serious charge against you. Have you anything to say in your defense?"

SAM (haughtily)—"Yoh Hono' I not only denies the allegation, but I also declares the alligator am wrong."

In a courtroom the other day, Judge White was reproofing a colored man for deserting his wife and dwelt at great length on the injustice he was doing. "Wife desertion is something, Rastus, that I must deal with severely, I'm afraid, and I feel very strongly on this subject." "But Judge, you don't know that woman. I ain't no deserter, I'se a refugee."

The prisoner was asked why he beat the victim.

"Well, judge, he called me a rhinocerus."

"Umph! Rhinocerus, eh? When did this happen?"

"Jess about three years ago, jedge."

"Three years ago! Why did you wait until today to get even then?"

"Well, judge, de facts am dat I never seed no rhinocerus until dis mawnin'."

She is an old negro mammy and has been in the employ of Albert Kraemer, vice-president of the Fuerst and Kraemer Company for many years. Yesterday she was dusting and when she came to a bronze bust of Charles Dickens she stopt and inquired:

"Mistah Kraemer, who am dis here genman?"

"That is Charles Dickens, aunty, the noted author," replied Mr. Kraemer.

"Am dat him?" Old aunty's eyes shone with delight. "I'se done hyear a lot about dat Dickens. 'Deed, Mistah Kraemer, I'se done hyear so much about him, I allus thot he was a white genman."

A passenger-train was getting ready to leave.

"All right back there?" bawled the conductor.

"Hol' on! Hol' on!" shrilled a feminine voice from outside the waiting-room. "Jess wait till I gets mah clothes on."

And then, as the occupants of the train craned their necks expectantly, she appeared with a basketful of laundry.

Down in Texas the short cotton crop forced a large number of country negroes to the cities. One of these applied for a job at one of the large employment agencies.

"There's a job open at the Eagle Laundry," said the man behind the desk. "Want it?"

The applicant shifted uneasily from one foot to the other. "Tell you how it is, Boss," he said finally, "I sure does want a job mighty bad, but de fack is, I ain't never washed a eagle."

ELIZA—"Ah hear you-all's left yo' husband, Mandy. Is it true?"

MANDY—"It sure is, Eliza. Dat nigger was so shiftless he couldn't find enough washin' to keep me busy."

A Brooklyn colored man was all beaten up and the judge advised him to keep out of bad company. "I kain't, yo' honor," replied the man. "I kain't get enough money together to obcure a dee-voce."

MR. JOHNSING—"Say, Mr. Dorman, what am de meaning of dis here line on de ticket whar it says 'not transferable'?"

MR. DORMAN—"Dat means, Br'er Johnsing, dat no gen'leman am admitted unlessen he comes hisself."

An old Negro preacher owned a mule which had an efficient pair of heels and a loud but unmusical voice.

One Sunday morning, while the preacher was delivering his sermon, the mule persisted in putting his head in at the window and braying loudly.

The preacher finally said: "Breddern and sistern, is dere one among you all who knows how to keep dat mule quiet?"

"Pahson," replied a man, "if you will jess tie a stone to dat mule's tail he sho will keep quiet."

"Breddern and sistern," said the preacher, "let him who is without sin tie de fust stone."

Two South Carolina negroes serving with the A. E. F. in the southern part of France were astonished to find among the French populace a liberality of so broad a character that it practically meant drawing no color line at all. The idea especially appealed to one of the pair.

"Yas, suh," he said, "I thinks dis yere war is sho' gwine mek things diff'unt at home f'um whut dey wuz in de pas'. So des ez soon ez I gits back to old Spartanburg I aims to buy me a suit of w'ite clothes—all w'ite fum haid to foot—and go walkin' down de street wid a w'ite pusson, bound fur de soda fountain. Whut you aims to do w'en you gits back?"

"Me?" said his friend, "Well I aims to buy me a suit of black clothes—all black f'm haid to foot—and go walkin' down de street behine you bound fur de cemetary."

MOKE—"Does yuh really love me or does yuh jes' think yuh do?"

MOKA—"Yas, indeedy, Honey, I really loves yuh; I ain't done any thinkin' yet."

YOUNG SOLICITOR (to colored man)—“William, who was your wife before you were married?”

WILLIAM—“Boss, I didn't have no wife then.”

A passenger on a New York and Chicago limited train, looking under his berth in the morning, found one black shoe and one tan. He called the porter's attention to the error.

The porter scratched his head in bewilderment.

“Well, ef dat don't beat all,” he said, “Dat's de second time dis mawnin' dat mistake's happened!”

The train came to a grinding stop at a small town in the South, and the head of a Negro protruded from a window at the end of a car. Seated by his side could be seen a brown-skinned maiden. “Does yo' knows a cullud pusson by de name o' Jim Brown what lives here?” he asked of a station lounge.

“Ain' nevah heered o' no Jim Brown hyah, an' Ah lived in dis town fo' 10 yeahs.”

“Is yo' right suah dey ain't nevah been no Jim Brown aroun' hyah?”

“Positutely.”

“Den,” announced the arrival, reaching for a suitcase, “dis is whah his new son-in-law gits off.”

“Ras, I heah you is gone into business,” said Miss Miami Brown.

“Yas, dasso,” answered Rastus Pinkley. “I'se raisin' chickens an' sellin' 'em.”

“What's de matter? Has you los' yo' appetite?”

RASTUS—“Dey done stopped mah pay down to de foundry.”

LIZA—“What fer?”

RASTUS—“Well, Ah think frin' me had somethin' to do wid it.”

MANDY TO SAMBO (reading evening paper)—“Listen heah, yo! Ah didn't buy yo' dat papah fo' entahtainment! Jes' confine yo'se'f to dem want ads, niggah!”

DEACON JOHNSON—"D' yo' tink yo' could support mah daughter ef yo' married her?"

EDWARD BLACK—"Suttingly."

DEACON—"Hab yo' ebber seen her eat?"

EDWARD—"Suttingly."

DEACON—"Hab yo' ebber seen her eat when nobody was watchin' her?"

"Dis hyah new minister am sure crazy," said the negro woman. "He told ma husband, what weighs two hundred an' fo'ty pounds, to bewar' lest he should be weighed in de balance an' foun' wantin'."

"Sam, Ah understands they didn't isolate yo' when youall waz sick."

"Ah knows it, niggah. Ah couldn't affo'd de ice."

"Mose," said the boss of the night shift, "you haven't been late to work since you moved. Where do you live now?"

"Fo' blocks on de other side of de graveyahd."

A Negress was on trial for the murder of her husband.

"Did you premeditate this murder," the judge asked.

"No, suh, jedge, Ah didn't. I jes been plannin' fo' a whole yeah how Ah is gwine t' cahve dat niggah wid a butcher knife."

"Doan youh start no fight with me, man. Ah's been decorated in de war."

"Mabbe yuh wuz, but in mah opinion it's time yuh got re-decorated."

"Brothah Johnson," said Parson White, "Ah'd lak to git yo' to come to chu-ch."

"Why, pahson," exclaimed Mr. Johnson, shocked, "dey ain't no need fo' me to come to chu'ch. Yo'-all done converted me las' Augus'."

LILY—"So yo' done mortgaged our li'l home?"

MOSE—"Jes, temp'rarily, honey, till de mortgage am fo'closed."

"Mandy, I'se heerd yo' is still lettin' dat no 'count man from Dog Town hang aroun'. Is dat so?" asked a colored swain of his equally colored lady love.

"Who dat been sayin' I is?"

"Dassal right who bin sayin' yo' is. De p'int is, is yo'?"

"I ain't sayin' I is."

"Well, yo' ain't sayin' yo' ain't. Ef yo' ain't, yo' is."

"Ef I is, I is, an' ef I ain't, I ain't. 'Tain't none of yo' bizness whether I ain't or is!"

"Yo' ain't sayin' yo' ain't. Dat mek it yo' is. Ain't yo'?"

"Ef I is, I ain't gwine say I is, an' ef I ain't, I ain't gwine say I is or ain't. Is dat plain, or ain't it?"

A Negro who had stolen some chickens heard that the police were on the trail. He hurried to the nearest railway station and asked for a ticket to the end of the line.

"The passenger train left a few minutes ago," replied the ticket agent.

"Well," gasped the Negro, "jes' gimme de ticket and p'int out de track."

LIZA—"If yo' was rich, what would yo' want most of all?"

RASTUS—"A alarm clock wid a busted buzzer."

JUDGE—"But if you weren't going to steal the chickens, why were you in the coop?"

SAMBO—"I was jest testin' mah will-power, Jedge; dat's all."

BONES—"How come I don't see you mixin' round socially no moh?"

MOSE—"As far as I is concerned, sassiety is thru. I'se done ostracized it."

STRANGER—"Rastus, do the people who live across the road from you keep chickens?"

RASTUS—"Dey keeps some of 'em, sah."

"Man, ef Ah didn' have no mo' brains dan what yo' got, Ah'd—"

"Hesh up, boy! Ef yo' brains was dynamite, and dey doubled ever' second fo a hunnerd yeahs an den 'sploded, dey wouldn' blow yo' hat off on a windy day."

TOBE—"See hyah, woman! Didn't Ah see yo' kissin' a no-'count picce o' trash las' night?"

LIZA—"Gwan, Tobe. It was so dark Ah thot it was yo'."

TOBE—"Come to think on it, mebbe 'twas me—what time was dat?"

"Look-a-yere," said Washington, as he slammed his cards down on the table, "dat's twice yo's called me Jefferson! If yo' don't know no mo' dan to cornfuse me with dat bow-legged, flat-footed, hare-lipped, no 'count colored man, Jefferson, why, we'll stop de game right now!"

"Ah axes yere pardon, Washington," said the other player. "Ah sure axes yere pardon, sah. Don't go and draw yere shooter on me same as Jefferson done t'other evenin' when Ah called him Washington by mistake. Yo' two fellers ain't alike nohow 'ceptin in yere looks and gin'ral characterizations."

"Pawson," said Aunt Caroline ferociously, "I'd like to kill dat low-down husband o' mine."

"Why, Caroline, what's he done?"

"Done? Why, he's done gone and lef de chicken house door open, and all de chickens has escaped."

"Oh, well, that's nothing. Chickens, you know, come home to roost."

"Come home?" groaned Aunt Caroline. "Come home? Pawson, dem chickens'll go home!"

NEIGHBORS

A woman in the suburbs was chatting over the back fence with her next-door neighbor: "We're going to live in a better neighborhood soon," she said.

"So are we," volunteered Mrs. Nextdoor, confidently.

"What? Are you moving, too?"

"No, we are staying here."

NEW YORK CITY

NEW YORKER—"So you are from Chicago. I used to live in the country myself."

On a day that was lovely to live or die on
 I sat and smiled at a Library lion;
 The beast was granite and gray and grim,
 But he flicked a lash when I smiled at him.
 If I had the faith of the Sainted Soul
 I'd tickle his whiskers, and stroke his jowl,
 I'd clutch a lock of his stony hair,
 And I would lead him away from there.
 His mate would follow, and we would go,
 Walking stately, and staid, and slow,
 Down the marble steps to the noisy street,
 Thru the gaping, hurrying crowd we'd meet.
 With a granite lion hand in hand
 I'd smile at the folk when they'd stare and stand;
 But I'd pat my lions, and stroke their noses,
 And perhaps I'd buy for them wreaths of roses;
 I'd smooth their whiskers, the manes I'd deck,
 I'd wind an arm round each stony neck;
 And nights of silver, and days of blue
 We'd go walking the Avenue.

A ranch foreman of Wyoming made his first journey eastward. The trip carried him all the way to the Atlantic seaboard and back again. On the first night following his return the hands gathered in the bunk house to hear from the boss a description of his adventures.

Midway of the narrative an interested auditor broke on him.

"How long did you say you stayed in New York?" inquired the cowboy.

"Mighty nigh a whole week," said the traveled foreman.

"What did you think of her?" asked the other.

"Well, I'll tell you," said the foreman, "this here town of New York is a pretty totable fair town in a whole heap of ways, but the trouble with New York is it's so gosh darned far away from anywheres."

NEWSBOYS

NEWSBOY (on railroad car, to gentleman occupant)—"Buy Edgar Guest's latest work, sir?"

GENTLEMAN—"No! I am Edgar Guest himself."

NEWSBOY—"Well, buy *Man in Lower Ten*. You ain't Mary Roberts Rinehart, are you?"

NEWSPAPERS

SCENT FOUL PLAY IN DEATH OF MAN FOUND BOUND AND HANGED.—*Full-page headline in the Toledo Times.*

"Prosecution Bases Case on Post-Mortem Statements of Woman He Killed."—*Headline in The Scranton Republican.*

Tho retired now from active mission work, he is "doing the work of the Lord on the side" while following his earlier and more respectable trade as a boss bricklayer.—*Washington Star.*

They pointed particularly to the need for placing more power in the hands of the police to rid the city of persons who often have drifted in from other cities to ply some criminal trade in the Capital, as advocated frequently in the past by *The Post*.—*From a News Item in the Washington Post.*

Jose Chandler Harris, the author of Uncle Remus, was at his desk one night when an old-time reporter looked over and said, "Joe, how do you spell 'graphic?' With one 'f' or two?"

"Well," said the kindly Uncle Remus, who was too gentle to hurt even a common adjective, "if you are going to use any, Bill, I guess you might as well go the limit."

Brevity is the soul of modern journalism. Never use two words where one can possibly be made to do. I will not go so far as to advise the budding free-lance journalist, seeking fame with his pen, to emulate the American reporter who, when recording a fatal accident, wrote:

"John Dixon struck a match to see if there was any petrol in his tank. There was. Aged 56."

A humorous story is told of a recent meeting between two distinguished men of letters. One is a well-known and ultra-successful dramatic author; and the other is the editor of a certain well-known comic periodical. The meeting took place at the dinner table of a common friend. During the course of the

banquet a guest of an inquiring turn of mind proceeded to interrogate the editor of the comic newspaper as to how he edited it. "Do you often," the guest asked, "get any good contributions from the outside public?" "Oh, yes," the editor replied cheerily, proud of the capacity of the world at large. There was a momentary pause in the conversation, which was broken by the dramatist. Leaning forward, and gazing gravely at the editor, he asked, in a voice in which blind wonder struggled with incredulity, "Indeed, then why do you never put them in?"

"I'm going to fire that proofreader," said the editor.

"Why?" asked the assistant editor.

"Why, he's in the habit of letting funny mistakes go thru and then bringing them to the columnist's attention."

"Journalism will kill you, but it will keep you alive while you are at it."

At the Lincoln County picnic at Vineland, the rolling-pin throwing contest was won by Mrs. W. H. Upsall, who threw the rolling-pin sixty-seven feet. Mr. Upsall won the hundred-yard dash for married men.—*English paper.*

If linotypers must make errors, it was appropriate that one of them, setting a story about a man seeking a divorce, made it read that the plaintiff asked the court for a change of Venus.—*Buffalo Evening News.*

What man descended from is only, at best a theory. What he has descended to, thanks to the power of the press, is no mystery whatever.

"Typographical errors," said William Dean Howells, "are always amusing. When I was a boy in my father's printing office in Martin's Ferry, I once made a good typographical error. My father had written, 'The showers last week, tho copious, were not sufficient for the millmen.' I set it up 'milkmen.'"

Oh people all beware, take care
To mind your P's and Q's,
Else all your little slips today
Tomorrow may be news.

A well-known English politician was much annoyed by reporters. One day he was enjoying a chat at a London hotel, when a strange young man came up who seemed to have something of importance to communicate, and led him across the room. Arrived in a corner, the stranger whispered, "I am on the staff of an evening paper, and I should like you to tell me what you think of the Government's foreign policy." Mr. Dash looked a little puzzled; then he said, "Follow me." Leading the way, he walked thru the reading-room, down some steps into the drawing-room, thru a long passage into the dining-room, and drawing his visitor into the corner behind the hat-rack, he whispered, "I really don't know anything about it."

Just how serious a lady's injuries were in an accident which occurred recently it is hard to tell, for the paper spoke thusly of the mishap: "Mrs. Wilson, in attempting to get out of the way of the auto, fell to the pavement, injuring her somewhat."

There was a strawberry festival at the Union church Thursday evening for the benefit of the cemetery.—*Marion, Mass. paper.*

HEAD-LINE IN EXCHANGE—"Too Many Deaths from Football."

Well, how many would be just about right?

Our idea of a fearless editorial is one we saw in a paper from Northern China advocating prompt and drastic suppression of the bandits in Chicago.

A Mid-Western newspaper in a tribute to the late Joseph Pennell, writes J. W. N. (Philadelphia), stated:

"Mr. Pennell was a personal friend of the late James MacNeil, whistler."

"Rev. Jonathan Odell was inducted. . . He had served as a surgeon in the army and continued the practice of medicine after he assumed the duties of the rectorship. During this period," says *The Spirit of Missions*, in an innocent lapse, "a large addition was made to the original burying ground."

DAIRY CATTLE TALK OVER WOPI TODAY.—*Bristol (Va.) paper.*

Three thousand men and women marched this afternoon thru streets where once Ben Franklin trod to his grave in the Old Christ Church burial-grounds.—*Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger.*

The biggest men this world ever knew were born barefooted.—*Religious paper.*

Rev. and Mrs. G. C. Bidwell and children of (find out where) are visiting Mrs. Bidwell's father, J. L. Boggs.—*Little Rock (Ark.) paper.*

WESTERN EXCHANGE—Yesterday we were the first newspaper to publish the death of John J. Parker. Today we are the first to deny the report. The *Morning Bugle* is always in the lead.

A NEWS ITEM—"Mr. and Mrs. John Beverlin are rejoicing over an eight-pound daughter, their sixth child, since last Saturday."

COL. LINDBERGH
LANDS WITH
AIR MAIL
Flies from St. Louis in
Five Planes
—*Chicago paper.*

EDITOR (saying grace)—"We thank Thee for Thy bountiful blessings, but beg to state that they are unavailable for our present needs."

NOISE

FOREMAN—"What's the big idea of quitting?"

RIVETER—"Oh, I don't mind hammering rivets all day long, but the man who works with me hums incessantly."

People they say will soon be able to steer boats by television. All we ask for is a rocky coast and a good televuew of our summer neighbor's cutboard motor boat.

NOVELS

A German novel is a book in which two people want each other in the first chapter, but do not get each other until the last chapter.

A French novel is a book in which two people get each other right in the first chapter, and from then on to the last chapter don't want each other any more.

An American novel is a book in which two people want each other at the start, get each other, and then want each other clear thru to the end.

A Russian novel, however, is one in which two people neither want each other nor get each other, and about this 450 profoundly melancholy pages are written.

Mr. Jones had just returned from the office and was introduced to the new nurse, who was astonishingly pretty.

"She is sensible and scientific, too," said Mrs. Jones, "and she says she will allow no one to kiss the baby while she is near."

"No one would want to," replied Mr. Jones.

"Indeed!" snapt the fond mother.

"I mean, not while she is near," faltered the father, endeavoring to make things better.

The nurse did not stay long.

"You will need a trained nurse for Mrs. Jibway."

"Certainly, doctor. I'll attend to that right away," said Mr. Jibway.

"Speaking as an old friend of the family, I can tell you how to hasten Mrs. Jibway's recovery."

"How?"

"Engage the prettiest nurse you can find and show her a little attention in the sick room. We'll have Mrs. Jibway on her feet in a jiffy."

MISTRESS—"But aren't you rather short for a nursemaid?"

NURSEMAID—"Quite the opposite, madame. Supposing I drop a baby, it doesn't have so far to fall."

"Is this you, doctor?" asks the nurse over the telephone.

"Yes," answers the physician.

"Well, you know you said Mr. Bonder would not show any signs of improvement for five or six days?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is only the second day and he is a great deal better already. Shall I give him something to make him worse for the other three or four days?"

PRETTY NURSE—"Every time I take the patient's pulse it gets faster. What shall I do?"

DOCTOR—"Blindfold him."

OBEDIENCE

SLOW MOVIE—Modern child jumping at Father's command.

The master, to impress on his pupils the need of thinking before speaking, told them to count fifty before saying anything important, and one hundred if it was very important.

Next day he was speaking, standing with his back to the fire, when he noticed several lips moving rapidly.

Suddenly the whole class shouted: "Ninety-eight, ninety-nine, a hundred. Your coat's on fire, sir!"

Willie was almost thru his reading lesson when he came to a word he could not pronounce.

"Barque," prompted the teacher.

Willie looked at his classmates and laughed.

"Barque, Willie!" exclaimed the teacher harshly.

Willie, looking up at the teacher, finally cried out, "Bow-wow!"

Terence O'Flannigan had been hired to assist the station-master. As the train arrived he called out, "Change here for Limerickgalwayandmayo!"

The station-master went for him. "Haven't I told you," he cried, "to sing out the stations clearly and distinctly? Remember now—sing 'em out."

"I will sir," said Terence. And when the next train came in, the passengers were very much astonished to hear him sing:

"Sweet dreamland faces
Passing to and fro;
Change here for Limerick,
Galway and Mayo."

OBESITY

See Corpulence.

OBITUARIES

When an editor dies in Kansas, this is the way they write the obituary: "The pen is silent; the scissors have been laid away to rust; the stillness of death pervades the very atmosphere where once the hoarse voice of the devil yelling 'copy' or 'what the hell's this word?' was wont to resound. The paste-pot has soured on the what-not; the cockroach is eating the composition off the roller, and the bluebottle fly is dying in the rich folds of the printer's towel."

"A man who had been a commuter for twenty-seven years died out our way the other night."

"All flesh is mortal, you know."

"I was going on to say that the editor of our local paper wrote a touching obituary. He began by saying, 'When the 8 o'clock train left Eingleville for the city this morning a familiar face was missing.'"

OCCUPATIONS

"And what," inquired the *Tidbits* visitor, who was "being nice" to little Bobbie, "are you going to do when you grow up?"

"Be a business man," responded Robert, "like father. He took me down to his office last week, and I'm going to work like him, an' have a good time."

"And what are you going to do in business?" pursued the visitor.

"Going to do just like dad," repeated the youngster. "Catch the train every morning, and, when I get to the office, light a big cigar and sit down at my desk, and say there's so much work to do it's no use beginning till after lunch, and then go out with another big man, and eat and eat till I can't eat any more, and then go back to business and ask everybody else why the work ain't done, and then get so mad because nobody does anything that I'll go home early, and be so tired I can't do a thing except read the paper and smoke more big cigars and rest!"

SAM—"Say, Mose, what am you all doin' now?"

MOSE—"I'se an exporter."

SAM—"An exporter?"

MOSE—"Yep, the Pullman Company dey done fire me."

Three negro soldiers in France were engaged in the great American pastime of slinging it.

"Will Johnson, wat yo' business back in de States?"

"Ah runs de biggest alleviatah in de big Willard's Hotel in Washington."

"Sam Jeffahson, wat yo' do in de States?"

"I'se de champion crapshootah of Richmond, Vaginny."

"Yo' niggahs mighty po' class, suah nuff," said Bo Jackson. "Ah's a lion tamah fo' de circus. Ah takes dem fresh fierce lions an' twists 'em by de tail until dey turns round an' tries to snap me. Den I grabs dar tongues and pulls 'em out so dat when dey tries to bite me, dey bites dey own tongue, and dat away Ah tames a lion in 'bout foh houahs."

"Go 'way, Bo, yo' ain't no lion tamah—yo' is a lynin' niggah!"

JUDGE—"What's your occupation?"

RASTUS—"I'se a business man' yo' honor. I'se manager of a family laundry."

JUDGE—"What's the name of that laundry?"

RASTUS—"De name of de laundry is 'Liza, yo' honor."

Beside the filling station now
The village smithy stands.
And many dollars fall into
His large and sinewy hands.

"Mother," said a little boy after coming from a walk. "I've seen a man who makes horses."

"Are you sure?" asked his mother.

"Yes," he replied. "He had a horse nearly finished when I saw him; he was just nailing on his back feet."

OLD AGE

See Age.

OPPORTUNITIES

An immigrant from Ireland was just stepping off the boat to the dock when he saw a 50 cent piece lying at his feet, and started to stoop to pick it up. Suddenly he straightened again.

"No, be the saints!" he ejaculated. "This is the land of opportunity. I'll wait till I find them thicker."

A good place for a junk dealer's establishment would be almost any grade crossing.

"Where are you going in such a hurry?" asked Mrs. Bibbles.

"Over to John Jagsby's house," said Mr. Bibbles. "He has just telephoned to ask if I could lend him a corkscrew, and I'm taking it myself."

"Couldn't you send it?"

"Mrs. Bibbles," said Mr. Bibbles, in cutting tones, "the question you asked me shows why most women are unfit to lead armies and make quick decisions in business deals involving millions. When the psychological moment arrives they don't know what to do with it."

They were talking about improving an opportunity the other day, when the secretary contributed to the conversation.

"Makes me think," he smilingly said, "of a youngster who lives in our town. One afternoon he was invited to a party, where, of course, refreshments were bountifully served.

"'Won't you have something more, Willie?'

"'No, thank you,' replied Willie, with an expression of great satisfaction. 'I'm full.'

"'Well, then,' smiled the hostess, 'put some fruit and cakes in your pockets to eat on the way home.'

"'No, thank you,' came the rather startling response of Willie, 'they're full, too.'"

OPPOSITES

The opposite of setting-up exercises is skating.

OPTIMIST

"What is a bigamist, pa?"

"An optimist, who is willing to take two chances."

"That baldheaded man who just went out is the greatest optimist I ever met," said the Druggist.

"That so?" asked the Customer.

"Yes," replied the Druggist. "When I guaranteed my brand of hair restorer he bought a bottle and bought a comb and brush because he figured he'd need them in a few days."

Most of the facts of life conspire
To call the optimist a liar.

OLD LADY—"Awful weather, sir."

OLD GENTLEMAN—"Awful weather is better than no weather."

An optimist is one who can always see the bright side of the other fellow's misfortune.

'Twixt the optimist and the pessimist
The difference is droll:
The optimist sees the doughnut
While the pessimist sees the hole.

An optimist is a person who is treed by a bear and enjoys the view.

CLARENCE—"Pa, what is an optimist?"

FATHER—"He's a man, son, who thinks if he tells the back-seat driver to shut up, she'll keep mum for the rest of the trip."

FOR RENT—Two connecting rooms suitable for 2 legislators or two gentlemen. Phone 2857-J.—*Classified ad in The Montgomery Advertiser.*

ORATORS

Leonard Bacon, who was one of the best-known theologians in New England a half-century ago, was attending a conference, and some assertions he made in his address were vehemently objected to by a member of the opposition. "Why," he expostulated, "I never heard of such a thing in all my life!"

"Mr. Moderator," rejoined Bacon calmly, "I cannot allow my opponent's ignorance, however vast, to offset my knowledge, however small."

BUCK—"Can you give me a definition of an orator?"

PRIVATE—"Sure. He's the fellow who's always ready to lay down your life for his country."

Think of listening in on the oratory of a Senate of the United States of Europe.

A lecturer was annoyed by a man in the audience who insisted on rising and asking questions.

"Sit down, you ass!" said a second man, jumping up.

"Sit down you two," cried a third, "you are both asses."

"There seem to be plenty of asses about to-night," put in the lecturer calmly, "but for Heaven's sake let us hear one at a time."

"Well, you go on, then," said the first man, 'resuming his seat.

An American visitor complains that Englishmen do not talk enough. Efforts are being made to show him the House of Commons.

REPORTER—"I've got a perfect news story."

CITY EDITOR—"The man bite the dog?"

REPORTER—"Naw, a bull threw a Congressman."

A campaigner was constantly interrupted by a man in the crowd, who kept shouting out, "Liar!" After about the twentieth repetition, the speaker paused and fixed his eyes on his tormentor. "If the gentleman who persists in interrupting," he said, "will be good enough to tell us his name instead of merely shouting out his calling, I am sure we shall all be pleased to make his acquaintance."

"Hasn't the fellow finished yet?" asked the reporter who had fallen asleep while "taking in" a political speech. A man who had been kept awake promptly answered, "Sure, he finished long ago, but he couldn't stop himself."

A well-known speaker lectured to the members of a literary society, and at the end of his address the secretary approached him with a check. This he politely refused, saying that it might be devoted to some charitable purpose.

"Would you mind," asked the secretary, "if we add it to our special fund?"

"Not at all," said the speaker. "What is the special fund for?"

"To enable us to get better lecturers next year."

The New York *Evening Mail* suggests that, as we are not paying our debt, America should lend some of her lecturers to England. Don't do that. We'll pay.

The reporter came idly into the office. "Well," said the editor, "what did our eminent statesman have to say?"

"Nothing."

"Well, keep it down to a column."

One of our well-known and beloved clergy of the diocese was criticized while at the Seminary by the professor of homiletics, Dr. Green, for speaking too rapidly. The young theologian remarked that he had always heard that Phillips Brooks preached that way. "Yes," replied Dr. Green, "but you are not Phillips Brooks."

PACKING

To close a trunk when overpacked.

1. Lose key down the well.
2. Trunk lid will automatically slam and remain permanently locked.

PARENTS

Calhoun Clay was a typical modern parent. As he loafed in front of the garage a minister stopped and said: "Cal, why don't you go to work?"

"'Scuse me, sah," Cal answered with dignity. "Ah's got eight chillun toe support——"

"Well," interrupted the minister, "you can't support them by loafing here in front of this garage."

"'Scuse me, sah," Cal went on. "'Low me ter finish mah remark, sah. Wot Ah means ter say is dat Ah's got eight chillun toe support me."

MOTHER (who has guest at dinner)—"Betty, don't talk with your mouth full."

BETTY—"But, mummy, what am I to do? When I talk with my mouth empty, you always say, 'Betty, go on with your dinner.'

It was little Flossie's first day at school. Her name had been registered, and the teacher asked, "Have you any brothers or sisters?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered Flossie.

"Are you the oldest one of the family?"

"Oh, no, ma'am," returned Flossie, "father and mother's both older'n me."

JONES (at side show)—"Mister, I've got a wife and 14 children. Can't you let us look at the monkey for half price?"

SHOWMAN—"Fourteen children! Wait, I'll bring the monkey out to look at you."

PARROTS

"That Miss Gabbins is as bad as a parrot."

"Worse, my dear. A parrot doesn't hunt you up and compel you to listen."

"I think," she said, as she came into the room, "that I will give that parrot away."

"Yes," replied the young man who was calling; "it would only be tit for tat. It has been doing as much for you."

"If you want your parrot to talk you should begin by teaching it short words."

"That's strange. I supposed it would take quicker to polly-syllables."

So live that you wouldn't be ashamed to sell the family parrot to the town gossip.—*Ex.*

And Thereafter It Would Be Easier "To Join That Innumerable Caravan."

PEACE

"I was only acting the part of peacemaker," exclaimed a prisoner.

"But you knocked the man senseless!" said the magistrate.

"I did," was the answer. "There was no other way to get peace."

"You say you're a lover of peace, and then you go and throw a brick at Casey?"

"Yes, sir—an' he was wery peaceful, too after I throwed it!"

"Above all," said the throat specialist, "she must talk as little as possible."

"Doctor," eagerly asked the harassed husband, "is there any hope of the trouble becoming chronic?"

Peace is that blessed period when it isn't your sacred duty to believe an official lie.

To achieve disarmament, build battleships by public subscription.

Incidentally, one of the best ways to put an end to all wars is not to begin any.

General Pershing has declared before the Senate Military Committee that, if the United States had been prepared, they could have averted the late war. It is, of course, too late now to avert the present peace.

Peace waits upon the invention of a way to trim rights so they won't overlap.

War never did and never can settle any human problems. If war was effective, all our problems would have been solved hundreds of years ago.

Lots of peace has been made; but the supply is still short.

PEDESTRIANS

Now I leap to cross the street
I pray the Lord to help my feet.
Should I be hit before I cross
I pray 'twill be an easy loss.

An active mind in an active body is said to be conducive to long life. Especially for pedestrians.

Somebody or other has invented a motor horn which sounds like a harp, presumably so that the pedestrians will hardly notice their transition to a better life.

POLICEMAN (at 2 A. M.)—"Out a little late, aren't you, old man?"

TOUGH-LOOKING CUSTOMER—"Yes, perhaps, but it's the only chance us pedestrians get."

Our own opinion is that the kangaroo is just one of Nature's abortive efforts to produce a safe pedestrian.

English paper—"The other day at Bath a motor car knocked down an old gentleman and passers-by feared he had been killed. To their surprise he jumped up quite unhurt and, raising his hat, apologized to the driver for any inconvenience he had caused him. The two then shook hands cordially."

The above item may be commended to Boston pedestrians, many of whom are so rude and inconsiderate that they have been known in similar cases to get up and walk away, not only without apologizing but without even raising their hats.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 A line of cars winds slowly o'er the lea,
 A pedestrian plods his absent-minded way
 And leaves the world quite unexpectedly.

Stronger and more active springs, declares a trade paper,
 will be a feature of this year's automobile.
 And pedestrian?

PERSEVERANCE

The Penn Mutual News Letter tells of a life insurance agent who called upon a big business man at the close of a busy day. When the agent had been admitted, the big fellow said:

"You ought to feel honored, highly honored, young man. Do you know that today I have refused to see seven insurance men?"

"I know," said the agent. "I'm them!"

BURGLAR (to belated assistant)—"You're late. I told you 'arf past one."

YOUNG BURGLAR—"I forgot the number of the 'ouse. I've had to break into every 'ouse in the street."

PESSIMISTS

An optimistic Colorado farmer, on seeing some clouds floating by, remarked:

"Well I guess we are going to have some rain."

"Aw!" said his pessimistic neighbor, an ex-railroad man, "those are just empties coming back from Iowa."

"What is the baby crying for, my child?"

"I dunno; 'e's alw'ys crying. I never came acrawst any one wot looks upon the dark side of things as 'e does."

"If you are going to borrow money, borrow it from a pessimist."

"Why a pessimist?"

"He never expects to get it back."

A pessimist is a man who looks both ways before crossing a one-way street.

To think is to be a pessimist. For that reason their numbers are necessarily limited.

A man's pessimistic views are often caused by an intimate acquaintance with himself.

The optimist is a person who pursues joy; the pessimist one who pursues truth.

A pessimist is anybody who knows what's going on.

My grandpa notes the world's worn cogs
 And says we're going to the dogs.
 His grandad in his house of logs
 Swore things were going to the dogs.
 His dad among the Flemish bogs
 Vowed things were going to the dogs.
 The caveman in his queer skin togs
 Said things were going to the dogs.
 But this is what I wish to state—
 The dogs have had an awful wait.

A pessimist is a man who having the choice of two evils takes both.

PHILADELPHIA

Only Asleep.—

PEDDLER, MOURNED

AS DEAD, HAD MERELY

BEEN TO PHILADELPHIA

—*Washington Star.*

PHILOSOPHY

"Does he take things philosophically?"

"Yes; but he doesn't part with them philosophically."

"What I say is, life ain't all you want, but it's all you 'ave; so 'ave it; stick a geranium in yer 'at, an' be 'appy."

Be moderate in everything including moderation.

The man who thinks the world is his oyster generally discovers there is no "R" in the month.

You can fool some of the people all of the time and all the people some of the time, but the rest of the time they will make fools of themselves.

Let's keep our Marthas. Without them it might be difficult for some of our Marys to get along:

It will be a sad day for the wise men when there are no fools.

"If no one talked of what he does not understand," said Hi Ho, the sage of Chinatown, "the silence would become unbearable."

Professor Einstein with his relativity reminds a story teller of a philosophical discussion. "Can I know what I don't know?" said Pete. "No," said Hank. "Well, there's a certain thing I don't know, and I know it. Then don't I know what I don't know?" "I don't know."

"It is better to keep your mouth shut and be that a fool than to open it and remove all doubt."

In days of yore, if anybody missed a stagecoach he was contented to wait two or three days for the next one. Now he lets out a squawk if he misses one section of a revolving door.

The Lord is supposed to temper the wind to the shorn lamb—but He doesn't. The most He ever does is to temper the lamb to the wind.

An Athenian hired an ass to go to Megara, according to Demosthenes, and at midday got off the beast's back to rest. He reclined in the shadow of the ass. Then along came the ass's owner, and said that he had lent the ass for hire, but not his shadow. The two men went to law on the matter. The saying became current, "If you quarrel, let it be for something better than an ass's shadow."

Then, too, the world will make a beaten path to your door if you produce better clap-trap.

The best way out of a difficulty is thru it.

Fun is like insurance, the older you get the more it costs you.

Great is the man who reserves his energy until he knows what he wants to do.

PHOTOGRAPHS

The irate customer shook his portrait in the photographer's face.

"Do I look this picture? The thing's an outrage. Why, you've given me an awful squint and the look of a prize fighter. Now, answer me, and no nonsense about it. Do you call that a good likeness?"

The photographer scanned the print, then looked at the customer.

"The answer," he said, "is in the negative."

In the homes of America there are treasured thousands of snap-shots that look even worse than the pictures in the old family album did.

A man called at a village post-office for a registered letter which he knew would be awaiting him. The letter was there, but the clerk demurred at handing it over, as he had no means of identifying the caller. The caller took a photograph of himself from his pocket, remarking:

"I think that ought to satisfy you as to who I am."

The clerk looked long and earnestly at the portrait, and then said:

"Yes, that's you, right enough. Here's your letter."

PHYSICIANS

See Doctors.

PICNICS

When eating sandwiches on a picnic remember this: the seeds in raspberry jam never wiggle.

PICTURES

A Denver man who visited the museum at City Park recently tells of a farmer he saw there. The ruralist stepped in front of a portrait which showed a man sitting in a high-backed chair. There was a small white card on the picture reading:

"A portrait of E. H. Smith, by himself."

The farmer read the card and then chuckled to himself.

"Regular fools these city fellers are," he said. "Anybody who looks at that picture 'ud know Smith's by himself. They ain't no one in the paintin' with him."

"This is Harold's portrait," said the famous artist.

"Ah, how like him," said the fond mother.

"He hasn't paid for it yet," added the artist.

"How more than like him," responded the fond mother.

POETRY

One of the good stories in the *Life of Tennyson* is a poetical competition in which he once engaged with Fitz-Gerald, to see who could produce the most successful line in Wordsworth's most deadily dull manner. There is a dispute as to who actually wrote the winning line, but here is the line itself:

"A Mr. Wilkinson, a clergyman."

Lazy Poet to His Gal

You are a wonderful

Marvelous gal,

Ditto, et cetera

And so forth et al.

Carpentier is said to have taken to writing poetry. That's the best of being a heavy-weight boxer—you can do practically what you like, with impunity.

BUDDING YOUNG POET—"But I beg you—I've put my whole mind into this poem."

EDITOR—"And I tell you we're not buying blank verse."

"Did you read my poem in today's paper?"

"Yes, and it alone was worth the two cents."

FRIEND—"Do you think the great outstanding poem of the century has yet been written?"

POET—"It has not only been written, but it has been rejected!"

TYPIST—"I'm going to get married, sir, and I'm marrying a poet."

BOSS—"Dear me. Then I'm losing you?"

TYPIST—"Oh, no, sir, I sha'n't leave, but I shall need more salary."

"No," said the editor, "we cannot use your poem."

"Why?" asked the poet, "is it too long?"

"Yes," hissed the editor, "it's too long, and too wide, and too thick!"

Some critics remind me of a story I have read of Lord Chesterfield. His servant being reprehended by him for bringing a dirty plate, replied pertly, that "there was a saying, that anybody must eat a peck of dirt in his life."

"Yes," replied Lord Chesterfield, "but not all at one meal, you dirty dog!"

There was a story from the Middle West the other day about a poet who was washing dishes in a restaurant while awaiting the publication of a book of his poems. After it comes out, of course, he will probably be washing dishes in a restaurant.

RIMER—"Do you think I should put more fire into my poetry?"

EDITOR—"No, quite the reverse."

Poetry is the achievement of the synthesis of hyacinths and biscuits.

POKER

At a poker game One-Eyed Pete showed four aces.

Texas Slim, pulling his gun, insisted on the spoils. He said in his gentle, coaxing voice—"That ain't the hand I dealt yuh."

"Do you enjoy bridge?"

"Very much. But not so much as poker. If you play bridge badly you make your partner suffer, but if you play poker badly you make everybody happy."

"Friend," said Cactus Joe to the stranger in Crimson Gulch, "you have held four of a kind three times, a royal flush twice an' several ace fulls."

"Lucky, I call it."

"You're luckier than you think. The boys here is willin' to let you go your way intact provided you start immediate. There won't be any gun-play unless you linger. The big luck fur you is the fact that you happened to pick 'Safety-first' week for your performance at this here card-table."

POLICE

LITTLE BOY—"Was that policeman ever a little baby?"

MOTHER—"Why, yes, of course."

BOY—"Oh, mummy, I should love to see a baby policeman."

POLICEMAN (calling up precinct)—"A man has been robbed down here, and I've got one of them."

CHIEF—"Which one have you?"

POLICEMAN—"The man that was robbed."

THE MISTRESS—"My last maid was too familiar with the policeman. I hope I can trust you?"

THE MAID—"Oh, yes, madam, I can't abear them. I've been brought up to hate the very sight of them. Pa's a burglar."

"See that our cops are going to have their photographs and finger-prints taken."

"How about their footprints?"

"Haven't you heard of the paper shortage?"

"Did you give the man the third degree?" asked the police officer.

"Yes. We browbeat and badgered him with every question we could think of."

"What did he do?"

"He dozed off and merely said now and then. 'Yes, my dear, you are perfectly right.'"

POLICE SERGEANT—"Have you caught that burglar yet?"

COP—"No, but we've got him so scared that he doesn't dare show himself when we're around."

WIFEY—"Why do policemen swing their billies round and round like a windmill, I wonder?"

HUBBY—"I suppose they want to show that they can manage a rotary club."

One reason why we wouldn't be a good traffic policeman is because we couldn't stay mad all the time.

JUDGE—"What had the defendant been drinking when you arrested him?"

COP—"Whisky, I think, Your Honor."

JUDGE—"You think? You think? Aren't you a judge?"

COP—"No, Your Honor, only a patrolman."

The tourist had stopped in a small rural village. He was preparing to resume his journey when he noticed the town constable watching him narrowly.

"What's the speed limit here?" he asked, thinking it was wise to be prepared.

"Never ye mind, young feller," replied the rustic cop. "Jest yew try t' git out o' this town without bein' arrested."

Shoplifters Attention!—Stealing from any stores during the *Holiday Season* will not be tolerated. Any person or persons caught will be dealt with to the full extent of the Law.—Chief of Police.—*Display ad in the Portland Press Herald.*

POLITENESS

Two truck drivers were snarled up in the traffic of a busy street. One of them, losing his good nature, yelled out: "Why don't, you look where you are going, you pie-eyed, blankety, blank, blank?" The other replied politely: "You're nice looking too."

"How do you like your new French music teacher, Helen?"

"He's a very polite man. When I made a mistake yesterday, he said: 'Pray, mademoiselle, why do you take such pains to improve on Beethoven?'"

"I often wonder why Jenks is not more popular, for he's the politest man I know."

"That's just the trouble. He's so confoundedly polite he gives the impression that he wants to borrow money."

At the Sunday school party:

CHERUB (to cherub opposite)—"Pass the cake."

TEACHER—"If—if——."

CHERUB—"If he don't, I'll kick his shins for him."

A man from the East boarded a street-car in the South.

A Southerner got up to give a lady his seat.

The Eastern man beat the lady to it.

The body will be shipped back East for burial.

MAN (having given up his seat in the street car)—"I beg your pardon."

THE GIRL—"I didn't speak!"

THE MAN—"Sorry, I'm sure. I thot you said 'thank you'."

Little Mary had been taught politeness. One day the minister called and Mary, awaiting a pause in the conversation, remarked:

"I hear we soon are to have the pleasure of losing you."

We think the prize for courteous repartee was won by Thackeray, as related by Brander Matthews in an article in *The Century*. "When he was standing for Parliament, he happened to meet his opponent one day, who, after chatting amicably, left the great novelist with the remark, 'May the best man win!' To which Thackeray returned instantly, 'Oh, I hope not.'"

BOSTON TRAFFIC COP—"Say, you, get going—what's the matter with you?"

POLITE DRIVER—"I'm just fine, thank you, but I think my engine's dead."

See also Etiquet.

POLITICIANS

Fearing he might be cutting a voter, the candidate nodded to the man.

"Excuse me, mister," said the man, "but I think I've seen your picture in the paper."

"Very probably," answered the candidate.

"Can I ask," the stranger inquired, "what you was cured of?"

The politician rushed past the official Cerberus into the editorial sanctum.

"What do you mean by insulting me as you did in last night's *Clamor*?"

"Just a minute," replied the editor. "Didn't the story appear as you gave it to us—namely, that you had resigned as city treasurer?"

"It did," admitted the politician. "But you put it under the head of 'Public Improvements.'"

"Upon the whole, for eight years there has been only one great statesman,* one great diplomat, one great citizen—Lloyd George."

"Who says so?"

"He does."

An Oxford Alderman, in replying to the toast of his health, said it had always been his anxious endeavor to administer justice without swerving to partiality on the one hand or to impartiality on the other.

"A statesman is supposed to be familiar with all public questions."

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum; "but not necessarily with all the answers."

Charles E. Hughes has a neat wit on occasion. It is related that shortly after his second election as governor of New York he was entertaining a prominent lawyer at the executive mansion. "You have a handsome place here," the lawyer remarked, glancing round the official residence.

"Yes," Hughes replied, with the bitter campaign just closed in mind, "but I had a hard time getting the landlord to renew the lease."

"Everybody should lie on the right side," is the advice of a medical man. The only exception, we gather, is the politician who can do it on both sides.

"And whom did you vote for, Miss Sophy?"

"Well, you see, the Conservative candidate was simply stunningly good-looking. But the Liberal had always been splendid to his family, so I marked both ballots, closed my eyes, shuffled them, put one in the box and tore up the other. Nothing could be fairer than that."

When a vote is to be taken on some important measure, a Congressman who cannot be present "pairs" himself with some Representative who would vote "aye" to the Congressman's "nay," or *vice versa*. Once a Democratic member of the House

received a letter from an active politician of that party in his district, calling attention to the fact that he was reported in the *Congressional Record* almost every day as being "paired" with a Republican. "I don't doubt your loyalty to the party," read the letter; "but I think the boys would like it a good deal better if you paired with Democrats instead of Republicans."

"Alfalfa Bill Murray," says an enthusiast, "has the courage and aggressiveness of Jackson, the sympathy and foresight of Lincoln, and the vision of Jefferson." And the whatchamacallit of Texas Guinan.

The great problem of a Democratic Congress is to save the country without saving Mr. Hoover.

The largest piece of ivory in the world has been found in Alaska and is on its way to Washington without being elected.

POLITICS

A political orator in one of the Southern states—a Democrat, of course—was making a speech when he was interrupted by a commotion at the rear of the hall. He stopped his speech to ask, "What's wrong back there?" A voice answered him: "Someone's picked my pocket, and got my watch."

"I'm sorry," said the speaker, "but I didn't know there were any Republicans in the audience."

"Yes, there is one—I'm a Republican!"

A small boy down South was playing with some puppies. A kindly passer-by stopped and asked him what kind they were. The lad replied promptly:

"They're Republicans now, but when they get their eyes open they will be Democrats."

A Republican candidate, in a house-to-house canvass, was trying to persuade a voter to ballot for that ticket.

"No," said the voter, "my father was a Democrat, and so was my grandfather, and I won't vote anything but the Democratic ticket."

"That's no argument," said the candidate, "suppose your father and your grandmother had been horse thieves; would that make you a horse thief?"

"No," came the answer, "I suppose in that case I'd be a Republican."

Another problem students of international politics are trying to figure out is which of the Chinese governments the Japanese have insulted.

"By this time you ought to know a great deal about politics."

"I ought to," answered Senator Sorghum. "But I have a friend who has played poker for nearly fifty years and is no more certain about a one-card draw than he was when he first started."

A New York sheriff is proved to have banked \$360,000 in six years. Tammany Hall leaders are said to be investigating why it took him so long.

TEACHER—"Who were elected President and Vice-President in 1928?"

PUPIL—"Herbert Hoover and the brother of Mrs. Gann."

Overheard at a street corner in the British election: "What's this here election aboot, onyway?" "It's as the Government canna carry oot the thinguamajig without a clear whatdyecallit. And unless the thingamybob is put richt the hale thing will bust up. Have ye no heard aboot it?" "A'd heard aboot it, but A didna ken ony details till the noo."

A Kentuckian had seventeen children, all boys. When they came of age they voted uniformly the Democratic ticket—all except one boy. The father was asked to explain this evident fall from grace.

"Waal," he said, "I've always tried to bring them boys up right, in the fear of the Lord and Democrats to the bone, but John, the onery cuss, got to readin'."

"Will we ever have a machine to do our thinking for us?"

"How about the political machine?"

"Did you sell your vote?" inquired one man of another as they were standing in front of the polling place on election day.

"No, siree! I voted for that feller 'cause I like him."

"Ah, g'wan!" said the other. "I heard he gave you ten dollars."

"Well, when a man gives you ten dollars, 'tain't no more'n natural to like him, is it?"

POSTAGE

"Please, could you change this here stamp? 'Tain't no manner o' use to no one. Father's licked it, mother's licked it, aunt's licked it, we've all licked it, and 't won't stay on nohow."

POSTMASTER—"Your letter won't go. It's overweight."

MRS. O'GRADY—"And what is that?"

POSTMASTER—"It's too heavy. You must put another stamp on it."

MRS. O'GRADY—"Sure, it's joking you are. Another stamp would make it heavier than what it is already."

POSTAL CLERK—"There's an excess of two cents in stamps on this letter."

OLD WOMAN—"My land! I only hope it won't go too far."

A clerk in the employ of a Chicago business man, while a fair worker, is yet an individual of pronounced eccentricity.

One day a wire basket fell off the top of the clerk's desk and scratched his cheek. Not having any court-plaster at hand, he slapped on three two-cent postage-stamps and continued his work.

A few minutes later he had occasion to take some papers to his employer's private office. When he entered, the "old man," observing the postage-stamps on the clerk's cheek, fixed him with an astonished stare.

"Look here, Tom!" he exclaimed. "You are carrying too much postage for second-class matter!"

PRAISE

"You're doing well, young fellow," said the shipping clerk encouragingly, "the foreman praises you to the skies."

"I'd sooner he'd praise me to the boss," was the quiet reply.

WEED—"I'll tell you what's the matter, Lee. You don't praise your wife enough. Even if things don't go right, there's no use growling. Praise her efforts to please, whether they are successful or not. Women like praise, and lots of it."

LEE—"All right. I'll remember it."

LEE (at dinner, same day)—"My dear, this pie is just lovely! It's delicious. Ever so much better than those my mother used to make. She couldn't equal this pie if she tried a month."

WIFIE—"Huh! You've made fun of every pie I ever made, and now——"

LEE—"But this is lovely."

WIFIE—"Yes, and it came from the bakery. You never praised my cooking like that."

PRAYERS

Harriet has been to Sunday-school many times, but recently she made her first visit to church during regular services.

The opening prayer, it happened, was offered by a man who put his whole soul into his plea.

The prayer was so earnest, in fact, that again and again from the congregation, came fervent expressions of "Amen."

Harriet nudged her mother.

"What is it, dear?" the mother asked.

"Everybody is saying 'Amen,'" replied Harriet, "and I just wonder why the man doesn't quit."

A mother listening to the evening prayer of her sleepy little daughter was astonished and amused to hear the following:

"Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
When he hollers let him go,
Eenie, meenie, miny, mo."

MOTHER—"I don't believe you said your prayers tonight."

GUILTY ONE—"W—w—why, has something happened already?"

"Bobbie," stated father one night after the little fellow had said his prayers, "hereafter you can't have a light burning until you go to sleep."

"Have I got to go to bed and go to sleep in the dark?" asked Bobbie.

"Yes."

"Then I guess," said Bobbie thotfully, "you'd better wait until I say my prayers over again—more like I mean it."

"How many times must I tell you, Bobby, that one must keep his eyes closed during prayer?"

"Yes, mamma, how do ya know I don't?"

PREPAREDNESS

Preparedness will prevent war, they say. You've noticed how peaceable gangs are since they got machine-guns.

A Mexican revolutionary, treated in a New York hospital, had twenty-two bullets extracted from his body. It is said that he had to have this done in order to make room for more when he returned home.

"Have a cigar?"

"No, thanks—sworn off smoking."

"Well, put one in your pocket for tomorrow."

PRIDE

THE JUDGE—"So you claim you robbed that delicatessen store because you were starving? Why didn't you take something to eat instead of stealing all the cash out of the register?"

THE ACCUSED—" 'Cause I'm a proud man, Judge, an' I make it a rule to pay for everything I eat."

PRINCE OF WALES

The Prince of Wales, who once detested public speaking and found it difficult to do, has buckled down to it in earnest, and now finds it easy, he says. As easy, you might say, as falling off a horse.

"Why is 'e called the Prince of Wales?"

"The King give 'im that name to please Lloyd George."

The Prince of Wales has been awarded the first honorary diploma of the Society of Apothecaries, and is now licensed to practise medicine and surgery. During the polo season this should save His Royal Highness a tidy little sum.

PRINTERS

We have several reasons for not accepting the job of State Printer. We do not feel qualified to take on a position involving so much responsibility, and do not feel that we could do the job justice. This, and the other trifling reason that we couldn't get the job anyway, leads us to refuse.—*Barber County (Mo.) Index.*

"I've come to kill the printer," said the little man as he entered the Bobtail office. "Any printer in particular?" asked the foreman. "Oh, any kind will do. I would prefer a small one, but I've got to make some sort of a show at a fight or leave home, since the paper called my wife's tea party a 'swill affair.'"

FAIR NEWSPAPER VISITOR—"And so you work in the composing room! Isn't that fine! Won't you sing something you've composed?"

"This is an article about trapshooters, a worthy and enthusiastic class. There is a saying, once a trapshooter always a trapshooter. And tell the compositor something."

"What?"

"There is a good cigar in it for him if he doesn't get it crap shooter."

PROFANITY

"I never knew till I got a car," said Bishop Eightly, "that profanity was so prevalent."

"Do you hear much of it on the road?"

"Why," said the Bishop, "nearly everybody I bump into swears dreadfully."

"Why do you sit there tooting the automobile horn?" asking a passing friend.

"My husband told me to, so that I wouldn't hear his remarks while he is fixing the machine."

PROGRESS

Living costs no more than it used to, if you live as people used to.

"See that man? Well, sir, he landed in this country with bare feet, and now he's got millions."

"My word! He must be a regular centipede."

PROHIBITION

A prize has been offered for a slogan that will stimulate travel. In the meantime, the Eighteenth Amendment seems to be doing pretty well.

To be added to the lore of our nocturnal life is the story of the taxi-cab driver who was hailed by a speakeasy doorman the other night. The doorman escorted four men to the *voiture*, arranged them carefully within and then instructed the chauffeur:

"The man on the left goes to——Park Avenue, the one next to him to——East Sixty-fifth, the one on the left front seat to——West End, and the other to——Riverside Drive."

The chauffeur nodded understandingly and drove away. In a few moments he was back, beckoning to the doorman.

"Say, Buddy," he said, "would you mind sortin' these guys out again? I hit a bump on Sixth Avenue."

FIRST CO-ED—"Is anybody looking?"

SECOND CO-ED—"No."

FIRST CO-ED—"Then we don't have to smoke."

The other night a man, well-loaded with home brew, stood at Second and Oak Street, Portland, with his arm around a lamp-post. He looked up at the moon.

"Say," he called unsteadily to a passerby. "Zat sun or moon?"

"Don' know," was the equally uncertain reply. "Me stranger in Por'land m'iself."

Prohibition still holds sway in America. And at this time of year the emphasis is on the "still" and the "sway."

Bootleggers have become so numerous in Windsor (Ontario) that they are wearing identification tags to prevent them from attempting to sell their wares to one another.

A Bohemian was accused of carrying liquor in his hip pocket, and on trial he stated, "How in the world could I get that liquor home except by carrying it?"

DINK—"Have any luck in the poker game last night?"

BINK—"Yes, there was a doctor in the game, and I won eight prescriptions."

A young couple, entertaining a prim and slightly absent-minded maiden aunt from Nebraska, were astonished and aghast the other night when, some one mentioning speak-easies, the dear old lady brightened and was suddenly all interest. "Oh! Speak-easies, yes. I've always wanted to see one. Do you suppose we could go to one while I'm on here? I understand," she continued, "they're so much better than the old silent movies."

We are importing
Raisins from Spain;
Some for raisin pie,
More for raisin' Cain!

And then there's the speak-easy proprietor who got raided and sued the policeman on the beat for breach of promise.

"What's tickling Hickey so?"

"A bootlegger offered him a commission for new customers, so Hickey, by way of a joke, gave him the Membership roster of the Civic Dry Enforcement League."

"Well?"

"Today Hickey got a commission check for \$550."

"A headache tablet dissolved in a vase of water," says a woman's page item, "will make wilted flowers brace right up."

"That's nothing," writes old Ben Hibbs. "Put the flowers in a quart of bootleg and they will burst into song."

Those grape-bricks ought to provide a pleasant paving substitute on that road which has heretofore been partial to good intentions.

"I tell yuh, Bill, there ain't near as big fish in th' lake since prohibition went into effect!"

YANKEE VISITOR—"Yes, siree, in Amurrica our hotels have elevators to carry us straight up to our bedrooms."

SANDY—"But you'll no need these contraptions noo, wi' prohibeetion."

"I hope that the fact that the wets showed strength in your State does not affect your belief that prohibition needs enforcement."

"It needs more than that in some unregenerate districts," replied Senator Sorghum. "It needs reinforcement."

The teeth in the Volstead Law seem to need plenty of gold filling.

Some one in America claims to have seen a blue caterpillar. There are bound to be these troubles so long as prohibition drives people to homemade whisky.

A prominent New Orleans man aboard a ship leaving New York for Europe called the steward and asked:

"Are we outside the twelve-mile limit?"

The steward said they were.

"Can I get anything I want—cocktails, whisky, wine—anything without violating the law?"

He was told that he could.

"Then bring me a lemonade."

"Waiter, can I have a cup of tea?"

Certainly, sir, will you have it with ginger ale or soda?"

A lot of United States citizens were passing thru the United States on their way to Cuba from Canada.

The express from Montreal had just pulled in and the nervous and heavily laden passenger had accosted a porter.

"Careful with those suitcases now, young man," he warned him.

"Suh," replied the red-cap, drawing himself up proudly, "Ah's toted hundreds of dese, an' nevah once does Ah let de bottles rattle."

Mr. Gandhi wants a prohibition law for India. We know where he can get one that is only slightly used.

PRONUNCIATION

WAITER (to professor of English)—"Did you say pudden, sir?"

ENRAGED DINER—"I did not—and I hope I never shall."

"Mr. Meckley and Miss Strong are actually to be married, eh?"

"Yes, unless he gets scared and backs out. It makes him nervous every time she mentions the 'trousseau' she's going to wear. She pronounces it so much like 'trousers.'"

"Now, remember, I'm sending you out to sell a portable garage."

"That's what."

"And in talking this portable garage—"

"Yes?"

"Always pronounce garage the way the prospective customer pronounces it."

"Yes," said Swagger, "this is a turkeze ring."

"Excuse me," said Beggs, "the correct pronunciation of that word is 'turkwoise.'"

"No, 'turkeze,' excuse me."

"I say 'turkwoise.'"

"Well, let's go to a jeweler and ask him."

"Right."

"In order to settle a wager," said Swagger to the jeweler, "would you mind telling me if the correct pronunciation of the stone in this ring is 'turkeze' or 'turkwoise'?"

The jeweler took the ring and examined it carefully.

"The correct pronunciation," he said, "is 'glass.'"

A little boy recently puzzled his mother with this query: "What's the Miz?"

"The Miz, dear? I'm sure I don't know. Where did you hear about it?"

"At Sunday-school. The superintendent said God made heaven and earth an' all that in the Miz!"

PROPOSALS

"And did Edith say, 'This is so sudden!' when you proposed?"

"No; I said it myself. I wasn't expecting to be accepted at all."

"I shuddered when Tom proposed."

"Was he so awkward?"

"Oh, no; he did it so well."

He was a sentimental youth, who had been suffering for some time from severe lovesickness. One morning he turned up at his father's office looking the picture of abject misery.

"What's the matter?" asked his father.

"I can hardly tell you," he faltered. "I—I—I have at last proposed, and I have been turned down."

"Tut-tut," replied the father, cheerfully. "It will turn out all right in the end. A woman's 'No' often means 'Yes.'"

"Perhaps it does," was the sorrowful reply. "But this woman didn't say 'No.' She said 'Rats!'"

It was the sweet scent of the lilies in the conservatory, the beauty of the young girl's hair, or the excellent champagne he had taken at supper, that led to his proposing in the obscurity beneath a palm.

"It can't be," she said. "I am unworthy of you."

"Oh, rubbish!" said he.

"It is true—it is true!" And she sighed.

"You are an angel!" he said ardently.

"No, no, you are wrong!" said the girl. "I am vain, idle, silly, utterly unfit to be your helpmate thru life."

He laughed lightly; then said in a soothing voice:

"Why, this is sheer madness! What sort of a wife do you think I ought to have?"

"A very wise, deliberate, practical woman," she replied; "one able to live on your salary!"

"Last night I was going to propose to Edith and she cut me short." "Wouldn't consider it, eh?" "Consider it? Why, she said 'Yes' before I really got started."

"Do you believe that the moonlight makes people silly, George?" asked the sweet young bride after the honeymoon.

"Well, dear," remarked the husband from behind his evening paper, "you know I proposed marriage to you in the moonlight."

She had talked for ten minutes without a break.

"But what were you going to say, Regulus, when I interrupted you?" she asked.

"Bellatrix," said the young man, looking at his watch and grabbing his hat, "I was going to ask you to marry me, but I shall have to put that off until the next time. I have less than three minutes to catch the last train. Good night!"

EDITH—"I have just refused to marry Mr. Shyman."

ETHEL—"Oh, did he propose?"

EDITH—"Well, I can't say positively, but that is how I construed his incoherent remarks."

PROSPERITY

FIRST PESSIMIST—"It's hard to make both ends meet nowadays."

SECOND PESSIMIST—"Yes. And just when they are about to meet, some fool comes along and moves the ends."

DEDBROKE (roused by his wife)—"What's that you say? A burglar?"

MRS. DEDBROKE—"Yes. Fancy a burglar calling on us!"

DEDBROKE—"Let him climb in; then I'll give a yell and it may make him drop something he has stolen elsewhere."

DAD—"My boy, when I was your age I was glad to get dry bread to eat."

SON—"You're much better off now that you're living with us, aren't you, papa?"

DAD—"Son, there's nothing worse than to be old and broken."

YOUNG HOPELESS—"Yes, father—to be young and broke."

In the days before oil was discovered in Texas, a traveling man stopt for the night at a dryland ranch near Wink.

As he discust the affairs of the country with his host, he became more and more puzzled as to how the little ranch paid its way. At last he ventured the question:

"How in the world do you make a go of things at all?"

Indicating the hired man, who was sitting at the far-end of the supper-table, the host replied:

"You see that feller there? Well, he works for me, and I can't pay him. In two years he gits the ranch. Then I work for him till I git it back."

"Well, the depression can't last forever."

BUSINESS MAN—"No, neither can I."

POET PETE—"Burglars broke into my house last night."

FRIEND—"Yes? What happened?"

POET PETE—"They searched thru every room, then left a \$5 bill on my bureau."

"Good morning, sir. I'm a bond salesman."

"That's all right, my good fellow. Here's a quarter—go buy yourself a square meal."

Despite the alleged shortage of money, there is no let-up in the business of buying and selling gold bricks.

With President Hoover's unemployment relief program only partly under way, three hobos found \$30,000 in an old tin box under a railroad trestle. It is very encouraging.

"I believe it more easy to support adversity than prosperity," observes old Petrarch in a passage I ran across the other day, "and that Fortune is more treacherous and dangerous when she caresses than when she dismays."

We fearlessly take up the challenge. Fie on the easy life! Fie on the soft-sheltered existence of the weakling! Are we cowards? No! Come on, Prosperity, and, stanch and true, we shall face you like a man.

The man around the corner says it must be some other corner that prosperity is just around.

Several drummers were seated in the smoking compartment of the train. They were bemoaning the generally demoralized conditions of business, as they found it. Finally they turned to the quiet little man in the corner.

"And how do you find things, brother?"

"Never better since I've been on the road."

"For the love of Pete, and what's your line, may we ask?"

"Selling red ink."

Stepping from a taxi in front of the Lambs yesterday, a hurrying author presented the driver with a twenty-dollar bill to pay a meter charge of \$1.10. The driver snorted, and remarked that it was the first twenty he had seen since shortly before the war, and to expect him to change it amounted to mockery. The passenger turned to an actor shading himself on the Lambs stoop, and asked for a dollar and a quarter.

"If I had a dollar and a quarter," returned the actor, "do you think I'd imperil it hanging around here?"

A certain shopkeeper who begs that his name be not printed says that alterations are going on in his shop and that he wishes he had the nerve to put up a sign, "No business as usual."

The canning season is over for the wife. Would that it also were for the employer.

Hold on a little longer, men! Pretty soon you won't have to feel apologetic about the trousers and the shirtcuffs. Fringes, we see, are going to be stylish.

Vaudeville is placing a ban on depression jokes. Naturally, they can't compete with the jokes on depression given us within the past two years by economists, bankers, and politicians.

The net cost of the World War per day to the United States was \$27,600,000. A tithe of that amount, spent for the purchase of goods in the war against unemployment, would get some real results.

Anyway, a lot of us will soon be on our feet again—our shoes have about worn out.

Under-secretary Castle believes we can laugh ourselves out of the depression. Practising what he preaches, he tells us a good one about how the debt moratorium started this world-wide business revival.

Altho most of the country's great men are said to come from the farm, no surplus of this product is presently apparent.

We have a hunch that maybe Prosperity is hanging around that corner for a date with Posterity.

Walter S. Gifford advises every one to buy, which will be all right if he doesn't insist upon their paying.

It seems that the only boom that can be had now is the kind you fall down and go.

Say, whatever became of Wall and Easy Streets?

Another year or so of this Republican prosperity and nude colonies will be no novelty.

Business would like to know whether the fix it is in is the suffix or prefix.

PROTECTION

SAMBO—"Chief, ah needs protection! Ah done got a unanimous letter this mornin' which says, 'Nigger, let mah chickens alone.'"

CHIEF OF POLICE—"Why protection? Just leave the chickens alone."

SAMBO—"Dat's all right, boss, but how does I know whose chickens I's to leave alone?"

PROVERBS

The foolish and the dead alone never change their opinions.—*Lowell.*

Brother dunces, lend me your ears!—not to crop, but that I may whisper into their furry depths: Do not quarrel with genius. We have none ourselves, and yet are so constituted that we cannot live without it.—*Augustine Birrell.*

If you wish to know a man's income, ask him what incomes should be exempt from taxation.

The Lord must have His hands full these days helpin' those who'er helpin' 'emselves.

You had best try to save something while your salary is small. It is almost impossible to save after you begin earning more.

A Gaelic proverb says: "If you wish to be blamed, marry; if you wish to be praised, die."

This world is about to abandon war because it has at last discovered that it is as expensive to win as it is to lose.

Many people who like to be referred to as dreamers are merely sleepers.

The fact that you cannot serve God and Mammon doesn't seem to hurt business any.

Don't worry when you stumble, remember a worm is the only thing that cannot fall down.

It is very hard to tell a wise man from a fool after they become ardent partisans.

Teaching evolution in the schools won't make people accept it. Spelling is taught in the schools.

Many a man goes thru life incognito to himself.

Diplomacy often kills the voice of prophecy.

PUNS

Charles Lamb one day watched two women leaning out of windows on opposite sides of the street, shaking their fists and throwing epithets at one another. "These women," said Lamb, "will never get together, for they are arguing with each other from their different premises."

The newest complexions are of a deathly pallor, declares an observant chronicler of society ways. So the rose-cheeked girl will now be more than ever "outside the pale."

A woman gave her young son half a dollar to buy a pound of plums, saying: "Be sure, Tommy, to pinch one or two of them to see if they are ripe."

In a few moments Tommy returned with both the fruit and the half dollar.

"I pinched one, as you told me," he explained, "and then when the man wasn't looking I pinched the whole bag full."

Americans are angry because their Ambassador attended the Royal wedding in court dress. They are so truly refined that they cannot understand our preference for breeches of decorum.

BANK CLIENT—"Halloa! What's become of the old cashier?"

NEW CASHIER—"He's gone away."

CLIENT—"For a rest?"

NEW CASHIER—"No; to avoid arrest."

Brown has a lovely baby girl,
The stork left her with a flutter;
Brown named her "Oleomargarine,"
For he hadn't any but her.

CANNIBAL PRINCE (rushing in)—"Is it too late for dinner?"

CANNIBAL KING—"Yes, everybody's eaten."

In one of the towns of the Pacific coast a distinct earthquake shock was felt recently, and when the municipal building rocked perceptibly the city fathers, then in session, left without bothering about the usual formulas.

The clerk, a man of rules and regulations, was hard put to it to give his minutes the proper official tone. Finally he evolved this masterpiece:

"On motion of the city hall, the council adjourned."

"Tough luck," said the egg in the monastery. "Out of the frying-pan into the friar."

Two microbes sat on a pantry shelf
And watched with expression pained
The milk man's stunts; both said at once,
"Our relations are getting strained."

This country now has so many filling stations, it is easy to fuel all of the people all of the time.

TOM—"What do you think of Coolidge's Pan-America policy?"

JERRY—"I thot the Pan-America policy was Mencken's."

"Did you cancel all my engagements, as I told you, Smithers?"

"Yes, sir, but Lady Millicent didn't take it very well. She said you were to marry her next Monday!"

"This job of bringing home the bacon is no joke," sighed one married man.

"No," growled the other one, "and on top of that I always have to stop at the bakery and bring home the bakin', too."

COUNTRY KID—"Beat it, the bulls are comin'!"

CITY KID—"Aw, stan' yer ground. We ain't done nothin'!"

The President of the local gas company was making a stirring address.

"Think of the good the gas company has done," he cried. "If I were permitted a pun, I should say, 'Honor the Light Brigade!'"

And a customer immediately shouted:

"Oh, what a charge they made!"

A contractor who profest to be fond of children became very angry because some little fellow stept on a new pavement before it was dry.

His wife rebuked him. "I thought you loved children," she said.

"I do in the abstract, but not in the concrete," he replied.

It is recalled that a great punster was once asked to make an extempore pun.

"On what subject?" he asked.

"On the king," was the reply.

"Oh," said the punster, "the king is not a subject."

As a steamer was leaving the harbor of Athens a well-drest young passenger approached the captain and pointing to the distant hills inquired:

"What is that white stuff on the hills, captain?"

"That is snow, madam," replied the captain.

"Well," remarked the lady, "I thot so myself, but a gentleman has just told me it was Greece."

"American chewing-gum has gained a foothold in Japan," says an exchange. Its faculty for gaining a foothold is its most unpopular feature in this country.

The best pun in the English language is believed to be in the last lines of Thomas Hood's *Faithless Sally Brown*:

"His death, which happened in his berth,
At forty-odd befell;
They went and told the sexton,
And the sexton tolled the bell."

RUSSELL (with tortoise shells)—"Statistics show that the eyesight of boys is superior to that of girls."

EDDIE—"Yeh! I know. I fell for a girl last summer who can't see me at all."

MACBETH'S SENTINEL (upon spying Birnam Wood moving Dunsinane ward)—"Cheese it, the copse!"

JACK—"What did the landlady do when she found that you had left the light burning for three days?"

SPRATT—"She turned us both out."

WIFE—"It is possible to cut some people by ignoring them completely."

HUSBAND—"That is so, and I wish I could cut the lawn that way."

"Your office is as hot as an oven," said a client to his lawyer.
"So it ought to be. I make my bread here."

MAGISTRATE—"You say this man stole your watch. Do I understand that you prefer the charge against him?"

MURPHY—"Well, no, your worship; I prefer the watch, if it's all the same to you."

"Some men thirst after fame, some after love, and some after money."

"I know something that all thirst after."

"What's that?"

"Salted almonds."

To avoid a colorless existence, keep in the pink of condition; do things up brown, treat people white, be well read, and get out onto the golf green under the blue occasionally.

"Well, my wife has divorced me."

"And I remember the time when she used to wave her hand to you every morning when you left the house."

"Well, you see, it wasn't a permanent wave."

"Willie," said his mother, "I wish you would run across the street and see how old Mrs. Brown is this morning."

A few minutes later Willie returned and reported:

"Mrs. Brown says it's none of your business how old she is."

A young lady entered the stationery store and asked for a pound tin of floor wax.

"I'm sorry, miss," said the clerk, "all we carry is sealing-wax."

"Don't be silly," she snapt. "Who'd want to wax a ceiling?"

An authority on the fuel situation declares that we must "learn to eke out by burning oil, gas, electricity and what not." We are glad he mentioned the whatnot. Mary, hand us the ax.

"There's a fine fellow in the college crew."

"Yes, he's a gentleman and a sculler."

Ruth rode in my new cycle car
In the seat in back of me;
I took a bump at fifty-five,
And rode on Ruthlessly.

"Your wife is pretty game to go on that reducing diet."
"Yes, but she's a poor loser."

Nothing has done more to put the home on a sound basis
than radio.

ST. PETER—"How did you get up here?"
LATEST ARRIVAL—"Flu."

Two spinsters were discussing men. "Which would you
desire most in your husband; brains, wealth or appearance?"
asked one.

"Appearance," snapped the other, "and the sooner the better."

QUOTATIONS

"The Phoenix Nest" in *The Saturday Review of Literature*
reports: "The other evening at the door of a Macmillan editor's
suburban home appeared a courteous Negro, minister of a
struggling chapel in the town. He requested a subscription
toward the purchase of chairs for his little auditorium. At the
head of the subscription paper appeared this Biblical quotation:
'By the waters of Babylon there we sat down (Psalm 137:1).'
A donation for the chairs was enthusiastically made!"

RADIO

"Does your radio make an awful chattering noise?"
"Yes, it's just like one of the family."

"Dishere radio," said Uncle Eben, "brings in de speeches fine,
but it ain't no company whatever when it comes time foh de
candidate to shake hands an' kiss de chillun."

NEIGHBOR—"How many controls are there on your radio set?"

OWNER—"Three; my mother-in-law, my wife, and my daughter."

MOSE—"How does you-alls like youah radio set, now dat you has one installed?"

EPH—"We likes it pow'ful scrumptious, Mose. We'z only had it fouah days an' we'z already lis'n'd to more'r a dozen ob de bigges' radiators in de lan'."

SMIFF—"So you bought a radio, hoping it would keep your children home in the evening?"

BJONES—"Yes. Now they don't go out until the announcer says "Good night everybody."

Mrs. Alden was proceeding thru the house with her new maid on a tour of inspection. She halted in one corner and, pointing to a cobweb, said: "Have you seen this?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the new maid. That was there when I come—something to do with your radio ain't it?"

Bagpipe music was broadcast recently. Lots of people took their sets to pieces in an endeavor to locate the trouble.

We'd like to have Floyd Gibbons with us some time when a subway guard closes the door in our face. He could tell him something in the time between the closing of the door and the moving away of the train.

Speaking of lost arts, how about the man who used to make his own radio set?

SHE—"Jack, dear, am I the first girl you ever kissed?"

HE—"Yes, indeed. I learned to do that from a radio lecture I heard the other night."

HUSBAND (feeling a twinge in the back while he is turning in the wireless receiver)—"I believe I'm getting lumbago."

WIFE—"What's the use, dear? You won't be able to understand a word they say."

"Do the children understand the bedtime stories?"

"I dunno. Last night my little girl went to sleep very nicely on a hash recipe."

I told my son that he was not giving enough attention to the classics," remarked the conscientious parent. "I reproached him for not knowing the difference between the Iliad and the Odyssey." "Was he properly apologetic?" "Not at all. He said nobody could know everything, and asked me if I knew the difference between crystal receptivity and a neutrodyne."

"Yes, Sir, She's My Baby," played in New York by a jazz band, has been heard by radio in London. What hath God wrought!

MINISTER—"Who giveth this woman?"

BRIDE'S FATHER—"I do. And now folks, I wish to remind you that today's program is coming to you thru the courtesy of Walter Q. Blubblah, father of the lovely bride and president of the Blubblah Bushing and Winch Corporation, manufacturers of the 'Little Wonder Winches' and 'Milady Dainty Bushings,' at all hardware shops of the better sort."

Talk about excitement
To make the people look up,
Wait 'til Gabriel trumpets
On a nation-wide hook-up.

The radiot thinks it says he that has ears to hear, let him hoist an aerial.

Dr. Frank Vizetelly, lexicographer, is busy differing with Al Smith and Nathan Haskell Dole on the question of the proper pronunciation of the radio. There is a third party, consisting mainly of wives who believe that what their husbands call it when it's out of order is more improper than either of the others.

ABOUT FLOYD GIBBONS—Why does he all talk at once?

The Radio Announcer At Home

"Good evening, wife and kiddies. . . Ah, I see that dinner is ready to be served. The maid is now coming into the dining room with the cocktails, which are in one of the handsome shakers distributed free of charge by the Amalgamated Embalmers' Association. The maid is attired in a new close fitting black outfit which certainly shows her off to advantage. She is, I would say, in excellent form tonight.

"The maid is pouring the first cocktail. . . Please stand by. . . These cocktails are great, believe me. The maid is now pouring another. . . Please stand by . . . And another! And another! Oh, boy, please stand by! . . .

"Oh, there is a surprise for us this evening: shad roe and bacon. My wife says this shad roe and bacon comes thru the courtesy of the man next door, who went fishing. . . Please stand by.

"Well, my little son has just shoved his plate off the table. Fortunately, it didn't break, as it is a product of the Wear and Tear Manufacturing Company of Yuma, Arizona, with branches in all principal cities. Remember their slogan: One of our plates will outlast three husbands.

"This meal has just been brought to a close by biscuit tortoni. We will appreciate hearing from all who might have enjoyed it. Good night!"

RAILROADS

It was on a little branch railway in a southern state that the New England woman ventured to refer to the high rates. "It seems to me five cents a mile is extortion," she said, with frankness, to her southern cousin.

"It's a big lot of money to pay if you think of it by the mile," said the southerner, in her soft drawl; "but you just think how cheap it is by the hour, Cousin Annie—only about thirty-five cents."

The ticket agent at a small station down South had gone to dinner, leaving a helper to hold down the job in his absence.

A peppery-looking old gentleman stepped up to the wicket. "When is the next train for the North due?" he asked.

A regular railroad man would have said it was due at one-fifty-eight; but the youth in charge was green.

"At two to two," he answered.

"What's that?" demanded the old gentleman.

"Two to two! Two to two!" repeated the helper chantingly.

"Young man," demanded the old gentleman irritably, "what are you trying to do—imitate that train?"

CONDUCTOR—"Change for Marietta! Change for Marietta!"

COUNTRY PASSENGER—"Don't know who the girl is, but I'll chip in a dime."

"What rotten trolley service!" exclaimed the disagreeable man.

"Why?" asked the conductor. "Someone gave up his seat for you, didn't he?"

"Yes," said the man, "but my wife had to stand all the way."

POLITICIAN—"Can you give my friend a job on your railway?"

MANAGER—"But he cannot talk English."

POLITICIAN—"Well, then, give him a job calling out trains."

A man was standing disconsolately on a station platform. On being asked by a friend why he looked so miserable, he replied, "I've missed my train—and by half a minute."

"Good heavens!" said his friend. "Cheer up! Anyone would think, to look at you, you had missed it by half an hour."

The head of one of the large American railroad companies was making inquiries with regard to acquiring a small branch line which belonged to one old man. "Now, as to the state of your road," he asked, "it is well and safely laid?" "Sir," replied the old man indignantly, "ours is the safest line in the country. I may say we have been running for over twenty years, and have never had a collision." "That's good!" exclaimed the big man. "And what's more, sir," went on the proprietor of the little line, "a collision would be impossible." "How do you make that out?" queried the other in surprise. "I know that the latest automatic devices are excellent, but 'impossible' is a big word." "It is literally true with us," was the proud rejoinder. "In what way?" "Well, sir, we have only one train."

READING

See Books and Reading.

REAL ESTATE

FAIR YOUNG REAL ESTATE AGENT—"Could I interest you in Culver City?"

SUSCEPTIBLE—"Lady, you could interest me anywhere."

HOMESEEKER—"How much did you say this house is which you want to sell me?"

AGENT—"I am instructed to let it go for \$18,500, and it's a bargain."

HOMESEEKER—"Haven't you got the decimal point in the wrong place? It looks to me to be worth just about \$1850. Good-by."

INVESTOR (to real estate agent)—"Here, man; I find that that lot you sold me is under water. What are you going to do about it?"

AGENT—"Nothing. Doesn't the Bible say you should be content with your lot?"

REAL ESTATE AGENT—"I tell you, sir, the death rate in this suburb is lower than in any other part of the country."

NEAR VICTIM—"I believe you. I wouldn't be found dead here myself."

VISITOR—"How does the land lie out this way?"

NATIVE—"It ain't the land that lies; it's the real-estate agents."

RECIPROCATING

"As you work at the theater, you can give me a few free tickets."

"Yes, we will exchange. As you work in a bank you can give me a few free banknotes."

During a grouse hunt two sportsmen were potting the birds from butts situated very close together.

Suddenly a red face showed over the top of one butt, and the occupant said, "Curse you, sir, you almost hit my wife just now."

"Did I?" said the man, aghast. "I'm terribly sorry—er—have a shot at mine over there."

RECOMMENDATIONS

A kind gentleman had to dismiss his gardner for unfaithful service. He was too fond of sneaking out to The White Raven for a glass. Not wishing to harm him, however, the old gentleman wrote this note:—

"I wish to state that Blank has been in my employ over two years. In that time he got out of the garden more than any other man I have had."

LITTLE LUCY—"Mother, I must be a very good child. You never keep a maid more than a week or two, but I've been with you ten years."

EMPLOYER (to applicant for a position, who has handed in testimonials from two ministers)—"We don't work on Sundays. Haven't you a reference from someone who sees you on week days?"

A shopkeeper had in his employ a man so lazy as to be utterly worthless.

One day, his patience exhausted, he discharged him.

"Will you give me a character?" asked the lazy one.

The employer sat down to write a non-committal letter. His effort resulted as follows:

"The bearer of this letter has worked for me one week and I am satisfied."

MISTRESS (to departing maid who has asked for a reference)—"Of course, Mary, I shall have to tell Mrs. Brown of your uncontrollable temper."

MARY—"Thank you very much, Mum. It'll p'raps make 'er mind 'er P's and Q's."

REFORM

The two enemies of reform are the wicked who oppose it and the lunatics who favor it.

Blessed are the pure, for they shall inherit the earth.

REGRETS

MRS. CASEY (with fashion paper)—“What are aigrettes, Mike?”

CASEY—“Weren't ye ever in sassiety, woman? Shure, it's what ye send when ye can't go.”

“The editor declines this drawing with regrets.”

“Regrets?” sneered the artist. “Bah! I heard him laughing as he sent you out.”

MRS. NEWBRIDE—“When you found that you couldn't accept the invitation to our wedding, why didn't you send your regrets?”

MISS RYVAL—“Oh, I thot you'd have enough of your own pretty soon, dear.”

RELATIVES

LITTLE ETHEL—“Mother, are you the nearest relative I've got?”

HER MOTHER—“Yes, dear, and your father is the closest.”

FOND MAMMA—“Yes, my darling, those little boys next door have no father or mother and no kind Aunt Jane. Woudn't you like to give them something?”

ARCHIE (with great enthusiasm)—“Oh, yes, mamma. Let's give them Aunt Jane.”

“What are diplomatic relations, father?”

“There are no such people, my boy.”

"Did you have to pay anything to that man you ran over the other day?"

"No—he happened to be a relation of my husband's, fortunately!"

A colleague reports that he has an aunt, three cousins and a mother-in-law whom he is going to send to the new Yale School of Human Relations to see if something can't be done for them.

A lady who had just received an interesting bit of news said to her little daughter: "Marjorie, dear, auntie has a new baby, and now mamma is the baby's aunt, papa is the baby's uncle, and you are her little cousin."

"Well," said Marjorie, wonderingly, "wasn't that arranged quick!"

"I have just heard that my sister has a baby. They don't say what sex and so I don't know whether I am an uncle or aunt."

RELIGION

Uncle Tobey had a neighbor who was in the habit of working on Sunday, but who later joined the church. One day he met the minister to whose church the man belonged.

"Well, Uncle Tobey," said the minister, "do you see any difference in Mr. Smith since he joined the church?"

"Yes," said Uncle Tobey, "a great difference. Before, when he went to mend the fences on Sunday, he carried his ax on his shoulder. Now, he carries it under his coat."

"Mother goes to the Methodist church," said a little girl to the new neighbor.

"And isn't your father of the same denomination, dear?"

"I don't know zactly what daddy is; he don't go to church with mother. Uncle Robert said daddy must be a Seven Day Absentist."

Pat called on the priest and said: "Father, can I ask a question?"

"Sure, Pat," said the priest.

"Well, Father," said Pat, "I know all about Shrove Tuesday, Ash Wednesday and Good Friday but phawt the divil is Nut Sundaе?"

A colored woman consulted the village lawyer. "Ah want to divo'ce mah husband," she said.

"What's the trouble?" asked the lawyer.

"That nigger's done gone an' got converted to religion, and we ain't seen a chicken on de table foh two weeks."

The wooly-headed Uncle Rasmus was accused of disturbing the peace. Officer Mort Rudolph explained it as follows:

"Your Honor, this man was running up and down the Mill River Road, waving his arms and yelling at the top of his voice, and otherwise raising the mischief, at half-past one in the morning. The people of that district complained, and they had a perfect right to." The judge frowned at Rasmus, who didn't seem to be particularly worried.

"What do you mean by such unbecoming conduct?" his Honor demanded.

"Religion, Jedge," was the response.

"Religion! Are you a Holy Roller, or something like that? I have religion, Rasmus, but I don't get up at midnight and tell everybody about it."

"Dat's des' de diffunce, Jedge. I ain't ershamed ob mine."

"Mother, I've found an old dusty thing

High on the shelf—just look!"

"Why, that's a Bible, Tommy dear,

Be careful, that's God's book."

"God's book," the child exclaimed

"Then, Mother, before we lose it,

We'd better send it back to God,

For you know we never use it."

One night Nasr Eddin Hodja thot he saw a burglar in his room and shot at him. In the morning he found he had

sent an arrow thru his own shirt, which hung in the window. Falling on his knees he prayed fervently, "I thank thee, Allah, that I was not in that shirt."

"I heard this week," writes Mr. Compton Mackenzie in *Vox*, "of a small Anglo-Catholic boy who was protesting to his parents that he would never be a Roman Catholic. He was asked why, and he replied that he did not believe the Pope was God. "But Roman Catholics do not believe that." The child paused for a moment. "Well, they believe he's inflammable, anyway."

In theology there is only one way to be perfectly orthodox, and that is not to think at all.—*Dean Inge*.

REMEDIES

The weary and pallid little man entered the drug store.

"Do you keep 'Rixie's Reviver'?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the druggist.

"Gimme six bottles for my wife!"

"Tried all other remedies without success, eh?" said the druggist, conversationally.

"No; she ain't ill at all. But I saw in the advertisement where a woman wrote, after taking six bottles, 'I am a different woman!'"

A certain York County preacher for a long time had been dosing himself with a fiery concoction prescribed for some stomach trouble. One day while dining at a hotel he treated himself, as usual, to the regulation heroic dose. An inquisitive Boston drummer on his right hand inquired the reason for taking the medicine. The preacher explained his stomach difficulty, and the benefits of his treatment, and the drummer, who was himself subject to indigestion, then related his own symptoms and politely requested the privilege of trying the remedy. The sympathetic preacher freely gave him a very generous dose, which speedily took effect.

As soon as the traveling man recovered his breath and wiped his tears he thus accosted the minister:

"I understand that you are a preacher."

"I am, sir."

"Do you preach hell-fire?"

"I do, sir."

"Well, you are the first preacher that I ever saw who carried 'round samples of it."

REMINDERS

FIRST TOURIST—"Why are you at the station at this unearthly hour?"

SECOND TOURIST—"Well, you see, I can never remember all the things I've forgotten till I get to the station, so I have to allow plenty of time to go back for them."

POETIC BRIDEGROOM—"I could sit here forever, gazing into your eyes and listening to the wash of the ocean."

PRACTICAL BRIDE—"Oh! That reminds me, darling, we have not paid our laundry bill yet."

FIRST COMMUTER—"Halloo. On bad terms with the wife, eh? There she is sticking out her tongue at you."

SECOND DITTO—"Oh, that's all right. She gave me a letter to mail and she's merely reminding me that I must seal it up."

REPARTEE

John Bach McMaster, the historian, told me only recently that, as a boy, his first sight of Lincoln was at a reception where the guests were marshaled past the President by watchful ushers, and not allowed to come too close. One old chap, much disappointed at not having shaken hands with him, waved his hat and blurted out, "Mr. President, I'm from up in York State where we believe that God Almighty and Abraham Lincoln are going to save this country."

"My friend, you're half right," replied Lincoln.

WITTY BOARDER—"Ah, your steak is like the weather this evening, Madam, rather raw."

WITTY LANDLADY—"Indeed? By the way, your account is like the weather, too, unsettled."

LADY—"Why have they let all the monkeys out of their cages?"

ZOO ATTENDANT—"Holiday, mum. This is Darwin's birthday."

A young hopeful, with aspirations to become an electrical engineer, asked Romaine Myers if he could grow an electric plant by sticking a switch in the ground, and Romie answered: "No; they must be grown from a bulb."

Orville Wright, at a dinner in Dayton, was reproached for not taking up the challenge of the Smithsonian Institute that it was Langley, not the Wrights, who was the first to fly. "The trouble with you, Orville," said a banker, "is that you are too taciturn. You don't assert yourself enough. You should press-agentize more."

"My dear friend," Orville Wright answered, "the best talker and the worst flyer among the birds is the parrot."

"Witness," asked the attorney for defense, who was trying to prove the temporary insanity of the prisoner, "was it this man's habit to talk to himself when alone?"

"Jest at this time," came the answer, "I don't recollect ever bein' with him when he was alone."

"I wouldn't cry like that if I were you," said a lady to little Betty. "Well," said Betty, between her sobs, "you can cry any way you like, but this is my way."

Well-fixed and self-sufficient lawyer answering advertisement, writes: "Send article. If good, will send check." Advertiser responds: "Send check. If good, will send article."

HARD-BOILED GROCER—"No, sir! no checks! I wouldn't cash a check for my own brother."

DISAPPOINTED CUSTOMER—"Well, of course you know your family better than I do."

The people who are most indolent physically are often quick enough mentally. Such was the case with a British workman. He was usually late in coming to work, and one day the foreman took him to task.

"It's a funny thing, Jim," he said, "you allus coming in a quarter of an hour behind the time and living next door to the works, while Teddy is allus on time, and lives three miles away!"

"There's nowt funny about it," retorted Jim. "If he's a bit late in a morning, he can hurry a bit; but if I'm late, I'm here."

At a dinner party in London, a newly rich woman, vain and ostentatious, sat beside the wife of a prominent labor leader, and boasted of her jewelry. "I clean my diamonds with ammonia," she said, "my rubies with Bordeaux wine, my emeralds with Dantzig brandy, and my sapphires with fresh milk. And what do you use?" she asked, turning to the labor leader's wife.

"Oh, I don't clean mine," was the airy retort. "When they get dirty, I simply throw them away."

A man walked into a garage where his car was being repaired and was heard to reprimand the garage owner for telling him how to run his own car, saying: "This is my car, and what I say goes."

A moment later a tired, greasy mechanic looked up from under the car and said: "For goodness' sake, say 'engine.'"

An American guest tells this story about a quick-witted compatriot. Poor Smith doesn't cut a distinguished figure in his evening clothes. In a fashionable restaurant the other night, as Smith stood near the door waiting for his wife, a tall, pompous Englishman came up and asked, "I say, my man, you the head waitah?" "No," replied Smith quick as a flash, "but I heard him tell a young fellow this afternoon that he wasn't taking on any more help."

Weary Willie, who was out of a job, as usual, rapped timidly at Mrs. Murphy's kitchen door. The lady, angry at being interrupted at her washing, flung open the door, and glowered at him. "Did you wish to see me?" she bellowed.

Weary Willie backed down the steps and said meekly, "Well, if I did, I got my wish, thank you."

EXPLORER—"D'ye know, I once went about in South America for months with a price on my head!"

HOSTESS—"Dreadful! I know the feeling. I came home from a sale once with the price-ticket on my hat!"

"I think I'll commit suicide."

"Good, but turn off the gas when you're thru."

"Ouch! I bumped my crazy bone!"

"Oh, well, comb your hair right and the bump won't show."

"One of them city fellers tried to sell me the Woolworth building."

"What did you say?"

"I sez, 'All right, young feller, wrap it up.'"

FRENCHMAN (sternly, to fellow countryman who has become a naturalized British subject)—"What have you gained by becoming naturalized?"

THE OTHER—"Well, in the first place, you see, I win the battle of Waterloo!"

"Don't talk to me about colleges!" scoffed the self-made man. "Look at me! Do you suppose I would have been any more successful than I am if I'd had a college education?"

"No," admitted the professor, "but you might have been less inclined to brag about it."

KIND GENTLEMAN (to little boy eating an apple)—"Look out for the worms, sonny."

LITTLE BOY—"When I eat an apple the worms have to look out for themselves."

"Won't you give a shilling to the Lord?" said a Salvation Army girl to an old Aberdonian. "How auld are ye, lassie?" he inquired. "Nineteen, sir." "Ah, weel, I'm past seventy-five. I'll be seein' Him afore you, so I'll hand it to Him mysel'."

TOMMY—"Funny how a fellow would start a superstition that Friday is unlucky."

ROT—"Yeah, he musta been a fish."

SOCIAL WORKER—"And what is your name, my good man?"

THE CONVICT—"999."

SOCIAL WORKER—"O, but that's not your real name."

CONVICT—"Naw, that's only me pen name."

HE—"I've never seen such dreamy eyes."

SHE—"You've never stayed so late before!"

SOLICITOR—"Would you indorse our cigaret for two thousand dollars?"

CELEBRITY—"For two thousand dollars I'd smoke the darn things."

"Madam, will you please get off my foot?"

"Put your foot where it belongs."

"Don't tempt me, Madam, don't tempt me."

MRS. BINDLER—"Is there any difference, Thomas, do you know, between a fort and a fortress?"

MR. BINDLER—"I should imagine a fortress, my dear, would be more difficult to silence."

BARBER (to customer)—"And what will you have on the hair, sir?"

CUSTOMER (in a very bland voice)—"A wreath of smilax."

In his time the London streets were without the pavements of today, and the man who "took the wall" had the driest footing. "I never give the wall to a scoundrel," said a man who met Chesterfield one day in the street. "I always do," said Chesterfield, stepping with a bow into the road. His revenge was much more sweet than if he had flung the fellow into the mud.

CUSTOMER (with week's beard)—"Do you think that old razor will do it?"

BARBER—"It will, sir—if the handle don't break."

"Where did you get those big, tender, sympathetic eyes?" she cooed.

"Oh," replied the sailor, "they came with my face."

The late Sir Beerbohm Tree, the famous actor-manager, was once passing into Gloucester Cathedral to attend a festival. He heard a man arguing excitedly with a steward, who refused to let him enter without his ticket, which he declared he had lost. Losing his temper, the disappointed one demanded rhetorically, "Do you think tickets will be required to enter Heaven?" "Possibly not, sir," was the reply, "but Madame——will not be singing there."

"What's worse than raining cats and dogs?"

"What?"

"Hailing taxi-cabs."

A certain young man wrote the following letter to a prominent business firm, ordering a razor:

Dear Sirs—Please find enclosed 50c for one of your razors as advertised and oblige,

John Jones

P. S.—I forgot to enclose the 50c, but no doubt a firm of your high standing will send the razor anyway.

The firm address received the letter and replied as follows:

Dear Sir—Your most valued order received the other day and will say in reply that we are sending the razor as per request, and hope that it will prove satisfactory.

P. S.—We forgot to enclose the razor, but no doubt a man with your check will have no need of it.

"Are you John A. Van Dorky?" asked the young man beside the cloak rack.

"No," was the surprized reply.

"Well, I am," came the frosty rejoinder, "and that is his slicker you are putting on."

VISITOR (at a very quiet sea-place)—“And whatever do you do with yourselves in the winter?”

LANDLADY—“Oh, we talks and laughs about the people what stays 'ere in the summer.”

They tell this story about William Tibbett, famous Western sheriff and father of Lawrence Tibbett, singing star. A riot broke out in a small town called Kern City, and the local constable wired Tibbett to send aid. In a short time Tibbett arrived.

“What?” said the constable, “just you, only one man?”

“Well,” answered Tibbett, “there’s only one riot, isn’t there?”

A young country minister, noted for his jollity, was dining at a farmhouse one Sunday and when his plate of roast chicken was passed to him, he remarked facetiously:

“Well, here’s where that chicken enters the ministry.”

“Hope it does better there than it did in lay work,” rejoined the bright boy of the family.

SHE (cooly)—“Did you miss me when I was gone?”

HE—“Were you gone?”

“A small boy, leading a donkey, passed by an army camp. A couple of soldiers wanted to have some fun with the lad.

“What are you holding on to your brother so tight for, sonny?” said one of them.

“So he won’t join the army,” the youngster replied, without blinking an eye.

“I’m a self-made man,” said the pugnacious clubman, glaring around the room in the midst of an argument.

“Sir,” said one of the older members, “we accept your apology.”

OLD LADY—“Where did those large rocks come from?”

TIRED GUIDE—“The glaciers brought them down.”

“But where are the glaciers?”

“They’ve gone back after more rocks.”

In one of Lloyd George's early campaigns some one threw a brick thru the window, and it fell on the platform at his feet. Picking it up, he cried: "Behold the only argument of our opponents." From the gallery, a sullen fellow kept calling out "Rats! Rats!" in one of his meetings. "Will some one please take the Chinaman his dinner?" was the witty and effective reply. Once when he was talking on "home rule" he said, "I want home rule for England, for Scotland, for Wales, for Ireland"—At this point some one shouted, "Home rule for hell." "That's right," he shot back. "Every man for his own country." In another gathering a man shouted, "Oh, you're not so much. Your dad used to peddle vegetables with a donkey and cart." "Yes," said the orator, "that is true. My father was a very poor man. The cart has long since disappeared, but I see the donkey is still with us."

A bather got out beyond her depth, and her screams soon brought to the rescue the boatman whose business it was to save any one in difficulties. A few strokes carried him to the spot, and he reached out a muscular arm to grip the poor girl, who was just about to sink. At this moment her frantic struggles dislodged her bathing-cap, which soon floated away, carrying with it, what was more precious, her wig.

"Oh, save my hair," she cried. "Save my hair!"

"Madam," replied the gallant rescuer, hauling her into the boat, "I am only a life-saver, not a hair-restorer."

MISTRESS—"I can see a spider web in the corner, Ethel! To what do you attribute that?"

MAID—"To a spider, ma'am."

Lord Roberts once found himself among new friends in a London club. There was a very tall man present, who evidently believing himself to shine as a wit, seized every opportunity of raising a laugh at other people's expense.

On being introduced to Lord Roberts, the wit bent down patronizingly to his lordship and remarked, "I have often heard of you, but"—shading his eyes with one hand, as tho the famous general, being so small, could be seen with difficulty—"I have never seen you."

To this Lord Roberts promptly replied: "I have often seen you, sir, but I have never heard of you."

"A dime? what do you want a dime for?"

"Wot do I want a dime fur! Well, mister, I'll tell yer. I've got nine hundred an' ninety-nine thousan', nine hundred an' ninety-nine dollars an' ninety cents, an' I'd just love t' make it a million."

The owner of a cheap watch brought it into the jeweler's shop to see what could be done with it. "The mistake I made, of course," he admitted, "was dropping it."

"Well, I don't suppose you could help that," the jeweler remarked. "The mistake you made was picking it up."

WIFE (on a boating excursion)—"If the boat foundered, whom would you save first, the children or me?"

HUSBAND—"Me."

Son in college was applying pressure for more money from home.

"I cannot understand why you call yourself a kind father," he wrote his dad, "when you haven't sent me a check for three weeks. What kind of kindness do you call that?"

"That's unremitting kindness," wrote the father in his next letter.

"You are the prince of beggars," one of the Rothschilds said to Chief Rabbi Adler on one occasion.

"I am a beggar of princes," was the neat reply.

A minister in a country church in Scotland stopped his sermon to ask a listener who was somewhat deaf: "Are you hearing, John?" "Oh! aye," was the answer. "I am hearing, but to verra little purpose!"

When a certain officer of the Governor's staff died, there were some applicants for the post, and some were indecently impatient. While the dead colonel was awaiting burial, one aspirant buttonholed the Governor, asking:

"Would you object to my taking the place of the colonel?"

"Not at all," the Governor replied tartly. "See the undertaker."

"This is the worst town for gossip I ever lived in."

"H'm! What have you been doing?"

"Mamma," asked a little girl of her mother one day, "do men ever go to heaven?"

"Certainly," said the mother, "why do you ask?"

"Well, then, why don't angels ever have whiskers?"

"Because," said her mother, "they get there by a close shave."

Years ago a famous and eccentric man of Philadelphia was walking down a principal street of that city when he was accosted by a stranger who said, "Mister, can you tell me how to find the sheriff's office?" The minister stopped instantly and said, "Yes, sir! Every time you earn five dollars, spend ten!"

WIFE (after dull evening at home)—"Don't sit there like a dud! Say something!"

HUSBAND (brightly)—"Well, well, well. I see Mr. Hoover has had his picture taken."

LACONIC TOURIST—"Information given out here?"

TIRED CLERK—"It has."

BIBBIE—"How did ye hurt yer hand? Been fightin'?"

EDDIE—"Yep. Those were awful sharp teeth Sammy Jones used to have."

"He was driven to his grave."

"Sure he was. Did you expect him to walk?"

HE—"Going to have dinner anywhere tonight?"

SHE (eagerly)—"Why, no, not that I know of."

HE—"Gee, you'll be awfully hungry by morning!"

PROF.—Name the greatest advantage of Roman civilization.

STUDE.—The toga—it never got baggy at the knees.

A little girl of five was entertaining the callers while her mother was getting ready. One of the ladies remarked to the

other with a significant look. "Not very p-r-e-t-t-y," spelling the last word.

"No," said the child quickly, "but awful s-m-a-r-t."

Robert Ingersoll was famous for the library of infidel books which he possess. One day a reporter called on Mr. Ingersoll for an interview, and among other questions, asked: "Would you mind telling me how much your library cost you, Mr. Ingersoll?" Looking over at the shelves, he answered: "Well, my boy, these books cost me, anyhow, the governorship of Illinois, and perhaps the Presidency of the United States!"

There is a story of a visit John Barrymore paid to a haberdasher in Hollywood. After ordering this and that, he turned to leave.

"And your name?" the clerk asked innocently.

"Barrymore," was the chill reply.

"Which Barrymore, please?"

John surveyed him coldly. "Ethel."

There is a church in the north of Scotland which, during the shooting season, is largely attended by sportsmen and ghillies. The latter occasionally bring their collies with them. One Sunday the usual minister was on holiday, and his substitute was discovered to possess a droning, monotonous voice. This caused one of the collies to commence whining uneasily. The angry clergyman said: "Kindly take that dog away at once." The owner of the dog, a brauny independent Highlander, rose and, glowering at the man in the pulpit, remarked: "It was you that began it."

FLAP—"I dropped my watch on the sidewalk."

FLIP—"Did it stop?"

FLAP—"No, dear. It went right thru into the subway."

There was an actress constantly out with road troupes who always became irate when asked a question the answer to which she considered obvious. Thus on the last night of April she left an early call at the hotel with the girl at the telephone desk.

"To catch a train?" asked the girl pleasantly.

"For what other reason does one leave an early call?"

"Sometimes one is to be Queen of the May," suggested the girl, still pleasantly.

A nervous passenger on the first day of the voyage asked the captain what would be the result if the steamer should strike an iceberg while it was plunging thru the fog. "The iceberg would move right along, madam," the captain replied courteously, "just as if nothing had happened." And the old lady was greatly relieved.

Perkins was slightly under the weather as he made his way home. He paused to lean against a street lamp where he was apprehended by the policeman on his rounds.

"Here, move on."

"Shay, misher," he said, "I gosh thish pole firsh. Find 'nother one."

MOTHER (to Johnny, who has been fibbing)—"Do you know what happens to little boys who tell lies?"

JOHNNY—"Yes. They ride for half fare."

A portly woman had, by mistake, taken a seat in a railway coach reserved for smokers. With unconcealed indignation she saw the man next to her fill his pipe.

"Sir," she said in frigid tones, "smoking always makes me ill."

The man calmly lit his pipe and puffed contentedly, and at the same time replied:

"Does it, ma'am? Well, take my advice and give it up."

"Did you miss that train, sir?" asked the porter.

"No! I didn't like the looks of it, so I chased it out of the station."

Two farmers met on the road and pulled up.

"Si, I've got a mule with distemper. What'd ye give that one of yours when he had it?"

"Turpentine. Giddap." A week later they met again.

"Say, Si, I gave my mule turpentine and it killed him."

"Killed mine, too. Giddap."

Two Irishmen had just laid a wreath of flowers on a comrade's grave, and while crossing another section of the cemetery they saw a Jap lay some rice on the grave of a countryman.

One of the Irishmen asked, "When do you expect your friend to come and eat the rice?"

"When your friend comes to smell the flowers," was the quick reply.

"You have heard what the last witness said," persisted counsel, "and yet your evidence is to the contrary. Am I to infer that you wish to throw doubt on her veracity?"

The polite young man waved a deprecating hand.

"Not at all," he replied. "I merely wish to make it clear what a liar I am if she's speaking the truth."

At a football match one Saturday the referee became angry over the loud comments of a candid critic in the enclosure. "Look here, sir," snapped the official, walking up to the interrupter, "are you refereeing or am I?"

"Neither," was the crushing reply.

Former Congressman Johnson, of Indiana, in debate called an Illinois Congressman an ass. This was unparliamentary and had to be withdrawn. Mr. Johnson said:

"I withdraw the language, Mr. Speaker; but I insist that this gentleman from Illinois is out of order."

"How am I out of order?" yelled the man from Illinois.

"Probably a veterinary surgeon could tell you."

"The last speaker," said the chairman of the Health Congress, "is a striking example of the efficacy of the doctrines he so eloquently advocates. Hale and hearty at eighty years of age, he could tire out many a man younger than himself."

A voice from the audience: "He did."

HUSBY—"You're three-quarters of an hour late. What do you mean keeping me standing around like a fool?"

THE WIFE—"I can't help the way you stand."

One specimen of the wit of George Mason, author of the Virginia Bill of Rights, has been preserved. When an opponent charged that George Mason was losing his mind, he retorted that if his adversary's mind should fail nobody would discover it.

"To what do you attribute your longevity?" inquired the young man.

"To the fact," replied the old man, conclusively, "that I never died."

Miss Christabel Pankhurst was speaking at a suffragette meeting one day in Hyde Park when a "knot" interrupted her with the remark:

"Don't you wish you were a man?"

"No; don't you?" was the instant and deadly retort.

"I never associate with my inferiors, do you?" "I don't know. I never met any of your inferiors."

The doctors were holding a consultation beside the bed of a man who was supposed to be harboring a diseased hip-bone.

"I believe," said one of the surgeons, "that we should wait and let him get a little stronger before cutting into him."

Before the other prospective operators could reply the patient turned his head and remarked to the nurse: "What do they take me for—a cheese?"

A bright little newsie entered a business office and, approaching a glum-looking man at one of the desks, began with an ingratiating smile.

"I'm selling thimbles to raise enough money to——"

"Out with you!" interrupted the man.

"Wouldn't you like to look at some nice thimbles?"

"I should say not!"

"They're fine, and I'd like to make a sale," he continued.

Turning in his chair to fully face the lad, the grouch caustically inquired:

"What'n seven kinds o' blue blazes do you think I want with a thimble?"

Edging toward the door to make a safe getaway, the boy answered:

"Use it for a hat."

An opulent-appearing man drove up to the curb in a car that was not so opulent and was accosted by a small boy:

"Watch yer auto fer a nickel, mister."

"Beat it, kid, this machine won't run away."

"Naw, but I could call you when it starts to fall apart."

A discouraged counselor remarked to the court, "My poor client is little likely to get justice done her until the judgment-day."

"Well, counselor," said the judge, "If I have an opportunity I'll plead for the poor woman myself on that day."

"Your honor," replied the other, "will have troubles of your own upon that day."

CAPTAIN (receiving the new middy)—"Well, boy, the old story, I suppose—fool of the family sent to sea?"

Boy—"Oh, no, sir. That's all changed since your day."

At a club in Washington one evening a justice of the Supreme Court was introduced to a well known New York business man who is given to boasting of the large income he enjoys. With the apparent purpose of impressing those about him, the New Yorker remarked that, as nearly as he could tell, his income exceeded \$100,000. "I must make as much as that," said he. "Why, it costs me \$80,000 a year to live."

"Dear me," remarked the justice blandly. "Really, that's too much. I wouldn't pay it—it isn't worth it."

"I've changed my mind." "Well, does it work any better?"

REPORTERS

The proof-reader on a small Middle-Western daily was a woman of great precision and extreme propriety. One day a reporter succeeded in getting into type an item about "Willie

Brown, the boy who was burned in the West End by a live wire."

On the following day the reporter found on his desk a frigid note asking, "Which is the west end of a boy?"

It took only an instant to reply—"The end the son sets on, of course."

The cub reporter had formerly been a fire-insurance solicitor and when the city editor sent him to get the particulars of a prominent citizen's demise he handed in the following:

"Mr. J. Howard Smart, a well-known man about town, died of heart failure at his residence at nine o'clock last night. He leaves a wife and two children to mourn his loss—which is fully covered by insurance."

It was one of the best reporters in New York who, the other night, fell asleep and dreamed a dream. At its start it wasn't an unusual dream; in fact, it was that old dream that nearly every after-dinner speaker springs on you—the one about his dying and going to Heaven. But this dream, at any rate, had an ending all its own.

The reporter, then, dreamed he went to Heaven, and found it not unlike a modern city, except, of course, that it was an ideal city—in every respect but one. The guide assigned the visitor by St. Peter had, knowing the young man's business upon earth, naturally taken him to the local newspaper office, and when the reporter came again before St. Peter he seemed a bit depressed.

"Well," asked St. Peter, "how do you like the place?"

"Very much, as to most things," replied the reporter.

"Most things?" repeated St. Peter. "What's the matter with *some* things?"

"Oh, it's all fine," admitted the newspaper man, "excepting your newspaper. That's well printed and excellently illustrated, I admit, but, man alive, I never saw such poor work as you have in your columns of news! Why it's the most wretchedly gathered and worst written news I've ever cast my eyes over!"

St. Peter nodded sadly.

"Yes," he said, "that is true. The news is wretchedly gathered and worse written—but then, you see, we never get any good reporters up here."

William Allen White, the Kansas editor, in telling of the troubles of a city editor in drilling green reporters, was reminded of an amusing case that came within his own observation.

"There is one thing you must remember above everything else," said the city editor of a St. Louis paper to a new reporter, "and that is: tell in the first few lines what your story is about—in other words, give the substance at once. Then follow with a recital of the facts, and conclude with interviews with the people concerned. That is the only orderly way of writing your story."

The new man gave close attention to this lesson, the result of which was that he handed in that night a news item reading as follows:

"Rufus Jenkins, a carpenter, slipped and fell in Vine Street yesterday and sprained his ankle badly.

"Mr. Jenkins was walking along Vine Street when suddenly his feet slipped from under him and he fell, spraining one of his ankles.

"When seen by a reporter he said: 'I was walking along Vine Street, when in some way my feet slipped from under me, and I fell heavily to the sidewalk, spraining one of my ankles.'

"Mr. Frank Fuller said: 'I was walking behind Mr. Jenkins on Vine Street when I saw him slip and fall to the sidewalk. When I assisted him to rise he told me that he had sprained one of his ankles.'

"Dr. Thomas Rich, who attended Mr. Jenkins, said: 'Mr. Jenkins has a badly sprained ankle, due to a fall in Vine Street. He will be laid up for some time.'

"Mr. Jenkins could not attend last night's meeting of the Carpenters' Union. The president, in convening the meeting, expressed regret that Mr. Jenkins could not attend, as he had slipped and fallen in Vine Street, spraining one of his ankles."

Many years ago the late Sir John Macdonald, Premier of Canada, was present at a public dinner, at which he was expected to deliver a rather important speech. In the conviviality of the occasion he forgot the more serious duty of the evening, and when, at a late hour, he rose, his speech was by no means so luminous as it might have been. The reporter, knowing that it would not do to print his notes as they stood, called on Sir John

next day and told him that he was not quite sure of having secured an accurate report.

He was invited to read over his notes, but he had not got far when Sir John interrupted him with, "That is not what I said." There was a pause, and Sir John continued, "Let me repeat my remarks." He then walked up and down the room and delivered a most impressive speech in the hearing of the amused reporter, who took down every word as it fell from his lips. Having thanked Sir John for his courtesy, he was taking his leave, when he was recalled to receive this admonition:

"Young man, allow me to give you this word of advice: Never again attempt to report a public speaker when you are drunk."

W. R. Holt, the "galloping reporter" from London, described neatly, at the New York Press Club, the essentials of good reporting. "A good reporter," he said, "should be able to handle a man as an astronomer handles a telescope—that is, he should be able to draw him out, see thru him, and shut him up."

The Pulitzer Prize committee overlooked giving five hundred or a thousand dollars to the reportorial genius who wrote a piece about a windstorm in the Dunbar (W. Va.), *Advance* last week: "The principal effect of the storm in this city was the moving of a lot of débris from where it was to where it is."

COUNTRY POLICEMAN (at scene of murder)—"You can't come in here."

REPORTER—"But I've been sent to do the murder."

"Well, you're too late; the murder's been done."

RESOURCEFULNESS

✓ A British tar, home on leave and celebrating the occasion, had got himself into a dilemma. He had hired a taxi, only to discover when approaching his destination that he was penniless. He had dined and wined, not wisely, but too well. But the British navy is a training-school of resourcefulness. He caught up the speaking tube, shouted "Stop!" and jumped out. "I just want to pop into this tobacconist's and get some matches," he

explained to the driver. "I've dropt a pound note somewhere in the cab and can't find it in the dark." He entered the tobacconist's, and as he did so the cab and its driver vanished into the night, as he had anticipated.

"You have ten potatoes and have to divide them between three persons. What do you do?"

"Mash them."

✓ PENITENT—"I have stolen a fat goose from a poultry yard!"

PRIEST—"That is very wrong."

PENITENT—"Would you like to accept it, father?"

PRIEST—"Certainly I will not receive stolen goods—return it to the man from whom you stole it."

PENITENT—"But I have offered it to him and he won't have it."

PRIEST—"In that case you may keep it yourself."

PENITENT—"Thank you, father."

The priest arrived home to find one of his own geese stolen.

"What are you doing, Mabel?" asked mother when she saw Mabel sitting quietly in her chair.

"I can't find anybody to play 'hide the thimble' with, so I'm hiding it myself, and waiting until I forget where I hid it," answered Mabel.

JUDGE—"You are accused of breaking open a charity box. What have you to say?"

ACCUSED—"I didn't think I was doing wrong. I was passing by the box and noticed a sign on it 'For the Poor.' Since I am poor, I helped myself to the contents."

WIFE—"My dear, you've forgotten again that today is my birthday."

HUSBAND—"Er—listen, love, I know I forgot it, but there isn't a thing about you to remind me that you are a day older than you were a year ago."

"The world is round, isn't it?"

"Right-o."

"Then if I wanted to go east, I could eventually get there by going west."

"What are you, a taxi driver?"

"Mama, Tige's begging. Must I give him a piece of my cookie?"

"Of course you must——"

"Well, I haven't any cookie!"

OFFICIAL—"No, I can't find you a job. I have so many people here after jobs that I can't even remember their names."

APPLICANT—"Couldn't you give me the job of keeping a record of them?"

REST

MRS. CUSH—"Dr. Dunne-Brown orders me not to lift a finger or do a single thing unless I feel like it. I am to rest absolutely."

MRS. MUSH—"That's the kind of doctor to have. I wish you would give me his address."

MRS. TALKALOT—"Well, what did the doctor say?"

MR. TALKALOT—"He told me I needed a rest and to keep away from work for a month."

MRS. TALKALOT—"Ridiculous!"

MR. TALKALOT—"I know. I told him that was the only rest I had."

DOCTOR—"Madam, your husband must have absolute rest."

MADAM—"Well, doctor, he won't listen to me—"

DOCTOR—"A very good beginning, madam; a very good beginning."

ACQUAINTANCE—"You are certainly kind to send your wife away for a rest."

HENPECK—"Yes, heaven knows I need it."

RETALIATION

"Suppose, Bobbie, that another boy were to strike you on the right cheek, what would you do?"

"Give him the other cheek to strike," answered the boy.

"That's right," said the teacher.

"Yes, and if he struck that I'd paralyze him."

FIRST LAWYER—"I got even with that fellow who black-balled me at the club."

SECOND LAWYER—"How?"

FIRST—"His wife came to see me about divorcing him, and I praised him up so highly she's decided to stick to him."

FRIEND—"Why didn't you retaliate when that fellow handed you one on the jaw?"

EDITOR—"I didn't know him, and it is our rule here to pay no attention to anonymous contributors."

CHURCH USHER (confidentially)—"That woman I just seated is Mrs. Stuckup. She had me sent around to the back-door when I called one day on a business errand. Made me transact the business thru a servant, too. But I've got even with her."

FRIEND—"You have given her one of the best pews in the church."

USHER—"Wait half an hour. She's right where a stained-glass window will throw a red light on her nose."

"I gave that man fifty cents for saving my life."

"What did he do?"

"Gave me back twenty cents change."

Tony Puglesea was drafted and sent overseas. One day, because of his awkwardness, he was being kidded by his lieutenant.

"What did you do before you joined up?" asked the officer.

"I playa da music, and da monk, he collecta da mon."

"Why did you join the Army then?"

"I no join. I was drafta."

"And what became of your monkey?"

"Oh, dey make a lieutenant out of him."

RETRACTION

"Half the City Council Are Crooks" was the glaring headline.

A retraction in full was demanded of the editor under penalty of arrest.

Next afternoon the headline read, "Half the City Council Aren't Crooks."

When Lord Cranbrook taunted Mr. Mill with saying that that Tories were the "stupid party," Mr. Mill at once rejoined:

"The honourable member misunderstands me. I never said that every Tory was stupid—what I said was, that if a man was stupid he was sure to be a Tory."

Senator Murphy Foster, at a dinner in Washington, said of a certain retraction: "It was a retraction without value. It recalls the Nola Chucky scandal. Dean Washington, in the heat of a revival, shouted from the Nola Chucky chapel: 'I see befo' me ten chicken thieves, includin' that thar Calhoun Clay.' Calhoun Clay at once rose and left the church. He was very angry. He brought several powerful influences to bear and the deacon promised to apologize. So at the following revival the old man said: 'I desire to retract mah last night's remark, namely, 'I see befo' me ten chicken thieves, includin' Calhoun Clay.' What I should have said, dear brethren and sistern, was, 'I see befo' me nine chicken thieves, not includin' Calhoun Clay.'"

REVENGE

Two young bootblacks who have stands close together quarreled the other day. "I'll get even with that guy yet," vowed the smaller.

"Goin' to fight him, are yer, Jimmy?"

"Naw. When he gets troo polishin' a gent I'm goin' ter say ter that gent soon's he steps off the chair: 'Shine, sir, shine?'"

During the South African war, letters sent home by British soldiers had to pass thru the hands of a censor. A certain private had sent four or five letters home, and portions had been obliterated by the censor and were therefore illegible on their

arrival at their destination. He decided to even accounts with the censor, and at the foot of the next letter he wrote: "Please look under the stamp."

At the censor's office the letter was opened and read as usual. The officer in charge spent some time in steaming the stamp from the envelope, but his feelings can be better imagined than described when he read: "Was it hard to get off?"

Two casual golf acquaintances were walking toward the green when they sighted two women coming over a hill.

"I say," remarked one of the men, "here comes my wife with some old hag she's picked up somewhere."

"And here comes mine with another," retorted the other, icily.

REVOLUTION

William Montgomery Brown, former Episcopal bishop, said he had friends in both heaven and hell and didn't care to which place he went. He added, according to newspaper accounts:

"If I go down below just because I decided that I had a right to use my brains, I am going to have a fine time. As soon as I get to hell, I will start a revolution there.

"I will get Ingersoll, Payne, Washington and Jefferson and all the college professors and editors who have gone before me, and we will start something. We will put out the fires and start the trees growing and make a real place out of it."

RIDDLES

"How many legs will a sheep have if you call the tail a leg?" asked President Lincoln of some friends one day.

"Five," they all answered.

"You are mistaken," said Lincoln, "for calling a tail a leg won't make it one."

"Pa, what's the difference between a hill and a pill?"

"I don't know, my son, unless it's that a hill is high and a pill is round—is that it?"

"Naw! A hill is hard to get up and a pill is hard to get down."

SALARY

CLERK—"Sir, I'd like my salary raised."

BOSS—"Well, don't worry. I've raised it somehow every week so far, haven't I?"

SALESMEN

FIRST SALESMAN—"I'm pretty independent."

SECOND SALESMAN—"Why?"

FIRST—"Because I take orders from no one."

In response to my enquiry as to whether she carried such a thing in stock, the young woman in charge of one of New York's "health food" establishments produced samples of three cereal substitutes for coffee. I examined them casually and asked her which was best. She did not know, she said—"They're all about the same, I guess." "Which do you use?" I asked. "Me? I drink cawfee," was her answer. "My Gawd, mister, if I didn't have a cuppa cawfee first thing after I get up, I'd die."

LADY (in a pet store)—"I like this dog, but his legs are too short."

SALESMAN—"Too short! Why, madam, they all four reach the floor."

MR. SAPLEIGH—"What's the difference between this new model and last year's car?"

EFFICIENT SALESMAN—"Well, the automatic cigar lighter is an inch nearer the steering wheel."

SALESMAN (showing customer some sports stockings)—
"Just the thing for you. Worth double the money. Latest pattern, fast colors, holeproof, won't shrink, and it's a good yarn."

CUSTOMER (politely)—"Very well told, too."

SAM—"Could you tell me, kind sir, how I can get green paint off my hands?"

SALESMAN—"Have you tried selling it at a reduced rate?"

"The dealer made you pay more than this picture is worth," commented the artist.

"I know it," answered Mr. Cumrox. "I'm selling him a piece of property, and I want to convey the impression that I am guileless and easy."

CUSTOMER—"To what do you owe your extraordinary success as a house-to-house salesman?"

SALESMAN—"To the first five words I utter when a woman opens the door: 'Miss, is your mother in?'"

JUGGS—"What can you honestly say for your product?"

WUGGS—"I wish t'ell somebody would buy it."

SUAVE AUTO SALESMAN—"It runs so smoothly you can't feel it, so quietly you can't hear it, has such perfect ignition you can't smell it, and as for speed—you can't see it."

LONDONER—"My word! How do you know the bally thing is there?"

"Are you sure these field glasses are high powered?"

"Madam, when you use these glasses anything less than ten miles away seems to be behind you."

SALESMAN—"This is our companionate piano."

CUSTOMER—"Companionate?"

SALESMAN—"Sure, you try it two months and if you don't like it, don't keep it—provided there are no children."

As the boy who tended the newstand was absorbed in reading a book, I hunted around until I found the magazine I wanted and then approached him. When I spoke to him he did not raise his eyes from the page but held out his hand for the coin and dropped it automatically into the till. I said:

"Where's the change?"

"What did you get?" he replied, still without looking up. I told him.

"How much is it?" he asked.

I said I did not know.

"Can't you read it on the cover?" he inquired crossly.

Thus admonished I searched the cover until I found the price mark tucked away in the hair of the pretty girl picture. When I told the newsdealer he tossed the change over the counter. One of the coins rolled on the floor, but I recovered it while the boy read on.

Curious to learn the nature of the book he was reading I glanced over his shoulder at the title.

It was called "The Science and Art of Salesmanship."

SAVING

OLD HARDHEAD—"I saved a lot of money today."

HIS WIFE—"That's fine. How did you do it?"

OLD HARDHEAD—"Instead of suing a man for what he owed me, I let him have it."

Cohen had traded his clothing business in a small western mining town for a horse and buggy and \$500 in cash. As he and his daughter Rebecca were driving back to civilization across the desert a bandit rode up and commanded them to halt. After he had searched the frightened couple thoroly he rode away, leading the horse and buggy, and leaving the trembling Mr. Cohen and his daughter alone in the desert.

When the bandit had disappeared in the distance, Mr. Cohen began to trudge back toward town, wailing, "Ach, Rebecca, I'm a ruined man!"

"Oh, no you ain'd, poppa," answered Rebecca calmly.

"Vat! I lostened my horse. I lostened my buggy. I lostened my \$500. And now she tells me I ain'd a ruined man!"

"Yez, but poppa, I savened de \$500."

"You savened de \$500! Vere, Rebecca, vere?"

"I put it in my mouth and hid it, poppa, and here it is."

The old Jew took the money, counted it over, then looked up at his daughter and said, "Ah, Rebecca, ain'd it a shame de old leddy vasn't along. Ve could haf saved de horse and buggy."

See also Economy, Thrift.

SCENERY

"Less than two years ago," said the professional booster, with a wide sweep of his arms to include a new outlying area of his city, "this was all farm land." "Is that so?" said the visitor, who was somewhat artistic, and had a sense of beauty, as he looked over the shacks, pools of stagnant water, abandoned automobiles, and so on. "Is that so? That's too bad."

Canada is justifiably protesting against the highhanded theft of its scenery. Motion-pictures filmed in British Columbia are labeled as Alpine scenery in Switzerland—greatly to the advantage of the Swiss region, which, Canadians say, cannot compare with the American in ruggedness and grandeur.

No law exists to stop the forcible seizure and exportation of picturized scenery, but the injured party can retaliate. Switzerland is not protected, either. Canada might put out some pictures of the loftiest Alps and label them, "Foothills of the Canadian Rockies."

SCHOOL

"Tommy," said the teacher, "I wish you wouldn't come to school with such dirty hands. What would you say if I came to school with dirt and ink all over my fingers?"

"I wouldn't say anything," answered the child, promptly. "I'd be too polite."

TEACHER—"Mabel, who was it that supported the world on his shoulders, according to the ancients?"

MABEL—"It was Atlas."

TEACHER—"Correct. Now how was Atlas supported?"

MABEL—"He must have married a rich woman."

TEACHER—"Why, Willie! Such dirty hands! Who brought you up?"

WILLIE—"De coal man, in his wagon, ma'am."

TEACHER—"What is an octopus?"

SMALL BOY—"It's an eight-sided cat."

A certain rather irritable superintendent, visiting a school, was worried by the noise of the scholars in the next room. At length, unable to bear the uproar any longer, he opened the door and burst upon the class.

Seeing one girl taller than the others talking a great deal, he caught her by the arm, hustled her to the next room, and pushed her in a chair, saying, "Now sit there and be quiet!"

Ten minutes later a small head appeared round the door and a meek little voice said: "Please, sir, you've got our teacher!"

TEACHER—"John, who was the greatest man in the world?"

JOHN—"Mamma's first husband."

INDIGNANT PROFESSOR (to student)—"Well, if you're not sure of some points, ask me questions on the subject."

STUDENT—"But I don't know enough about it to ask questions."

TEACHER—"Do you know, Johnnie, where shingles were first used?"

JOHNNIE (modestly)—"I'd rather not tell."

PHYSICS PROFESSOR—"Can anyone in the class tell me what Benjamin Franklin got when he went out in a thunderstorm and flew his kite?"

SMART STUDENT—"Yes. Rheumatism."

"Now, can any one tell me what a myth is?" asked the teacher.

A solitary hand was raised, and a voice exclaimed:

"Please, miss, it's a female moth."

A certain school-teacher had a great deal of trouble in making a boy understand his lesson and when he finally succeeded he drew a long breath and said, "Well, if it wasn't for me you'd be the biggest donkey in the state."

The class in natural history being asked to state the difference between a dog and a tree, the head boy promptly gave this answer:

"A tree is covered with bark, while a dog seems to be lined with it."

There was an addition to the teacher's class and the new pupil was somewhat ragged.

"Now," began the teacher, "let me see what you know. Tell me why did Hannibal cross the Alps?"

The new boy grinned at his neighbor.

"For the same reason that the hen crossed the road. You don't catch me with no puzzles," he said.

TEACHER—"Johnny, what is a hypocrite?"

JOHNNY—"A boy wot comes t' school wid a smile on his face."

TEACHER—"What is Boston noted for?"

JOHNNY—"Boots and shoes."

TEACHER—"Correct. And Chicago?"

JOHNNY—"Shoots and booze."

The teacher was giving the class a natural history lesson on Australia.

"There is one animal," she said, "that none of you has mentioned. It does not stand upon its legs all the time. It does not walk like other animals, but takes funny little skips. Can any one tell what it is?"

"Charlie Chaplin!" called out one of the pupils.

SCIENCE

One thing the discovery of the North Pole proved is that there's no one sitting on top of the world.

A primrose by the river's brim a *Cordllinoral dicotyledonous exogen* was to him, and it was nothing more.

A scientist declares that many animals laugh. They could hardly help it if they observed people closely.

A scientist says it is the lower part of the face, not the eyes, that gives away one's thots. Especially when one opens the lower part of the face.

Professor Einstein announces that up to now he has been unsuccessful in reconciling the Quantum theory with the Relativity theory. All of us will therefore have to be content with perfectly understanding each theory separately, as we now do.

A British scientist predicts that, in time to come, men will be born toothless. We thot, in our ignorance, that they usually were born that way.

Maybe somebody could persuade those British scientists, after they have finally determined just what diseases Shakespeare had, to inoculate some modern authors with them.

A bee can rise with three times its own weight, says an insectologist. Yes, and sit down with about 300 times its own weight.

Somebody asked a college professor how science helped business, and he replied, "What would the suspender business amount to without the law of gravitation?"

Scientists have discovered that germs always work in groups. This explains why we have never seen a measles knocking about on its own.

SCOTCH, THE

DEAR JOCK:

I have arrived safely. This is a great city. Every time you go into a tea-shop you find twopence under your plate.

Yours truly,

DONALD MCTAVISH.

It's a sure sign of summer when a Scotchman throws his Christmas tree away.

"Heid! He has nae heid. The Lord has put a knot on the end o' him to keep him from ravellin'."

"O Lord, gie me the grace to pray for the right thing, for ye ken what I am when ma mind's made up."

A Scotchman wrote to a friend "Why don't you write? You can fill your pen at the bank."

The Raspberry Quartette will now sing that famous Scotch song entitled, "For two cents I would throw this penny away."

A Scotchman, intending to put in a long-distance telephone call, tried to make arrangements for Floyd Gibbons to do the talking for him.

Then there was the Scotchman who needed money so badly he drew some out of the bank.

B. Walker tells of the Scot's wife whose doctor told her she needed salt air. She woke up next morning, and her husband was fanning her with a herring.

DONALD (to wife at English railway station)—"Wha! Ye canna get a porter tae tak oor luggage?"

WIFE—"Na, no. Ye try, Donal', ye're accent's no' quite sae noticeable."

The story of the Scot, bent on taking his wife to "the pictures," who scanned the posters outside all the cinemas in the town and finally decided to patronize the show that announced "The Woman Pays," is very familiar. Not so familiar is the tale of the days preceding his marriage, when he was discussing with his sweetheart their plans for the future. "Which church shall we get married at, dearest?" she asked; and Donald answered: "Weel, I like the look o' the kirk wi' 'United Free' outside!"

A Scotsman, having inquired of a taxi-cab driver the fare to a certain place, offered to toss for double or quits, to which the driver agreed. "Heads!" called the Scotsman. "It's tails," said the driver. "Just ma luck!" said the Scotsman. "Noo I shall hae tae walk."

An Aberdonian told a friend of his intention to pay a visit to London. His friend told him that it was very lucky to throw a halfpenny out of the carriage as he crossed the bridges on the way south. On his return home he was asked how he got on. "Weel enough," was his reply. "I got on fine crossin' the Dee and managed a' richt at the Tay Bridge, but when I came to the Forth Bridge, the string got mixed up with the girders and I lost my ha'penny."

Graham Moffatt, in his book, *The Pawky Scot*, relates an anecdote on religion and thrift: "A Canadian farmer of Scottish extraction kept up the religious traditions of his race by reading each morning to his family and his field workers a consecutive chapter of the Bible. One fine day in the harvesting season, when time was precious, he struck the sixth chapter of I Chronicles, which consists of eighty-one verses of genealogical names. He droned on till he came to 'And Shallum begat Hilkiah; and Hilkiah begat Azariah, and Azariah begat Seraiah, and Seraiah begat Johozadak.' There he paused and looked over the leaf. 'Well, my friends,' he said, 'they begat ane anither richt doon to the end o' the page, and a lang way ower on the ither side, so we'll jist leave them to it. Off wi' ye to yer wark!'"

Have you heard the one about the Scotchman who was given a pair of spats and then went out and had them half-soled?

A Scotch professional golfer, after fourteen years of retirement, has resumed the game. Evidently he found his ball.

It was a thrilling story that McGregor had to tell.

"I had abandoned all hope," he said. "As I sunk for the third time my past life seemed to rise before me in a series of grim, realistic pictures."

A murmur of sympathy rolled from the lips of listening friends; but just as McGregor was preparing to resume, McTavish interrupted him sharply and hopefully.

"And did you happen to notice," he asked, "a picture of me lending you a fiver in the autumn of 1919?"

A Scot whose name was MacIntosh, and who was proud of the fact that he was directly descended from the chief of the clan, was having a dispute over the fare he owed to a taxi driver.

The man with the meter talked loud and harshly, and it angered the Highlander.

"Do you know who I am?" he demanded, proudly drawing himself up to his full height. "I'm a MacIntosh."

The taxi driver snorted.

"I don't care if you're an umbrella," he said. "I'll have my rights."

WEDDING GUEST—"This is your fourth daughter to get married, isn't it?"

MAC TIGHT—"Ay; and our confetti's gettin' awfu' gritty."

A hotel manager going along a corridor saw a kneeling boot-black cleaning a pair of shoes outside the bedroom door.

"Haven't I told you never to clean shoes in the corridor, but to take them downstairs?"

"Yes, sir; but the man in this room is a Scotchman and he is hanging on to the shoe laces."

The Scotch are a very inventive race. They have found a new use for wornout razor blades—they shave with them.*

A Scotch woman was dying in Dunfermline. She expressed the wish that her body be carried back to Ecclefechan, where she hailed from, because she felt that she could "not lie quiet in a grave in Dunfermline."

Of course, her husband could do nothing but acquiesce, and assured her "nae matter what the cost will be, if ye canna lie quiet in your grave in Dunfermline, we will take ye back to Ecclefechan, but I think we will try ye first in Dunfermline."

✓ A Scotsman, invited to a golden wedding, was told that each guest would be expected to take a golden present.

He took a goldfish.

An old Scotchman, David Gordon, was seriously ill, with scant hope for recovery. He had been wheedled into making a will by relatives, and these were now gathered about his bedside watching him laboriously sign it. He got as far as D-A-V-I—then fell back exhausted.

"D, Uncle David, D," exhorted a nephew.

"Dee!" ejaculated the old Scot feebly, but with indignation. "I'll dee when I'm ready, ye avaricious wretch!"

The transatlantic flyer heard a rattle, which indicated that some nuts and bolts were shaking loose. A few minutes later he crossed over the border of Scotland and everything tightened up.

Darkness was falling over the picturesque Scottish highlands, and the three girls who were enjoying the view from the top of the creaking stage-coach began to shiver in the evening breeze.

"I say!" called the driver to the passengers below, "is there a Mackintosh down there big enough to keep three young ladies warm?"

"No," came an eager voice from a head poked out of the window, "but there's a big MacPherson doon here that's willin' to try!"

SEASICKNESS

"What did the seasick man say when you asked him if you could bring him anything else?"

"He said, 'Bring me an island!'"

"Ah, you have no idea what seasickness is, Katherine. If you had it, and any one came and wanted to kill you, you would offer to make him your sole heir!"

The cruising college sailing from New York next October will be on the high seas for the greater part of eight months. One can hear some of the less rugged scholars even now feebly piping: "Steward, I don't feel well enough for the whole economics course; just serve me one page of Greek and an orange in my stateroom, please."

Rastus, on his first voyage, was feeling the pangs of seasickness.

"Ho, ho!" taunted his companions. "You are a land lubbah, fo' sho'."

"Right, boy," said Rastus weakly. "And I jes' finding out how much I really lubs it."

SEASONS

The bathers and the boatmen fly,
 The golfers and the blimps depart;
 The fox hunt fills the news-reel eye
 And soon the ski-jump views will start.

SECRETS

MRS. TELLER—"I want to tell you something rich about that Mrs. Nayber; but you mustn't tell it because it was told to me in absolute confidence."

MRS. ASKER—"But why do you tell me if it is confidential?"

MRS. TELLER—"I want somebody to help me keep the secret."

A man recently purchased a mare and a few days later discovered that she was blind. Going to the horse dealer he declared angrily: "She's stone blind!"

"I know that she is," was the ready response.

"But you never told me a word about it."

"Well, you see," explained the dealer, "it was rather a delicate matter.

"The man from whom I bought her didn't tell me anything about it, so I naturally concluded that he didn't want it known."

MASTER OF THE HOUSE—"Why did you tell the mistress what time I came in this morning, after I expressly paid you and told you not to?"

THE COOK—"Sure, sir, an' Oi didn't tell her. She asked me what time you got in, an' Oi tould her Oi was so busy getting the breakfast that Oi didn't look at the clock."

SERMONS

Ted McCullem, well known magazine writer, sat in the fourth row of his church one Sunday morning, intensely interested in the pastor's sermon.

"Let us then," said the minister, "break the bonds of custom and throw off the shackles of self, and acknowledge our debt to life's fundamental lessons. Let us deduct from the year's balance-sheet those obligations which we are morally bound to assume."

At this point McCullem suddenly chuckled and slapped his leg with considerable force. After the sermon the minister greeted him and said: "You seemed greatly pleased with one section of the sermon."

"Yes," replied McCullem. "What you said reminds me to make certain claims on next March's income tax blank."

A truly eloquent parson in the South had been preaching for an hour or so on the immortality of the soul.

"I looked at the mountains," he declaimed, "and could not help thinking 'Beautiful as you are, you will be destroyed, while my soul will not.' I gazed upon the ocean and cried 'Mighty as you are, you will eventually dry up, but not I!'"

It was not long after the reconstruction period began that an old Southern planter met one of his negroes, whom he had not seen since the latter's liberation.

"Sure enough," said the planter with a pleased smile, "this is Uncle Eben. What are you doing now, uncle?"

"Ise a-preachin' de gospel, Marse William," ventured the negro with a satisfied smile.

"What! You preaching? Well, well! Do you use notes?"

"Nossuh. Ah did use notes at fust, but now Ah demands de cash."

A vain clergyman asked an old man how he had enjoyed his sermon.

"I liked one passage at the end very much," said the old man.

"Which was that?" asked the clergyman.

"The one from the pulpit to the vestry," said the old man.

"The shortest and most pointed sermon that I ever heard of," a subscriber says, "was delivered at the funeral of a colored man who was not all that he should have been. It was this: 'We all hopes that Brudder E.ph'm is whar we thinks he ain't.'"

SERVANTS

MISTRESS (to new servant)—“Remember, Jane, we like to be served at table with alacrity.”

JANE—“Yessum, and when will you have it—after the soup?”

MRS. SMITH-SMYTHE (to new maid)—“Regarding your evenings out, I’m willing to meet you halfway.”

MAID—“Oh, that’s all right. I don’t mind coming home in the dark.”

A boarding-house servant left to get married, and her sister, a big strapping girl of 17, fresh from the country, came as a “temporary” in her place.

LANDLADY—“Do you think you will be able to attend to the gentlemen all right?”

GIRL—“Oh, yes. At home I helped my mother to look after 143 cows and 107 pigs!”

“You say you are a servant of the people?”

“Yes,” answered Senator Sorghum; “and, what’s more, I’m one of the few servants who are not ready to jump out at a moment’s notice and look for another job.”

LADY, to prospective maid—“If I engage you, what do you wish to be called?”

MAID—“Well, I was christened Gwendoline Gladys—but I’m called ‘Gladdums’ by me friends.”

PROSPECTIVE COOK (to mistress)—“An’ ’ow many days o’ the week will yer be wantin’ meals?”

DOMESTIC—“I hear that you need a cook?”

MISTRESS—“Thank you, but I have just hired one.”

DOMESTIC—“Very well, I’ll call again tomorrow.”

MISTRESS (looking for a servant)—“Are you a good all-round girl?”

APPLICANT—“Sure, mum, it’s all round the town Oi’ve been in the last three months.”

SHOES

A clerk in a shoe store was trying to persuade his customer that a certain pair of uncomfortable shoes fitted him.

"Those shoes are too narrow and too pointed," said the customer.

"Oh," said the salesman, "but they are wearing narrow, pointed shoes this season."

"That may be," answered the suffering gentleman, "but unfortunately, I am still wearing my last season's feet."

OLD LADY—"You can't be so poor, my good man, if you wear spats."

TRAMP—"Ma'am, these are suede boots with the bottoms worn off."

CUSTOMER IN SHOE STORE—"This shoe pinches my joint."

SALESMAN—"Sorry, madam, but all the joints in town are pinched."

SALESMAN—"Yes, Mrs. Hay, these are our best shoes. They are our 'De Luxe' model."

MRS. HAY—"Yes, de looks may be all right, but you know I want 'em to wear."

"Why is it that you never ask your lady customers what size they wear when they come in for new shoes?" asked the Friend.

"Well," replied the Shoe Dealer, "It is a lot easier to measure their feet than to argue with them."

MRS. SPRIGGS—"Do you need any shoes?"

MRS. BRIGGS—"No."

MRS. SPRIGGS—"Neither do I. Let's go into this shoe store and rest while they try some on us."

"I want a pair of shoes for this little girl," said the mother.

"Yes, ma'am," answered the shoe clerk. "French kid?"

"Well I guess not," was the irate answer. "She is my own child born right here in Chicago."

SHOE SALESMAN—"What size do you take, madam?"

CUSTOMER—"Well, fives are my size, but five-and-a-halves are so comfortable that I wear sixes."

SHOPPING

MANAGER (5 and 10 cent store)—"What did the lady who just went out want?"

SHOP GIRL—"She asked if we had a shoe department."

"Baby carriages? Yes, sir! We have just received a new lot—silk-lined, silver trim, genuine leather hoods, running-gear, nickel-plated, hand-made basket-work bodies—for \$98 only. Your first child, I presume?"

"No—fifth."

"Oh! You'll find a good, serviceable go-cart in the basement—special at \$2.49."

MR.—"Why isn't dinner ready?"

MRS.—"Oh, I've been down-town bargain hunting all afternoon, and I just couldn't get home in time."

MR.—"Huh! Looking for something for nothing, I suppose?"

MRS.—"Yes, indeed. Trying to get you a birthday present!"

"I went into Macy's last summer to get my wife a shirt-waist. She wanted something extremely thin. So I said to the floor-walker, 'Will you show me the thinnest thing you've got in a shirt-waist?'"

"He said, 'I would, but she's just gone to lunch.'"

MODERN SHOPPER—"Have you anything snappy in rubber bands?"

ASSISTANT—"No; but we have something catchy in fly-paper."

"I'm sorry I can't suit you in dress goods."

"Well, the fact is," said the lady, "that what I really want to buy is a refrigerator."

She was one of those women who want to see everything there is in the store. Isaacstein, the obsequious and the obliging hosiery clerk, had got down everything in sight. After the

counters had been strewn with hose and hose of every size, shape and color—box on box, dozens on dozens—he waved his arm around and said:

"Leddy, there iz our stock."

"Is that all you have?" said the woman, her voice showing disappointment.

Isaacstein paused.

"Yez, leddy," he replied patiently, "exceptening the pair I got on."

The sweet young thing had been unable to buy the article she wanted, but in each case the clerk had assured her that "next time" it would assuredly be in stock. One day she called at the store to find a new clerk on the job. "Do you have spats yet?" she inquired. The clerk blushed. "No, ma'am," he stammered; "I'm not living with my wife now."

"Is this the hosiery department?" said the voice over the phone.

"Yes," replied the weary saleslady.

"Have you any flesh-colored stockings in stock?" asked the voice.

"Yes," replied the weary saleslady. "Whaddy ya want—pink, yellow or black?"

DRY GOODS CLERK—"We are selling these goods at 98 cents, madam, but they won't last more than a day or two."

CUSTOMER—"They won't? I wonder you have the cheek to offer them to anybody."

Mrs. Bascom was buying some lard at the meat counter. Her little boy was outside waiting for her. A neighbor lady came by and asked the boy:

"Where's your maw?"

"She's in th' store gettin' fat."

"Pa," asked little Thomas Glipping, "What's a counter-irritant?"

"A counter-irritant?" said Mr. Glipping, who was reading his paper. "I guess that must be a woman who shops all day and doesn't buy anything."

LADY—"Yes, they are very nice gooseberries, but aren't they dirty?"

STREET VENDER—"Dirty? Think I can wash 'em and part their 'air in the middle for tuppence a pound in these times?"

"I want to get two pounds of tripe," said the lady, entering the shop.

"Sorry, ma'am," replied the keeper, "but we haven't any tripe today."

"No tripe? Why, it's in season."

"No, ma'am, there's no tripe being shot just now."

"No tripe being shot! Why, what are you talking about?"

"I—I should say, ma'am, that the Fisheries Commission won't allow tripe to be caught now."

"Are you crazy, man? I don't want fish! I want tripe!"

"Well, what in thunder is tripe, ma'am?"

"Why—why, I don't know just what it is; but if you haven't got any I'll try some other place."

"I want some collars for my husband," said Mrs. Golde, "but I am afraid I have forgotten the size."

"Thirteen and a half, ma'am?" suggested the shop assistant.

"That's it. How did you know?"

"Men who let their wives buy their collars for them are always about that size, ma'am," explained the observant salesman.

In a Federal street drug store a dusky belle approached a salesman and asked:

"Does you sell Mary Garden puffume heah?"

"Yes, we do," the clerk replied.

"How much is it?"

"Two dollars and fifty cents an ounce."

"What is the least you sell?"

"One dram."

"How much is that?"

"Forty cents."

"And is that the very, very least you sell?"

"It is."

"Well, den, I'll take jest half dat amount."

MRS. ASTA, on Christmas eve—"Ah, Mrs. Gazonda, I am surprised that you are buying so many things on Christmas eve. Why didn't you do your Christmas shopping early?"

MRS. GAZONDA—"That's just what I am doing. I'm shopping for next Christmas now."

LADY—"Have you anything in the shape of washboards?"

CLERK—"Nothing but spare ribs, madam."

CUSTOMER—"I want a pair of silk stockings for my wife."

SALESGIRL—"Sheer?"

CUSTOMER—"My good girl, if she was here I'd let her buy them herself."

A woman went into the glove department of a large store and asked for a pair of men's gauntlets. When shown a pair priced two dollars she said: "Oh, no; I want a good pair. They're for my fiancee." She left with a pair costing \$15. About half an hour later another woman entered the store and asked for a pair of men's gloves. The bright salesman produced a \$15 pair. "What! Fifteen dollars?" ejaculated the prospective purchaser. "No, no. I want something about a dollar and a half; they're for my husband."

"Is yo' got enny haih fo' sale, boss?"

"Any what, aunty?"

"Haih, boss?"

"Hair?"

"Yassuh; haih lak yo' got on yo' haid."

"Oh, hair?"

"Yessuh, haih."

"Why, no, aunty; this is a dry-goods store, not a hair store."

"Dat's what I 'lowed, boss; but missus tole me to com yeah an' get free yahds mo' haih lak' she done got yistiddy!"

"Oh, you mean mohair?"

"Yessuh, mo' haih."

The much annoyed customer departed and the saleswoman approached another customer and began to tell how disagreeable

the first had been, and then assuming an air of superiority remarked:

"But I kept perfectly calm, remembering that self-possession was nine points of the law."

All in all, this is an age of remarkable talent. We quote: "The shoplifter made his way thru a crowd of women shoppers and escaped." When they get around to making the final All-America football list, they ought to remember the unique performance of this bird.

EMPLOYEE—"Sir, can you let me off to-morrow afternoon to go Christmas shopping with my wife?"

EMPLOYER—"Certainly not! We are too busy!"

EMPLOYEE (much relieved)—"Thank you, sir, you are very kind!"

THOTFUL CHILD (with memories of recent shopping expedition)—"Did you get me in a bargain basement, mummy?"

MOTHER—"Whatever do you mean, darling?"

CHILD—"Well—my fingers are all different sizes."

SHREWDNESS

"A leader of men," said Hi Ho, the sage of Chinatown, "is one who sees which way the crowd is going, and steps in ahead."

"Those whom we are pleased to look down upon as 'under-witted,'" says *Railway and Locomotive Engineering*, "are frequently very much better equipped with native shrewdness than we realize. In a Scottish village lived Jamie Fleeman, who was known as the 'innocent,' or fool, of the neighborhood. People used to offer him a sixpence or a penny, and the fool would always choose the big coin of small value. One day a stranger asked, 'Do you not know the difference in value that you always take the penny?'

"'Aye, frin', I ken the difference,' replied the fool, 'but if I took the sixpence they would never try me again.'"

SIGNS

"That town of Los Angeles is worse than Zion City."

"Howzat?"

"Why, on every downtown corner they have signs, 'Keep to the Right.'"

JUDGE—"With what instrument or article did your wife inflict these wounds on your face and head?"

MICKEY—"Wid a motty, yer 'anner."

JUDGE—"A what?"

MICKEY—"A motty—wan o' thim frames wid 'God Bliss our Home' in it."

Club-car forward with comfortable lounge for those desiring to smoke. Observation-car in the rear for ladies and gentlemen. —*Card in a Pullman smoking-room between Los Angeles and San Francisco.*

Jewelry worth several hundreds of pounds was stolen from the window of a jeweler's shop at Southampton on Thursday night. In the window was a notice reading: "Goods must be cleared."

An Italian who kept a fruit-stand was much annoyed by possible customers who made a practice of handling the fruit and pinching it, thereby leaving it softened and often spoiled. Exasperated beyond endurance, he finally put up a sign which read: "If you must pincha da fruit—pincha da cocconut!"

Notice in a coal mine near Pendlebury, England:

"Visitors are requested not to fall down the pit, as there are workmen at the bottom."

It is in the cemetery at South Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, by the way, that the sign appears: "Persons are prohibited from picking flowers from any but their own graves."

Sign on a Japanese bakery wagon in Yokohama:
 "Tommy Tokoyama, Biggest Loafer in Town."

THE BANK SERVES NO SOUP.
 WE CASH NO CHECKS.

—*Sign In An Allentown Restaurant*

A junk shop near a railroad crossing in Denver carries a sign with this hint to motorists: "Go ahead; take a chance. We'll buy the car."

Sign on window of sporting goods store not a million miles from Nashville:

WE SELL EVERYTHING A
 GOLFER USES EXCEPT
 PROFANITY,
 AND IF YOU USE OUR
 GOODS YOU WON'T NEED THAT

RESTAURANT
 Oil, Gasoline, and Strawberries

—*Sign on a Quebec highway*

Sign in a New York factory: "Wanted—Woman to sew buttons on the fourth floor."

It was in the days of little itinerant circuses. In a certain family the husband and wife each owned a traveling exhibit. One day they met in a country town, and the husband put up placards everywhere which read as follows: "Due to a chance meeting with my wife, my menagerie has been considerably increased."

A correspondent assures us that the following notice has been posted around about an electric station in Donegal: "Beware—To touch these wires is instant death. Any one found doing so will be prosecuted."

SINGING

Two little English girls, says an exchange from across the water, had learned the hymn "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night." They sang it lustily, but the words had undergone modification more nearly in alliance with their own experience. In their version the line ran, "While shepherds washed their frocks by night."

It was solemnly averred not long ago that a Harrogate congregation who had met to discuss the House of Lords and the Education Bill opened the proceedings singing "Who is on the Lord's side?"

"I hear that you have given up singing to the prisoners?"
"Yes. They complained that it wasn't in the penal code."

A recent survey shows that only about 18 per cent of the farm homes of the United States have bathrooms. That being true, it is not much wonder that the country has not produced a really great tenor.

From canary breeders we learn that a bird may be taught to sing by placing a basin of water in its cage. A cake of soap and a bath towel would undoubtedly make the temptation irresistible.

A would-be grand opera singer asked a German music professor to hear her. He played her accompaniment and listened to her for a few minutes, but she sang so far off the key that he finally slammed down the piano and refused to continue. "What's the matter?" inquired the lady in amazement. "Don't you like my singing?" "Der trouble mit your singing, Madam," asserted Herr Professor, "is dot vedder I play on der vite keys or vedder I play on der black keys, you sing in der cracks."

DOORKEEPER (to late-comer at village concert)—"No, madam, I dare not open the door during the singing. Half the audience would rush out!"

"Yes, I'm continually breaking into song," said the cheerful one.

"H'm! If you'd once get the key you wouldn't have to break in," replied the dismal one.

"Why do you go on the balcony when I sing? Don't you like to hear me?"

"It isn't that. I want the neighbors to see that I'm not beating my wife!"

Swans sing before they die. 'Twere no bad thing,
Should certain persons die before they sing.

MRS. FLATT—"That girl across the hall has a singular voice."
HUSBAND (fervently)—"Thank heaven it isn't plural."

A girl once sang a song where she asked, in the first line of the chorus, "I wonder if he'll miss me?" and she sang it with more force than expression or sweetness; in fact, she was slightly off the key. As she sang the first verse there was a restless shuffling of feet, the chorus brought out a buzz of voices.

The second verse did not add to the interest but increased the noise. She reached the chorus in safety, and once more noisily inquired, "I wonder if he'll miss me?" A man in the gallery said, "If he does he never ought to be trusted with a gun again!"

The village tenor was running around in a cold rain without hat or coat. "For heaven's sake!" exclaimed a friend, "what are you trying to do; catch cold?"

"Yeah," said the tenor, running in under a rainspout, "that's just what. Our bass singer is sick and I've got to substitute for him tomorrow."

PATIENCE—"Harry says he's going to be a singing comedian."

PATRICE—"A what?"

PATIENCE—"A singing comedian—a funny singer, you know."

PATRICE—"Oh, well, he's that, all right."

"Why doesn't your wife sing to the baby when it cries?"

"Hush! She used to, but the people in the flat above sent their maid down to tell us that they preferred to hear the baby cry."

"That tenor of ours has a marvelous voice. He can hold one of his notes for half a minute."

"That's nothing! I have held one of his notes for two years."

Pilson, the village grocer, and his better half, were on a visit to their son and heir, who was captain of the school baseball team. The occasion was an important game against a hated rival, and as play did not cease until late, Pilson prevailed upon his parents to stay until Monday.

The worthy son the next morning (Sunday) accompanied his parents to church, where Pilson, Sr., thoroly disgusted the congregation by joining in the singing and chants with a voice which almost drowned the organ.

Young Pilson was furious. After church he said to his father:

"Dad, I do hope when you come again you'll sing a bit lower. Everybody was grinning at you."

"It's all right, my son; it couldn't be helped," said Pilson, Sr., quite seriously. "You see, if I hadn't highered my voice they'd have heard your mother."

MRS. BACON—"Don't you think Emily sings with a good deal of feeling?"

MR. BACON—"Yes but I hope she doesn't feel as bad as it sounds."

STEPHENS—"Joe is one of the men who believe in singing at their work."

DURHAM—"What's his work?"

STEPHENS—"He's an opera singer."

It was a stage rehearsal. The principal lady came upon the stage in walking costume and started to sing her great song.

"My dear!" cried the manager, "you are surely not going to sing with your veil on?"

"Of course I am," she replied. "I want to hurry off as soon as I finish. I have to meet a friend."

"But singing with a veil on!" expostulated the manager. "Well, well!" he added, in a resigned tone. "I can't help it if you want to strain your voice!"

Every great war inspires a soul-stirring song to immortalize its ideals. The last one gave us *Hinkey Dinkey Parley Voo*.

SLANG

The wife and daughter of Lieutenant Berry were halted by a sentry on duty, who had orders to allow no one to enter by that gate.

"Sorry, but you will have to go around to the main gate."

"Oh, but we're the Berrys."

"Lady, I don't care if you're the cat's meow! You can't go thru this gate."

I hereby state the man's in danger
 Who greets me with, "You're quite a stranger!"
 I give due warning to the party
 Who tells me I am "looking hearty."
 I'll say his days are brief and fleeting
 Who mentions "Coon's Age" at our meeting.
 And his allotted span is up
 Who springs, "Since Hector was a pup."
 But instantly prepare a bier
 For him who chortles, "Look who's here!"

SOCIETY

STOREKEEPER—"The Podsnickers are society people. They belong to our first and last families."

CUSTOMER—"You mean 'first families'?"

STOREKEEPER—"No; first and last—first to ask for credit and last to pay."

S. P. C. A.

"Hello," called a feminine voice over the phone. "Is this the Humane Society?"

"Yes," replied the official in charge.

"Well, there's a book agent sitting out here in a tree teasing my dog."

"You belong to the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, don't you?" asked the caller.

"Yes. I'm one of the officers," replied the man at home.

"Well, here's a song I dedicated to your Society. I'd like to sing it to you."

"All right. Wait until I put the cat out of the room."

SOUNDS

GEORGE—"Did you sound the family about our marriage?"

GEORGETTE—"Yes, and dad sounded the worst."

There was being tried in a New Orleans court a case growing out of the driving of an automobile, and the judge put this question to the defendant:

"But, if you sounded your horn as you claim to have done, how is it that the plaintiff did not hear you in time to get out of the way?"

"Your Honor," said the defendant with the gravest air imaginable, "I am convinced beyond all possible doubt that the accident was due entirely to the inferior velocity of sound."

SPEECHES

"Do you know what it is to go before an audience?"

"No. I spoke before an audience once, but most of it went before I did."

A Chicago newspaper points out that the Government prints and distributes the speeches made by Congressmen without the slightest profit. It might also be added they are read the same way.

Whene'er a hen lays eggs, with each
 She is impelled to make a speech.
 The selfsame urge stirs human bones
 Whenever men lay cornerstones.

When the speaker of the day arrived the Chairman of the club said to him:

"Our program is a little crowded today as usual, and you will have only about ten minutes for your address. What is your subject?"

"Time, Space and Life," replied the speaker of the day, dryly.

The world's best after dinner speech: "Waiter, give me both checks."

There is a quaint Oriental query: "Which is the happier—the man with a million of money, or the man with nine daughters?"

The answer to be given is:

"The man with nine daughters, of course, because he wants no more."

The speaker will add:

"I see by my audience that they are like the man with the nine daughters, and have had enough." (Sits down amid cries of "Go on! Go on!")

Have you ever been called upon to make a speech? You may some day—and you'll find this formula from *Life* helpful:

Three long breaths.

Compliment the audience.

Outline what you are not going to talk about.

Points that you will touch on later.

Two familiar quotations.

Outline of what you are going to say.

Points that you will not have time to touch on now.

Reference to what you said first.

Funny story.

Compliment the audience.

Ditto to city, state and country.

Applause.

When Daniel Webster made his famous Seventh of March speech, ending with that sentence which has become immortal, concerning "Liberty and union, one and inseparable, now and forever," somebody came to him, saying: "Mr. Webster, that was a wonderful sentence spoken on the spur of the moment in your extempore speech today." His reply was, "Extempore? Why man, I've been at work on that sentence for nineteen years!"

A friend once asked Mr. J. R. Lowell how long he was going to speak at a certain function.

"About twenty minutes," replied Lowell.

"Take my advice, James," said his dining companion, "if you don't strike oil in five minutes, stop boring."

William Lyon Phelps, professor of English literature at Yale, declares he gets credit for only 25 per cent of the after dinner speeches he actually makes. "Every time I accept an invitation to speak, I really make four addresses. First, is the speech I prepare in advance. That is pretty good. Second, is the speech I really make. Third, is the speech I make on the way home, which is the best of all; and fourth, is the speech the newspapers next morning say I made, which bears no relation to any of the others."

The feature of the day's program was a paper by Jim Corcoran, on "Banking, Its Origin and Development Through from the Time of the Roman Empire to the Present Day." Two minutes were given Jim to handle this task and he handled it splendidly.—*From a Rotary report in a Michigan weekly.*

A certain man who had been invited to speak at a political meeting was placed last on the list of speakers. Moreover, the chairman introduced several speakers whose names were not on the program, and the audience was tired out when he eventually introduced the last speaker: "Mr. Bones will now give us his address."

"My address," said Mr. Bones, rising, "is 551 Park Villa, and I wish you all good-night."

SPEED

A Georgian from up in the mountains came to town on his yearly trip with a wagonload of corn, sweet potatoes and other produce to exchange for groceries. As he approached the city limits he saw a sign: "Speed Limit 15 Miles an Hour."

Poking his oxen frantically with the stick he muttered: "By golly! I don't believe we can make it."

JUDGE—"Speeding, eh? How many times have you been before me?"

SPEEDER—"Never, your Honor. I've tried to pass you on the road once or twice, but my bus will do only fifty-five."

"Horses!" said the Yankee. "Guess you can't talk to me about horses. I once had an old mare that licked the fastest express train on a thirty-five-mile run."

"That's nothing!" said the Canuck. "I was out about fifty miles from my house on my farm one day when a frightful storm came up. I turned the pony's head for home and, do you know, he raced the storm so close for the last ten miles that I didn't feel a drop, while my dog, only ten yards behind, had to swim the whole distance."

Jones, the painter, had just completed his job and asked for his money.

"But I wanted two coats on that building," replied the owner. "I'll pay you after the second coat."

"You've got it," said Jones. "I mixed the first coat with the paint for the second and put on both coats at the same time. Speed is my motto."

"That's the terrible fast Mrs. Grass-Wideau."

"What's the idea of two wrist-watches?"

"Oh, only one's a watch. The other's a speedometer."

A disheveled citizen rushed into a Boston police station one afternoon, and shouted for vengeance.

"The automobile that hit me five minutes ago was No. 41144," he sputtered.

"I can prove that he was exceeding the speed limit, and I want—I want—"

"You want a warrant for his arrest?"

"Warrant nothing! What good would a warrant do me at the rate he was going? I want extradition papers."

PASSENGER (in speeding car passing a town)—"This is a nice-looking town—wasn't it?"

MRS. STYLES (from the tonneau of her automobile)—"James!"

JAMES—"Yes, ma'am."

"I wish you wouldn't go so fast over the rough places. You nearly pitched me out a minute ago."

"But, ma'am, why don't you hold on to your husband?"

"My husband? Goodness. James! He went out fifteen minutes ago!"

MOTORCYCLE POLICEMAN—"You were going 15 miles an hour; I'll have to pinch you."

SWEET YOUNG MOTORIST—"Oh, if you must, sir, do it where it won't show, please."

"Many motor speeders arrested in your town, Uncle Si?"

"No. There used ter be, but we settled them fellers, all right. Hain't been hardly an arrest in six months."

"How did you manage it?"

"Wal, we jest fixed the speed limit at seventy-five miles an hour, an' darned few of 'em kin make it, b'gosh!"

"The traffic officer says you were going 40 miles an hour," the judge told the fair prisoner.

"Yes, sir," she admitted, "but, you see, I was to meet my husband in five minutes, and I didn't want to keep him waiting."

And the judge, being a married man, discharged her.

MOSE—"How fas' can youall go in dat new car?"

RASTUS—"Ah could make two miles a minute 'cepting foh one thing."

MOSE—"Whut's dat, boy?"

RASTUS—"On'y jes cause de distance is too long foh de shortness of de time."

"How do you get along without a speedometer?" "Well, when I get to driving 15 miles an hour my fenders start to rattle; at 25 the windows rattle; at 30 the motor starts knocking—and that's as fast as she'll go!"

Two Vermonters, sitting by the stove in the village store, were engaging in a little exaggeration fest.

"Naow, I oncet had a nephew," said one, "who was as fast a critter as ever I see. Why he use tew hev people shoot at him, and then out-run the bullet for five miles and get away clean."

"Wal, yew won't think that's so fast when yew hear about my cousin. Why that man could blow out the light and then be undressed by the time the room got dark."

"See here," bawled the motorcycle policeman, "you were going fifty miles an hour in that car of yours and I've been chasing you for blocks."

"Are you sure I was making fifty miles an hour."

"Of course. I timed you."

"Have a cigar, and let me shake your hand."

"Do you think you can bribe me?"

"Certainly not. You will understand my feelings when I tell you this is a second-hand car and I bought it only yesterday."

WIFE (in back seat)—"Henry, dear! You mustn't drive so fast!"

HUSBAND—"Why not?"

WIFE—"The motor policeman who has been following us won't like it."

War Department announces that a man, no matter how far he may fall thru space, can not fall faster than 118 miles an hour. Well, not being much of a speed fiend that would be plenty fast enough for us, but it seems as tho something should be done about it for the benefit of those who like to travel fast.

"Look, Bill, there's Rhode Island!"

"Where?"

"Too late. We've passed it now."

SPELLING

A school boy was asked the other day how he spelled "Schenectady." He answered: "WGY."

The friendly visitor patted little Georgie on the head and inquired:

"Do you go to school?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what grade are you in?"

"Third."

"I suppose you can spell nearly everything?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can you spell 'cat' and 'rat'?"

"You betcha."

"And your own name?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can you spell 'Constantinople'?"

"Aw you 'gwan, that's a foreign langwidge."

"What is the difference between a snake and a piano?"

"Give it up."

"None. You write both with a 'b.'"

"What—snake and piano?"

"No—'both.'"

It was a villager who sent a note to the doctor, saying, "Please send me some fizzic for a headache." Next time they met, the doctor said: "F-i-z-z-i-c doesn't spell physic, you know."

"Well, what does it spell, then?" asked the villager.

The doctor gave it up.

MOTHER (looking over her boy's shoulder)—"Your spelling is terrible."

LITTLE SON--"This isn't a spelling lesson. It's a composition."

STENOGRAPHER—"How do you spell sense?"

EMPLOYER—"Dollars and cents, or horse sense?"

STENOGRAPHER—"Well, like in "I ain't seen him sense."

STATIONERY

CUSTOMER (to druggist)—"Gimme a tablet."

DRUGGIST—"What kind of tablet?"

CUSTOMER—"A yellow one."

DRUGGIST—"But what's the matter with you?"

CUSTOMER—"I want to write a letter."

STATISTICS

If all the serial stories were placed end to end in this world, they would have to be continued in the next.

CONDUCTOR—"How old are you, little girl?"

PROFESSOR'S DAUGHTER—"If you don't object, I'll pay my full fare and keep my own statistics."

If all the trolley tracks from Boston to New York were laid end to end, one end would be in Boston and the other end in New York.

EVERY DAY WILL BE SUNDAY, BY AND BY

Figure it for yourself

Every year has	365	days
If you sleep eight hours a day it equals	122	"
This leaves	243	"
If you rest eight hours a day	122	"
This leaves	121	"
There are 52 Sundays	52	"
This leaves	69	"
If you have half-day Saturday	26	"
This leaves	43	"
If you have 1½ hours for lunch	28	"
This leaves	15	"
Two weeks' vacation	14	"
This leaves	1	"
And on Labor day nobody works	0	"

Living is getting cheaper in most of our big cities, a news item says. For that matter, so is life.

Do you know that if all the children in the State of Pennsylvania were to lie upon the ground, the head of one touching the feet of another, it would be foolish?

American mouths, says a statistician, consumed 272 bushels of apples every second last year, and this being a campaign year, we fancy American cars will consume an even greater quantity of the sauce thereof.

STENOGRAPHERS

The boss eyed the stenographer with a cold eye.

"Young lady," said he, "that filing cabinet is supposed to be very exact. How is it you can't find what you are looking for?"

"I'm looking for my lunch."

The boss was dictating to the new, pretty and sophisticated stenographer. Suddenly he stopped.

"Am I too fast for you?" he asked anxiously. She considered him and then replied:

"Oh, no, indeed, but you're a trifle old."

BOUNDER—"Don't stop me; I'm going into this shop and buy a new cover for my typewriter."

ROUNDER—"But that's a fur shop."

BOUNDER—"Well?"

STORIES

"How do, Baker?" exclaimed Tomson. "You're just the man I want to see. I've got a screaming story to tell you—it'll make you roar.

"Know the sign outside Smith's house? (seen him lately, he was at the club last night?) Well, Jenkin's sister—(Ripping girl, do you know her? No? I must introduce you)—she was coming down the road when—(Got a match, old man, my pipe's gone out)—and she got just opposite the sign, and—(By Jove,

that's a pretty girl over the road! Do you know her?)—got opposite the sign—(By the way, Bury was asking after you, says you promised to look him up)—and a big gust of wind came along just as Smith—(Lucky beggar, he always seems to get in at the right moment)—and he—Holloa! Here is my car! So long, old man. Tell you the story another time. It's a corker. You'll roar!"

"Have you ever heard the story of Algy and the bear?" asked a boy of his father. "It's very short. 'Algy met a bear; the bear was bulgy; the bulge was Algy.'"

MOTHER (telling fairy stories)—"Once upon a time—"

LITTLE BOY—"Mummy, do fairy tales always begin like that?"

MOTHER—"No, darling; sometimes they begin, 'Awfully sorry, my dear, to have been detained at the office again tonight.

STRANGERS

They met on a bridge. Each held out his hand, and they shook, and instantly realized that they were utter strangers. Had not one of them been a genuine Hibernian the situation might have been embarrassing.

"Begorra, that's quare," says Pat. "When we wor so far off that we couldn't see aich other I thot it was 'you an' you thot it was me, and now we're here together it's nayther of us."

CORONER—"Was this man you found dead on the railroad track a total stranger?"

WITNESS (who has been told to be careful in his statements)—"No, sor. His leg was gone intoirely. He was a partial stranger, sor."

"There was a stranger in church this morning, but I did not see him," remarked the country minister.

"How did you know, then?" inquired Mrs. Parson.

"I found a dollar in the contribution box," was the reply.

STRATEGY

"My new maid is quite clever."

"Is she?"

"Whenever a young man calls with a box of candy, she gets possession of it before telling him I'm out."

The young husband preferred to stay home, but to please his wife they engaged board at a country hotel for the summer. Nearly every night after dinner the husband hovered around the parlor and managed to occupy the piano stool instead of a chair.

"I don't understand, dear," said his wife one evening, "Why you always sit at the piano. You know you can't play a note!"

"Aha!" replied the husband. "Neither can anyone else, my love, while I am here!"

STUTTER

JUDGE—"What is your name?"

MISCREANT—"B-b-b-bu-b-b."

JUDGE—"Quick, speak out."

MISCREANT—"B-b-b-bu-b-b."

JUDGE—"Officer, what is this man charged with?"

OFFICER—"Sounds like Bromo Seltzer, yer Honor."

An upstate farmer who had come to New York City to see the sights stopped a man on the street and asked the way to Central Park. The man answered:

"St-st-stranger, there are m-m-ore than t-tw-twenty th-th-th-thousand p-p-people on th-th-this st-st-street that cant ta-ta-talk. Wh-why in hell did you pup-pup-pick me out?"

STYLES

"That actress looks at least ninety. Do have a look at her thru my opera-glasses."

"I can't—I have forgotten to put on my rings."

"Ah," said the guest as they approached the house. "I see your son and daughter awaiting us on the porch." "No," said the host, "the girl in the short frock is my mother and the young fellow in knickers is my wife."

The old-fashioned pioneer women who crossed the Rocky Mountains in skirts now have granddaughters who think they must put on pants to climb a hill.

YOUNG MISS—"And next week I'm sailing for Paris to get my clothes."

GRANDMOTHER—"Yes, yes. I wondered where you'd left them."

MOTHER—"Nonsense, Willie; of course you will have your hair cut."

WILLIE—"I will not. It's too feminine."

An anxious inquirer asks *The Journal* if a "ten-gallon hat" really holds ten gallons. Darned if we know. We never saw one in South Dakota till Coolidge came West.

The fashions come, the fashions go,
 Now longer skirts, now shorter;—
 But everything that women wear,
 Some prune reformer tears his hair
 And says they hadn't orter!

Men will wear brown this winter, says a stylist.
 They will if they did last winter.

We remain quite unmoved by the announcement that side whiskers are becoming a vogue again in London. Personally we shall always prefer our mutton chops on the inside of our face.

MANNISHLY-DREST LADY—"Did you catch any fish, little boy?"

COUNTRY BOY—"No."

M. D. L. "No what?"

BOY (gazing dubiously at her rig)—"Durned if I know."

"Have you seen Norah's new evening frock?"

"No; what does it look like?"

"Well, in many places it's very like Norah."

"Why do we permit Paris to dictate our fashions?"

"We wouldn't dare make the kind of clothes we like to wear," answered Miss Cayenne. "So we pay Paris a little extra for taking the blame."

"All that woman thinks of is clothes."

"From all appearances, I should say she was practically thotless."

SHE—"Now you pride yourself on being able to judge a woman's character by her clothes. What would be your verdict on my sister over there?"

HE (looking at her sister's scant attire)—"Insufficient evidence."

In Japan you can tell if a girl is single or married by looking at her hair. In America you can't even tell if it's a girl!

"I wish some college clothes."

"Athletic, humorous, or studious?"

"What are all these women around here for?" asked a little Santa Barbara boy when he came home from school.

"They've been upstairs to see the baby," his equally small sister informed him.

"But why do they do that? Babies are common enough aren't they?" the small boy persisted.

"Oh, yes," replied little sister, "but this is a new one and I expect they want to see the latest fashion."

Men's outfits this spring are to be a burst of gorgeous color, the haberdashers say. This is in case you wondered what the well-dressed show window will wear.

Willie Wiseman says: A thoroly modern kitchen is one where the pot calls the kettle pink.

BARBER—"You're forgotten to take your beret off, sir."

CUSTOMER—"That's what I've come in here for. I want you to cut it off."

THE TIE THAT BLINDS

O, some may long for the soothing touch
 Of lavender, cream or mauve,
 But the ties I wear must possess the glare
 Of a red-hot kitchen stove.
 The books I read and the life I lead
 Are sensible, sane and mild.
 I like calm hats and I don't wear spats,
 But I want my neckties wild!
 Give me a wild tie, brother,
 One with a cosmic urge!
 A tie that will swear
 And rip and tear
 When it sees my old blue serge.
 O, some will say that a gent's cravat
 Should only be seen, not heard,
 But I want a tie that will make men cry
 And render their vision blurred.
 I yearn, I long, for a tie so strong
 It will take two men to tie it.
 If such there be, just show it to me—
 Whatever the price, I'll buy it!
 Give me a wild tie, brother,
 One with a lot of sins!
 A tie that will blaze
 In a hectic haze
 Down where the vest begins.

SUBSTITUTES

Mr. Smith was seeing a friend off to Denver.

"Be sure," he said, "to look up my friend, Mr. Lummac, while in the city. You can remember his name because it rhymes with stomach."

A few days later his friend returned and encountered Smith on the street. "Do you know," he said, "I tried and tried, but I never could find that Mr. Kelly."

"John," said the clergyman to his new man, "do you—er—ever employ strong language?"

The new man blushed, self-consciously.

"Well, sir," he faltered, "I—I may be a little carelesslike in my speech at times."

"Ah," murmured the clergyman, "I'm sorry, John—I'm sorry! But we will converse on that at some more fitting time. Just now I want you to go to Jenkison & Blenkinson and settle this bill for repairing my summer house. And you might talk to them, John, as if it were your own bill, in a carelesslike sort of way. Will you, John?"

SUBURBS

"Yes," said Subbubs, "my house is quite close to the railroad."

"If I go out that way in the train, how can I identify your house when I see it?" asked Citiman.

"Why—er—you can only identify it when you don't see it. It's right back of the Pillman's Pink Pellets advertising sign."

Two women chanced to meet on a street-car in Chicago. "Why, how do you do, Mrs. Thompson!" exclaimed one of them. "I called at your house one day last week, and there was nobody at home."

"We've moved, Mrs. Giles," said the other. "Didn't you know that?"

"No. When did you move?"

"About two weeks ago. We got tired of living in all the noise and bustle, and we went away out in the suburbs."

"What direction?"

"Northwest."

"And where are you located now?"

"It's a new neighborhood, Mrs. Giles, and I can't describe it exactly, but if I had a map of the city here I could show you. We live just about half an inch outside of the city limits."

SUBWAYS

To speed up service, New York subway trains are not stopping so long at stations. Instead of shutting the door in your face they now close it while you're coming thru the turnstile.

There were 111,000,000 fewer passengers in the New York subways and elevateds during the last fiscal year. Nobody noticed it.

SUCCESS

Success demands sacrifice. Two men set out to achieve fame. One succeeded. The other lived.

I am inclined to think that the loss of a sense of humor is one of the punishments of success.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

CAREFUL FATHER—Young Harold was late for Sunday school and the minister inquired the cause.

"I was going fishing, but father wouldn't let me," announced the lad.

"That's the right kind of a father to have," replied the reverend gentleman. "Did he explain the reason why he would not let you go?"

"Yes, sir. He said there wasn't bait enough for two."

"When Lot's wife looked back," said the Sunday school teacher, "what happened to her?"

"She was transmuted into chloride of sodium," answered the boy with the goggles.

A little four-year-old, a most attractive little fairy, suddenly lost interest in Sunday school. She had enjoyed so much learning about Moses that her mother could not understand the change of attitude.

"Why don't you want to go, daughter?" she asked.

"Oh," was the astonishing reply, "I don't like to go to Sunday school since Moses died."

PARSON—"Do you know the parables, my child?"

JOHNNY—"Yes, sir."

PARSON—"And which of the parables do you like best?"

JOHNNY—"I like the one where somebody loafs and fishes."

"Now," said the Sunday-school teacher, "why is a certain part of the church called the altar?"

"Because," said one bright boy, "it is where people change their names."

TEACHER—"What happened to Lot's wife when she looked back?"

SMALL PUPIL—"She was turned into a pillar of salt."

TEACHER—"And what did Lot do?"

SMALL PUPIL—"Looked around for a fresh wife."

TEACHER—"Now, we all know about Noah's Ark. Do you know of any other ark?"

TOMMY—"Yes, miss, the one the 'erald hangels sing."

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER—"Johnny, what can you tell me about Aaron?"

JOHNNY—"His name was the first in the telephone book."

A Sunday-school teacher had been enlightening her class upon what constituted wickedness, and at the close of the lesson she addressed one of the scholars: "Rosie, do you know what wickedness is?"

"Yes, teacher," replied Rosie, "tho I didn't until I came to Sunday-school!"

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER—"And now, Johnny, have you found out for us why Nebuchadnezzar ate grass?"

JOHNNY—"Well, I asked pa, and he said he guessed the old gentleman must have gone off his feed."

A Bishop of the Catholic church, with his vicar-general, was examining a Sunday-school class in their catechism.

"What is matrimony?" asked the vicar.

"Matrimony is a state in which sinners suffer for a time before being allowed to enter the kingdom of heaven," replied one of the scholars.

"No, no, my child," said the vicar-general; "that is purgatory you are thinking of."

"Hush," said the bishop, "perhaps the child is right; what do you know about it?"

"The wicked stand in slippery places."

"How do you know they are wicked?"

"By the language they use when they slip."

"Now, Willie," said the superintendent's little boy, addressing the blacksmith's little boy, who had come over for a frolic, "we'll play 'Sabbath School.' You give me a nickel every Sunday for six months, and then at Christmas I'll give you a ten-cent bag of candy."

The Sunday-school teacher was testing the children's knowledge of the Scriptures. The answers were generally satisfactory until he put the question: "Where does the word 'holy' occur in the Bible?"

"Please sir," piped up one little fellow, "on the cover."

TEACHER—"What do you know about Good Friday, Willie?"

WILLIE—"He was Robinson Crusoe's valet."

TEACHER—"Now, boys, there is a wonderful example in the life of the ant. Every day the ant goes to work and works all day. Every day the ant is busy. And in the end what happens?"

EDWARD—"Someone steps on him."

"Who was it that killed Goliath?" asked the Sunday-school teacher.

"George Washington," recited Tommy mechanically, "and when he had chopped it off his papa came up and George said, 'Father, I cannot tell a lie—I did it with my little hatchet.'"

TEACHER—"Johnny, can you tell me who built the ark?"

JOHNNY—"Naw."

TEACHER—"Correct."

"Moses had indigestion like you have, mother," announced small Elinor at the Sunday dinner table.

"Why, what makes you think so?" questioned her astonished mother.

"Because our Sunday School teacher said, 'God gave Moses two tablets.'"

Each winter a certain Sunday School class at Muncie has given new suits of clothes to two boys who are the sons of an industrious but poor member of the congregation. This year, as the time for the gift was approaching, the members of the class noticed that one of the boys was not attending Sunday School. One day Mr. E. decided that he would find out why the boy was not present the previous Sunday. He stopped the boy's brother on the street and inquired. "He has a new suit and doesn't need to," was the unexpected reply.

Hail, four years old, had been going to Sunday school for some time, when his teacher one Sunday asked the class: "Who wants to go to Heaven?" and all hands went up but Hail's. The teacher asked: "You do not want to go to Heaven?" and Hail answered: "No, thank you." Teacher asked why, and Hail replied: "It has not been long since I came from there."

SUPERSTITION

"Are you having any trouble keeping your hired man satisfied with his job?"

"No," replied Mr. Cobbles. "I worked on his superstition."

"How so?"

"I paid a fortune teller \$5 to tell him seven-dollars-a-day jobs in town would soon be as scarce as hen's teeth."

VISITOR—"Why are you here, my poor man?"

PRISONER—"I'm a victim of dat unlucky 13, lady."

VISITOR—"Indeed! How's that?"

PRISONER—"Twelve jurors and one judge."

"Daddy, do you remember where you first met mummy?"

"Yes, dear, it was at a dinner party and there were thirteen at table."

DAPHNE—"I'm superstitious about Friday."

DORIS—"Would you decline a proposal on Friday?"

DAPHNE—"Well—er—if it were satisfactory in other respects I might think it unlucky to decline."

FRIEND (bursting in)—“Say, Jim, your mother-in-laws's just been run over by a cross-eyed motorist who was trying to avoid a black cat.”

JIM—“Oh, that's all right, I'm not superstitious.”

MISTRESS—“I hope you realize, Mary, that matrimony is a serious matter.”

MAID (about to be married)—“Oh, yes, Mum. I ain't one to marry reckless like. I've been to two fortune-tellers and a clairvoyant, and looked in a sign book, and dreamed on a lock of his hair, and been to a palmist. And they all say it's all right.”

Pat was spending the night in a haunted room.

Suddenly a voice moaned: “There's only you and me, there is only you and me.”

“Begorra!” cried Pat, “there'll only be you when I get this other boot on.”

SURGERY

HARRIET—“Do you know anything about surgery?”

HARRY—“Oh yes, I shave myself.”

SURPRISES

“I am going to buy my wife a washing machine for her birthday.”

“That will be quite a surprise, won't it?”

“I'll say it will. She expects a new car.”

ROGER—“Mummy, I have such a surprize for you!”

MUMMY—“What is it, darling?”

ROGER—“I've swallowed a nail!”

SURVEYORS

When the government was re-surveying the boundary line between Missouri and Arkansas, one of the surveyors happened to stop at a small farm owned by a widow. She wanted to know,

"What are you all doin' down here?"

"We are re-surveying the line between Arkansas and Missouri. You are now living in Arkansas."

"Yes, but I don't want to live in Arkansas. They tell me everybody in Arkansas is dyin' of malaria fever. You just put that line right back where it was."

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER—"My word! Doesn't that little boy swear terribly?"

BACK-SLIDER—"Yes'm, he sure do. He knows the words, but he don't put no expression in them."

MOTHER—"Who ever taught you to use that dreadful word?"

TOMMY—"Santa Claus, mama."

MOTHER—"Santa Claus?"

TOMMY—"Yes, mama, when he fell over a chair in my bedroom on Christmas eve."

VILLAGE CONSTABLE (to villager who has been knocked down by passing motor-cyclist)—"You didn't see the number, but could you swear to the man?"

VILLAGER—"I did, but I don't think 'e 'eard me."

SYMPATHY

"Don't you sympathize with the people who complain of high prices?"

"I do," answered the food-profitteer. "It shall never be said that I was lacking in sympathy. I sympathize with them a great deal, and if I had my way I'd fix things so that I could sympathize with them twice as much."

WIFE—"How do you know he's a married man? Did he say so?"

HUSBAND—"No, but he looked sympathetic when I told him I was."

Two Irish women were discussing a railroad accident. One asked the other if any were killed in the terrible crash. She replied, "Shure, 27 Oitalians and wan Irishman," whereupon Mrs. Dooley, with a long sigh, came back with, "Oh, the poor feller."

"Pa, what is sympathy?"

"Sympathy, my boy, is what you usually give to another when you don't want to lend him any money."

A lady was showing her little son a picture of martyrs in a den of lions and trying to make him feel what a terrible thing it was.

He seemed duly impressed.

"Ma!" he said all at once, "just look at that poor little lion away back there. He won't get any!"

OLD LADY (to severely wounded soldier)—"Poor man, have you lost your leg?"

TOMMY—"Yes, mum."

OLD LADY—"Oh, poor fellow! Do have an apple."

TOMMY (to his chum, when the old lady had departed)—"Bill, I think I'll have my other leg off before she comes next week. I might get a banana."

MRS. CASSIDY—"Norah is takin' on awful. Her husband's got three years—but he can get wan off for good behavior."

MR. O'BRIEN—"Tell her to rest aisy. Sure an' he may not behave himself."

"My husband was complaining this morning about there being so much unemployment."

"But he's got a job."

"That's just it. It makes him feel bad to think of so many men loafing while he's got to work."

~ Buck and Bud had not seen each other for several years when they met at a Legion convention.

"Hello, Bud, old scout! How's your wife?"

"She's in heaven," replied Bud sorrowfully.

"Is that so? I'm sorry." Then realizing that this did not sound quite right, Buck added: "I—I mean I'm glad—no, that is to say, I—I'm surprised."

The *Fulton (Kan.) Gazette* reports that a minister of that town was moved by the grief of a husband whose wife was to be buried, and sought to commiserate him in the following

manner: "My brother, I know that this is a great grief that has overtaken you, and tho you are compelled to mourn the loss of this one who was your companion and partner in life, I would console you with the assurance that there is another who sympathizes with you and seeks to embrace you in the arms of unfailing love." To this the bereaved man replied by asking, as he gazed thru tears into the minister's face, "What's her name?"

There were two Browns in the village, both fishermen. One lost his wife and the other his boat at about the same time. The vicar's wife called, as she supposed, upon the widower, but really called upon the Brown whose boat had gone down.

"I am sorry to hear of your great loss," she said.

"Oh, it ain't much matter," was the philosophical reply; "she wasn't up to much."

"Indeed!" said the surprised lady.

"Yes," continued Brown, "she was a rickety old thing. I offered her to my mate, but he wouldn't have her. I've had my eye on another for some time."

And then the scandalized lady fled.

"Don't you think a real friend ought to feel sympathetic when one needs money?"

"I think a good many friends in such cases are touched."

Tommy was in the dentist's office. The dentist had just finished extracting a tooth.

"Doctor," said Tommy, "the tooth next to that one aches too."

"Yes," replied the doctor, "it aches in sympathy."

"Yank it out," commanded Tommy. "Darn such sympathy."

TACT

Mark Twain's fondest habit was that of reading and writing in bed. While thus engaged one day, a newspaper reporter called for an interview for which he had already obtained permission. At the doorway of Mark's room the newspaper man paused while Mrs. Clemens asked her husband thru the half-

opened door, "Youth, don't you think it would be a little embarrassing for him—your being in bed?"

Mark Twain's easy, deliberate voice replied, "Why, Livy, if you think so, we might have the other bed made up for him!"

HE—"Do you want to marry a one-eyed man?"

SHE—"No, why?"

HE—"Then let me carry your umbrella."

"I've got a pretty distasteful job before me," remarked the genealogist. "Mrs. Newrich employed me to look up her family tree, and I've got to inform her that one of her relatives was electrocuted."

"Why worry about that?" said his friend. "Just write that the man in question 'occupied the chair of applied electricity at one of our public institutions.'"

MISS WIGGS—"Yes, sir, I always goes to church when you preaches."

VICAR (flattered)—"I am glad to hear that, but why when I preach?—why not every Sunday?"

MISS WIGGS—"I'm always sure of getting a good seat when you preaches, sir!"

GUEST—"Seem to know your face—met you here before, I fancy."

HOST—"Very likely—it's my house!"

The shoe dealer was hiring a clerk. "Suppose," he said, "a lady customer were to remark while you were trying to fit her, 'Don't you think one of my feet is bigger than the other?' what would you say?"

"I should say, 'On the contrary, madam, one is smaller than the other.'"

"The job is yours."

HE—"If you refuse me I shall blow out my brains."

SHE—"Impossible."

"Maybe you don't think I have a pistol?"

"Oh, I daresay you have the pistol all right."

"If I lend you ten dollars, what security will you be able to give me?"

"The word of an honest man."

"All right, bring him along, and I'll see what I can do for you."

The head waiter of the Ritz-Carlton is justly famous for his politeness on all occasions. Recently he noticed one of his guests standing in a corner surreptitiously pocketing several knives and forks. "Won't you have a chair?" he said with a grandiloquent gesture.

LADY—"You seem able-bodied and healthy. You ought to be strong enough to work."

TRAMP—"True enough, lady. And you seem beautiful enough to be in the movies, but evidently you prefer the simple life."

The minister's wife, while calling on a member of the congregation, mentioned, with excusable pride, that her daughter had won the prize in a music recital.

Her listener at once showed her fellow-feeling.

"I can understand your pride," she said. "I well remember how pleased I was when our pig took the first prize at the show."

"My dear, you must go to my new beauty doctor—she's simply marvelous. She'll make you look like another person."

Needing a cane to get around with on account of a broken hip, I ordered one from one of the world's largest mail order houses, but two came. I sent a check for the second cane, and received the following reply:

"Since you have received two canes, 18v2015, instead of your order for one, we are glad to receive your check for \$1.45, the price of the extra one you received. We appreciate your *keeping this extra cane* instead of returning it to us, and *hope you will soon be able to find use for it.*"

VISITOR—"Do you like to recite, dear?"

CHILD—"No, but Mummy always asks me, because it makes people go."

The host was nervous and inexperienced and he rose hurriedly at the conclusion of a song with which one of the guests had been obliging.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began. "Before Mrs. Smith started to sing she—ah—told me her—ah—voice was not in the best condition and—ah—asked me to apologize for it, but I neglected to do so and—ah—I apologize now."

A famous missionary from India had the following left-hand compliment paid him at Dublin not so long ago: "He comes," said the president, "from that land where, as the hymn says, 'every prospect pleases, and only man is vile!'" It was some time before he could start his address owing to the irrepressible mirth of the audience.

YOUNG MINISTER (receiving gift of fountain pen)—"Thank you. I hope I shall now be able to write better sermons."

THE LADY—"I hope so."

SEEDY VISITOR—"Do you have many wrecks about here, boatman?"

BOATMAN—"Not very many, sir. You're the first I've seen this season."

At a jeweler's recently, a lady who was paying for the repairs on her husband's watch, inquired what was the trouble with it.

JEWELER—"A hair got tangled in the hair spring."

LADY (anxiously)—"What color was it?"

JEWELER (promptly)—"Exactly the color of yours, madam."

"Why did you break off your engagement?"

"Well, we were looking over our new house when my prospective mother-in-law said it would be small for three persons, so I gracefully retired."

See also Compliments.

TALKERS

"Jim is a tremendously convincing talker, don't you think so?"

"I did, until I heard him try to talk back to a traffic officer."

BINGO—"Rawkuss is a splendid talker, isn't he?"

STINGO—"One of the finest I ever escaped from."

"I hear that your wife is going to make a speech at the meeting tomorrow night, Ed," remarked Mason to his friend Jackson.

"Yes," replied Jackson.

"Are you going to hear her?" queried Mason.

"Not much," said Jackson. "I am going to stay at home and congratulate myself on the fact that at last she is making one speech that I don't have to listen to."

"Going far?" asked the chatty little man on the train.

"Only to Albany," replied the other, who hated talking to strangers and wished to nip this one in the bud. "I am a commercial traveler. My age is forty-six. I am married. I have a son of nineteen. He is at Harvard. My father died last January. He was on the Stock Exchange. Mother is still living. I have a niece with red hair. Our cook's name is Bridget. Is there anything else?" •

The chatty little man smiled affably. "What oil do you use for your tongue?" he inquired slowly.

See also Women.

TAXES

"There is direct and indirect taxation. Give me an example of indirect taxation."

"The dog tax, sir."

"How is that?"

"The dog does not have to pay it."

See also Income Tax.

TEACHERS

The following story is told of Colonel Roosevelt. Once he had to recite an old poem beginning:

"At midnight in his guarded tent
The Turk lay dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent
Would tremble at his power."

He got as far as "When Greece, her knee," when he stopped. Twice he repeated "Greece, her knee" and then he broke down.

The old professor beamed on him over his glasses and remarked: "Grease her knee once more, Theodore, perhaps she'll go then."

TEACHER (shaking George by the arm).—"I believe the devil has hold of you."

"Ss-s-so-d-do I," stammered George.

TELEGRAMS

This telegram was received by the bride of a civil engineer who took only winter flannels to the tropics with him:

"S.O.S. B.V.D. C.O.D. P.D.Q."

RASTUS—"Here am a telegram from de boss in Africa. He says he is sending us some lions' tails."

CIRCUS OWNER'S WIFE—"Lions' tails, Rastus?"

RASTUS—"Well, read it yourself. It says plain: 'Just captured two lions. Sending details by mail.'"

She sailed into the telegraph office and rapped on the counter, says *The Youth's Companion*. As the clerk came forward to meet her he remembered that she had been there about ten minutes before. He wondered what she wanted this time.

"Oh," she said, "let me have that telegram I wrote just now; I forgot something important. I wanted to underscore 'perfectly lovely' in acknowledging the receipt of that bracelet. Will it cost anything extra?"

"No, ma'am," said the clerk, as he handed her the message.

The young lady drew two heavy lines beneath the words and said:

"It's awfully good of you to let me do that! It will please Arthur ever so much."

ELOPING BRIDE—"Here's a telegram from papa!"

BRIDEGROOM (eagerly)—"What does he say?"

BRIDE—"Do not come home and all will be forgiven."

Pat wanted to send a telegram to a friend. The clerk told him the charge would be \$1.50.

"An' how do ye make that out?" asked Pat.

"A dollar for the telegram and 50 cents for delivery outside the city limits," answered the clerk.

"That be hanged!" retorted Pat; "ye send the telegram an' I'll write an' ask my friend to call for it."

"Why did you strike the telegraph operator?" the judge asked the darky.

"Well, yo' honah," said the culprit, "it was jest like this: I hands him a telegram for mah girl, an' he starts in readin' it. So I jest nachurally ups an' hands him one."

Repentant "Central"

O Lord, for all I done today
 To cause annoyance and delay
 To make a person rant and rave,
 For all wrong numbers I have gave,
 And gave and gave when I'd be cryin'
 For five three seven, thrrree seven ni-yun,
 For all the needless irritation
 When I cut off a conversation,
 The cusses—calls for information
 Because of me—the slaps and slams,
 The smashed receivers—darns and damns
 I've caused this day—O Lord, for these
 And all my sins,
 Excuse it, Please!

—*Oliver Herford, in Life.*

MANAGER (engaging operator)—“When and where were you born?”

GIRL (thinking to impress him)—“Chelsea, one nine oh four.”

Many are called—only to find it's the wrong number.

SUBSCRIBER—“Operator, I'm getting madder by the minute!”

OPERATOR (to adjacent operator)—“Here's a lady getting married in a minute.”

The subscriber, thoroly pleased with her interpretation, told her friends, who were also pleased, and general good feeling prevailed thereafter.

“Post office?” (Feminine voice.)

“Yes.”

“Who's at the 'phone, please?”

“Night Foreman.”

“Who?”

“Night Foreman.”

“Oh! That maybe you had a name.”

A scientist says that soon we shall be able to see people at the other end of the telephone. Is it too much to hope that one day we shall be able to hear them?

MOTHER (to little Willie as father takes down the telephone receiver)—“Run outside, Willie. Father is going to try to get a number.”

Wouldn't it be a joyous act
 Of undiluted bliss,
 To smash the goof who greets you
 On the phone with “Who is ziss?”
 The pompous cuss annoys us most,
 Conceited, full of swank,
 Who tells us, stiff as any post.
 “You're talking to Mr. Blank.”
 Of selfish pests the worst of all
 Is surely, I opine,
 The one who has his steno call
 And bid you “Hold the line.”

One man's meat is another man's poison, and your telephone is another man's wrong number.

As soon as day begins to dawn
The meadow-lark starts singing.
As soon as evening comes, a star—
The angel's lamp—starts swinging.
As soon as I am in the tub
The telephone starts ringing!

GEORGE (from next door)—“Mrs. Jones, may I use your telephone?”

MRS. JONES—“Certainly, George. Is yours out of order?”
“Well, not exactly, but Sis is using it to hold up the window, ma's cutting biscuits with the mouthpiece, and baby's teething on the cord.”

Here is a story with a moral for telephone users. Hon. James Duff of Canada was in the habit of shouting into the receiver, and one day Sir James Whitney, who was in his office nearby, asked what all the racket was about.

“It is Mr. Duff, sir,” replied a clerk. “He is talking with his wife up in Simcoe County.”

“He is, eh?” said Sir James. “Well, why on earth doesn't he telephone her, instead of yelling across the Province like that?”

At Mt. Pleasant, Texas, a colored man came into the public telephone office and insisted that someone should talk for him. Upon being told that he would have to do his own talking, he approached the telephone, took down the receiver and, after turning it over two or three times and examining it carefully, said:

“Boss, Ah don't believe Ah kin get dat dah t'ing in mah mouf.”

MISTRESS—“Goodness, Bridget, where is our telephone?”

BRIDGET—“Mrs. Jones sent over, mum, askin' for the use av it, and I sint it over, but I had the devil's own toime gittin' it off the wall, mum.”

PARK—"I'll bet a cookie that tall girl is a telephone operator."

WOOD—"Why?"

"I was at a fishing party with her the other day."

"I don't gettcha."

"The first time she got a bite she yelled 'line's busy.'"

THE TALL AND AGGRESSIVE ONE—"Excuse me, but I'm in a hurry! You've had that 'phone twenty minutes and not said a word!"

THE SHORT AND MEEK ONE—"Sir I'm talking to my wife!"

VOICE (on the telephone)—"Zander! Zander! Z! Z!! No, not C! ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ!"

"That's old Dogsbody just come out of the telephone box—he's turned 92."

"Heavens! How old was he when he went in?"

"The missus wasn't feeling very well this morning," remarked the bookkeeper to the cashier in the office down town. "Guess I'll call her up after a while."

"How's the wife?" asked the cashier later.

"Oh, she's all right now. I called up and the line was busy."

CITIZEN (trying to phone to the police)—"Central, give me Main 6400! Quick!"

CENTRAL—"Line busy. But I can give you Main 6398, Main 6503 or West 6400. Will any of these suit you?"

"Well," said the Far West mayor to the English tourist, "I dunno' how you manage these affairs in your country, but over here when some of our boys got tied up in that thar bankrupt telephone company I was tellin' yer about they became mighty crusty."

"Oh!"

"Yes, they didn't like the way the receiver was handlin' the business nohow."

"Indeed!" commented the earnest listener. "Then may I ask what they did?"

"Sartinly; I was goin' to tell yer. They just hung up the receiver."

THE BOSS—"Miss Brown, you have been telephoning for a full half an hour."

STENOGRAPHER—"Excuse me, it was a business conversation."

THE BOSS—"That so? Very well, but please don't address our customers as 'Honey and Darling.'"

FIRST KNUT—"If I were you, Percy, I should tell him just what I think of him."

SECOND DITTO—"How can I? The man has no telephone."

TELEVISION

JINX—"Television will soon be here."

BLINX—"Yes; just think what a nuisance it will be to shave before you answer the telephone."

In the beginning I was woefully lacking in appreciation of the wonders to be wrought by television. This promises to be the greatest invention of all time, but I did not realize what it would mean to us all until Leonard Levin pointed out to me the sure salvation which is now within our grasp. Of course! Once the mechanism is perfected, there will be an end for all time to the idiot who rings and begins, "Guess who this is."

Possibly under television the lonely wife can lure the errant spouse home evenings by holding a banana cream pie in front of the transmitter.—*Detroit News*.

It would keep us down-town.—*Boston Transcript*.

TEMPERANCE

"Your friend Miss Blank seems a very strict teetotaller," said a man, commenting on a girl who had refused to take brandy sauce with plum-pudding.

"Strict doesn't express it," replied the girl's friend. "Why she's that particular she won't heat the curling tongs over a spirit lamp."

"I object," said the temperance man, "to the custom of christening ships with champagne."

"I don't," replied the other man. "I think there is a temperance lesson in it."

"How can that be?"

"Well, immediately after the first bottle of wine the ship takes to water and sticks to it ever after!"

"My good friends," began a temperance orator in an English town, "drink is the curse of the world. All the crimes, all the wars, all the heartaches of the universe can be laid at the door of intoxication."

He paused significantly and gazed around at his audience.

"Oh, my friends," he continued at last, "what causes more misery than liquor?"

Not receiving any reply to his query, he repeated the question, adding:

"Can anyone tell me that?"

The silence was broken by the little man at the end of the hall.

"Thir-r-st!" he yelled.

TESTIMONIALS

TOURIST—"And to what do you owe your great age, my dear sir?"

OLD RESIDENT—"Wal, I dunno yit. I'm dickering with two or three patent medicine concerns."

THANKSGIVING

Causes For Thanksgiving

Says Alfred Smith, Manhattan resident,
I'm grateful now I'm not the president.
Says Calvin, in a coolidge attitude,
Thank Heaven for the helpful platitude.
Says Richard Byrd, Upon my soul
I'm thankful there's no further pole.
Says Hoover, Glad I've got no genie
Over here like Mussolini.

THEATERS

Lady of the golden tresses,
Lady sitting at my right:
Know you that your elbow presses
Tight?

Ever since you first were seated
And I first admired your map,
We have waged a very heated
Scrap.

No one else, I'm sure, has seen us
Battle to determine who
Owns the narrow ledge between us
Two.

Every time I've tried contesting
Whether I might seize a share,
I have bumped your own arm resting
There.

Lady, I don't wish to pound your
Elbow; there is but one check—
May I put my arm around your
Neck?

The second act of the melodrama was nearing a close, and the villain, having dealt the hero a foul blow from behind, had left the stage. The heroine, entering at this moment, and discovering her lover lying prone and still, struck an attitude and cried:

"He has fainted! What shall I do? What shall I do?"

A hoarse voice from the gallery answered her. "Unbutton his waistcoat, mum."

Mrs. Brown could buy nothing but two aisle seats, one behind the other. Wishing to have her sister beside her, she turned and cautiously surveyed the man in the seat next. She finally leaned over and timidly addressed him: "I beg your pardon, sir, but are you alone?"

The man, without turning his head the slightest, but twisting his mouth to an alarming degree and shielding it with his hand, muttered: "Cut it out, kid, cut it out—muh wife's with me."

TEACHER—"Can any boy tell me the earliest reference in history to a theater?"

TOMMY—"Yes, teacher; we read in the Bible that Joseph was taken from the family circle and put into the pit."

REV. DR. HOWLEY—"My dear sir, I am a minister of the gospel, and, as I intend preaching a sermon against the stage, I thot I would ask you for a ticket of admission to your show, in order that I might see for myself the extent of this great immorality."

MANAGER (to ticket-seller)—"Charlie, give the doctor a seat in the orchestra, and charge it to advertising."

THIEVES

"Would your experience confirm the popular notion that there is a sense of honor among thieves?" said the visitor to the prison chaplain.

"Well—no. There may be exceptions," returned the chaplain, "but, generally speaking, I find thieves just about as bad as other people."

JUDGE—"You say you were alone when you committed the robbery?"

NITRO BILL—"Yes, yer honor. I allus does me little jobs alone. When ye've got a pal it's ten ter one he turns out dishonest."

PICKPOCKET (visiting friend in jail)—"I hired a lawyer for you this morning, Slim, but I had to hand him my wath as a retainer."

PAL—"And did he keep it?"

PICKPOCKET—"He thinks he did."

"How did you get the turkeys the officer found in your possession?" sternly asked the police magistrate.

"I—I—I raised 'em, your Honor," stammered the prisoner.

"Tell me the truth."

"That's the truth, your Honor," persisted the crime-stained creature. "I reached down thru a hole in the roof."

THRIFT

A story is told on the Eastern Shore of Maryland of a young man who called one evening on an old farmer to ask him how it was he had become rich.

"It is a long story," said the old man, "and while I am telling it we might as well save the candle." And he put it out.

"You need not tell the story," said the youth. "I understand."

See also Economy; Saving; Scotch, The.

TICKETS

"What's this thing, dear?"

"It's a pawn ticket, honey."

"Why didn't you get two, so we could both go?"

An Irishman entered a ticket-office one day and inquired the fare to Chicago.

"Ten dollars," returned the clerk, "but we are making a special rate today. We'll sell you a round-trip ticket for fifteen dollars."

"A round-trip? What do you mean?" puzzled the Irishman.

"Yes," explained the clerk, "you can go to Chicago and back."

"Well," said Pat, "what do I want to come back for, when I'm already here?"

CONDUCTOR—"Ticket, please."

PASSENGER—"Can't I ride on my face?"

CONDUCTOR—"Sure, but I'll have to punch it."

An old man approached the ticket wagon on the circus grounds and asked for three seats for the afternoon performance. "Sorry, but we're sold out," the ticket seller told him.

"You mean to say you haven't even three seats you can sell me?"

"That's about the situation."

"Well," opined the old man with acerbity. "I call that pretty poor management."

TICKET-SELLER (at theater)—“Yes, that’s the price for two in the orchestra—want ’em or don’t ye?”

SPUNK—“No, I think I’ll take a little Mediterranean cruise instead.”

TIME

NOGGS—“What do you mean by the ‘witching hour’?”

DAMROWSKI—“Don’t you know? That’s the hour when the wife greets you with, ‘Well, which story is it this time?’”

HENRY PECK (who has waited on the corner a long time)—“Well, I see you are on time as usual, my dear.”

MRS. PECK—“Now, don’t try to be funny. You know I’m an hour late.”

HENRY PECK—“Exactly.”

“Helen, did that young man smoke in the parlor last night? I found burnt matches there.”

“Oh, no, father; he just lit one or two to see what time it was.”

A woman, very hurried and flurried, got into a bus and was greeted by a friend near the door. “Sit down,” said the friend, moving up a place.

“Oh, really, dear, I can’t,” said the flurried woman, “I haven’t time. I’m going to the station and I’ve only time to catch the train.”

A long-haired man was asked for the time by a small boy, and answered, “Ten minutes to nine.” The small boy replied: “Well, mister, at nine o’clock have your hair cut,” and ran away.

The man followed and ran into a cop, who inquired why he was running.

“See that boy? Well, he asked me for the time, and when I told him it was ten minutes to nine he said, ‘Have your hair cut at nine o’clock.’”

The cop answered, “Well, what are you running for? You still have eight minutes.”

A young man, having found the wallet of a business executive, was ushered into his private office. Said the latter: "Well, young man, say what you have to say and say it quickly. My time is worth a dollar a minute."

"And so is mine. Here is a wallet you lost yesterday, less pay for an hour's time which I used in waiting to see you," the young man replied as he extracted \$60 from the wallet.

PASSENGER (to negro porter)—"What time do we get to New York, George?"

PORTER—"We is due to get there at 1:15, unless you has set your watch by Eastern time, which would make it 2:15. Then, of co'se, if you is goin' by daylight saving time, it would be 3:15, unless we is an hour an' fifty minutes late—which we is."

TOASTS

At a public dinner in an English city, the toast of "Army, Navy and Reserve Forces" was proposed in rather unusual terms. In submitting the toast, the chairman said: "This is a toast which requires very little comment from me, as the subject is one which you are all familiar. The Army and Navy have been drunk for very many years, and the Reserve Forces have now been drunk for something over twenty years."

"How was the banquet?"

"Fine. Father gave the toast to the ladies."

"He did, eh? That's just like him, letting on to a lot of other women that he's so kind and considerate when he wouldn't make toast for me in the mornings if my head was splitting open."

At a wedding feast the bridegroom was called upon, as usual, to respond to the given toast, in spite of the fact that he had previously pleaded to be excused. Blushing to the roots of his hair, he rose to his feet. He intended to imply that he was unprepared for speech-making, but unfortunately he placed his hand upon the bride's shoulder and looked down at her as he stammered out his opening and concluding words:

"This—er—thing has been unexpectedly forced upon me."

My brother wrote me about a dinner some of the soldiers gave for two visitors at camp, members of a famous Canadian regiment, who were home on sick leave.

The sergeant had been carefully coached about giving the toast, but became flustered and this is what he made of it: "Here's to the gallant Eighth, last on the field and the first to leave it."

Silence reigned, then the corporal came gallantly to the rescue:

"Gentlemen," he began, "you must excuse the sergeant; he never could give a toast decently; he isn't used to public speaking. Now I'll give a toast: Here's to the gallant Eighth, equal to none."

TOURISTS

"This is the home of Shakespeare. Are you not awed?"

"Certainly! Where can we get post-cards?"

GUIDE—"This tower goes back to William the Conqueror."

TOURIST—"Why, what's the matter with it, isn't it satisfactory?"

"Has Harry traveled much?"

"Has he! He's been to half the places on his suit-case labels."

TRAFFIC OFFICER—"Let me see your license."

TOURIST—"Marriage, car, drivers', camp-fire, fishing, or hunting? Open the license trunk, Maria."

TOURIST (pointing to menu)—"Waiter, bring me some of this."

WAITER—"Sir, the orchestra is now playing it."

GUIDE—"That is a skyscraper."

OLD LADY—"Oh my! I'd love to see it work."

A woman arriving in this country after a short visit to the continent was asked the usual question by the customs officials at the landing port "Anything to declare, madam?"

"No," she replied, sweetly, "nothing."

"Then madam," said the official, "am I to take it that the fur tail I see hanging down under your coat is your own?"

CAPTAIN—"There's a tramp steamer."

PASSENGER—"Oh, do you ever give them anything?"

Why Sea Captains Become Quick Tempered

What does "port" mean, the front or the back of the boat?

What would happen if somebody fell overboard?

Can't we please have the orchestra play till one tonight?

Do you think we'll be late in arriving at Cherbourg? Yes, I know it's only the first day out, but I thot you'd know.

Why do we have to set our watches ahead every night?

Do you think we're going to run into a fog?

Why do they call them hatches?

What's the best hotel in Breisach? That's a town in Germany.

How did you ever happen to become a sea captain? Do you like it?

Are all Englishmen terribly highhat? Oh, you are? I'm sorry I hadn't thot of that.

How do you get to stateroom 284-C?

How much do you tip the deck steward?

Why do they put the main dining room on the D deck?

Do you think it's going to be hot in Paris?

Do you think I'm going to be seasick?

OLD LADY (near-sighted, on river steamer)—"Captain, is this boat going up or down?"

CAPTAIN—"Well, ma'am, she's a leaky old tub and she might go down, and then again her boilers ain't none too good and she might go up."

See also Americans.

TRADES

"You say you stayed six months in Ireland and couldn't land a job?" asked the lady at the door, of the hobo.

"Not at me trade, mum."

"And what is your trade?"

"I'm a snake charmer, mum."

STREET FAKIR—"What's the trouble, Bill?"

SECOND DITTO—"Here I worked half a day paintin' up a sparrow into a red-headed Belgian canary, and I'm blowed if the guy I sold it to didn't gimme a phony dollar bill."

TRAFFIC

A dignified Episcopalian minister had an engagement to lecture at 8 p. m. in a New York auditorium. A dinner engagement held him in his hotel until 7.45 p. m. He rushed out to the taxi stand and said to the driver: "I've an engagement to speak in Mechanics' Hall at 8 o'clock. Break the speed laws! Take any chances! I'll take the responsibility!" The car whizzed away. It had gone a few blocks when it was halted by an Irish traffic policeman:

"Shtop!" he shouted. "Shtop! Back oop there. Whadda ye mane thryin' tuh make a race-track out uv me boulevardd? Hop out there an' give me your name and number."

The minister stepped out. The policeman took one look at the ministerial choker and closed front vest. Then taking off his hat he said softly:

"I beg your pa-a-r-rdon, father. I shtopped ye so's I cud tell the laddy here to be careful three blocks farther down. There's a mean Protestant cop down there and ye might get pinched."

While touring abroad a certain citizen of New York found this item in a list of police regulations posted up on a highway in Ireland:

"Until further notice, every vehicle must carry a light when darkness begins. Darkness begins when the lights are lit."

In Washington the other day a smart and pretty Irish girl driving a Ford was arrested by an Italian crossing policeman for failing to observe his signal. In the traffic court next morning the girl was asked by the judge how she came to be apprehended. The girl answered: "The cop was too fresh. I was in a hurry to do some shopping and he took me unawares."

On hearing this, the officer sprang to his feet in righteous wrath and blurted out: "Me take her unnerwears! Diavolo; I never touch her unnerwears or anywheres; she make-a de big lie out of de whole cloth."

"Can't yer go any faster?" roared the angry traffic cop to the fellow who had delayed a string of autos several blocks long.

"Yes," calmly replied the driver of the antiquated flivver, "I can, but I don't want to leave the car."

TRAFFIC COP (to driver who refused to obey signals)—
"Didn't I tell you to stop?"

DRIVER—"Yes sir, but my wife told me not to stop until I got home."

Mike Gearshift was being tried for violating the traffic regulations at Squashville.

"The court has taken your case into consideration, Mr. Gearshift," said the judge, "and in view of what ye've said, and with some trewth about the badness of our roads hereabouts in your sworn testimony, I've decided not to fine ye \$500, as the law permits."

"That's very square of you, Judge," said Gearshift.

"We try to be square, Mr. Gearshift," said the judge; "and, instead of the \$500 fine, we're goin' to sentence ye to work on them roads for ten days, in the hope that your sooperior wisdom as a road expert will make 'em consid'rably better. Next case!"

"How soon can I get a street car?" asked the stranger of the native in one of the remote suburbs where the trolley service is something of a myth.

"Hmm," meditated the native, scrutinizing the tracks. "Looks like ye jest missed one."

"How can you tell?"

"The tall weeds between the tracks are all flattened out."

Mary had a little jam;
 It seemed to grow and grow,
 And everywhere that Mary drove
 The jam was sure to go.
 It followed her out shopping and
 It trailed her to the play;
 "I do not see," said Mary, "how
 The traffic gets that way."
 And so she bought a pogo stick
 One January day;
 And after that she managed to
 Get up and down Broadway.

A traffic expert in New York, in speaking of traffic jams abroad, says that the London drivers and chauffeurs enliven many an occasion by their wit and sarcasm. One London driver drew up, when he saw a pedestrian directly in his way, and leaned over and very politely inquired:

"I say, sir, may I awsk what are your plans?"

Hey diddle diddle, don't cross in the middle
 But keep to the lines that are marked;
 Don't stop to debate nor trifle with Fate
 If you want your remains to be parked.

Traffic in Manila is now completely Americanized and nobody's life or limb is safe.

"Why do you rise so early in the morning?"

"I have to get down town early in order to park my car."

"What do you do with the extra time before working hours?"

"O, I take the street car home and have breakfast."

TRAINS

"When does the half-past five train leave?" asked the city man of a country railway porter.

"Five-thirty," was the reply.

"Well," continued the querist, "the church clock is 27 minutes past, the postoffice clock is 25 minutes past, your clock is 32 minutes past—now which clock am I to go by?"

"Yer can go by any clock yer like," responded the porter, "but yer can't go by the train, for it's gone."

"Miss Gaussip is very quiet, over there."

"Yes; she says she's in a train of thot."

"Are trains of that kind dangerous?"

"I should say so. Just wait and see how many people are run down."

"Speaking of railroad service in Georgia," said a traveling salesman, "one day I was waiting for a train in a small town there. One hour, two hours, three hours passed, but no train pulled in. I was about to negotiate for a vehicle to drive me to the place I wished to make, when the station agent said: 'I wouldn't go to that trouble, sir. The train'll be along soon now.'

"What makes you think so?"

"'Well,' he answered, 'I'm pretty certain of it. Here comes the conductor's dog now.'"

An Irishman from a country village landed in New York on his way to live with a brother in a small town a hundred miles or so away. A friend put him on the train, and asked the conductor to put him off at the right station.

The train, however, ran into a freight and was wrecked. Pat was thrown thru a window and landed on his hands and knees, but beyond a severe shaking up and a few scratches was not hurt. Picking himself up and brushing his clothes he walked to a building some distance away, which turned out to be the station where he was to get out. Pat immediately hunted up his brother.

After the usual greetings were over, Pat was asked how he liked our railway service.

"Ye sure have some foine, comfortable trains," he replied, "and they do go loike the divil, but Oi think there could be some improvement in the way they put ye off at yer station."

A certain train on the Southern railroad had been late every day for years, but one day it gasped into the depot exactly on the dot. The marveling passengers got together and made up a handsome purse for the engineer and presented it to him with an eloquent speech, commending him for being at last on time.

The engineer refused the purse sadly, saying: "Gentlemen, it breaks my heart to do this, for I sho' do need the money. But this heah is yesterday's train."

A lady who had been away on a visit, was expected home on the seven o'clock train. Her husband was waiting at the station when a telegram was handed to him: "Missed train; will start at the same time tomorrow. Margaret."

The husband was very logical; he immediately despatched a reply: "If you start at the same time tomorrow, you will miss your train again."

TRAMPS

The tramp paused outside the house. "Clear out!" shouted the woman of the house. "I ain't got no wood to chop. There ain't nothing you could do around here." "But, madam, there is," retorted the wayfarer with dignity. "I could give you a few lessons in grammar."

A tramp knocked at a kitchen door and said, "Please, kind lady, I'm a sick man. The doctor gimme this medicine, but I need something to take it with." The lady was ready to help. "Poor fellow!" she said, "do you want a spoon and a glass of water?" The tramp answered, "No, mum, I wouldn't trouble you. But this medicine haster be took before meals. Have you got a meal handy?"

Tired Tim knocked at the door of a cottage. It was a chilly day and he was very hungry.

The old lady who opened the door was a good sort. She asked him into the kitchen and placed before him a nicely cooked meal and asked him why he did not go to work.

"I would," replied Tim, "if I had the tools."

"What sort of tools do you want?" inquired the old lady.

"A knife and fork," said Tired Tim.

HOUSEWIFE—"What do you work at, my poor man?"

TRAMP—"At intervals, ma'am."

"Well, do you want a meal badly enough to work for it?"

"I'm just hungry, mum, not desperate."

TRAVEL

WOMAN (to demented porter in crowded railway station)—
"Did ye see a wee tin box?"

PORTER (glaring)—"Did I see a wee tin box? Did I see a
hundred wee tin boxes?"

He was obviously a visitor to London, and it was equally
obvious that he had lost his way.

"I say, boy," he said, addressing a young urchin, "can you
direct me to Trafalgar Square?"

"No, sir," replied the boy.

"Can you direct me to the Victoria Memorial, then?"

"Don't know it, sir."

"Well, can you tell me how to get to my hotel, the Savritz?"
he tried, as a last attempt.

But it was of no use, for the boy knew not that either, much
to the visitor's dismay.

"You don't know anything," he said, as he turned away.

"I know I ain't lost, guv'nor," the imp called after him.

"Fare, Please! Fare!"

The passenger gave no heed.

"Fare, please!"

Still the passenger was oblivious.

"By the ejaculatory term, 'Fare,'" said the conductor, "I
imply no reference to the state of the weather, the complexion
of the admirable blonde you observe in the contiguous seat,
nor even to the quality of the service vouchsafed by this
philanthropic corporation. I merely alluded in a manner perhaps

lacking in delicacy, but not in conciseness, to the monetary obligation set up by your presence in this car and suggest that you liquidate."

At this point the passenger emerged from his trance.

YONKERS—"Do you believe in fairies?"

JOISEY—"Naw! I takes the tube. It's quicker."

"I think this scenery is just heavenly."

"Um, I don't know. Take away the mountains and the lake and it is just like anywhere else."

"Imagine my embarrassment," said Dumb Dora, "when, according to my custom, I looked under the bed before retiring. I had forgotten that I was in an upper berth."

"Conductor! Help me off the train."

"Sure."

"You see, I'm stout and I have to get off the train backwards; the porter thinks I'm getting on and gives me a shove on again. I'm five stations past my destination now."

"What good are the figures set down in these railway timetables?" asked the sarcastic and angry would-be passenger.

"Why," exclaimed the genial station-master, "if it weren't for them figures we'd have no way of findin' out how late the trains are!"

"Where shall we go this summer, dear?" asked Mrs. Flyaway.

"Well, let's see," replied her husband; "last summer we got bronchitis at Eastbourne?"

"Yes, and the tramp got your pointer dog."

"And the preceding summer we got rheumatism at Port-rush?"

"We did, and lost our appetites and two umbrellas before the end of the holidays."

"Yes."

"And the summer before that we went to Blackpool, and the children caught scarlet fever, and we were fagged nursing, and laid up all the autumn?"

"I remember."

"Well, if I felt as strong as I used to, I'd like first rate to take a holiday this summer; but I feel weak and listless, and I'm afraid I couldn't stand it. Let us stay at home and rest this year."

A visitor had made an exhaustive tour of France, but a friend in Paris thot that as the crown of his whole experience he would take him to dine at Voisin's.

"Let's go to Voisin's," he said. "You'll get the most marvelous old Burgundy and Bordeaux wines."

"Well," the visitor answered, "I'll go to Voisin's, if you like, but don't talk to me about old Burgundy and Bordeaux. What I am looking for is a good reliable French bootlegger who can get me a drink of ice water."

An Englishman and his valet had been travelling due west from Boston for five days. At the end of the fifth day it was observed that the man was gazing steadily and thotfully out of the window. Finally his companion became curious.

"William," said he, "of what are you thinking?"

"I was just thinking, sir, about the discovery of Hamerica," replied the valet. "Columbus didn't do such a wonderful thing, after all, when he found this country, did he, now, sir? Hafter all's said an' done, 'ow could 'e 'elp it?"

"You're at the wrong place," said Cerberus; "this is the gate that leads to the infernal regions, while it is a passport to heaven that you handed me."

"I know it," said the departed shade wearily "but it allows a stopover here. You see, I'm from Dublin, and I've got to make the change gradually."

As a steamer was leaving Athens, a well dressed passenger approached the captain and pointing to the distant hill, inquired:

"What is that white stuff on those distant hills, captain?"

"That is snow, madam," replied the captain.

"Well," remarked the lady, "I thot so myself. But a gentleman just told me it was Greece."

Some of the advance guard of the American Coronation visitors had arrived, and there were stories about them already. As one of the conducted trips drove past Grosvenor House the guide pointing it out said:

"That is the town house of the Duke of Westminster, one of our largest landed proprietors."

A pretty girl on the second seat looked up in sudden enthusiasm.

"Oh!" she cried. "Who landed him?"

In a place called Tin Can, out in the Arizona wilds, a hairy miner once said to a stranger: "You've traveled some, I reckon."

"I sure have," said the stranger.

"Been to London?"

"Sure."

"Paris?"

"Yes, sir."

"Rome?"

"Yep."

The miner took a chew of fine cut tobacco. "Elegant cities," he said, "hey?"

"They're sure elegant," said the stranger.

The miner chewed for a minute thoughtfully. "Elegant, yes," he said. "But remote."

A portly old gentleman, laden with several suit cases, was endeavoring to make a dignified exit from a crowded train.

At the door of his car, however, he stumbled on the pet corn of a brawny Scot.

"Hoots, toots, mon!" groaned the latter. "Canna ye look whaur ye're goin' ? Hoot, toot, mon, hoot!"

"Hoot yerself!" retorted the old man, "I'm a traveler, not an auto."

They Go to Europe

SHE SAID—"No we've never been before. Henry never liked the water—No, I'm not thrilled—I think it's something everyone ought to do once—Oh, yes, we'll fly over to London."

HE SAID—"Yes, we're really going— Always wanted to but never had the cash before—Sure, we're both as excited as kids—Nix, no airship for me—I love the water—a boat is good enough for me."

HER FAMILY SAID—"Well, it's time Henry loosened up—Bet he has quite a wad salted away—He should have taken Mary over long ago. Maybe a little travel will make him more human. Never could see how Mary took him—There was John Smith—Oh, well— "

HIS FAMILY SAID—"Knew Mary would keep at it until she made Henry go—He'd much rather spend his vacation fishing. Do him more good too—Can't save anything for a rainy day with a wife like Mary."

THE NEIGHBORS SAID—"Can you beat it? Wouldn't even buy a ticket to the Charity Ball—Said he was too poor. Better stay home and use the money to paint his house."

TROUBLE

A crowd of troubles passed him by,
As he with courage waited.
He said, "Where do you troubles fly
When you are thus belated?"
"We go," they said, "to those who mope,
Who look on life dejected,
Who weakly say good-bye to hope—
We go where we're expected."

'Tis hard to part with those we love
When our hearts are full of hope
But harder 'tis to find a towel
When our eyes are full of soap.

TRUTH

MOTHER—"Which apple do you want, Junior?"
JUNIOR—"The biggest one."
MOTHER—"Why, Junior! You should be polite and take the little one."
JUNIOR—"Well, mamma, should I lie just to be polite?"

Some of the advance guard of the American Coronation visitors had arrived, and there were stories about them already. As one of the conducted trips drove past Grosvenor House the guide pointing it out said:

"That is the town house of the Duke of Westminster, one of our largest landed proprietors."

A pretty girl on the second seat looked up in sudden enthusiasm.

"Oh!" she cried. "Who landed him?"

In a place called Tin Can, out in the Arizona wilds, a hairy miner once said to a stranger: "You've traveled some, I reckon."

"I sure have," said the stranger.

"Been to London?"

"Sure."

"Paris?"

"Yes, sir."

"Rome?"

"Yep."

The miner took a chew of fine cut tobacco. "Elegant cities," he said, "hey?"

"They're sure elegant," said the stranger.

The miner chewed for a minute thoughtfully. "Elegant, yes," he said. "But remote."

A portly old gentleman, laden with several suit cases, was endeavoring to make a dignified exit from a crowded train.

At the door of his car, however, he stumbled on the pet corn of a brawny Scot.

"Hoots, toots, mon!" groaned the latter. "Canna ye look whaur ye're goin' ? Hoot, toot, mon, hoot!"

"Hoot yerself!" retorted the old man, "I'm a traveler, not an auto."

They Go to Europe

SHE SAID—"No we've never been before. Henry never liked the water—No, I'm not thrilled—I think it's something everyone ought to do once—Oh, yes, we'll fly over to London."

HE SAID—"Yes, we're really going— Always wanted to but never had the cash before—Sure, we're both as excited as kids—Nix, no airship for me—I love the water—a boat is good enough for me."

HER FAMILY SAID—"Well, it's time Henry loosened up—Bet he has quite a wad salted away—He should have taken Mary over long ago. Maybe a little travel will make him more human. Never could see how Mary took him—There was John Smith—Oh, well— "

HIS FAMILY SAID—"Knew Mary would keep at it until she made Henry go—He'd much rather spend his vacation fishing. Do him more good too—Can't save anything for a rainy day with a wife like Mary."

THE NEIGHBORS SAID—"Can you beat it? Wouldn't even buy a ticket to the Charity Ball—Said he was too poor. Better stay home and use the money to paint his house."

TROUBLE

A crowd of troubles passed him by,
As he with courage waited.
He said, "Where do you troubles fly
When you are thus belated?"
"We go," they said, "to those who mope,
Who look on life dejected,
Who weakly say good-bye to hope—
We go where we're expected."

'Tis hard to part with those we love
When our hearts are full of hope
But harder 'tis to find a towel
When our eyes are full of soap.

TRUTH

MOTHER—"Which apple do you want, Junior?"

JUNIOR—"The biggest one."

MOTHER—"Why, Junior! You should be polite and take the little one."

JUNIOR—"Well, mamma, should I lie just to be polite?"

Dr. Frank G. Young, Brooklyn post-office physician, in supporting Mrs. Mary Ware Dennett's pamphlet on sex, has declared that "truth will not hurt anyone." Right, says *The World Tomorrow*—no one except the one who tells it.

"Children," said a teacher, "be diligent and steadfast, and you will succeed. Take the case of George Washington. Do you remember my telling you of the great difficulty George Washington had to contend with?"

"Yes, miss," said a little boy. "He couldn't tell a lie."

UMBRELLAS

SHE—"Where did you get that umbrella?"

HE—"It was a gift from sister."

SHE—"You told me you hadn't any sisters."

HE—"I know—but that's what's engraved on the handle."

An umbrella with teeth that grip the owner's sleeve has been invented. But will it snap at anybody who tries to steal it in a restaurant?

UNEMPLOYMENT

Our vicar (writes a correspondent to *The Manchester Guardian*) has a taste for advertising the subjects of his sermons and addresses in terse and arresting headlines, and this he does on a big notice board which has its foundation in the graveyard itself. This week "A Solution for Unemployment" is blazoned forth. The guard was punching my ticket today as we passed by. "Seen that?" he asked. "Ay, and look where they've put it—in the graveyard! That's the solution for unemployment, all right!"

Almost every man can find work if he uses his brains, asserted an Englishman who had traveled a good deal—that is, if he has the ability to adapt himself, like the piano-tuner in the West of America. "Why," I said to him, for we were in a

wild, unsettled country, "surely piano-tuning can't be very lucrative here? I shouldn't imagine that pianos were very plentiful in this region." "No, they're not," said the piano-tuner; "but I make a pretty fair income by tightening up barbed-wire fences!"

America is willing to do almost anything for the workingman except give him a job.

Klumseigh obtained a job as packer in a china warehouse. On the third day he smashed a big vase. On pay day he was called into the manager's office and was told that half his wages would be deducted each week until the vase was paid for.

"How much was the vase worth?" he asked anxiously.

"About \$300," replied the manager.

"Hurrah!" shouted Klumseigh.

The manager stared. "Why the merriment?"

"Well," said Klumseigh, "it looks as if I've got a steady job at last."

You see, by saving all you earn you will have money to share with the fellow thrown out of work by your saving.

VACATION

JUDGE—"Have you spent all your life in jail?"

JAKE—"Not 'xactly, yo' honor. Ah's had my little vacations to res' up in."

UNCLE BOB—"Well, Frankie, what are you going to do this vacation?"

FRANKIE—"Last year I had mumps and chicken-pox. This year I don't know what I'm going to do."

"You give your clerks two week's vacation every year, don't you, Mr. Tintack?" asked the friend.

"A month," grunted the eminent hardware dealer.

"A month?"

"Yes. The two weeks when I go on my vacation and two weeks when they go on theirs."

Two sailors in a subway train were discussing the general situation. Said the tall one: "When I git done with this hitch, I'm going to git me a pair of nice light oars, and I'm goin' to sling them across my shoulder and start to walkin' inlands. When I finally hit a place where people say, 'What are them things you got on your shoulder?'—boy, that's where I'm goin' to settle down!"

VEGETABLES

SAM (at the telephone)—"Mrs. Youngwed wants to know if we have any more asparagus without handles. Is she kidding?"

JIM—"No; I took her order yesterday for the same thing, and sent her Brussels sprouts."

A Vegetarian Romance

"Come, lettuce get married," said Arti.
 "Will your celery keep two?" asked she.
 "With carrot will do and I think dear,
 Something better will turnip," said he.
 She replied, slightly radish from blushing,
 (Tho her rouge was parsley the fault),
 "I've always been true, and I'll still be,
 Tho your kale may not keep us in salt."
 So off to old Pars'n Ipp's cottage
 Onion road, the wedding to stage,
 They spud, and it took but a second
 In this modern taxi-cabbage.
 But you can't beet a taxi-cab meter;
 Appeasing the bill left him broke,
 Caused a lump to sprout in his thorax,
 And nearly made poor Artichoke.
 However, they were not cress' fallen;
 To the house on the corner they went.
 Woke the Pars'nip from his slumber,
 On the greensward held the event.
 Of a Cole 8 he made her a present,
 And they now take a spinach night—
 And this is the endive my story.
 For there isn't mushroom left to write.

N. H. Randall in Judge.

VELOCITY

TEACHER—"Johnny, what is velocity?"

JOHNNY—"Velocity is what a fellow lets go of a bee with."

See also Speed.

VOCATIONS

"What do you think is your natural vocation, Reggie?"

"Haven't any, deah boy. What I was born with is a natural vacation."

VOICES

There was a young man in the choir,
Whose voice rose hoir and hoir,
Till so high it did soar,
You could hear it no moar,
And 'twas found next day on the spoir.

"Has he proposed, then?"

"Oh, not yet, dear. But his voice had such an engagement ring in it last night."

EDITH—"Mr. Boreleigh? Oh dear! I'll have Ninette tell him I'm out."

ALICE—"Won't the still, small voice reproach you?"

EDITH—"Maybe; but I'd much rather hear the still, small voice than Mr. Borleigh's."

MRS. WITSEND (from stairway)—"Wilbur, for mercy's sake, turn off that radio! That woman has the awfullest voice I ever heard!"

WILBUR—"Ha! Ha! This isn't the radio, Ma. This is Mrs. Highpitch come to call!"

The music supervisor was trying to get the children to sing with expression. They were singing an ocean song and she told them that in certain places only the boys would sing. "Their

voices are deep like the waters in the ocean," she explained. "Men's voices make you think of oceans—don't they?"

The children agreed that they did. "And now," she smiled encouragingly, "what do women's voices make you think of?"

Silence and then a little hand in the back of the room went up. "Why, of the swimming pool at the Y. W. C. A." piped a shrill treble.

Old Peter's voice was hoarse. The doctor told him to use it as little as possible. Later Peter went into a shop and said: "Please give me some paper and a pencil. The doctor says I must talk as little as possible, and I want to order something from you. I shall be much obliged."

The shopkeeper brought the paper, and Peter wrote on it: "Ten-cent can of tobacco."

VOTING

"You admit, then, that you voted for a man who had been dead for ten years?"

"Yes," said the practical politician, "but he was an old friend of mine, and I knew that we were carrying out his wishes."

One of the witnesses at a Royal Commission appointed to inquire into a case of alleged bribery in an election stated that he had received twenty-five pounds to vote Conservative, and, in cross-examination, it was elicited that he had also received twenty-five pounds to vote Liberal.

Mr. Justice Matthew, in amazement, repeated:

"You say you received twenty-five pounds to vote Conservative?"

"Yes, my lord."

"And you also received twenty-five pounds to vote Liberal?"

"Yes, my lord."

"And for whom did you vote at the finish?" asked the astonished judge, throwing himself back in the chair.

And then that witness, with injured dignity in every line of his face, answered with great earnestness:

"I voted, my lord, according to my conscience!"

WAGES

The wife of a military man advertised for a girl to do general housework. The notice was responded to by a particularly neat and competent young colored woman. The details were soon settled—number in the family, hours for meals, days out, no laundry, how often the drawing room had to be dusted, when the silver had to be cleaned, etc.

"What wages do you expect?" asked the housewife.

"Ah couldn't wo'k fo' less 'an \$50 a month," replied the candidate.

"But, Mandy, that's impossible. My husband is only a first lieutenant, and we can't afford to pay such wages."

"That's too bad," replied the maid. "But, yo' see, mah husband he's a lieutenant too, and Ah mus' have that much to keep him goin'."

"The time will come," shouted the speaker, "when women will get men's wages."

"Yes," said a little man in the corner. "Next Saturday night."

"Don't you think that a woman is entitled to a man's wages?" demanded the Equal Rights Propagandist.

"Well," replied the Professor, "that would depend entirely on whether or not the woman is married to the man."

"Doris is getting a man's wages."

"Yes, I knew she was married."

WAITERS

WAITRESS—"Pardon me, but was yours 'ham and beans' or 'hain and eggs'?"

WOULD-BE DINER (who has been waiting thirty minutes)—
"Why ask me now?"

WAITRESS—"Because we're all out of ham."

Joe Cook tells this one. He said he walked into a restaurant, the other day, and ordered bean soup. Finding no beans in it, he immediately protested. The waitress retorted:

"Well, we got cabinet pudding, too, but you won't find Andrew Mellon in it."

WAITRESS—"Have you given your order?"

CUSTOMER—"Yes, but I should like to change it to an entreaty."

WAITING—"Why do they call this course 'pièce de résistance'?"

WAITER—"Wait till you try it."

A church bell weighing 1½cwt. has been stolen at Hendon. Evidently somebody is determined to attract the waitress's attention in a tea shop.

The newly wedded pair were spending their honeymoon at Niagara Falls, and had stopped to get some light refreshments.

The trim young waitress approached them, and politely asked if they wanted "Honeymoon Salad."

The rather bashful groom asked of what it consisted, and the young waitress answered: "Just lettuce alone."

"Waiter," said the customer, after waiting fifteen minutes for his soup, "have you ever been to the zoo?"

"No sir."

"Well you ought to go. You'd enjoy seeing the turtles whiz past you."

The railway line was flooded on account of the heavy rain-storms, and the traveler was obliged to break his journey at a village. He made his way in the pouring rain to an inn, and said to the waiter there, "It is like the Deluge!"

"The what?"

"The Deluge. Haven't you read about the Deluge—Noah and the Ark and Mount Ararat?"

"No sir," said the waiter; "we have had no papers here for three days."

SLOW WAITER (in London restaurant)—"Your coffee, sir; it's special from South America, sir."

DINER (sarcastically)—"Oh, so that's where you've been?"

WAR

War is what results when one country takes steps to defend itself from another country that is taking steps to defend itself.

WARNING

A story is told of a doctor who was much concerned at the drunken habits of his coachman, whom he had tried in vain to reform. One day he came upon a story so gruesome that it must, thot the doctor, make Mick a teetotaler for life. It was that of an old lady who had so saturated herself with spirits that her breath caught fire in blowing out a candle, and the flames, striking inwards, burned her in a moment to ashes.

Having read this frightful story to Mick with due melodramatic emphasis, the doctor wound up with the solemn admonition:—

"Mick, Mick, let this be a warning to you! Let this be a warning to you!"

"Oh, begorra, it will sir," answered the awestruck Mick; "I'll never blow a candle out again the longesht day I live!"

"Claribel," called out the old gentleman, in a loud, rasping and emphatic voice, from the head of the staircase at 11.30 P.M., "you tell that long-haired, sallow-faced, spider-legged feller in the parlor there to take his hat and walk off; and if he ever comes here again I'll kick him right thru his necktie."

"Alfred," murmured the young woman, pensively, "something seems to tell me we'd better part."

The alarm clock went off with a ring. Curly woke up with a start and sprang out of bed with a bound.

"My, it's a foggy morning!" he exclaimed. But he discovered to his delight that he had set his clock wrong and had still two hours of blessed sleep.

He did not return to bed at once. He slipped on his shoes and dressing jacket, crept out of his room and tiptoed along the passage. Then he stopped before a door and banged it lustily with his knuckles.

"Confound it!" groaned a voice, smothered in sheets. "Time to get up?"

"No, you've two hours yet," replied Curly.

"Two hours!" exclaimed the smothered voice angrily. "Then, why on earth have you wakened me?"

"Why, to warn you," observed Curly, as he retreated: "for I made the same mistake myself."

JUNIOR—"So you didn't propose to her, after all?"

WEED—"No. And I'm not going to. When I got to her house I found her chasing a mouse with a broom."

Members of the faculty of one of our universities tell a story of the days when a certain distinguished educator was a tutor in charge of student discipline at a New England college—a sort of proctor, apparently. On one occasion he was called out of his room by some midnight escapade. He was obliged as a matter of duty to pursue the disturbers, and with his long legs he soon found himself gaining rapidly upon them. Then his solemn voice rang out suddenly into the night: "Gentlemen, gentlemen, if you don't run a little faster, I shall be obliged to overtake you!"

Some people have very peculiar notions as to the purpose of a warning.

"This seems to be a very dangerous precipice," said Mr. Jones to a native, after surveying the place critically. "I wonder that they have not put up a warning board."

"It's dangerous, all right," agreed the man. "They did keep a warning sign up for two years, but no one ever fell over the cliff, so it was taken down."

WEALTH

A parable taken from a Jewish folk-play, presumably "The Dybbuk," follows:

"One day a certain old rich man, of a miserly disposition, visited a rabbi, who took the rich man by the hand and led him to a window. 'Look out there,' he said. And the rich man looked into the street.

"What do you see?" asked the rabbi.

"I see men, and women, and little children," answered the rich man.

"Again the rabbi took him by the hand, and this time led him to a mirror. 'What do you see now?'"

"Now I see myself," the rich man replied.

"Then the rabbi said: 'Behold—in the window there is glass, and in the mirror there is glass. But the glass of the mirror is covered with a little silver, and no sooner is the silver added than you cease to see others but see only yourself.'"

"Hear the latest about Newrich?"

"No. What now?"

"He bought a Louis XIV bed, but it was too small for him, so he sent it back and asked for a Louis XVI."

Our national wealth is estimated at \$3,200 per capita. The trouble with the Western farmer is that he selfishly insists upon having his share personally.

The itching palm may be a forerunner of the mailed fist.

Mere wealth can't bring us happiness,
Mere wealth can't make us glad;
But we'll always take a chance, I guess,
At being rich and sad.

The reason some rich people are stingy is also the reason they are rich.

HE—"I don't think they've had their money long."

SHE—"Why not?"

HE—"He knows too much about the working parts of an automobile."

GUEST (to horribly rich host)—"Do you ever get burgled?"

SIR GORGAS—"We may have, but, of course, we wouldn't notice."

It's an easy matter for a stingy man to get rich but what's the use?

More gas stations than banks are being robbed. Which shows where the money is.

WEATHER

It was necessary for taxation purposes to decide which side of the Canadian and United States border a farm, which an old lady had just purchased, actually lay. Surveyors finally announced that the farm was just on the American side of the border. The old lady smiled with relief. "I'm so glad to know that," she said. "I've heard that winters in Canada are terribly severe."

WIDOWS

"Which weeds are the easiest weeds to kill?" asked the city chap of the farmer.

"Widow's weeds," replied the farmer, "you have only to say 'wilt thou' and they wilt."

WISHES

WIFEY—"There are times when I wish I were a man."

HUBBY—"When?"

WIFEY—"When I pass a milliner's shop and think how happy I could make my wife by giving her a present of a new hat."

"Brown says he is always ready to grant his wife's smallest wish. Do you believe it?"

"Oh, yes—if it's small enough."

SHE—"Oh, I wish the Lord had made me a man!"

HE (bashfully)—"He did. I'm the man."

Two Negroes were enjoying a respite, during the noon hour, from their hot task of carrying freight on a hot day.

"Good Lawd, man," sighed one, "I sho wish I wuz up in the cool mountain where der wuz a lake of watah, and I had lots of money and nuffin' to do 'cept eat ice cream, fish and swim aroun' an' keep cool all de time."

"An' ef you owned dat place would you all invite me to come up and laze aroun' wif you?" the other asked.

"'Cain't say as how I would."

"But ef you jess had a cool lake, couldn't I all come up and swim in it?"

"I ain't sayin' I would."

"But sposin' you all jes' had a lot of ice cream, wouldn't you give me a bite?"

"Say, look heah, man," came the sharp retort. "If you zil is too darn lazy to do yer own wishin' foah all dem things, and dem coolin' stimulants, jes' set heah an' wilt."

WITNESSES

"Have you ever appeared as a witness in a suit before?" asked the bully-ragging Attorney.

"Why of course!" replied the Young Lady on the witness stand.

"Then tell the jury just what suit it was!" demanded the Attorney.

"It was a blue suit, with a white collar and white cuffs, and white buttons all the way down the back," replied the Young Lady.

LAWYER—"You say you can bring witnesses to swear they were with you in a row-boat at the time the burglary was committed?"

ACCUSED—"Look 'ere; I can bring as many as the boat'll hold!"

"You swear that this man is no chicken stealer?" demanded the judge.

"Yessur," replied Rastus Rashley. "Dat's whut Ah said, suh."

"What do you know about the facts in this case?"

"Ah isn't s'posed to know nuffin' 'bout de facts in de case, suh. Ah is an expert witness foh de defense."

See also Evidence.

WIVES

BONES—"What did your wife say about you're being out so late the other night?"

JONES—"Don't ask me yet. When she gets thru with the subject, I'll condense it for you."

Ring Lardner Says:

Wives is people that always want to go home when you don't and vice versa. Wives is people that ain't never satisfied as they are always too fat or too thin.

Wives is people that asks you what time the 12:55 train leaves for New York.

Wives is people that sets on the right side of the front seat in their husband's motor and when he turns down a street to the left they tell him he should have kept straight ahead.

They are people that never have anything that is fit to wear.

They are people that think when the telephone bell rings it is against the law to not answer it.

WIFE'S FRIEND—"Does your husband make you an allowance, or do you ask him for money when you want it.?"

WIFE—"Both."

THE CUSTOMER—"I can't find my wife anywhere. What shall I do?"

THE SHOPWALKER—"Just start talking to our pretty assistant over there."

See also Marriage; Married Life.

WOMEN

Arriving at the ball park in the middle of the game, he said: "We're doing fine. We have a man on every base."

"What of it?" she said. "So has the other team."

Two hunters in the North Carolina woods had chased a wildcat to a clearing and were terrified to see the beast jump into the window of a cabin from which the sound of a woman's voice had just been heard. On the porch, rocking comfortably and apparently unperturbed, sat Friend Husband.

"For heaven's sake, is your wife in there?" screamed one of the hunters.

"Yeah."

"Good Lord, man, get busy! A wildcat just jumped in the window!"

"Yeah? Well, let him git out the best way he can. I got no use for the pesky critters and danged if I'm goin' to help him."

"What were your father's last words?"

"Father had no last words. Mother was with him to the end."

HE (with hands over her eyes)—"If you can't guess who it is in three guesses, I'm going to kiss you."

SHE—"Jack Frost; Davy Jones; Santa Claus."

YOUNG SON (to shoe clerk waiting upon his fastidious mother)—"No use showing her the first ten pairs—she won't take 'em."

A Santa Monica woman has at last become the champion of her sex. She had been subpoenaed as a witness and the court, before she began her testimony, instructed her as follows:

"You must be very careful, madam, to state only what you actually saw and know. There must be no hearsay evidence." He then signaled for the prosecutor to go ahead.

"What is your age?" asked that worthy.

"I cannot answer," cooed the lady, "I have only hearsay knowledge on that point."

"Do you know why we call our language the Mother Tongue?"

"Because Father never gets a chance to use it."

In spite of the fact that the judge said he would be lenient with a man who had committed bigamy, the poor fellow was allowed to go free.

"Next to a beautiful girl, what do you think is the most interesting thing in the world?"

"When I'm next to a beautiful girl I'm not worrying about statistics."

TESS—"You can't believe everything you hear."

BESS—"No; but you can repeat it."

H. L. Loveless testified in his suit for divorce that his wife had kept silent for fourteen months. This beats the previous record of fourteen seconds held jointly by several women.

A lady motorist whose car had swerved across a suburban street and crashed thru a plate-glass window was being questioned by the local police sergeant after the accident.

"Surely on such a wide street as this," said the interrogator, "you could have done something to prevent this accident?"

"I did," the delinquent assured him quite earnestly; "I screamed as loud as I could!"

WILLIE—"Say, pa, didn't Edison make the first talking machine?"

PA—"No, my son. God made the first one, but Edison made the first one that could be shut off."

HE—"Do you believe in platonic love?"

SHE—"Well, I wouldn't mind trying it as a starter."

A very pretty and youthful matron was the defendant in a case in a Pennsylvania court. Under the circumstances her examination was purely a matter of form; still the legal requirements must be observed. "It is understood," said the district attorney, "that during the absence of your husband you shot a burglar?" "I did," the young woman admitted.

"What became of him?"

"The other burglar took him away."

"The other burglar?"

"Yes, sir, the one I shot at."

When the girls got thru discussing the best place to hold their picnic, what seemed to be the slow, indolent drawl of Floyd Gibbons became audible on the radio.

It used to be hard to find a needle in a haystack, and now it's just as hard to find one in a woman's hand.

WIFE—"John, I'm awfully disappointed. You haven't given me anything for my twenty-ninth birthday."

HUSBAND—"Twenty-ninth? You've forgotten, darling. I gave it to you *last* year."

"What became of that unpaid bill Dunn sent to us?" remarked the bank clerk to his wife.

"Oh, that?" she asked. "I sent it back marked 'insufficient funds.'"

"Your wife likes to go South every year, eh?"

"Yeah. She loves to spend the winter in the rotogravure sections."

"Do you believe in telepathy?"

"Well," replied Miss Cayenne, "I am convinced that thots are sometimes conveyed without words. For instance, when I step on a hotel piazza full of women who look startled and whose conversation suddenly ceases, I know exactly whom they have been talking about."

A Kansas City young man has been pretty busy lately, trying to decide what ten girls he'd take along to spend the rest of his life on a desert island.

"I have no luck with women."

"Lucky fellow!"

It appears that women are doing a lot of burglarizing in India. The *Times* of that country says that it will soon be necessary for householders to keep mice instead of watchdogs.

She touches up her hair,
 She touches up her face,
 She touches up her eyebrows,
 Her folderols and lace;
 She touches up her thumbnails,
 Her fingers, one two three;
 She touches up her dimples—
 And then she touches me!

"Is she very pretty?"

"Pretty! Say, when she gets on a street-car the advertising is a total loss."

MRS. 'IGGINS—"That Mrs. Briggs was boastin' as 'ow she comes from a fine family. 'An' you've come a good way,' I says, pleasant-like."

RUBE—"What makes your daughter so talkative?"

BOOB—"I think she and her mother were both vaccinated with a phonograph needle."

MR. J.—"My dear, this book is a remarkable work. Nature is marvelous! Stupendous! When I read a book like this, it makes me think how lowly, how insignificant is man."

MRS. J.—"A woman doesn't have to wade thru four hundred pages to discover that!"

THE APPRENTICE SEAMAN—"Do you believe that a woman aboard ship brings bad luck?"

THE OLD SALT—"Yep. Same as she does ashore."

The bridegroom was in a poetic frenzy as he strolled along the seashore. "Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll," he recited to his bride.

"Oh, Gerald," she exclaimed, "how wonderful you are. It's doing it."

Chinese Thots About Women

The patient woman roasts an ox with a burning glass.

The extravagant woman burns a candle in looking for a match.

The foolish, obstinate woman goes to sea in a bandbox.

The cautious woman writes her promises on a slate.

The vulgar, affected woman is a spider attempting to spin silk.

The curious woman would turn a rainbow to see what was on the other side.

Men may not be practical, but they wouldn't wear knee pants and spend their time trying to pull the things down over their knees.

NED—"Have you known Phyllis long?"

TED—"Oh, yes. I've known her ever since we were the same age!"

"Is your daughter popular?"

"Popular! Why, I can't park within three blocks of my house."

Woman Is Like

A book—usually bound to please.

A train—often gets on the wrong track.

A magazine—lots of fiction beneath the cover.

A program—subject to change without notice.

An automobile—often runs people down.

A lamp—apt to flare up and get turned down.

A banjo—often picked on by her friends.

A thermometer—often of very high degree.

A cigar—inclined to be puffed up at times.

A church—men make sacrifices for her.

A stove—often needs a new lid.

But the average man admits that there is nothing like her!

At a famous dinner the late Joseph Choate proposed the following toast: "Women, the better half of the Yankee world—at whose tender summons even the stern Pilgrims were ever ready to spring to arms, and without whose aid they could not have achieved the historic title of the Pilgrim Fathers. The Pilgrim Mothers were more devoted martyrs than were the Pilgrim Fathers, because they not only had to bear the same hardships that the Pilgrim Fathers endured, but they had to bear with the Pilgrim Fathers besides."

The professor was asked to give his definition of woman. After clearing his throat, he began in his leisurely way:

"Woman is, generally speaking—"

"Stop right there, professor," interrupted a lowbrow; "if you talked a thousand years you'd never get any nearer to it than that."

An Eskimo woman is old at forty, states an explorer. An American woman of that age, of course, is only about twenty-eight.

"Who was the blonde you were out with Wednesday and Thursday?"

"She was the brunette I was out with Monday and Tuesday."

WORKMEN

"What are you doin'?" demanded one of our resident engineers, looking wrathfully at an alleged worker.

"Nothing," was the reply.

"Well, there's no use both of us doing the same thing. You get busy and do something."

LAZY MIKE—"I have a new position with the railroad company."

WEARY RHODES—"What is it?"

LAZY MIKE—"You know the fellow that goes alongside the train and taps the axles to see if everything's all right? Well, I help him listen."

"Could you place my son in your office?"

"All right; what can he do?"

"What can he do? If he could do anything I'd hire him myself."

"Yes, sir," panted the new shepherd, "I got all the sheep in, but I had to run some to get those lambs."

"Lambs? I have no lambs. Let's see what you got," was the answer.

Looking into the shed, the astonished owner saw fourteen panting jack-rabbits.

Mr. George Robey, the English actor and raconteur, tells the story of a gilded youth of effeminate tendencies who by some fluke of luck found himself stony broke. Deciding that his best bet was America, he tried for a job on one of the boats crossing the Atlantic. After being turned down by ship after ship he almost despaired of ever getting out of England. Finally his luck changed. He struck a boat on the point of sailing and found that a stoker had failed to show up. Joyfully, he signed on, went aboard, and was directed below by the captain. Then he disappeared. Nothing was seen or heard of him for three days. But on the fourth day the skipper suddenly came upon a resplendent figure in full yachting kit, glasses slung over his shoulder, promenading. "What the hell are you doing here?" he demanded. "I thot I told you to go below." The regilded youth gazed at the irate officer, tapped him lightly on the shoulder, and pleasantly inquired, "Oh, haven't you heard? *I've left.*"

MRS. NEWLYWED—"Oh, you did splendidly with the wall-papering, darling! But what are those funny lumps?"

MR. NEWLYWED—"Good Heavens! I forgot to take down the pictures."

POSSIBLE EMPLOYER—"But you're asking for a rather high wage, seeing that you know nothing about the work."

APPLICANT—"But, you see, not knowin' the work makes it so much harder for me."

One of our resident engineers received a note from a foreman which read:

"I'm sending in the accident report on Casey's foot when he struck it with the spike maul. Now, under 'Remarks,' do you want mine or do you want Casey's?"

FOREMAN—"Wot's up, Bill? Hurt yerself?"

BILL—"No, gotta nail in me boot."

FOREMAN—"Why dontcher take it out, then?"

BILL—"Wot! In me dinner hour?"

The plumber worked and the helper stood helplessly looking on. He was learning the business. This was his first day.

"Say," he inquired, "do you charge for my time?"

"Certainly, you idiot," came the reply.

"But I haven't done anything."

The plumber, to fill in the hour, had been looking at the finished job with a lighted candle. Handing the two inches of it that were still unburned to the helper, he said, witheringly:

"Here, if you gotta be so darned conscientious, blow that out!"

MRS. BROWN—"Yer ain't lookin' too happy today, Mrs. Jones. What's up?"

MRS. JONES—"What's up? Jones has been promising all the week to take me and Billy to see Charlie Chaplin, and this morning, half an hour ago, just as we was getting ready, his strike was declared off, and he had to go back to work. That's what's up!"

"Got any references?" asked the plumber.

"Yes," replied the applicant for the assistant's position, "but I've left 'em at home—I'll go and get them."

"Never mind, you'll do."

The owner of a big plant, addressing a new employe:

"Did my foreman tell you what you will have to do?"

"Yes, sir, he told me to wake him up when I see you coming."

STATIONER (at garage)—"And while you're oiling and greasing the car, you can take out the promiscuous squeaks."

DUMB MECHANIC—"Mister, they ain't no promiscuous on a Buick."

"Yes, dearie! 'E's 'eaps better now, since the doctor told 'im 'e'd never be able to work again!"

HUSBAND (to wife)—"Who is that strange woman I just saw in our kitchen?"

WIFE—"Sh-h-h! That's the cook-of-the-month."

"I'se for a five-day week. How 'bout you, Sam?"

"Man! I'se for a five-day week-end."

"Jack," said the plumber's wife as he was leaving home on a hurry call, "bring me a jar of cold cream from the drug-store when you come back for the tools you're forgetting."

Old Joe Linwood was a typesetter on the *World* from the earliest days of Joseph Pulitzer. He had grown old and deaf in its service. When the astounding news of the paper's sale to Roy Howard was released thru the building, Old Joe, patiently toiling in the make-up room, was blissfully unaware. At length the foreman remembered him and shouted:

"Go wash your hands, Uncle Joe. It's all over. The *World* is sold."

Uncle Joe bent his ear: "What's that?"

"I said the paper is sold. It won't be published any more."

"Zat a fact?" Uncle Joe straightened and a shadow of irritation crossed his wrinkled features. "Why, duggunit, when I started to work in this shop they told me it was a steady job!"

The superintendent had severely criticized the trainmaster for laxity in reporting accidents, impressing upon him the fact that it was very necessary to report by wire immediately anything that appeared to be an accident, no matter how trivial it might seem, without waiting for details.

Only a few days later, the superintendent received the following wire: "Man fell off platform in front of engine." To which the superintendent wired: "Advise details." The trainmaster replied: "No one hurt: engine was backing up."

An elderly lady was shocked at the language used by two men repairing wires close to her home. She wrote to the telephone company and the foreman was asked to report. This he did in the following way:

"Me and Bill Fairweather were on this job. I was up the telegraph pole and accidentally let the hot lead fall on Bill. It went down his neck. Then Bill said: "You really must be more careful, Harry."

Beneath the spreading chestnut tree
The smith works like the deuce,
For now he's selling gasoline,
Hot dogs and orange juice!

"Hey, Mike," said a workman to the other atop, "don't you come down on that ladder on the north corner. I took it away."

He was a good natured Irishman and was one of a number of men employed in erecting a new building. The owner of the building, who knew him, said to him one day:

"Pat, didn't you tell me once that a brother of yours is a bishop?"

"Yes, sor," replied Pat.

"And you a hodcarrier! The good things of this life are not equally divided are they?"

"No, sor," said Pat, as he shouldered his hod. "Poor fellow! My brother couldn't do this to save his loife!"

WORRY

If you want to test your memory, try to remember the things that worried you yesterday.

Many worries can be diminished by realizing their unimportance. The wise old Negro woman, being asked why she was so cheerful in her misfortunes, replied, "Child, I just wears this world as a loose garment."

FIRST STOUT GIRL—"Madge lost ten pounds in two weeks by worrying."

SECOND DITTO—"I tried that, but I couldn't keep my mind on it."

"And this, too, shall pass away" applies to all our worries.

WOUNDS

TED—"What is that scar on your forehead?"

FRED—"Berth mark."

TED—"But it looks like an old wound."

FRED—"So it is. You see I accidentally got into the wrong berth."

A soldier whose head and face were heavily swathed in bandages, and who obviously had had a bad time, was feelingly sympathized with by a solicitous lady.

"And you were wounded in the head, my poor fellow?"

"No, ma'am," Tommy replied, "I was wounded in the ankle, but the bandage slipped."

YARNS

"I remember when I was a lad," said the old salt to Betty, "I had to fight for my life with sixteen cannibals, and only one got away—"

"But," objected Betty, "last year you told me it was eight cannibals."

"Yes," he said, easily, "but you was too young then to know the whole 'orrible truth."

YOUTH

A younger generation that dutifully believed all it was told during the war, only to discover that it had been fooled, is naturally suspicious of ideals and idealists, and declines to "believe" anything whatever.

"When I was your age, I thot nothing of a ten-mile walk."

"Well, I don't think much of it, either."

OFFICER—(to man pacing sidewalk at three a. m.)—"What are you doing here?"

GENTLEMAN—"I forgot my key, officer, and I'm waiting for my children to come home and let me in."

Ten little Commandments spoiling lots of fun—
Along came the Younger Generation, and then there
were none.

And then there was the butler who said he was serving the third degeneration of the family.

Harold G. Armstrong, the author of *For Richer, for Poorer*, apparently has no desire to enroll himself in the younger generation. At any rate his heroine is flamboyantly an old-fashioned girl. On page 158 we read, "All at once Miriam let down her hair." More than that, Kenneth Grambling, the hero, was thrilled thereby. "It was a symbol. They kissed. Deep-encysted inhibitions vanished. They were normal people, after all."

Miriam did not seem so to us. We do not think she should be allowed to qualify. If she had been a normal heroine of today, it would have been the hair which had vanished and the inhibitions which were let down.

The teacher had just finished telling the story of the Pilgrims to a group of small children.

"Now, Gertrude," began the teacher, "when the Pilgrims had been here a year and had gathered in their good crops, what did they do?"

"Buy a car," replied Gertrude promptly.

DAUGHTER—"Say, go easier with that duster, mother—I'm trying to blow smoke rings."

Reproduced for the benefit of those who believe the rising generation is setting too swift a pace.

"King Solomon and King David lived merry, merry lives; with many, many lady friends and many, many wives; but when old age came over them, with many, many qualms, King Solomon wrote the 'Proverbs' and King David wrote the 'Psalms.'"

A long-legged sheep in the Himalayas is able to run forty miles an hour. That's the kind of little lamb to follow Mary nowadays.

Reproved by her country aunt for sprawling on the sofa, and told that it was unladylike, a small English girl retorted, "Ladylike! Really, aunt, in our set it is considered very middle-class to be ladylike."

This Young Generation, I'm sure, is all right,
No matter how thick they may tar it;
What gives us old fogies the terrible fright
Is some who pretend that they are it.

James Truslow Adams recently remarked that the astronomer can predict with absolute certainty where every star in the heavens will be at eleven o'clock tonight—but he cannot make the same prediction with any degree of certainty regarding his own daughter.

"Did you have the car out last night?"

"Yes, dad; I took some of the boys for a run round."

"Well, tell them I've found two of their lipsticks!"