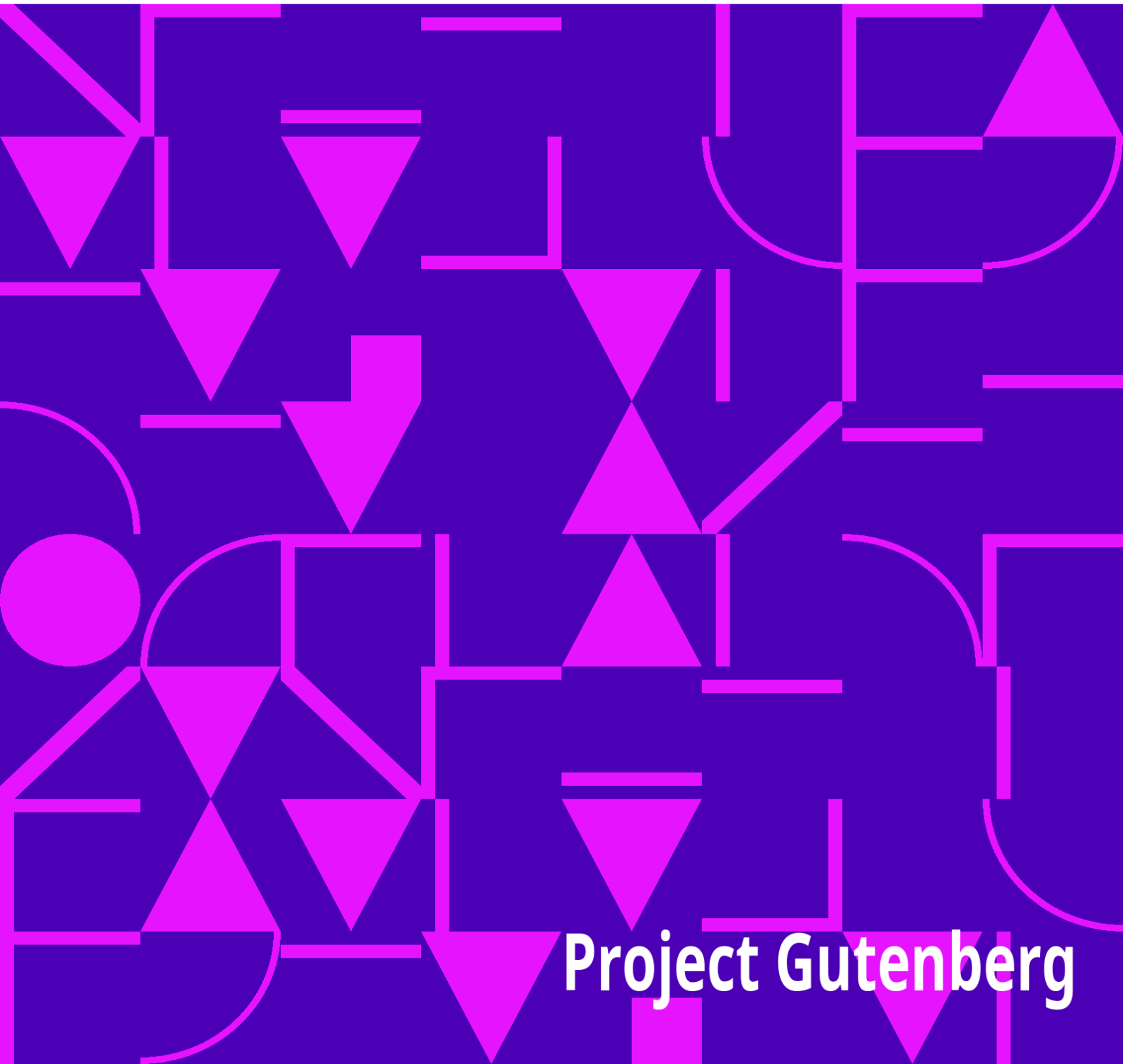
More toasts: Jokes, stories and quotations

Marion Dix Mosher



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BOOKS OF JOKES, STORIES AND QUOTATIONS

TOASTER'S HANDBOOK. Peggy Edmond and Harold Workman Williams. 501p. $1.80

MORE TOASTS. Marion D. Mosher. 552p. $1.80

MORE TOASTS

JOKES, STORIES AND QUOTATIONS

COMPILED BY

MARION DIX MOSHER

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PREFACE

The success of the Toaster's Handbook has encouraged its publishers to compile another that will supplement it and bring it up-to-date. New subjects keep coming to the front, and the up-to-date toaster needs up-to-date stories to fit the up-to-date subjects. No public occasion of today is complete without its joke on the nineteenth amendment, the allied debts, the income tax, etc.

In offering the toasts, jokes, quotations and stories in this second volume, the editor has endeavored to bring further aid to the distracted toastmaster, to the professional after-dinner speaker who must change his stories often, and to individuals inexperienced in public speaking and so unfortunate as to have public addresses forced upon them. He views the product with much the same feeling as did Alexander Pope, who said, "O'er his books his eyes began to roll, in pleasing memory of all he stole."

Paolo Bellezze expressed the same feelings in the introduction to his work "Humor" when he said "Of this work of mine, I must confess it is a great lot of stuff gathered from everywhere except from my brain.... It is a necklace of pearls strung upon a slender cord; that, I have put there; the pearls have been furnished me by the most famous jewelers, native and foreign. This said, I can—without being accused of pride—recommend it to my respectable customers as an article of great value and of absolute novelty."

In making this collection, files of such magazines as Life, Judge, Puck and Punch were drawn on extensively; also magazines having humorous pages or columns, such as the Literary Digest, Ladies' Home Journal, Everybody's, Harper's; also Bindery Talk and various other house organs. According to Samuel Johnson "A man will turn over half a library to make one book," and the compiler of this one makes humble acknowledgment to a whole library of books and periodicals where most of these jokes have already appeared. It has been impossible to give credit unless the place of first publication was definitely known.

The compiling of "More Toasts" was in large measure cooperative. The test of the humor of a story or joke is in its efficacy when applied to normal people under ordinary circumstances. With this philosophy in mind the editor made it a rule to include nothing until it had first been "tried on the dog." The original material was first graded into three classes and, before being accepted, each joke had to stand the test of appealing to the sense of humor of several persons. The result is a collection of very carefully selected jokes and stories, only about fifty per cent of the material originally chosen being used. If any over-critical reader fails to find them humorous, may not the fault possibly be due to his own imperfect sense of humor?

There is also much truth in the statement that the point of a jest lies in the telling of it and often much of the subtle humor is lost in the reading. The personality of the speaker is a necessary factor and is frequently more important in the effect produced by the story than the story itself. Elbert Hubbard once said "Next in importance to the man who first voices a great thought is the man who quotes it."

The clever compiler, like a good chef, must not only know what to select but in what order to present it. Knowledge consists in being able to find a thing when you want it and accordingly an attempt has been made to pigeonhole each joke where it would be most useful. Such a classification is at best a difficult and debatable question, and numerous cross references have been placed wherever it was thought they might direct the reader to the subject wanted.

With these few explanatory words, the editor presents this little volume, sincerely hoping that it may prove a friend in need to all who seek the relaxation of humor, and a lifesaver to that legion of humble men whose knees tremble when the chairman speaks those fateful words—"The next speaker of the evening...."

M.D.M.

November, 1922.

INTRODUCTION

What can be more fitting than that a compiled book should have a compiled introduction? Why should one with great pains and poor prospects of success attempt to do what has already been well done? Knowing that all readers of this book have a sense of humor and that they will approve our decision we begin with a quotation from an article[1] by Mr. E. Lyttelton.

The Divine Gift of Humor

> The subject of humor has an attraction peculiarly its own, because it deals with a mystery which yet is pleasantly interwoven with the daily life of each one of us. We often say of one of our neighbors that he has no sense of humour. But he often laughs; he never spends a day without at least trying to laugh, tho it remains but an attempt, an effort, an aspiration after something which he seems to have lost but wishes to recover. Either, that is, he remains grave when others laugh, or he laughs, as Horace says, "with alien jaws," by constraint rather than because he cannot help it. He has a confused idea that it is expected of him. Such laughter is apparently the outcome of an uneasy sense of duty, a dismal travesty of the real thing....
>
> Certainly humour is a singularly elusive thing, and I doubt if anyone alive can explain it; but its elusiveness gives it something of its charm; and, moreover, the illustrations which are necessary to an inquiry into its nature, its scope and meaning, are apt to be amusing without being irrelevant.
>
> Humour has often been roughly described as a sense of the incongruous. More satisfying, however, is the following, which has been ascribed to Dean Inge: It is a sense of incongruous emotions. As soon as we think of the emotions being stirred we see that the strange difference between humourous and unhumourous people is not an intellectual matter, but follows

the general law of emotional susceptibility, viz., that it is independent of the reason and varies within wide limits with each individual, and obviously with each nationality. Moreover, it appears that, as it is compounded of two emotions, one man may feel one of the emotions but be dull to the other, according to his temperament. It is a matter of sensitiveness, and in sensitiveness no two of us are alike.

Crudely judged, then, humour may be described as a blessing of nature bestowed on all, but in widely varying measure, so that in the case of some of our acquaintance we deplore its non-existence, but never in ourselves. Nobody really believes that he is wholly without it, partly because, in proportion as the sense is really defective, the defect must be in its own nature unperceived, but also because the gift is so precious, so winsome, that no one could bear to believe that it has been denied him. By a merciful law of nature, the delusion is unsuspected, for assuredly, if any wholly unhumorous person once realised the full extent of his privation, nothing could save him from "wretchlessness" and despair.

I prefer to believe that, like the sense of beauty, the love of music, the thrill of admiration for uncalculating heroism, we have here a wondrous aid to us in our life's pilgrimage, but that if we trace it to a sense of our self-interest, we not only vulgarize it, but we turn it into a caricature. For there is in humour this singular property; its aroma is so subtle, delicate and undefinable that the effort to buttress it upon coarse, common utility is doomed to fail, and in the mere attempt humour vanishes. There is something deliciously contagious about laughter that is quite sincere and unthinking; whereas the only people who contrive to be always absurd, but never amusing, are those who laugh from a sense of duty.

Humour, then, in the young is restricted in scope, their experience of life being small; in women it is quicker than in men, but shallower; in the Scotch it is reticent, in the Irish voluble and refined, but cold. But wherever it is found free from counterfeit, wholesome and contagious, it is the offspring of man's heaven-bestowed power of seeing in the meannesses of earth the true presence of the Divine.

Darwin says the causes of humor are legion and exceedingly complex and various disquisitions upon humor and laughter would

seem to support him. Its social nature is emphasized by Edwin Paxton Hood:

> The sources of all laughter and merriment are in the cordial sympathies of our nature. Laughter is very nearly related to the highest and most instinctive wisdom; it stands at no distant remove from Judgment on the one hand, and Imagination on the other; and it is a proof of a healthy nature, for both thinking and acting.

C.S. Evans in his article "On Humor in Literature" gives a hint of the evolutionary process of its mechanism and its higher refinement:

> On the lower plane of humor you get a laugh by the most unimaginative means—merely conceive a recognized humorous situation, or bring several things together according to a recipe, and the thing is done. Every practised comedian, in literature or on the stage, is an adept at it. But the creation of character, the expression—in terms of the words and actions of men and women—of that "social gesture" which is laughter's source, is a much greater thing, for there we touch the symbolism which is the soul of art.

The Function of Humor

In an article entitled "Why Do We Laugh?" William McDougall discusses scientifically the value of laughter:

> Laughter of man presents a problem with which philosophers have wrestled in all ages with little success. Man is the only animal that laughs. And, if laughter may properly be called an instinctive reaction, the instinct of laughter is the only one peculiar to the human species....
>
> We are saved from this multitude of small sympathetic pains and depressions by laughter, which, as we have seen, breaks up our train of mental activity and prevents our dwelling upon the distressing situation, and which also provides an antidote to the depressing influence in the form of physiological stimulation that raises the blood-pressure and promotes the circulation of the blood. This, then, is the biological function of laughter, one of the most delicate and beautiful of all nature's adjustments. In

> order that man should reap the full benefits of life in the social group, it was necessary that his primitive sympathetic tendencies should be strong and delicately adjusted. For without this, there could be little mutual understanding, and only imperfect cooperation and mutual aid in the more serious difficulties and embarrassments of life. But, in endowing man with delicately responsive sympathetic tendencies, nature rendered him liable to suffer a thousand pains and depressions upon a thousand occasions of mishap to his fellows, occasions so trivial as to call for no effort of support or assistance. Here was a dilemma—whether to leave man so little sympathetic that he would be incapable of effective social life; or to render him effectively sympathetic and leave him subject to the perpetually renewed pains of sympathy, which, if not counteracted, would seriously depress his vitality and perhaps destroy the species. Nature, confronted with this problem, solved it by the invention of laughter. She endowed man with the instinct to laugh on contemplation of these minor mishaps of his fellow men; and so made them occasions of actual benefit to the beholder; all those things which, apart from laughter, would have been mildly displeasing and depressing, became objects and occasions of stimulating beneficial laughter....
>
> For laughter is no exception to the law of primitive sympathy; but rather illustrates it most clearly and familiarly; the infectiousness of laughter is notorious and as irresistible as the infection of fear itself.... The great laugher is the person of delicately responsive sympathetic reactions; and his laughter quickly gives place to pity and comforting support, if our misfortune waxes more severe. Such persons are in little danger of giving offense by their laughter; for we detect their ready sympathy and easily laugh with them; they teach us to be humorous.

H. Merian Allen in his essay "Little Laughs in History" says "The relaxation of a full laugh clears the brain, restores fit contact with one's fellows, and so smoothes the way for the solving of knotty problems."

Linus W. Kline, Ph.D., further elucidates the psychical office of humor as follows:

> The psychical function of humor is to delicately cut the surface tension of consciousness and disarrange its structure

that it may begin again from a new and strengthened base. It permits our mental forces to reform under cover, as it were, while the battle is still on. Then, too, it clarifies the field and reveals the strategetic points, or, to change the figure, it pulls off the mask and exposes the real man. No stimulus, perhaps more mercifully and effectually breaks the surface tension of consciousness, thereby conditioning the mind for a stronger forward movement, than that of humor. It is the one universal dispensary for human kind: a medicine for the poor, a tonic for the rich, a recreation for the fatigued and a beneficient check to the strenuous. It acts as a shield to the reformer, as an entering wedge to the recluse and as a decoy for barter and trade.

Humor is as necessary to our mental and spiritual life as are vitamins to our physical well-being. Ruskin has called our attention to the tendency of rivers to lean a little to one side, to have "One shingly shore upon which they can be shallow and foolish and childlike, and another steep shore under which they can pause and purify themselves and get their strength of waves fully together for due occasions," and has likened them to great men who must have one side of their life for work and another for play. Action and reaction must be balanced: seriousness and lightness. "Men who work prodigously must play with equal energy," says one commentator. "Humor is the gift of the deeply serious man," remarks another. "There have been very few solemn men, but their solemnity was evidence, not of their gifts, but of their defects; as a rule greatness is accompanied by the overflow of the fountain of life in play." "The richly furnished mind overflows with vitality and deals with ideas and life freely, daringly, often audaciously."

The function of the catalyst in chemical reactions is to help other bodies to get on together, but in doing this it only lends its presence.

CATALYST. A chemical body which by its presence, is capable of inducing chemical changes in other bodies while itself remaining unchanged.

In quite the same way humor, by its mere presence, serves to smooth the way in all human relations. It contributes a socializing touch. "Humor makes the whole world akin."

Importance of Humor

Not only the toastmaster needs to have a sense of humor and a collection of funny stories, and not only the preacher, the public speaker and entertainer, but everyone, as well, who must influence others. The "voice with a smile" wins because behind the voice is a sense of humor. We have more confidence in those who have a sense of humor. The following is quoted from a persuasive advertisement entitled "The Gentle Art of Telling a Humorous Story Well":

> The most successful men and women are those who know how to get along with their fellow-beings, who know how to win and hold good will. In fact, the biggest problem in business and society today is the human problem, the problem of making people like you and making people feel kindly towards each other.
>
> And nothing oils the wheels of human relationship so nicely as humor. Abraham Lincoln understood this when he saved many a critical situation by the introduction of one of his famous anecdotes. Humor has its place in serious business life, and in social life it is the universal passport to popularity.

The importance of humor in our daily life, often emphasized by scientists and philosophers, has been well summarized by Justin McCarthy in an article "Humor as an Element of Success":

> I am strongly of the opinion that the quick and abiding sense of humour is a great element of success in every department of life. I do not speak merely of success in the more strictly artistic fields of human work, but am willing to maintain that even in the prosaic and practical concerns of human existence, the sense of humour is an exciting and sustaining influence to carry a man successfully thru to the full development of his capacity and the attainment of his purpose....
>
> In the stories of great events and great enterprises we are constantly told of some heaven-born leader who kept alive, thru the most trying hours of what otherwise might have been utter and enfeebling depression, the energies, the courage and the hope of his comrades and his followers.

During thousands of years nature has developed in the human body many "safety first" signal systems. For example, when the body becomes chilled this signal system causes us to shiver and

tickles the throat making us cough and in this way thru exercise stimulates the blood circulation.

Perhaps in ages to come nature will find a way to tickle our sense of humor when we are angry, discouraged, or otherwise mentally discomfitted and will thus help us thru laughter to throw off the soul chill and to regain spiritual poise.

Footnote 1: (return)

The Nineteenth Century. July, 1922.

MORE TOASTS

ABSENT-MINDEDNESS

This story is told of an absent-minded professor at Drew Theological Seminary. One evening while studying he had need of a book-mark. Seeing nothing else handy, he used his wife's scissors, which lay on the sewing-table. A few minutes later the wife wanted the scissors, but a diligent search failed to reveal them.

The next day the professor appeared before his class and opened his book. There lay the scissors. He picked them up and, holding them above his head, shouted:

"Here they are, dear!"

Yes, the class got it.

Deep in a ponderous calculation, the professor leaned over his desk. One hand held his massive brow; the other guided the pencil.

Suddenly the library door was flung open, and a nurse entered, smiling broadly.

"There's a little stranger upstairs, professor," she announced, of course referring to the very latest arrival.

"Eh?" grunted the man of learning, poring deeply over his problem.

"It's a little boy," remarked the nurse, still smiling.

"Little boy," mused the professor. "Little boy-eh? Well ask him what he wants."

A story is current concerning a professor who is reputed to be slightly absent-minded. The learned man had arranged to escort his wife one evening to the theater. "I don't like the tie you have on. I wish you would go up and put on another," said his wife.

The professor tranquilly obeyed. Moment after moment elapsed, until finally the impatient wife went upstairs to learn the cause of the delay. In his room she found her husband undressed and getting into bed.

"How will you have your roast beef?" asked the waiter.

"Well done, good and faithful servant," murmured the clerical-looking diner absent-mindedly.

See also Habit; Memory.

ACCIDENTS

Hearing a crash of glassware one morning, Mrs. Blank called to her maid in the adjoining room, "Norah, what on earth are you doing?"

"I ain't doin' nothin', mum," replied Norah; "it's done."

A big Irishman, while carrying a ladder through a crowded street had the misfortune to break a plate-glass window in a store. He immediately dropped his ladder and broke into a run, but he had been seen by the shopkeeper, who dashed after him in company with several salesmen, and was soon caught.

"Here you big loafer!" shouted the angry shopkeeper, when he had regained his breath. "You have broken my window!"

"I sure have," admitted the Celt, "and didn't you see me running home to get the money to pay for it?"

There was a man who fancied that by driving good and fast
He'd get his car across the track before the train came past;
He'd miss the engine by an inch, and make the train-hands sore.
There was a man who fancied this; there isn't any more.

ACCURACY

In one of the industrial towns in South Wales a workman met with a serious accident. The doctor was sent for, and came and examined him, had him bandaged and carried home on a stretcher, seemingly unconscious.

After he was put to bed the doctor told his wife to give him sixpennyworth of brandy when he came to himself. After the doctor had left the wife told the daughter to run and fetch threepennyworth of brandy for her father.

The old chap opened his eyes and said, in a loud voice: "Sixpenn'orth, the doctor said."

An editor had a notice stuck up above his desk on which was printed: "Accuracy! Accuracy! Accuracy!" and this notice he always pointed out to the new reporters.

One day the youngest member of the staff came in with his report of a public meeting. The editor read it through and came to the sentence: "Three thousand nine hundred ninety-nine eyes were fixed upon the speaker."

"What do you mean by making a silly blunder like that?" he demanded, wrathfully.

"But it's not a blunder," protested the youngster. "There was a one-eyed man in the audience!"

ACTORS AND ACTRESSES

FIRST ACTRESS (behind the scenes)—"Did you hear the way the public wept during my death scene?"

SECOND ACTRESS—"Yes, it must have been because they realized that it was only acted!"

"These love scenes are rotten. Can't the leading man act as if he were in love with the star?"

"Can't act at all," said the director. "Trouble is, he is in love with her."

The teacher was giving the class a natural history lecture on Australia. "There is one animal," she said, "none of you have mentioned. It does not stand up on its legs all the time. It does not walk like other animals, but takes funny little skips. What is it?" And the class yelled with one voice, "Charlie Chaplin!"

Eight-year-old Robert had been ill for nearly a month with tonsilitis, and nothing kept him contented but pictures of his favorite, Charlie Chaplin, clipped from the pages of the motion-picture pictorials.

One morning, as his mother sat beside his bed, he studied earnestly a full-page drawing of the million-dollar comedian.

"Mother," he asked, "will Charlie Chaplin go to heaven?"

"Why, yes—I hope so," answered the somewhat astonished parent.

"Gee! won't the Lord have some fun then!" was Robert's comment.

Sweeping his long hair back with an impressive gesture the visitor faced the proprietor of the film studio. "I would like to secure a place in your moving-picture company," he said.

"You are an actor?" asked the film man.

"Yes."

"Had any experience acting without audiences?"

A flicker of sadness shone in the visitor's eyes as he replied:

"Acting without audiences is what brought me here!"

It was a death-bed scene, but the director was not satisfied with the hero's acting.

"Come on!" he cried. "Put more life in your dying!"

"Pa, what's an actor?"

"An actor, my boy, is a person who can walk to the side of a stage, peer into the wings at a group of other actors waiting for their cues, a number of bored stage hands and a lot of theatrical odds and ends and exclaim, 'What a lovely view there is from this window!'"

"There were two actresses in an early play of mine," said an author, "both very beautiful; but the leading actress was thin. She quarreled one day at rehearsal with the other lady, and she ended the quarrel by saying, haughtily: 'Remember, please, that I am the star.'

"'Yes, I know you're the star,' the other retorted, eyeing with an amused smile the leading actress's long, slim figure, 'but you'd look better, my dear, if you were a little meteor!'"

INTERVIEWER—"What is your wife's favorite dish?"

HUSBAND OF FAMOUS MOVIE ACTRESS—"In the magazines it is peach-bloom fudge-cake with orangewisp salad, but at home it is tripe and cabbage."—*Puck*.

The actress stood before her mirror, in doublet and hose, and regarded her thin legs anxiously.

"I'm not exactly a poem," said she, "but I may pass for heroic verse."

ADVERTISING

The Question is How Much More?

TO RENT—In private home, a large, handsomely furnished front room; also a medium-sized one; every convenience; centrally and very choicely located; rent more than reasonable. Address, etc.—

Advertising is the test of integrity; the proof of integrity; that transmits an ever-increasing confidence to both producer and purchaser.

"I won't pay one cent for my advertising this week," declared the store-keeper angrily to the editor of the country paper. "You told me you'd put the notice of my shoe-polish in with the reading-matter."

"And didn't I do it?" inquired the editor.

"No, sir!" roared the advertiser. "No, sir, you did not! You put it in the column with a mess of poetry, that's where you put it!"

"Paw, what is an advertisement?"

"An advertisement is the picture of a pretty girl eating, wearing, holding or driving something that somebody wants to sell."

A violinist was bitterly disappointed with the account of his recital printed in the paper of a small town.

"I told your man three or four times," complained the musician to the owner of the paper, "that the instrument I used was a genuine Stradivarius, and in his story there was not a word about it, not a word."

Whereupon the owner said with a laugh:

"That is as it should be. When Mr. Stradivarius gets his fiddles advertised in my paper under ten cents a line, you come around and let me know."

"Oh, we called about the flat advertised."

"Well, I did mean to let it, but since I've read the house-agent's description of it, I really feel I can't part with it."

CLASSIFIED AD MANAGER—"Your advertisement begins: 'Wanted: Silent Partner.'"

ADVERTISER—"Yes, that's right."

CLASSIFIED AD MANAGER—"Do you want this placed under Business Opportunities or Matrimony?"

"Say, Jim," said the friend of the taxicab-driver, standing in front of the vehicle, "there's a purse lying on the floor of your car."

The driver looked carefully around and then whispered: "Sometimes when business is bad I put it there and leave the door open. It's empty, but you've no idea how many people'll jump in for a short drive when they see it."

Recently the L. P. Ross Shoe Company inserted an advertisement in a Rochester paper for vampers and closers-up. Among the answers received was one from a young lady who signed herself Miss Mabelle Jones and gave her address as General Delivery, Rochester. The letter said in part:

> "*Gentlemen*: I have seen your ad for vampires and close-ups and I would like the job. I have been studying to vamp for several years and have been practising eye work for a long while. My gentlemen friends tell me that I have the other movie vamps backed off the map. I have made a particular study of Theda Bara. I don't know much about close-ups, but suppose I could learn. I have a good form, swell brown eyes, and a fine complexion."

"If you would like, I will call and show you what I can do. I have been looking for a vampire job, but never saw no ads in the papers before."

"Yours,"

"MABELLE JONES."

"P. S.—Do you furnish clothes for your vampires? I have just come to Rochester and so I haven't got many clothes."—*Rochester Herald*.

His Little Ad

There was a man in our town
And he was wondrous wise;
He swore (it was his policy)
He would not advertise.
But one day he did advertise,
And thereby hangs a tail,
The "ad" was set in quite small type,
And headed "Sheriff's Sale."

Burton Holmes, the lecturer, had an interesting experience, while in London. He told some Washington friends a day or two ago that when he visited the theater where he was to deliver his travelogue he decided that the entrance to the theater was rather dingy and that there should be more display of his attraction.

Accordingly, he suggested to the manager of the house that the front be brightened up at night by electrical signs, one row of lights spelling his name "Burton" and another row of lights spelling the name "Holmes."

The manager told him it was too much of an innovation for him to authorize and referred him to the owner of the theater. Mr. Holmes traveled several hours into the country to consult with the owner, who referred him to his agent in the city. The agent in turn sent Mr. Holmes to the janitor of the theater.

"I talked with the janitor and explained my plan to him for about an hour," Mr. Holmes said. "Finally, after we had gone into every detail of the cost and everything else, the janitor told me that the

theater was a very exclusive and high class theater, and that he would not put up the sign. I asked him why?"

"Because it would attract too much attention to the theater," the janitor replied.

"What's your time?" asked the old farmer of the brisk salesman. "Twenty minutes after five. What can I do for you?" "I want them pants," said the old farmer, leading the way to the window and pointing to a ticket marked, "Given away at 5.20."

See also Authorship; Beauty, Personal; Salesmen and salesmanship.

ADVICE

The most unfair person is the one who asks you for advice and doesn't let you know what advice he wants.

Another thing that we sometimes take when nobody's looking is advice.

It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching.—*Shakespeare*.

Advice is the most worthless commodity in the world. Those who might profit by it don't need it, and those who do need it won't profit by it—if they could, they wouldn't need it.

How often have my kindly friends,
(When Fate has dealt me some shrewd blow),
Recalling random odds and ends
Of counsel, cried: "I told you so!"

But when 'twas I who warned, and they
Who heeded not, and came to woe,
I wonder why they'd never say:
"That's right, old chap, you told me so!"

AFTER DINNER SPEECHES

Recipe for an After-dinner Speech

Three long breaths.
Compliment to the audience.
Funny Story.
Outline of what speaker is *not* going to say.
Points that he will touch on later.
Two Bartlett's Familiar Quotations.
Outline of what speaker *is* going to say.
Points that he has not time to touch on now.
Reference to what he said first.
Funny Story.
Compliment to the audience.
Ditto to our City, State and Country.
Applause.

N. B. For an oration, use same formula, repeating each sentence three times in slightly different words.

—*Mary Eleanor Roberts*.

"You wrote this report of last night's banquet, did you?" asked the editor with the copy in his hand.

"Yes, sir," replied the reporter.

"And this expression, 'The banquet-table groaned'—do you think that is proper?"

"Oh, yes, sir. The funny stories the after-dinner speakers told would make any table groan."

See also Politicians; Public speakers.

AGE

HE—"How old are you?"

SHE—"I've just turned twenty-three."

HE—"Oh, I see—thirty-two."

A judge asked a woman her age.

"Thirty," she replied.

"You've given that age in this court for the last three years."

"Yes. I'm not one of those who says one thing today and another thing tomorrow."

"Willie," said his mother. "I wish you would run across the street and see how old Mrs. Brown is this morning."

"Yes'm," replied Willie, and a few minutes later he returned and reported:

"Mrs. Brown says it's none of your business how old she is."

"Well, auntie, have you got your photographs yet?"

"Yes, and I sent them back in disgust."

"Gracious! How was that?"

"Why, on the back of every photo was written this, 'The original of this is carefully preserved.'"

Answering the question, "When is a woman old?" a famous tragedienne wrote: "The conceited never; the unhappy too soon, and the wise at the right time."

When saving for your old age, don't neglect to lay up a few pleasant thoughts.

"To what do you attribute your long life, Uncle Mose?" asked a newspaper interviewer of a colored centenarian.

"Becuz Ah was bo'n a long time back," the old gentleman replied.

MURIEL—"I don't intend to be married until after I'm thirty."

MABEL—"And I don't intend to be thirty until after I'm married!"—*Life*.

My first gray hair!
I never knew that you were there,
Nor least expected you would come so soon—
But you are there;
From whence you came or where
I know not, but I care.

You make me stop and wonder
Why I find you there to-night,
Is it some worry or some fright
That leaves you colorless, and oh, so white?
You'll not be seen, oh, no, not yet.
On that your fondest curls you bet,
For just as long as you are there
I'll hide you very neatly—there!
And none will wonder—only I, at you—
My first gray hair.

—*Wells Hawks*.

One great advantage of really being old is that one is beyond being told he is getting old.

Twenty-One Plus

FIRST SUFFRAGIST—"How old do you think Mabel is?"

SECOND SUFFRAGIST—"Well, I should say she had lost about seventeen votes."

A maiden lady of uncertain age became very indignant when the census taker asked how old she was. "Did you see the girls next door," she asked—"The Hill twins?"

"Certainly," replied the census man.

"And did they tell you their age?"

"Yes."

"Well," she snapped, "I'm just as old as they are."

"Oh, very well," said the census man; and he wrote in his book, "Sarah Stokes, as old as the Hills."

I remember, I remember,
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

PHYSICIAN—"Tell your wife not to worry about that slight deafness, as it is merely an indication of advancing years."

MR. MEEK—"Doctor would you mind telling her yourself?"

"Ma, is Mr. Jones an awfully old man?"

"No, dear, I don't believe so. What makes you ask?"

"Well, I think he must be, because I heard Pa say last night that Mr. Jones raised his ante."

AGRICULTURE

"Crop failures?" asked the old timer.

"Yes, I've seen a few in my day. In 1854 the corn crop was almost nothing. We cooked some for dinner, and my father ate fourteen acres of corn at one meal!"—*Life*.

See also Farming; Laws.

ALARM CLOCKS

To-day I bought an alarm-clock,
It has a very loud ring.
I think I will call it the Star-Spangled Banner,
For every time I hear it I have to get up.

A Swede was working for a farmer, who demanded punctuality above everything else. The farmer told him that he must be at work every morning at 4 o'clock sharp. The "hand" failed to get up in time, and the farmer threatened to discharge him. Then the "hand" bought an alarm-clock, and for some time everything went along smoothly. But one morning he got to the field fifteen minutes late. The farmer immediately discharged him, in spite of his protestations that his alarm-clock was to blame.

Sadly returning to his room, the discharged employee determined to find out the cause of his downfall. He took the alarm-clock to pieces, and discovered a dead cockroach among the works.

"Well," he soliloquized, "Ay tank it bane no wonder the clock wouldn't run—the engineer bane daid."

"I heard something this morning that opened my eyes."

"So did I—an alarm clock."

"Have you any alarm-clocks?" inquired the customer. "What I want is one that will arouse the girl without waking the whole family."

"I don't know of any such alarm-clock as that, madam," said the man behind the counter; "we keep just the ordinary kind—the kind that will wake the whole family without disturbing the girl."

See also Philadelphia; Tardiness.

ALIBI

TEACHER—"What is an alibi?"

BRIGHT Boy—"Being somewhere where you ain't."

ALIMONY

Or Go to Jail

"Is there any way a man can avoid paying alimony?" asked the Friend who was seeking free advice.

"Sure," replied the Lawyer. "He can stay single or stay married."

ALPHABET

MOTHER (who is teaching her child the alphabet)—"Now, dearie, what comes after 'g'?"

THE CHILD—"Whiz!"—*Judge*.

ALTERNATIVES

See Choices.

AMBITION

Every normal man has two great ambitions. First, to own his home. Second, to own a car to get away from his home.

Ambition makes the same mistake concerning power that avarice makes concerning wealth. She begins by accumulating power as a means to happiness, and she finishes by continuing to accumulate it as an end.—*Colton*.

To wish is of little account; to succeed thou must earnestly desire; and this desire must shorten thy sleep.—*Ovid*.

The noblest spirit is most strongly attracted by the love of glory.—*Cicero*.

When once ambition has passed its natural limits, its progress is boundless.—*Seneca*.

AMERICANS

A French magazine claims to have discovered in a New York paper an advertisement to this effect: "A gentleman who has lost his right leg is desirous of making the acquaintance of some one who has lost his left leg, in order to become associated with him in the purchase of boots and shoes, size 8." The very observant French editor very politely comments: "An American may occasionally lose a leg, but he never loses his head."

"That's the Goddess of Liberty," explained the New Yorker. "Fine attitude, eh?"

"Yes, and typically American," replied the Western visitor. "Hanging to a strap."

"William," asked the teacher of a rosy-faced lad, "can you tell me who George Washington was?"

"Yes, ma'am," was the quick reply. "He was an American gen'ral."

"Quite right," replied the teacher. "And can you tell us what George Washington was remarkable for?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied the little boy. "He was remarkable because he was an American and told the truth."

A party of tourists were looking at Vesuvius in full eruption. "Ain't this just like hell!" exclaimed an American. "Ah, the Americans," said a Frenchman standing by, "Where have they not been?"

AMUSEMENTS

It was a sweet, sad play, and there was hardly a dry handkerchief in the house. But one man in the first balcony irritated his neighbors excessively by refusing to take the performance in the proper spirit. Instead of weeping, he laughed. While others were mopping their eyes and endeavoring to stifle their sobs, his face beamed with merriment and he burst into inappropriate guffaws.

At last a lady by his side turned upon him indignantly.

"I d-don't know what brought y-you here," she sobbed, with streaming eyes, and pressing her hand against her aching heart; "but if y-you don't like the p-play you might l-let other p-people enjoy it!"

ANCESTRY

HAMPTON—"Dinwiddow told me his family is a very old one. They were one of the first to come across."

RHODES—"The grocer told me yesterday that now they are the last to come across."—*Judge*.

"Pa, what are ancestors?"

"Well, my son, I'm one of yours. Your grandpa is another."

"Oh! Then why is it people brag about them?"

HE—"My ancestors came over in the *Mayflower*."

SHE—"It's lucky they did; the immigration laws are a little stricter now."

ANIMALS

It was Robert's first visit to the Zoo.

"What do you think of the animals?" inquired Uncle Ben.

After a critical inspection of the exhibit the boy replied: "I think the kangaroo and the elephant should change tails."

ANTICIPATION

"Mr. Blinks," said she, "do you think that anticipation is greater than realization?"

"Well," replied Mr. Blinks, "anticipation is broader and higher, but realization is longer and flatter."

ANTIQUES

"Gee, whiz! Isn't that Smithson who just went by in his automobile? When I knew him a few years ago he had a junk-shop."

"He still has. Only he moved in to a fashionable street and labeled the same stock 'Antiques.'"

CUSTOMER—"What! Five hundred dollars for that antique? Why, I priced it last week and you said three hundred and fifty."

DEALER—"Yes, I know; but the cost of labor and materials has gone up so!"

AD WRITER—"When do you want me to prepare that copy for the sale of antiques you have been planning?"

BOSS—"We'll have to hold back on those awhile. The wormhole borers are on strike in Grand Rapids."

APARTMENTS

MR. LONGSUFFER—"Say, janitor, it's down to zero in my flat."

JANITOR—"Down to zero, is it? That's nothing."

Necessarily So

"I wonder if they take children in these apartments."

"They must. Some of the rooms aren't big enough for a grown person."

"How do the Joneses seem to like their little two-room kitchenette apartment?"

"Oh, they have no room for complaint!"—*Judge*.

APPEARANCES

A man's appearance indicates how his business is prospering, and his wife's appearance shows how much he is spending.

In civilized society external advantages make us more respected. A man with a good coat upon his back meets with a better reception than he who has a bad one. You may analyze this and say, what is there in it? But that will avail you nothing, for it is a part of a general system.—*Johnson*.

A miser grows rich by seeming poor; an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich.—*Shenstone*.

Polished brass will pass upon more people than rough gold.—*Chesterfield*.

In all professions every one affects a particular look and exterior, in order to appear what he wishes to be thought; so that it may be said the world's made up of appearances.—*La Rochefoucauld*.

APPETITE

"Josh," said Farmer Corntossel to his son, "I wish, if you don't mind, you'd eat off to yourself instead of with the summer boarders."

"Isn't my society good enough for them?"

"Your society is fine. But your appetite sets a terrible example."

TEACHER—"You remember the story of Daniel in the lion's den, Robbie?"

ROBBIE—"Yes, ma'am."

TEACHER—"What lesson do we learn from it?"

ROBBIE—"That we shouldn't eat everything we see."

APPLAUSE

"You don't attach much importance to the applause an orator receives."

"Not much," admitted Senator Sorghum. "There is bound to be applause. You can't expect an audience to sit still all evening and do absolutely nothing."

"The train pulled out before you had finished your speech."

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum. "As I heard the shouts of the crowd fading in the distance I couldn't be sure whether they were applauding me or the engineer."

A slowness to applaud betrays a cold temper or an envious spirit. —*Hannah More*.

The silence that accepts merit as the most natural thing in the world, is the highest applause.—*Emerson*.

ARITHMETIC

"Waiter," he suggested mildly, "I want three eggs, and boil them four minutes."

But the cook, having only one in the place, boiled it twelve minutes.

Which proves the value of higher mathematics.

SCHOOL-TEACHER (to little boy)—"If a farmer raises 3,700 bushels of wheat and sells it for $2.50 per bushel, what will he get?"

LITTLE BOY—"An automobile."

"Now, then, Johnny," said his teacher, "if your father gave you seven cents and your mother gave you six and your uncle gave you four more, what would you have?"

Johnny wrinkled up his forehead and went into silence for the space of several minutes.

"Come, come," said the teacher impatiently. "Surely you can solve a simple little problem like that."

"It ain't a simple problem at all," replied the boy. "I can't make up my mind whether I'd have an ice-cream soda or go to the movies."

In Missouri, where they raise more mules and children than in any other place in the world, a certain resident died possessed of seventeen mules and three sons. In his will he disposed of the mules as follows: One-half to the eldest son, one-third to the next, and one-ninth to the youngest.

The administrator who went to divide the property drove a span of mules out to the farm, but when he went to divide the seventeen into

halves, thirds, and ninths he found it was impossible with live mules; mules not being very valuable, he unhitched one of his own, putting it with the other seventeen, making eighteen, when he proceeded to divide as follows: One-half, or nine to the eldest, one third, or six, to the next son, and one-ninth, or two, to the youngest. Adding up nine, six, two, he found that it made seventeen, so he hitched up his mule and went home rejoicing.—*Ladies Home Journal*.

"Now, Harold," said the teacher, "if there were eleven sheep in a field and six jumped the fence how many would there be left?"

"None," replied Harold.

"Why, but there would," said she.

"No, ma'am, there wouldn't," persisted he. "You may know arithmetic, but you don't know sheep."

One day, as Pat halted at the top of the river-bank, a man famous for his inquisitive mind stopped and asked:

"How long have you hauled water for the village, my good man?"

"Tin years, sor."

"Ah, how many loads do you take in a day?"

"From tin to fifteen, sor."

"Ah, yes! Now I have a problem for you. How much water at this rate have you hauled in all?"

The driver of the watering-cart jerked his thumb backward toward the river and replied:

"All the water yez don't see there now, sor."

ARMIES

A sentry was giving close attention to his post in the neighborhood of a British army camp in England, challenging returning stragglers late after dark. The following is reported as an incident to his vigil:

"Who goes there?" called the sentry at the sound of approaching footsteps.

"Coldstream Guards!" was the response.

"Pass, Coldstream Guards!" rejoined the sentry.

"Who goes there?" again challenged the sentry.

"Forty-ninth Highlanders!" returned the unseen pedestrian.

"Pass, Forty-ninth Highlanders!"

"Who goes there?" sounded a third challenge.

"None of your d—n business!" was the husky reply.

"Pass, Canadians!" acquiesced the sentry.

Things in the Army that

Increase	*Decrease*
Your appetite.	Your surplus fat.
Your respect for the flag.	Your self-conceit.
Your love for your mother.	Your fastidiousness.
Your promptness.	Your selfishness.
Your democracy.	Your carelessness.
Your feet.	Your finances.

A few soldiers belonging to part of a Swiss regiment in garrison at Basel went to a certain cafe for refreshments. One of them sat down alone at a table. Later a civilian, a German, joined him and the two began to talk war politics. "Would you shoot on the Germans if they invaded Switzerland?" asked the German.

"Oh, no, never!" exclaimed the soldier.

"Waiter, a pint of beer and a beefsteak with potatoes for this brave man," ordered the civilian.

"And your pals sitting at the next table—would they also not shoot the Germans if they tried to invade this country?"

"Oh, no, never," retorted the Swiss.

"Waiter, a glass of beer for each of the soldiers at the next table!" ordered the civilian.

And addressing again the soldier, he asked: "Is this generally the view held in the Swiss Army in regard to a possible German invasion? Are all the Swiss soldiers so Germanophil?"

"I don't know," replied the soldier.

"But why would you not shoot the Germans?"

"Because we belong to the band."

OFFICER (to private)—"What are you doing down in that shell-hole? Didn't you hear me say we were out against four to one?"

GEORDIE (a trade-unionist)—"Ay. Aa heard you; but aa've killed ma fower."—*Punch*.

"The army must be a terrible place," said Aunt Samanthy, looking up from the evening paper.

"What makes you think so, Samanthy?" asked her dutiful spouse.

"Why, jest think what it must be where beds is bunk and meals is a mess."

Said the colored lad as he was being mustered out, on being asked what train he was going to take for home: "Boss, I ain't gonna take no train. I lives two hundred miles away, and I'se gonna run the first eighteen, just to make sure they don't change their minds befo' I leave camp."

A factory foreman who had some 300 hands under him went into the army, became a captain of a company and could not get into the habit of calling his soldiers men, but invariably referred to them as my "hands." Imagine, therefore, the surprise of his commanding officer when the captain turned in a report of an engagement, in which he said he "had the very good fortune to have only one of my 'hands' shot through the nose."

"Were you happy when you started for France?"

"Happy? We were in transports."

See also Conscription; Military discipline.

ART AND ARTISTS

HENRY—"He may be a great artist, but he has a peculiar way of doing things."

HAPPY—"How's that?"

HENRY—"He says he painted his greatest masterpiece on an empty stomach."

Impressionistic

Whistler once undertook to get a fellow artist's work into the autumn salon. He succeeded, and the picture was hung. But the painter, going to see his masterpiece with Whistler on varnishing day, uttered an exclamation of dismay.

"Good Heavens!" he cried, "you're exhibiting my picture upside down."

"Hush!" said Whistler. "The committee refused it the other way."

"If you do good work, your work will grow after you are gone."

"That's a fact. Rubens left only some 2,000 pictures, but there are 10,000 of his pictures in circulation now."

"Luxurious tastes Richleigh has. He has a Corot in his office."

"That's nothing! I have a whistler in mine."

Two ladies, each with her child, visited the Chicago Art Museum. As they passed the "Winged Victory" the little boy exclaimed: "Huh! She ain't got no head." "Sh!" the horrified little girl replied, "That's art; she don't need none!"

One of those country gentlemen who owns a farm in Brown County, but lives in Indianapolis and only spends his weekends on the farm, asked one of his neighbors down in Brown county: "Did you know that T. C. Steele sold the picture that he painted on your farm?" The farmer made no reply to this, and then the country gentleman told him the price Mr. Steele got for the canvas. "I just wish I had known the feller liked the place well enough to pay that for a picture of it," the farmer said. "I'd a' sold him the farm for $200 less than that."

ARTIST—"Now, here's a picture—one of my best, too—I've just finished. When I started out I had no idea what it was going to be."

FRIEND—"After you got through, how did you find out what it was?"

Bessie is a bright one. The other day her teacher set her and her schoolmates to drawing, letting them choose their own subjects. After the teacher had examined what the other children had drawn, she took up Bessie's sheet.

"Why, what's this?" she said. "You haven't drawn anything at all, child."

"Please, teacher, yes, I have," returned Bessie. "It's a war-picture-a long line of ammunition-wagons at the front. You can't see 'em 'cause they're camouflaged."

"Mark Twain was visiting H.H. Rogers," said a New York editor. "Mr. Rogers led the humorist into his library.

"'There,' he said as he pointed to a bust of white marble. 'What do you think of that?' It was a bust of a young woman coiling her hair-a graceful example of Italian sculpture. Mr. Clemens looked and then he said:

"'It isn't true to nature."

"'Why not?' Mr. Rogers asked.

"'She ought to have her mouth full of hairpins,' said the humorist."

See also Futurist art.

ASTRONOMY

FINNEGAN—"Oh, yis, Oi can undershtand how thim astronomers can calkilate th' distance av a shtarr, its weight, and dinsity and color and all thot—but th' thing thot gets me is, how th' divvle do they know its *name*."

I think the stars do nod at me,
    But not when people are about;
For they regard me curiously
    Whenever I go out.

Brothers, what is it ye mean,
    What is it ye try to say.
That so earnestly ye lean
    From the spirit to the clay?

I may have been a star one day,
    One of the rebel host that fell,
And they are nodding down to say.
    Come back to us from hell.

AUTHORS

A clever author is one who never asks what they are saying when he is told that everybody is talking about his latest book.

The wife of a successful young literary man had hired a buxom Dutch girl to do the housework. Several weeks passed and from seeing her master constantly about the house, the girl received an erroneous impression.

"Ogscuse me, Mrs. Blank," she said to her mistress one day, "but I like to say somedings."

"Well, Rena?"

The girl blushed, fumbled with her apron, and then replied, "Veil, you pay me four tollars a veek—"

"Yes, and I really can't pay you any more."

"It's not dot," responded the girl; "but I be villing to take tree tollars till—till your husband gets vork."

Kate Douglas Wiggin's choicest possession, she says, is a letter which she once received from the superintendent of a home for the feeble-minded. He spoke in glowing terms of the pleasure with which the "inmates" had read her little book, "Marm Lisa," and ended thus superbly:

"In fact, madam, I think I may safely say that you are the favorite author of the feeble-minded!"

Harold Jenks, a syndicate editor of Denver, was talking about the low rates paid by the magazines.

"They who write for newspaper syndicates, where their work appears simultaneously in forty or fifty newspapers all over the country," said Mr. Jenks, "make a good deal of money. Of course, the magazine writer, beside such men, isn't one, two, three.

"A seedy magazine writer dropped in on me this morning to borrow a quarter. As he left, he said:

"'Jenks, old man, the difference between a hen and a magazine writer is this—while they both scratch for a living, the hen gets hers.'"

Consolation

"How did your novel come out?"

"Well," replied the self-confident man, "it proved beyond all doubt that it isn't one of these trashy best-sellers."

The late Ambassador Walter Hines Page was formerly editor of The World's Work and, like all editors, was obliged to refuse a great many stories. A lady once wrote him:

"*Sir*: you sent back last week a story of mine. I know that you did not read the story, for as a test I had pasted together pages 18, 19, and 20, and the story came back with these pages still pasted; and so I know you are a fraud and turn down stories without reading same."

Mr. Page wrote back:

"*Madame*: At breakfast when I open an egg I don't have to eat the whole egg to discover it is bad."

The great novelist summoned his publisher to his luxurious home.

"Have your salesmen," he asked, "prepared for their semi-annual trip among the down-trodden booksellers?"

"They have."

"Has your publicity man written the usual biographical notices and arranged for a series of dinners in my honor?"

"He has."

"Have your great minds selected a title for my forthcoming work?"

"Indeed, yes."

"Then what do you want me to write about?"

The publisher drew from his pocket a paper.

"Here is a wonderful plot," he replied. "It has every element —maudlin sentiment, mystery, touches of your characteristic humor, profound insight—everything."

The great author was conservative. He had had experience.

"I haven't time to read it just now," he said. "But are you sure? How do you know that it is any good?"

"Good!" exclaimed the publisher. "Of course it is good. Why, my dear sir, it has met with the unqualified approval of every member of our motion-picture department."

THE PUBLISHER—"How are you going to introduce accurate local color in your new story of life in Thibet? You've never been there."

THE EMINENT AUTHOR—"Neither has any of my public."—*Judge*.

"So you got your poem printed?"

"Yes," replied the author. "I sent the first stanza to the editor of the Correspondence Column with the inquiry, 'Can anyone give me the rest of this poem?' Then I sent in the complete poem over another name!"

"Ye think a fine lot of Shakespeare?"

"I do, sir," was the reply.

"An' ye think he was mair clever than Rabbie Burns?"

"Why, there's no comparison between them."

"Maybe, no; but ye tell us it was Shakespeare who wrote 'Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.' Now, Rabbie would never hae sic nonsense as that."

"Nonsense, sir!" thundered the other.

"Ay, just nonsense. Rabbie would hae kent fine that a king or queen either disna ganga to bed wi' a croon on their head. He'd hae kent they hang it over the back o' a chair."

HOSTESS—"I sometimes wonder, Mr. Highbrow, if there is anything vainer than you authors about the things you write."

HIGHBROW—"There is, madam; our efforts to sell them."

"No," said the honest man, "I was never strong at literature. To save my life I could not tell you who wrote 'Gray's Elegy.'"

HENLEY—"How are you getting on with your writing for the magazines?"

PENLEY—"Just holding my own. They send me back as much as I send them."

Wouldn't it be pleasant if so many authors didn't:

Let their characters converse for hours without any identification tags, so that you have to turn back three pages and number off odd speeches in order to find out who's talking.

Overwork the "smart" atmosphere, the suspension points and the seasonal epidemics of such words as "gripping," "virile," "intrigue," "gesture," etc.

Stick up a periscope every now and then, like, "Little did he think how dearly this trifling error was to cost him," or "She was to meet this man again, under strange circumstances."

Apply a large hunk of propaganda, like an ice bag, just where the plot ought to rush ahead.

EDITOR—"Historically, this story is incorrect."

AUTHOR—"But hysterically it is one of the best things I have ever done."

A man who was a great admirer of Mark Twain was visiting in Hannibal, Mo. He asked the darkey who was driving him about if he knew where Huckleberry Finn lived. "No sah, I never heard of the gemmen." Then he said "Then perhaps you knew Tom Sawyer?" "No, sah, I never met the gemmen." "But surely you have heard of Puddin'head Wilson?" "Yes, sah, I've never met him, but I've voted for him twice."

AUTHORSHIP

TED—"I was tempted to read his book by the advertisements, but I was disappointed."

NED—"That's only natural. The advertisements are better written than the book."

AUTOMOBILE TOURISTS

"Why do you turn out for every road hog that comes along?" said the missus, rather crossly. "The right of way is ours, isn't it?"

"Oh, undoubtedly!" answered he, calmly. "As for our turning out, the reason is plainly suggested in this epitaph which appeared in a newspaper recently:

"Here lies the body of William Jay,
Who died maintaining his right of way;
He was right, dead right, as he sped along,
But he's just as dead as if he'd been wrong."

A motorist had been haled into court, and when his name was called the judge asked what the charges were against the prisoner.

"Suspicious actions, your Honor," answered the policeman who had made the arrest.

"Suspicious actions?" queried his Honor "What was he doing that seemed suspicious?"

"Well," replied the officer, "he was running within the speed limit, sounding his horn properly, and trying to keep on the right side of the street, so I arrested him."

"What kind of a time is he having on his motor-trip?"

"Guess he's having a pretty lively time. He sent me a picture post-card of a hospital."

A tourist was just emerging from a corn-field by the roadside, bearing in his arms a dozen handsome roasting ears. A second car approached and stopped, whereon the tourist reached for his pocketbook and asked in an embarrassed manner, "How much?"

"One dollar," said the newcomer, and then, after receiving payment, remarked, "This is a fine field of corn. Wonder who it belongs to?"

AUTOMOBILES AND AUTOMOBILING

"Has this car got a speedometer?" asked an old gentleman to the auctioneer, at one of the Disposal Board sales. The auctioneer was equal to the occasion and replied: "At thirty miles an hour it exhibits a white flag, at forty miles a red flag, and at fifty miles a gramophone begins to play, 'I'm going to be an angel, and with the angels dwell'"

"Remember, son, Garfield drove mules on a tow-path and Lincoln split rails."

"I know, dad; but say, did any of these Presidents ever crank a cold motor in a blizzard for half an hour before he discovered that he didn't have any gasoline?"

The time to buy a used car is just before you move, so people in the new neighborhood will think you were the one who used it.

"I understand that you have a new motor-car."

"Yes."

"Do you drive it yourself?"

"Nobody drives it. We coax it."

"We deny ourselves much. I am saving to build a house."

"Is your wife cheerful about it?"

"Oh, yes. She thinks we're saving for an automobile."

SHE—"Tell me, is an F.O.B. Detroit a reliable car?"

"I have never owned any automobiles," said the man who hadn't yet paid for his home, "but I can say one thing in praise of them."

"What is that?" inquired Henderson.

"They have made mortgages respectable."—*Judge*.

"I see Smith is building a garage. When did he get a car?"

"He hasn't got one yet, but he's got an option on ten gallons of gasoline."

An irate customer complained to her butcher about finding pieces of rubber in the sausage meat and demanded an explanation. The butcher said, "It is only another proof of how the automobile is taking the place of the horse."

"Hello, old top. New car?"

"No! Old car, new top."

A farmer was recently arguing with a French chauffeur, who had slackened up at an inn, regarding the merits of the horse and the motor-car.

"Give me a 'orse," remarked the farmer; "them traveling oil-shops is too uncertain fer my likin'."

"Eet is prejudice, my friend." the chauffeur replied; "you Engleesh are behind ze times; you will think deefairent some

day."

"Behind the times be blowed!" came the retort; "p'r'aps nex' time the Proosians are round Paris and you have to git your dinner off a steak from the 'ind wheel of a motor-car, you Frenshmen'll wish you wasn't so bloomin' well up-to-date!"

"What does autosuggestion mean?" asked Pringle.

"That's when your wife begins to figure out how much you would save in car-fare, and all that, if you had your own machine," replied Teggard, who had been worked just that way.

An automobile show is a place to which car owners go to hear the exhibitors confirm their judgment.

"I've stopped riding horseback and got a second-hand car."

"Need more exercise?"

"I suppose you think I'm foolish enough to buy that broken-down old automobile!"

"Broken-down nothing! With the exception of a busted drive-shaft, a cracked crank-case, a loose steering-wheel, a bum battery, a dilapidated differential and faulty ignition, it is just as good as new. Outside of buying four sets of tires, three new springs, a new top, two rear axles, a couple of batteries, having the valves ground sixteen times, the clutch tightened every week and the self-starter repaired now and then, I have never spent one cent for repairs. The old boat hasn't been run a mile over one hundred thousand, will average fourteen gallons to the mile, and absolutely will not exceed twenty-five miles an hour. It has an extra-fine new coat of paint, and is fully equipped with a hand pump and switch-key. Because of the

difficulty in shifting gears, I absolutely guarantee your wife will never be able to drive it, and—"

"Never mind the rest. I'll take it!"

"I thought you owned an automobile."

"I do, but I taught the wife to drive it, and now I'm back to the street-cars."

"Say, Rastus, I done see de funniest thing t'day."

"How come, niggah?"

"I seed an ottermobile with its reah license B—4."

"Say, bo, doan hand me no truck lak that."—*Judge*.

The only trouble with a 60-horse-power motor is that every darned horse balks at the same time.

BILL—"Just happened to run into an old friend down-town."

PHIL—"Was he glad to see you?"

BILL—"You bet not. I smashed his whole right fender."

"My brother bought a motor here last week," said an angry man to the salesman that stepped up to greet him, "and he said if anything broke you would supply him with new parts."

"Certainly," said the salesman. "What does he want?"

"He wants two deltoid muscles, a couple of kneecaps, one elbow, and about half a yard of cuticle," said the man, "and he wants them at once."

An elderly lady of very prim and severe aspect was seated next a young couple, who were discussing the merits of their motor-cars.

"What color is your body?" asked the young man of the girl at his side, meaning of course, the body of her motor.

"Oh, mine is pink. What is yours?"

"Mine," replied the man, "is brown with wide yellow stripes."

This was too much for the old lady. Rising from the table, she exclaimed:

"When young people come to asking each other the color of their bodies at a dinner-party, it is time I left the room."

"Why didn't you stop when I signaled you?" inquired the officer.

"Well," replied Mr. Chuggins, "it had taken me two hours to get this old flivver started, and it seemed a shame to stop her merely to avoid a little thing like being arrested."

Who Can Tell?

Dear Sirs,—About the engine. Well,
We write to let you know
We've waded through the booklet on
"What Makes the Engine Go."
It took us close on half a day
To read through all the guff;
The engine goes all right, but don't
Keep goin' long enough.
It's very good to understand
What makes the engine go.
But why the deuce the d—— thing stops

Is what we want to know.
So now we're making this request,
While tears and curses drop,
Please send along a booklet on
What Makes the Engine Stop.
The folk around here all await
With interest your reply:
To them the reasons why she goes
Don't seem to signify.
So while we wait and chew the cud
Don't let the matter flop;
For Gawd's sake write and let us know
What makes the blighter stop.

See also Fords; Garages; Horses; Reputation.

AVIATION

TOMMY (to Aviator)—"What is the most deadly poison known?"

AVIATOR—"Aviation poison."

TOMMY—"How much does it take to kill a person?"

AVIATOR—"One drop!"

ENTHUSIASTIC AVIATOR (after long explanation of principle and workings of his biplane)—"Now, you understand it, don't you?"

YOUNG LADY—"All but one thing."

AVIATOR—"And that is—?"

YOUNG LADY—"What makes it stay up?"

ENTHUSIAST—"Don't the spectators tire you with the questions they ask?"

AVIATOR—"Yes. What else do you want to know?"

MANDY—"Rastus, you all knows dat yo' remind me of dem dere flyin' machines?"

RASTUS—"No, Mandy, how's dat?"

MANDY—"Why becays youse no good on earth."

BACHELORS

It is a safe guess that the man who pokes fun at a woman for shopping all day and not buying anything isn't married.

MADGE—"You shouldn't say he's a confirmed bachelor unless you know."

MARJORIE—"But I do know; I confirmed him."

It is admitted that married men have better halves but it is claimed that bachellors generally have better quarters.

BAGGAGE

TOMMY (just off train, with considerable luggage) —"Cabby, how much is it for me to Latchford?"

CABBY—"Two shillings, sir."

TOMMY—"How much for my luggage?"

CABBY—"Free, sir."

TOMMY—"Take the luggage, I'll walk."

BALDNESS

BALD HEADED GUEST—"Well, sonny, what is it that amuses you?"

YOUNG HOPEFUL—"Nothing; only mother has put a brush and comb in your bedroom."

SCEPTIC—"If you have such an infallible remedy for baldness, why don't you use it?"

SUBTLE BARBER (very bald)—"Ah, sir, I sacrifice my appearance to bring 'ome to clients the 'orror of 'airlessness."—*Punch*.

"That bald-headed 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 hair restorer he bought a bottle, and bought a comb and brush because he felt sure he'd need them in a few days."

Two traveling men, who had not met in several years, were condoling with each other on their increasing baldness.

"Well," said Jones, "one comfort is that it's only brain workers who lose their hair."

"Yes," Smith answered, "only thinkers ever become bald. Isn't that so, Sam?" appealing to the porter.

"Well, I dunno 'bout dat," the darky replied. "My granddad said dat an empty bahn doan need no cover."

BANKS AND BANKING

Before the passage of the present strict banking laws in Wisconsin, starting a bank was a comparatively simple proposition. The surprizingly small amount of capital needed is well illustrated by the story a prosperous country-town banker told on himself, when asked how he happened to enter the banking business:

"Well," he said, "I didn't have much else to do, so I rented an empty store building and painted BANK on the window. The first day I was open for business a man came in and deposited a hundred dollars with me; the second day another man dropped in and deposited two hundred and fifty; and so, by George, along about the third day I got confidence enough in the bank to put in a hundred myself!"

A negro bank was opened in a small town in Georgia, and Sam deposited ten dollars. Several weeks later he returned to draw out his money. When he presented his check the colored cashier looked at it doubtfully and said: "Sam, you ain't got any money in dis here bank, but I'll look on de books an' make sure." In a minute he came back and said: "Yes, you did have ten dollars; but, nigger, de interes' done eat up dat money."

"Father," said Nellie, "that bank in which you told me to put my money is in a bad way."

"In a bad way?" returned her father. "Why, my child, that's one of the strongest banks in the country. What in the world gives you that idea?"

"Well," said Nellie, "it returned one of my checks today for $30 marked 'No funds.'"

A Buffalo man stopped a newsboy in New York saying: "See here, son, I want to find the Blank National Bank. I'll give you half a dollar if you direct me to it."

With a grin, the boy replied: "All right, come along," and he led the man to a building a half-block away.

The man paid the promised fee, remarking, however, "That was a half-dollar easily earned."

"Sure!" responded the lad. "But you mustn't fergit that bank-directors is paid high in Noo Yawk."

HE—"We'll have to give up our intended summer trip. My account at the bank is already overdrawn."

SHE—"Oh, John, you are such a wretched financier. Why don't you keep your account in a bank that has plenty of money?"

A Hebrew by the name of Cohen went into a bank one day and asked the cashier to discount his note. The bank cashier said:

"Mr. Cohen, I can't discount that note unless you get some one you know, a responsible man, to indorse it."

Cohen said to the cashier: "You know me, und you're responsible; you indorse it."

BAPTISM

"You don't know me, do you, Bobby?" asked a lady who had recently been baptized.

"Sure I do," piped the youth. "You're the lady that went in swimming with the preacher last Sunday."

Little Edward's twin sisters were being christened. All went well until Edward saw the water in the font. Then he anxiously turned to his mother and exclaimed: "Ma, which one are you going to keep?"

Throughout the christening ceremony the baby smiled up beautifully into the clergyman's face.

"Well, madam," said he to the young wife, "I must congratulate you on your little one's behavior. I have christened more than 2,000 babies, but I never before christened one that behaved so well as yours."

The young mother smiled demurely, and said:

"His father and I, with a pail of water, have been practising on him for the last ten days."

"Tommy," said the Sunday-school teacher, who had been giving a lesson on the baptismal covenant, "can you tell me the two things necessary to baptism?"

"Yes'm," said Tommy, "water and a baby."

In a small country church, not long since a little child was brought forward for baptism. The young minister, taking the little one in his arms, spoke as follows:

"Beloved hearers, no one can foretell the future of this little child. He may grow up to be a great astronomer, like Sir Isaac Newton, or a great labor leader like John Burns; and it is possible he might become the prime minister of England."

Turning to the mother, he inquired, "What is the name of the child?"

"Mary Ann," was the reply.

BAPTISTS

The mayor of a tough border town is about to engage a preacher for the new church.

"Parson, you aren't by any chance a Baptist, are you?"

"Why, no, not necessarily. Why?"

"Well, I was just agoin' to say we have to haul our water twelve miles."

BARGAINS

A thin, anemic woman was accosted by her friend on the street: "Why, Mary, how pale and thin you look! I thought you were going south for your health."

"I was," said Mary, "but my doctor has offered me such a lovely bargain in operations—a major operation for one thousand dollars—and of course I can't resist that."

"How much vas dose collars?"

"Two for a quarter."

"How much for vun?"

"Fifteen cents."

"Giff me de odder vun."

"Ikey," said the teacher, "can you give me a definition for 'a bargain'?"

"Sure I can," smiled Ikey. "A bargain's when you get the best of them."

Dad was not greatly pleased by the school report brought to him by his hopeful.

"How is it?" he demanded, "that you stand so much lower in your studies for the month of January than for December?"

Samuel was equal to the emergency. "Why, dad," said he, in an injured tone, "don't you know that everything is marked down after the holidays?"

Swapping dollars enriches nobody but swapping ideas enriches both parties to the trade.

A noted wag met an Irishman in the street one day, and thought he would be funny at his expense.

"Hello, Pat!" he said. "I'll give you eight (in) pence for a shilling."

"Will ye, now?" said Pat.

"Yes," he replied.

The Irishman handed over the shilling, and his friend put eight pence into his palm in return.

"Eight in pence," he explained. "Not bad, is it?"

"No," answered Pat; "but the shilling is!"

BASEBALL

"Baseball," says a Big League magnate, "is the public's luxury." The small boy will disagree with him, a luxury being something you can do without.-Puck.

At a ball game between a South Carolina negro team and a visiting team of similar color a negro preacher was acting as umpire. The pitcher had gone rather wild, and had permitted all the bases to fill. Another man came to the bat, and the nervous pitcher shot one over.

"Ball one," yelled the ump.

The pitcher tried again.

"Ball two," was the decision.

Another effort by the hurler.

"Ball three," said the umpire.

The pitcher saw his predicament, and made one master effort to save the day.

"Ball four," yelled the ump, "and the man's out."

"How come, I'se out?" inquired the enraged batter.

"I'se repelled to put you out, nigger. Don't you see dar's nowhere else to put you?" reasoned the umpire.

They were getting up a ball game in a small town and lacked one player. They finally persuaded an old fellow to fill in, although he said he had never played before. He went to the

bat and the first ball pitched he knocked over the fence. Every one stood and watched the ball, even the batter. Excitedly they told him to run. "Shucks!" he said, "what's the use of running, I'll buy you another ball."

An Englishman was seeing his first game of baseball, and the "fan" was explaining the different plays as they were being made.

"Don't you think it's great?" enthusiastically asked the "fan."

"Well," replied the Englishman, "I think it's very exciting, but also a very dangerous game."

"Dangerous nothing," replied the fan.

Just then a runner was put out at second base.

"What has happened now?" asked the Englishman.

"Chick Smith has died at second," laconically replied the fan.

"Died at second?" replied the astonished Briton. "I knew it was a dangerous game."

They arrived at the fifth inning.

"What's the score, Jim?" he asked a fan.

"Nothing to nothing," was the reply.

"Oh, goody!" she exclaimed. "We haven't missed a thing!"

At the base ball game.

SHE—"What's the man running for?"

HE—"He hit the ball."

SHE—"I know. But is he required to chase it, too?"

An Englishman was once persuaded to see a game of baseball, and during the play, when he happened to look away for a moment, a foul tip caught him on the ear and knocked him senseless. On coming to himself, he asked faintly, "What was it?"

"A foul—only a foul!"

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "A fowl? I thought it was a mule."

BATHS AND BATHING

"S-s-s-s-sus-say, ma," stammered Bobby, through the suds, as his mother scrubbed and scrubbed him, "I guess you want to get rid o' me, don't you?"

"Why, no, Bobby dear," replied his mother. "Whatever put such an idea into your mind?"

"Oh, nuthin'," said Bobby, "only it seems to me you're tryin' to rub me out."

PA—"At last I've found a way to make that young scamp of ours stop winking his eyes."

MA—"Really?"

PA—"Yes; I'll show him the article in this science magazine where it says that every time we wink we give the eye a bath."

BEAUTY, PERSONAL

"Is she very pretty?"

"Pretty? Say! when she gets on a street-car the advertising is a total loss."

"I don't like these photos at all," he said, "I look like an ape."

The photographer favored him with a glance of lofty disdain.

"You should have thought of that before you had them taken," was his reply as he turned back to work.

"We're giving Baxby a farewell dinner and I'm to respond to the toast, 'None but the brave deserves the fair.'"

"Sorry for you, old top. You'll have to prove that Baxby is an utter coward, or that he isn't getting what is his due."

The Chinese are not given to flattery. A gentleman called at a Chinese laundry for his clothes. On receiving the package he noticed some Chinese characters marked upon it. He asked, pointing to the lettering:

"That's my name, I suppose?"

"No; 'scliption," was the Chinaman's bland reply. "'Lil ol' man, closs-eyed, no teeth.'"—*Everybody's*.

BEGGING

"Some men have no hearts," said the tramp. "I've been a-tellin' that feller I am so dead broke that I have to sleep outdoors."

"Didn't that fetch him?" asked the other.

"Naw. He tol' me he was a-doin' the same thing, and had to pay the doctor for tellin' him to do it."

DEAF-AND-DUMB BEGGAR—"Do you think it looks like rain, Bill?"

BLIND BEGGAR—"I dasn't look up to see—here comes one o' my best customers!"—*Puck*.

He who begs timidly courts a refusal.—*Seneca*.

The matron passed a handout to the disreputable hobo, remarking curtly, "If you don't mind, eat it outside."

"Bless yer, I'm used to it," he answered. "When I was at home and in clover, as it were, it was me daily custom, when donnin' me dress suit, to announce to me valet, 'Parkins, don't await dinner fer me tonight. I'm dinin' out.'"

BEQUESTS

"There's a story connected with this diamond," said Heinie, pointing to a big, handsome stone which sparkled in his shirt front. "A friend of mine by the name of Meyer lay sick in bed. I being his best friend, he sent for me and said:

"'Heinie, I'm a very sick man. I ain't got long to live. I'm worth a lot of money, and I'm going to leave it all to you and my other friends. But I want you to do me one favor. Take this money and when I'm dead and laid away buy me a nice stone.'

"Those were Meyer's last words, and the day of the funeral I bought this stone. But how can I give it to him when he's dead?"

BETTING

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I am glad to see you taking as much interest in politics as you formerly took in racing."

"It is the duty of every man and woman to take an interest in politics."

"Do you wish me to vote for the same candidate that you do?"

"Why shouldn't you?"

"I thought it might be a good idea for me to vote for the other one. It would be a satisfaction to feel that one or the other of us has at last succeeded in picking a winner."

A Scottish gentleman on a trip to New Orleans went to see his first horse-race. He was feeling very reckless, and decided to risk one dollar, choosing a forty-to-one shot, as that looked like the largest percentage of gain. By a miracle his horse won, and upon handing his ticket to the bookmaker, he received forty dollars.

"Do I get all this for my dollar?" he asked. Upon being assured that he did, he exclaimed. "Hoots! how long has this been going on?"

Little Pat and big Mike had had a dispute, when Mike in contempt said: "Ye little runt, Oi bet I could carry yez up to the fifth story in me hod."

Pat immediately took up the bet, saying: "I'd loike to see ye thry thot same. I'll bet yez fifty cints on it."

Before he knew it Mike had him in his hod and was going up the ladder. When he got to the fourth story his foot slipped and he almost fell. He regained his footing, however, and reached the fifth story in triumph.

"Oi won!" he said.

"Yez did thot," said Pat, "but Oi had high hopes when yer foot slipped."

BIBLE INTERPRETATION

Senator Simmons was discussing the proposed war-tax on automobile-owners. "Making war-taxes," he said, "isn't pleasant work. It puts one in the position of the facetious minister at Ocean Grove who took a little girl on his knee, and said:

"'I don't love you, Nellie.'"

All the ladies on the breeze-swept veranda laughed, but little Nellie frowned and said:

"'You've got to love me. You've got to.'"

"'Got to? How so?'" laughed the divine.

"'Because,' said Nellie stoutly, 'you've got to love them that hate you—and I hate you, goodness knows!'"

"The Bible tells us we should love our neighbors," said the good deacon.

"Yes, but the Bible was written before our neighbors lived so close," replied the mere man.

WILLIE—"Paw, why is the way of the transgressor hard?"

PAW—"Because so many people have tramped on it, my son."

Little Marie was sitting on her grandfather's knee one day, and after looking at him intently for a time she said:

"Grandpa, were you in the ark?"

"Certainly not, my dear," answered the astonished old man.

"Then why weren't you drowned?"

A bashful curate found the young ladies in the parish too helpful. At last it became so embarrassing that he left.

Not long afterward—he met the curate who had succeeded him.

"Well," he asked, "how do you get on with the ladies?"

"Oh, very well indeed," said the other. "There is safety in numbers, you know."

"Ah!" was the instant reply. "I only found it in Exodus."

Bishop Hoss said at a Nashville picnic:

"The religious knowledge of too many adults resembles, I am afraid, the religious knowledge of little Eve.

"'So you attend Sunday-school regularly?' the minister said to little Eve."

"'Oh, yes, sir.'"

"'And you know your Bible?'"

"'Oh, yes, sir.'"

"'Could you perhaps tell me something that is in it?'"

"'I could tell you everything that's in it.'"

"'Indeed,' and the minister smiled. 'Do tell me, then.'"

"'Sister's beau's photo is in it,' said little Eve, promptly, 'and ma's recipe for vanishin' cream is in it, and a lock of my hair cut off when I was a baby is in it, and the ticket for pa's watch is in it.'"

"Bobby, do you know you've deliberately broken the eighth commandment by stealing James's candy?"

"Well, I thought I might as well break the eighth commandment and have the candy as to break the tenth and only 'covet' it."—*Life*.

"I thought you were preaching, Uncle Bob," said the Colonel, to whom the elderly negro had applied for a job.

"Yessah, Ah wuz," replied Uncle; "but Ah guess Ah ain't smaht enough to expound de Scriptures. Ah almost stahved to deff tryin' to explain de true meanin' uv de line what says 'De Gospel am free.' Dem fool niggahs thought dat it meant dat Ah wuzn't to git no salary."

The college boys played a mean trick on "Prexy" by pasting some of the leaves of his Bible together. He rose to read the morning lesson, which might have been as follows:

"Now Johial took unto himself a wife of the daughters of Belial." (He turned a leaf.) "She was eighteen cubits in height and ten cubits in breadth." (A pause and careful scrutiny of the former page.)

He resumed: "Now Johial took unto himself a wife," etc. (Leaf turned.) "She was eighteen cubits in height and ten cubits in breadth, and was pitched within and without—" (Painful pause and sounds of subdued mirth.) "Prexy" turns back again in perplexity.

"Young gentlemen, I can only add that 'Man is fearfully and wonderfully made'—and woman also."

See also Drinking.

BIGAMY

The Bugamist.

A June bug married an angleworm;
An accident cut her in two.
They charged the bug with bigamy;
Now what could the poor thing do?

—*Punch Bowl*.

A tariff expert of Kansas City said in a recent address:

"The average tariff argument is amusing in its ignorance. It reminds me of a certain Kansas City police court.

"A policeman rose in this court to testify against a prisoner.

"'Wot's this here feller charged with?' the magistrate demanded.

"'Bigotry, judge,' the police answered. 'He's got three wives.'

"'Three!' cried the magistrate. 'Why, you ignoramus, that ain't bigotry. That's trigonometry!'"

"I left my money at home," said the lady on the train to the conductor. "You will have to trust me. I am one of the directors' wives."

"I am sorry, madam," replied the conductor. "I can't do that, even if you were the director's only wife."

BILLS

COLLECTOR—"Did you look at that little bill I left yesterday, sir?"

HOUSE MEMBER—"Yes; it has passed the first reading."

Daniel Webster was once sued by his butcher for a bill of long standing. Before his suit was settled he met the butcher on the street and, to the man's great embarrassment, stopped to ask why he had ceased sending around for his order.

"Why, Mr. Webster," said the tradesman, "I did not think you would want to deal with me when I've brought suit against you."

"Tut! tut!" said Mr. Webster, "sue me all you wish, but for heaven's sake don't try to starve me to death!"

"My doctor told me I would have to quit eating so much meat."

"Did you laugh him to scorn?'"

"I did at first; but when he sent in his bill, I found he was right."

TOMMY—"Why do the ducks dive?"

HARP—"Guess they must want to liquidate their bills."

Bill Sprague kept a general store at Croyden Four Corners. One day he set off for New York to buy a lot of goods. The goods were shipped immediately; and as Bill had lingered in New York sightseeing, they reached Croyden Four Corners before him. The goods in an enormous packing-case were driven to the general store by the local teamster. Mrs. Sprague came out to see what had arrived and, with a shriek, tottered and fell.

"Oh, what's the matter, ma'am?" cried the hired girl.

Mrs Sprague, her eyes blinded with tears, pointed to the packing-case, whereon was stenciled in large black letters: "BILL INSIDE."

When you do not intend to pay a bill there is nothing like being decisive in your refusal. The other day a bookseller had an "account rendered" returned to him with the following reply scrawled across the billhead: "Dear Sir—I never ordered this beastly book. If I did, you didn't send it. If you sent it, I never got it. If I got it, I paid for it. If I didn't, I won't. Now go and hang yourself, you fathead.—Yours very respectfully, John Jones."

PATIENT—"Doctor, what I need is something to stir me up—something to put me in fighting-trim. Did you put anything like that in this prescription?"

DOCTOR—"No. You will find that in the bill."—*Judge*.

See also Debts; Collecting of accounts.

BLUFFING

VISITOR (at private hospital)—"Can I see Lieutenant Barker, please?"

MATRON—"We do not allow ordinary visiting. May I ask if you're a relative?"

VISITOR (boldly)—"Oh, yes! I'm his sister."

MATRON—"Dear me! I'm very glad to meet you. I'm his mother."—*Punch*.

Yes, life's like poker sure enough. It pays to know just when to bluff.

Half-way up the steep hill the stage-coach stopped. For the seventh time the driver climbed down from his seat and opened and slammed the rear door.

"What do you do that for?" asked a passenger, whose curiosity had got the better of him.

"Sh-h; spake aisy. Don't let th' mare 'ear yer," cautioned the driver. "Every toime she 'ears th' door shut she thinks some one has got down, and it starrts 'er up quicker loike."

Ollie James is a big man personally and politically. He is a United States senator from Kentucky, and he weighs a trifle more than three hundred and fifty pounds.

On one occasion, in traveling from New York to Washington, he barely caught the midnight train, and discovered that the only berth left was an upper. Having learned from experience that the process of coiling up his three hundred and fifty pounds and his six feet three inches in an upper berth was tough stuff, he was indignant. He was particularly enraged when he noticed that the lower directly under his berth was occupied by a small man who tipped the scales at not more than a hundred and twenty.

Ollie grasped the curtains of the berth, shook them vigorously, growled once or twice, and remarked vindictively to the porter:

"So I've got to sleep in an upper, have I? The last time I did that it was on a trip from Frankfort to Washington, and the blamed thing broke down and mashed the man under me. Throw that grip up there, and I hope to Heaven the berth will hold me."

Then he went back to the smoker and had a cigar.

When he returned, the little man was in the upper.

As it is

Weep and you are called a baby,
  Laugh and you are called a fool,
Yield and you're called a coward,
  Stand and you're called a mule,
Smile and they'll call you silly,
  Frown and they'll call you gruff,
Put on a front like a millionaire,
  And somebody calls you a bluff.

A successful old lawyer tells the following story anent the beginning of his professional life: "I had just installed myself in my office," he said, "had put in a phone and had preened myself for my first client who might come along when, through the glass of my door I saw a shadow. Yes, it was

doubtless some one to see me. Picture me, then, grabbing the nice, shiny receiver of my new phone and plunging into an imaginary conversation. It ran something like this: 'Yes, Mr. S.,' I was saying as the stranger entered the office, 'I'll attend to that corporation matter for you. Mr. J. had me on the phone this morning and wanted me to settle a damage suit, but I had to put him off, as I was too busy with other cases. But I'll manage to sandwich your case in between the others somehow. Yes. Yes. All right. Goodby.' Being sure, then, that I had duly impressed my prospective client, I hung up the receiver and turned to him. 'Excuse me, sir,' the man said, 'but I'm from the telephone company. I've come to connect your instrument.'"

BOARD OF HEALTH

Strolling along the quays of New York harbor, an Irishman came across the wooden barricade which is placed around the inclosure where immigrants suspected of suffering from contagious diseases are isolated.

"Phwat's this fince for?" he inquired of a bystander.

"Oh," was the reply; "that's to keep out fever and things like that, you know."

"Indade!" said Pat. "Oi've often heard of the board of health, but bejabers, it's the first time Oi've seen it!"

BOARDING HOUSES

The fare at a certain boarding-house was very poor. A boarder who had been there for some time, because he could not get away, was standing in the hall when the landlord rang the dinner-bell. Whereupon an old dog that was lying outside on a rug commenced to howl mournfully.

The boarder watched him a little while and then said: "What on earth are you howling for? You don't have to eat it!"

In the soft firelight even the boarding-house sitting-room looked cozy and attractive. The warmth and comfort thawed the heart of the "star" boarder. He turned to the landlady and murmured. "Will you be my wife?"

"Let me see," replied the landlady, "you have been here four years. You have never once grumbled at the food or failed to pay my bill promptly and without question. No, sir, I'm sorry. You're too good a boarder to be put on the free list!"

BOASTING

The engineer had become tired of the boastful talk he heard from the other engine drivers at his boarding-house. One evening he began:

"This morning I went over to see a new machine we've got at our place, and it's astonishing how it works."

"And how does it work?" asked one.

"Well," was the reply, "by means of a pedal attachment a fulcrumed lever concerts a vertical reciprocating motion into a circular movement. The principal part of the machine is a huge disk that revolves in a vertical plane. Power is applied through the axis of the disk, and work is done on the periphery, and the hardest steel by mere impact may be reduced to any shape."

"What is this wonderful machine?" was asked.

"A grindstone," was the reply.

Senator Tillman was arguing the tariff with an opponent.

"You know I never boast," the opponent began.

"Never boast? Splendid!" said Senator Tillman, and he added quietly, "No wonder you brag about it."

They are mighty proud of their one sky-scraper up in Seattle.

It is a long, skinny building that stands on one leg like a stork and blinks down disdainfully from its thousand windows

on ordinary fifteen-story shacks.

A San Francisco man recently in that city was incautious enough to express surprise.

"What are those posts sticking out all the way up?" he asked a Seattleite.

"Those are mile-posts," said the Seattle man.

A gentleman from Vermont was traveling west in a Pullman when a group of men from Topeka, Kansas, boarded the train and began to praise their city to the Vermonter, telling him of its wide streets and beautiful avenues. Finally the Vermonter became tired and said the only thing that would improve their city would be to make it a seaport.

The enthusiastic Westerners laughed at him and asked how they could make it a seaport, being so far from the ocean.

The Vermonter replied that it would be a very easy task.

"The only thing that you will have to do," said he, "is to lay a two-inch pipe from your city to the Gulf of Mexico. Then if you fellows can suck as hard as you can blow you will have it a seaport inside half an hour."

BOLSHEVISM

"The reason you disapprove of Bolshevism is that you don't understand it."

"Probably. Every time I get with Bolshevists and think I am beginning to understand, they start a riot and take my mind off the subject."

There's just one thing the Bolshevik in America can do well —he can dampen the fire under the Melting Pot!

Bolshevism—A blow-out on the tire of world-politics.

BOOKS AND READING

A student assistant, engaged in reading the shelves at the public library, was accosted by a primly dressed middle-aged woman who said that she had finished reading the last of Laura Jean Libby's writings, and that she should like something just as good.

The young assistant, unable for the moment to think of Laura Jean Libby's equal, hastily scanned the shelf on which she was working and, choosing a book, offered it to the applicant, saying, "Perhaps you would like this, 'A Kentucky Cardinal.'"

"No," was the reply, "I don't care for theological works."

"But," explained the kindly assistant, with needless enthusiasm, "this cardinal was a bird!"

"That would not recommend him to me," said the woman, as she moved away in search of a librarian who should be a better judge of character as well as of Laura Jean Libby's peers.

Books are the legacies that genius leaves to mankind, to be delivered down from generation to generation, as presents to the posterity of those that are yet unborn.—*Addison*.

"Are you interested in a loose-leaf encyclopedia?"

"Nope, got one."

"Indeed! Whose?"

"The Britannica."

"Didn't know they published a loose-leaf edition."

"Huh! You ought to see mine after the children had used the volumes as building blocks a few years."

A dressy lady asked one of the assistants for an up-to-date story such as "Women men love" or the "Adventures of Anne." The assistant selected a story which she thought this type of reader would appreciate. After a few minutes the dressy lady again appeared with the book open, and pointing to a quotation on the title page said "I would like this book or any other by Proverbs." The astonished assistant read the quotation which was, "who can find a virtuous woman, her price is far above rubies." *Proverbs* 31:10.

"How far have you studied, Johnny?" inquired the teacher. "Just as far as the book is dirty, ma'am."

Our youngest borrower is a little boy of three who reads surprisingly well for one so young and selects his own books from the children's room. The other day, however, his mother complained that lately he has become "lazy" and refuses to read. As we stood talking the little chap ran joyfully toward her waving a picture book that had been made at the branch and said, "No words Mother, no words."

If this is borrowed by a friend
Right welcome shall he be;
To read, to study, not to lend
But to return to me.
Not that imparted knowledge doth
Diminish learning's store,
But books, I find, if often lent,
Return to me no more.

"Books are keys to wisdom's treasures;
Books are gates to lands of pleasure;
Books are paths that upward lead;
Books are friends, come, let us read."

When I consider what some books have done for the world, and what they are doing, how they keep up our hope, awaken new courage and faith, soothe pain, give an ideal life to those whose hours are cold and hard, bind together distant ages and foreign lands, create new worlds of beauty, bring down Truth from heaven; I give eternal blessings for this gift and thank God for books.

Mr. Dooley says "Books is f'r thim that can't inj'ye thimsilves in anny other way. If ye're in good health, an ar-re atin' three squares a day, an' not ayether sad or very much in love with ye'er lot, but just lookin' on an' not carin' a rush, ye don't need books," he says.

"But if ye're a down-spirited thing an' want to get away an' can't, ye need books."

1921—"Did you see that movie called 'Oliver Twist'?" FROSH—"Yes, and say, wouldn't that make a peach of a book?"

Young Isaac stood in line at the library to draw out a book. When his turn came he asked, respectfully, "Please give me Miss Alcott's Jew book."

The young lady looked puzzled. "A book by Miss Louisa M. Alcott?" she queried.

"Yes," reiterated Isaac, "her Jew book."

"Can you remember the title?"

"No; but it's her Jew book," he insisted.

"Well, I'll read over some of the titles of her books to you, and perhaps you can tell me the one you want when you hear it read." Patiently she began, "*Little Women, Little Men, Under the Lilacs, Rose in Bloom*—"

"That's it, that's it!" cried Isaac—"*Rosenbloom*."

A MAID (handing up two books to a library assistant)—"Will you change these two books, please, for Mrs. Crawley-Smith?"

ASSISTANT—"Are there any others you wish for?"

MAID—"No. Mrs. Crawley-Smith doesn't mind what they are so long as they have big print and a happy ending."

Hard to Find

LIBRARIAN—"What kind of book do you want—fictional, historical, philosophical—?"

PATRON—"Oh, any kind that H.G. Wells hasn't written."

LIBRARIAN—"We have none!"

BOOKSELLERS AND BOOKSELLING

William Dean Howells, at a dinner in Boston, said of modern American letters:

"The average popular novel shows on the novelist's part an ignorance of his trade which reminds me of a New England clerk.

"In a New England village I entered the main street department-store one afternoon and said to the clerk at the book-counter:

"'Let me have, please, the letters of Charles Lamb.'

"'Post-office right across the street, Mr. Lamb,' said the clerk, with a naive, brisk smile."

"You never can tell," said a traveling salesman. "Now you'd think that a little New England village, chock full of church influence and higher education, would be just the place to sell a book like 'David Harum,' wouldn't you? Well, I know a man who took a stock up there and couldn't unload one of 'em. He'd have been stuck for fair if he hadn't had a brilliant idea and got the town printer to doctor up the title for him. As it was, he managed to unload the whole lot and get out of town before the first purchaser discovered that 'David's Harum' wasn't quite what he had led himself to suppose."

Remember what Roger Mifflin says: "When you sell a man a book, you don't sell him just three ounces of paper and ink and glue—you sell him a whole new life. Love and friendship

and humour, and ships at sea by night—there's all heaven and earth in a book."

PENFIELD—"What do you know about Bestseller's new book?"

CRABSHAW—"Nothing at all. I've merely read all the reviews of it."—*Life*.

MANAGER—"Can't you find some way to make yourself busy around here?"

BOOKISH NEW SALESMAN—"Milton, in his 'Sonnet on Blindness,' says: 'They also serve who only stand and wait.'"

MANAGER—"Yes, but you must keep in mind that Milton's most famous book was about a fellow that lost his job and went to hades."

"What do you think of my library?"

"I was just looking it over and I notice that you were visited by the same book agents who landed me."

"There's a fellow outside with a volume of poems
(The title, I think is 'The Beautiful Gnomes'),
He says it's the best of poetical tomes."
"I'll see him next Christmas," the publisher said.

"There's a gentleman waiting to tell you about
A novel of his, which, without any doubt
(So he says), will make critics with happiness shout."
"Oh, tell him I'm ill or rheumatic—or dead."

"There's also a lady who's just come away
From Russia; she says that the Reds are at bay,
And she's willing to write it at so much a day."

"I've just left for Portugal, China and Mars."

"And then there's a bookseller—looks like a gink—
From somewhere out West; Indiana, I think.
I'll tell him you're out buying authors a drink."
"A bookseller? In with him! Boy, the cigars!"

—*Edward Anthony*.

CANVASSER—"May I have a few minutes of your time?"

PROSPECT—"Yes, if you will be brief. What can I do for you; I'm a man of few words."

CANVASSER—"Just the man I'm looking for, my specialty is dictionaries."

BOOMERANGS

See Repartee; Retaliation.

BOOSTING

Boost your city, boost your friend,
Boost the lodge that you attend.
Boost the street on which you're dwelling,
Boost the goods that you are selling.
Boost the people 'round about you,
They can't get along without you,
But success will quicker find them,
If they know that you're behind them.
Boost for every forward movement,
Boost for every new improvement,
Boost the man for whom you labor,
Boost the stranger and the neighbor.
Cease to be a chronic knocker,
Cease to be a progress blocker.
If you'd make your city better
Boost it to the final letter.

Boost, and the world boosts with you,
Knock, and you're on the shelf,
For the world gets sick of the one who'll kick
And wishes he'd kick himself.
Boost, for your own achievements,
Boost for the things sublime,
For the one who is found on the topmost round,
Is the Booster every time.

It takes no more time to boost a man than it does to knock him—and think how much pleasanter for everybody.

BORROWERS

Mr. Tucker had unexpectedly come face to face with Mr. Cutting, from whom he had frequently borrowed money.

"Er—aw—what was the denomination of the bill you loaned me?" he asked nervously.

"Episcopalian, I guess," said Mr. Cutting. "At any rate, it keeps Lent very well."

"There's a friend in the outer office waiting for you, sir."

"Here, James, take this $10 and keep it till I come back."

ED—"Have you forgotten you owe me five dollars?"

NED—"No, not yet. Give me time, and I will."

Jenkins was always trying to borrow money, and his friends had begun to avoid him.

One morning he tackled an acquaintance in the street before the latter had a chance to escape.

"I say, old man," began Jenkins, "I'm in a terrible fix. I want some money badly, and I haven't the slightest idea where on earth I'm going to get it from."

"Glad to hear it, my boy," returned the other promptly. "I was afraid that you might have an idea you could borrow it from me."

One of the shrewd lairds of Lanarkshire had evidently experienced the difficulties of collecting money lent to friends.

"Laird," a neighbor accosted him one morning, "I need twenty poonds. If ye'll be guid enough to tak ma note, ye'll hae yere money back agin in three months frae the day."

"Nae, Donald," replied the laird, "I canna do it."

"But, laird, ye hae often done the like fer yere friends."

"Nae, mon, I canna obleege ye."

"But, laird—"

"Will ye listen to me, Donald? As soon as I took yere note ye'd draw the twenty poonds, would ye no?"

Donald could not deny that he would.

"I ken ye weel, Donald," the laird continued, "and I ken that in three months ye'd nae be ready to pay me ma money. Then, ye ken, we'd quarrel. But if we're to quarrel, Donald, I'd rather do it noo, when I hae ma twenty poonds in ma pocket."

ASKER—"Could you lend me a V?"

TELLIT—"No, I couldn't."

ASKER—"Have you a friend that would lend me a V?"

TELLIT—"No. I have not a friend to spare."

"Has Owens ever paid back that $10 you loaned him a year ago?"

"Oh, yes; he borrowed $25 more from me last week and only took $15."

An Oriental story tells us of a man who was asked to lend a rope to a neighbor. His reply was that he was in need of the rope just then.

"Shall you need it a long time?" asked the neighbor.

"I think I shall," replied the owner, "as I am going to tie up some sand with it."

"Tie up sand!" exclaimed the would-be borrower. "I do not see how you can do that!"

"Oh, you can do almost anything with a rope when you do not want to lend it," was the reply.

MISS PRITTIKID—"But, father, he is a man you can trust."

HER PA—"Gracious, girl; what I want is one I can borrow from."

BOSTON

MR. PENN—"They say the streets in Boston are frightfully crooked."

MR. HUBB—"They are. Why, do you know, when I first went there I could hardly find my way around."

"That must be embarrassing."

"It is. The first week I was there I wanted to get rid of an old cat we had, and my wife got me to take it to the river a mile away."

"And you lost the cat all right?"

"Lost nothing! I never would have found my way home if I hadn't followed the cat!"

Owing to the war a distinguished Boston man, deprived of his summer trip to Europe, went to the Pacific coast instead. Stopping off at Salt Lake City, he strolled about the city and made the acquaintance of a little Mormon girl.

"I'm from Boston," he said to her. "I suppose you do not know where Boston is?"

"Oh, yes, I do," answered the little girl eagerly. "Our Sunday-school has a missionary there."

The motorist was a stranger in Boston's streets. It was evening. A man approached.

"Sir," said he, "your beacon has ceased its functions."

"What?" gasped the astonished driver.

"Your illuminator, I say, is shrouded in unmitigated oblivion."

"I don't quite—"

"The effulgence of your irradiator has evanesced."

"My dear fellow, I—"

"The transversal ether oscillations in your incandenser have been discontinued."

Just then a little newsboy came over and said:

"Say, mister, yer lamp's out!"

Senator Hoar used to tell with glee of a Southerner just home from New England who said to his friend, "You know those little white round beans?"

"Yes," replied the friend; "the kind we feed to our horses?"

"The very same. Well, do you know, sir, that in Boston the enlightened citizens take those little white round beans, boil them with molasses and I know not what other ingredients, bake them, and then—what do you suppose they do with the beans?"

"They—"

"They eat 'em, sir," interrupted the first Southerner impressively; "bless me, sir, they eat 'em!"

The newly married couple had gone West to live, and as the Christmas season drew nigh she became homesick.

"Even the owls are different here," she sighed.

"And how is that?" he asked.

"Here they say 'To-hoot-to-who,' and in Boston they say 'To-hoot-to-whom.'"

"Lay down, pup. Lay down. That's a good doggie. Lay down, I tell you."

"Mister, you'll have to say, 'Lie down.' He's a Boston terrier."

"Well, the Red Sox won the world's series."

"Yes," said the Boston girl, "we feel very proud of the Red —er—the Red Hose."

BOY SCOUTS

A Boy Scout's Will

I, John W. Bradshaw, pioneer scout of the Wolf Patrol, having attained the age of maturity and realizing that my Boy Scout days are numbered, do hereby give, devise and bequeath my scout assets, tangible and intangible, as follows, to wit:

My uniform, pack and equipment, to Larry O'Toole, the son of my mother's laundress, to be preserved for him until he is old enough to use them;

My scout's manual, axe and compass, to George Washington Jackson, 3d, son of my father's handy man, with the admonition that he organize, if possible, a troop of scouts among the colored boys of the village;

My strap watch with the "see by night" dial, to Roscoe, my small brother, who has wanted it ever since he learned to tell time;

My waterproof match box and hunting knife, to James Fanning, to be held in trust until he can repeat the Scout Oath;

To all boys in general I bequeath the knowledge that the Boy Scout organization teaches obedience, bravery, loyalty, self-respect, kindness, thrift, cleanliness and reverence; that it makes men of its members, and that no boy can possibly go wrong by joining it.

BOYS

"I see they are making shingles out of cement now."

"Then I recall my wish to be a boy again."

One of Theodore Roosevelt's sons, when small, was playing in the Washington streets when a woman recognized him and said she didn't think his father would like his playing with so many "common boys."

"My father says there are no common boys," replied the young Roosevelt.

"He says there are only tall boys and short boys, and good boys and bad boys, and that's all the kinds of boys there are."

Johnny stood beside his mother as she made her selection from the green grocer's cart, and the latter told the boy to take a handful of nuts, but the child shook his head.

"What's the matter, don't you like nuts?" asked the green grocer.

"Yes," replied Johnny.

"Then go ahead and take some."

Johnny hesitated, whereupon the green grocer put a generous handful in Johnny's cap.

After the man had driven on the mother asked: "Why didn't you take the nuts when he told you to?"

Johnny winked as he said: "'Cause his hand was bigger'n mine."

Golly! Let him whistle, mother!
He's just boy—that's all.
Let him be one while he can: you'll find it pays.
Jolly little baby brother!
When the shadows fall
You'll be wishin' he was back in boyhood days!
If you'd been in France and seen
All the things that I have seen—
Baby faces that will never
Baby faces be again—
Say! You wouldn't check that whistle
For a million iron men!

Lordy! mother, let him holler!
He's not hurting anything;
And he's carefree as a puppy—just that gay.
Dirty shirt, without a collar—
Never was a king
Happy as that baby yonder, yelling at his play.
Little kiddies over there—
Solemn eyes and tangled hair—
Ten years old? That's still a baby!
What he's doin's baby stuff!
And the dignity of manhood
Will be comin' quick enough!

Let him yell and squeal and whistle,
Rollin' in the sand;
Let him have the freedom of the whole back lot.
Things that hurt like thorn o' thistle
Workin' in your hand
You'll be wishin' some time that those things were not!
When I think of babies—old
From the things that can't be told—
And then look at him a-dancin',
Singin', shoutin', in his joy:

Don't put out a hand to stop him!
Mother—let him be a boy!

William's uncle was a very tall, fine-looking man, while his father was very small. William admired his uncle, and wished to grow up like him. One day he said to his mother:

"Mama, how did uncle grow so big and tall?"

His mother said: "Well, when uncle was a small boy he was always a very good boy, and tried to do what was right at all times; so God let him grow up big and tall."

William thought this over seriously for a few minutes, then said: "Mama, what kind of a boy was papa?"

See also Office boys.

BRIDES

And men relate that Mrs. Newlywed went to the grocery store to do her morning marketing. And she was determined that the grocer should not take advantage of her youth and inexperience.

"These eggs are dreadfully small," she criticized.

"I know it," he answered. "But that's the kind the farmer brings me. They are just fresh from the country this morning."

"Yes," said the bride, "and that's the trouble with those farmers. They are so anxious to get their eggs sold that they take them off the nest too soon!"

"Hello! Is this you, mother, dear?"

"Yes, Sue? What is it? Something awful must have happened for you to call me up at this—"

"It's not so awful. But, John, dear, hasn't been feeling well and the doctor gave him pills to take every four hours. I've been sitting up to give them to him, and now it's about time for the medicine, and John has fallen asleep. Should I wake him?"

"I wouldn't if I were you. What is he suffering from?"

"Insomnia."

WIFE—"Oh, George, do order a rat-trap to be sent home today."

GEORGE—"But you bought one last week."

WIFE—"Yes, dear, but there's a rat in that."

"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."

BROOKLYN

"Where can I find a map of Brooklyn, old man?"

"There ain't any such thing. No one has ever been able to make one."

BROTHERHOOD

The brotherhood of man begins with the manhood of the brother.

To live is not to live for one's self alone; let us help one another.—*Menander*.

We must love men, ere to us they will seem worthy of our love.—*Shakespeare*.

BURBANK

One day Luther Burbank was walking in his garden when he was accosted by an officious acquaintance who said:

"Well, what are you working on now?"

"Trying to cross an eggplant and milk-weed," said Mr. Burbank.

"And what under heaven do you expect from that?"

Mr. Burbank calmly resumed his walk.

"Custard pie," he said.

BUSINESS

There are two reasons why some people don't mind their own business. One is that they haven't any mind, the other that they haven't any business.

"I'm a very busy man, sir. What is your proposition?"

"I want to make you rich."

"Just so. Leave your recipe with me and I'll look it over later. Just now I'm engaged in closing up a little deal by which I expect to make $3.50 in real money."

A teacher asked those pupils who wanted to go to heaven to raise their hands. All except little Ikey's hands went up. The teacher asked him if he didn't want to go to heaven and Ikey replied that he had heard his father tell his mother that 'Business had all gone to hell' and Ikey wanted to go where the business had gone.

The vicar's appeal had been a most eloquent one, and had even penetrated the depths of Mr. Blackleigh's granite organ. The latter came forward and offered £50 for the fund.

The worthy cleric was overjoyed.

"I don't know your name, sir," he cried; "but I thank you from the bottom of my heart. I thank you! May your business prosper, sir!"

Then there was a solemn hush, and the committee looked askance at their vicar.

"What's the matter?" whispered the clergyman, turning to the chairman.

"Well—er—that donor is an undertaker!"

"There is one respect in which a live business man isn't like a tree."

"What is that?"

"If he remains rooted to the spot, he can't branch out."

During a campaign preceding the election of a Missouri Congressman it was suggested that, since he posed as a good business man, he might be willing to tell just what a good business man is.

"That's easy," he explained. "A good business man is one who can buy goods from a Scotchman and sell them to a Jew —at a profit!"

EDITH—"Dick, dear, your office is in State street, isn't it?"

DICKEY—"Yes; why?"

EDITH—"That's what I told papa. He made such a funny mistake about you yesterday. He said he'd been looking you up in Bradstreet."

FIRST MERCHANT (as reported in the New York "Trade Record")—"How's business?"

SECOND MERCHANT—"Picking up a little. One of our men got a $5,000 order yesterday."

"Go away. I don't believe that."

"Honest he did—I'll show you the cancellation."

BUSINESS ENTERPRISE

The story of the rival boot-makers, which appeared recently, is matched by a correspondent of an English paper with another story, equally old but equally worth repeating. It concerns two rival sausage-makers. Again, they lived on opposite sides of a certain street, and, one day, one of them placed over his shop the legend:

"We sell sausages to the gentry and nobility of the country."

The next day, over the way, appeared the sign:

"We sell sausages to the gentry and nobility of the whole country."

Not to be outdone, the rival put up what he evidently regarded as a final statement, namely:

"We sell sausages to the King."

Next day there appeared over the door of the first sausage-maker the simple expression of loyalty:

"God save the King."

"Biddy," remarked the newly wed Irishman, "go down and feed the pigs."

"Faith and I will not," replied the bride.

"Don't be after contradicting me, Biddy," retorted the husband. "Haven't I just endowed you with all my worldly goods, and if you can not feed your own property, then it's ashamed of you I am."

This was a new point of view, so off Biddy went.

Presently she returned.

"Have you fed the pigs, Biddy?" demanded her husband, sternly.

"Faith, and I have not," she answered. "I have done a great deal better. As they were my property I have sold them, and shall not be bothered with them again."

A business man advertised for an office boy. The next morning there were some fifty boys in line. He was about to begin examining the applicants when his stenographer handed him a card on which was scribbled:

"Don't do anything until you see me. I'm the last kid in line, but I'm telling you I'm there with the goods."

In one of the back streets in Philadelphia is a little jewelry store which is making progress—witness this incident:

"What's the price of nickel alarm clocks?"

"Dwenty-fife cends."

"What! Why, how's that? Last week you told my son they were a dollar."

"Yaw, dat is so. Listen: You are a good frien', so I tol' you. Ven I hat some I sells him for von tollar. Now I ain'd got none I sells him for dwendy-fife cents. Dot makes me a rebutation for cheabness, und I don't lose noddings!"

Commercialomania

PROFITEER—"One million is the price of a gram of radium!"

HIS PARTNER—"And we never thought of trying to sell any!"

An enterprising young florist, in order to increase his trade, displayed this sign in his window:

"We give a packet of flower seeds with every plant."

His competitor across the street promptly sought to meet the competition by placing in his window the following announcement:

"We give the earth with every plant."

A very small but live boy applied to a great merchant for a job.

The great man sized him up with twinkling eyes, for the one situation open needed a bigger parcel of human experience, and asked what position he wanted.

"A chance to grow up in the business, Mister."

"Well, we are more or less being depopulated by the drafts. What is your motto, my son?"

"The same as yours," was the ready answer.

"What do you mean?" asked the puzzled merchant.

"Why, on the door there—'Push.'"

He got the job of keeper of that very door.

The proprietors of two rival livery-stables, situated alongside each other in a busy street, have been having a lively advertising duel lately.

The other week one of them stuck up on his office window a long strip of paper, bearing the words:

"Our horses need no whip to make them go."

This bit of sarcasm naturally caused some amusement at the expense of the rival proprietor, but in less than an hour he neatly turned the tables by pasting the following retort on his own window:

"True. The wind blows them along!"

A group of farmers were complaining of the potato bugs' ravages.

"The pests ate my whole potato crop in two weeks," said one farmer.

"They ate my crop in two days," said a second farmer, "and then they roosted on the trees to see if I'd plant more."

A drummer for a seed house cleared his throat.

"Gents," he said, "all that's very remarkable. Let me tell you, though, what I saw in our own store. I saw a couple of potato bugs examining the books about a week before planting time to see who had bought seed."

UNFORTUNATE PEDESTRIAN (who has been knocked down and dazed)—"Where am I? Where am I?"

ENTERPRISING HAWKER—"'Ere y'are, sir—map of London, one penny."—*Punch*.

Why He Was Not Promoted

He watched the clock.
He was always grumbling.

He was never at the office on time.
He asked too many questions.
His stock excuse was "it isn't necessary."
He wasn't ready for the next step.
He did not put his heart in his work.
He learned nothing from his blunders.
He chose his friends among his inferiors.
He ruined his ability by half-doing things.
He never acted on his own judgment.
He did not think it worth while to learn how.
He imitated the habits of other men who could stand more than he could.
He did not learn that the best part of his salary was not in his pay envelope.
He didn't have to.
He was the President of the Company.

—G.M.

BUSINESS ETHICS

Johnny was at the grocery store.

"I hear you have a little sister at your house," said the grocer.

"Yes, sir," said Johnny.

"Do you like that?" was queried.

"I wish it was a boy," said Johnny, "so I could play marbles with him, and baseball."

"Well," said the storekeeper, "why don't you exchange your little sister for a boy?"

Johnny reflected for a minute; then he said sorrowfully:

"We can't now; it's too late. We've used her four weeks."

A Priest in Ireland went to Rome, and a number of his parishioners asked him to buy things for them. Some gave him the cash; others did not. When he returned, he brought the articles for those who paid for them in advance. When the others complained, he said, with a wink:

"While I was at sea I got out all the commissions and spread them on the deck. On the papers of those who had given me the coin I put the money. The others had nothing to weight them down. A squall of wind came up. It blew all the unweighted papers into the sea! So the ones who gave me the

money got what they asked me to get. The others must ask Father Neptune for theirs."

A New York lawyer had in his employ an office-boy who was addicted to the bad habit of telling in other offices what happened in that of his employer. The lawyer found it necessary to discharge him, but, thinking to restrain him from a similar fault in the future, he counseled the boy, on his departure, in this wise:

"Tommy, you must never hear anything that is said in the office. Do what you are told, but turn a deaf ear to conversation that does not include you."

This struck the boss as such a happy inspiration that, to the end that his stenographer might learn the same lesson, he turned to her and said:

"Miss Jones, did you hear what I said to Tommy?"

"No, sir," she returned, promptly.

The firm of Hansen & Fransen was started in wartime and did very well for a couple of years. But last year things were on the down grade, and the other day, when the two partners had finished making up their none-too-good record for the year, Hansen said: "This would make anyone thoughtful. Now that the good times are over, how about a little honest business?"

"No, thanks," said Fransen. "I never indulge in experiments."

"There are no more enterprising young men. Why, I remember when it was a common thing for a young man to start out as a clerk and in a few years own the business."

"Yes, but cash-registers have been invented since."

The junior partner was harried.

"I shall have to get another typist," he lamented. "Miss Take is continually interrupting my dictation to ask how to spell a word."

"Dear, dear!" said the senior partner. "That seems a great waste of time."

"It's not that I mind," responded the other. "But it's so bad for discipline to keep on saying, 'I don't know'!"

How Business Men Keep Their Spirits Up

"Cancel my order at once," came the telegram to the factory. The owner perpetrated the only new joke in the millennium. His telegram in reply read: "Your order cannot be cancelled at once. You must take your turn."

CUSTOMER—"Gee, this is a rotten cigar!"

SHOPKEEPER—"Well, don't complain. You've only got one of them—I've got ten thousand of the darn things."—*Life*.

EMPLOYEE—"I don't like your methods of doing business, Mr. Grafton. I resign."

"PRACTICAL" BUSINESS MAN (sneeringly)—"You're a holier-than-thou guy, eh?"

EMPLOYEE—"No; merely a square peg in a crooked hole."—*Puck*.

A New York lawyer tells of a conversation that occurred in his presence between a bank president and his son who was

about to leave for the West, there to engage in business on his own account.

"Son," said the father, "on this, the threshold of your business life, I desire to impress one thought upon your mind: Honesty, ever and always, is the policy that is best."

"Yes, father," said the young man.

"And, by the way," added the gray-beard, "I would advise you to read up a little on corporation law. It will amaze you to discover how many things you can do in a business way and still be honest."

"Dod-burn the luck!" snarled old Gideon Cronk, glaring at the clock. "That confounded bank is closed! That's a thunderin' pretty howdy-do!"

"Well, you've set round the stove here foolin' with the checkerboard all the afternoon and let the bank close on you," returned the landlord of the tavern, "What you kickin' about anyhow?"

"I demand that a public institution shall accommodate its patrons; that's what!"

"Can't you cash your check in the mornin'?"

"I ain't got no check. But if I had one I'd want to cash it when I wanted to, wouldn't I? Well, it's the principle of the thing I'm talkin' about!"

BUSINESS WOMEN

Kate's running a tobacco-shop,
Jane draws a wage from carpentry,
And Amaryllis' patent mop
Defies domestic anarchy;
Marie's so capable that she
Keeps foundry laborers from strife;
She heads a motor company—
But where am I to find a wife?

Eradne's made a wondrous top
That's famed from Maine to Italy;
While Wanda's jointed rabbits hop
Through every modern nursery;
May has a mock canteen, where tea
Is served to sound of drum and fife,
Grace reaps from etymology—
But where am I to find a wife?

Maud's raising a world-famous crop
Where honors tie 'twixt bean and pea;
At Daisy's restaurant each chop
Would rouse a Muse from apathy;
Babette's a broker, who must be
Where rumors anent stocks are rife;
They're all most useful, I agree—
But where am I to find a wife?

I do not know on land or sea,
A girl who'd stay at home with me—
In any varied walks of life.
So how am I to find a wife!

—*Charlotte Becker*.

CAMPAIGNS

See Public Speakers.

CANDIDATES

TED—"So you think I'm wasting my time making love to that rich girl?"

NED—"You have about as much chance of winning as a landlord running for office on a dry ticket."

THE HEELER—"Well, I see that Jimpson, them reformers' candidate f'r Mayor, is goin' t' have all his meetin's opened with prayer."

THE BOSS—"Good! That means he knows he's licked!"

"What do you think of the candidates?"

"Well the more I think of them the more pleased I am that only one of them can get in."

See also Politicians.

CANDOR

"How is your wife this morning, Uncle Henry?"

"Well, I dunno. She's failin, dretful slow. I do wish she'd git well, or somethin'."—*Puck*.

Candor may be considered as a compound of justice and the love of truth.—*J. Abercrombie*.

Candor is the seal of a noble mind, the ornament and pride of man, the sweetest charm of woman, the scorn of rascals and the rarest virtue of sociability.—*Bentsel-Sternau*.

'Tis great—'tis manly to disdain disguise,
It shows our spirit, or it proves our strength.—*Young*.

STATISTICIAN (on the platform)—"These are not my figures, ladies and gentlemen; they are the figures of a man who knows what he is talking about."

CAPITAL AND LABOR

WILLIE—"Paw, what is the difference between capital and labor?"

PAW—"Well, the money you lend represents capital, and getting it back represents labor, my son."

If you divorce capital from labor, capital is hoarded, and labor starves.—*Daniel Webster*.

CARD INDEX

MINING-STOCK PROMOTER—"Where can I hide? The police are coming!"

CHIEF CLERK—"Get into the card-index case. I defy any one to find anything in there."—*Judge*.

CARELESSNESS

Care may kill people, but don't care kills more.

The editor in charge of the Personal Inquiry column opened his seventieth letter with a groan.

"I have lost three husbands," a lady reader had written, confidentially, "and now have the offer of a fourth. Shall I accept him?"

The editor dipped his pen in the ink. This was the last straw.

"If you've lost three husbands," he wrote, "I should say you are much too careless to be trusted with a fourth."

CATALOGING

One of the best examples of the humors of cataloging comes in Sonnenschein's "Best Books," volume one, page 121, where Prof. Henry Preserved Smith's well-known Old Testament History appears thus:

Smith, Prf. Hy. "Preserved O.T. History."

CAUSE AND EFFECT

It was in one of the social settlements conducted by persons of a philanthropic turn of mind. The young kindergarten teacher, having finished the morning's talk on hygiene and sanitation, wished to make a practical application of the lesson. Turning to one little youngster whose face, hands and whole appearance bespoke the crying need of soap and water, she asked:

"Izzy, when the house gets all mussed up and dirty, what does mother do?"

"We move."

LITTLE BOY—"A penn'orth each of liniment and liquid cement, please."

CHEMIST—"Are they both for the same person, or shall I wrap them up separately?"

LITTLE BOY—"Well, I dunno. Muvver's broke 'er teapot, so she wants the cement, but farver wants the liniment. 'E's what muvver broke 'er teapot on."

An old farmer and his wife drove to market one very wet day when large pools of water had formed in the roadway between the farm and the town. On the return journey he met an old friend.

"And how are you today?" was the friendly greeting.

"Very well, thank you," answered the farmer.

"How is the missus?" continued the friend.

"Fine," answered the farmer. "She's behind there"—jerking his thumb toward the back of the wagon.

"She's not there!" exclaimed the astonished friend.

The old farmer turned and looked over his shoulder. Then he coolly replied:

"Humph! That accounts for the splash."

CAUTION

A small boy, who was sitting next to a very haughty woman in crowded car, kept sniffling in a most annoying way, until the woman could stand it no longer.

"Boy, have you got a handkerchief?" she demanded.

The small boy looked at her for a few seconds, and then in a dignified tone, came the answer.

"Yes, I 'ave, but I don't lend it to strangers."

CHARACTER

Do not tell me the books you have read; let me glean it from your conversation. Do not tell me of the people you associate with; let me observe it by your manners.—*Emerson*.

HOWELL—"What sort of a fellow is he?"

POWELL—"He can make two lemons grow where only one grew before and then hand them both to you when you are not looking."—*Judge*.

To those who know thee not, no words can paint! And those who know thee, know all words are faint!—*Hannah More*.

The Stuff That Counts

The test of a man is the fight he makes,
The grit that he daily shows:
The way he stands on his feet and takes
Fate's numerous bumps and blows,
A coward can smile when there's naught to fear,
When nothing his progress bars,
But it takes a man to stand and cheer
While some other fellow stars.

It isn't the victory, after all,
But the fight that a brother makes;
The man who, driven against the wall,
Still stands up erect and takes
The blows of fate with his head held high,
Bleeding and bruised, and pale.

Is the man who'll win in the by and by,
For he isn't afraid to fail.

It's the bumps you get and the jolts you get
And the shocks that your courage stands.
The hours of sorrow and vain regret,
That prize that escapes your hands
That test your mettle and prove your worth;
It isn't the blows you deal,
But the blows you take on the good old earth
That shows if your stuff is real.

—*Robert W. Service*.

BORLEIGH—"Some men, you know, are born great, some achieve greatness—"

Miss KEEN—"Exactly! And some just grate upon you."

CHARITY

A tradesman in a certain town put a box outside his shop one day, labeled "For the Blind." A few weeks afterward the box disappeared.

"Halloa! What's happened to your box for the blind?" he was asked.

"Oh, I got enough money," he replied. "And," pointing upward to the new canvas blind that sheltered his shop-window, "there's the blind. Not bad, is it?"

At a Chamber of Commerce dinner a speaker dwelt at great length upon the suffering people of China. He suggested that all present should give something for them. A small dry-goods merchant arose and said:

"You have made for me a feeling already that something should be given. I move that we give three cheers for China."

"I'm sorry that my engagements prevent my attending your charity concert, but I shall be with you in spirit."

"Splendid! And where would you like your spirit to sit? I have tickets here for half a dollar, a dollar and two dollars."

A physician whose sole fee is the consciousness of doing good.

CHEERFULNESS

HE—"There's nothing like cheerfulness. I admire anyone who sings at his work."

SHE—"How you must love a mosquito!"

CHICKEN STEALING

An old negro was charged with chicken-stealing, and the judge said:

"Where's your lawyer, uncle?"

"Ain't got none, jedge."

"But you ought to have one," returned the Court. "I'll assign one to defend you."

"No, sah, no, sah, please don't do dat," begged the defendant.

"Why not?" persisted the judge. "It won't cost you anything. Why don't you want a lawyer?"

"Well, Ah'll tell yo', jedge," said the old man confidentially. "Ah wants ter enj'y dem chickens mahself."

"Is your husband a good provider, Dinah?"

"Yessum, he's a good providah all right, but I'se allus skeered dat niggah's gwine er git caught at it."

"Is dem you-all's chickens?"

"Cohse dey's my-all's chickens. Who's chickens did you 'spose dey was?"

"I wasn' s'posen' nuffin about 'em. But I will say dat it's mighty lucky dat a chicken won' come a runnin' an' a waggin' its tail when its regular owner whistles, same as a dog."

Rastus had caught Sambo red-handed.

"Ah'm gwine hab yo' arrested foh stealin' mah chickens, yo' Sambo Washin'ton-dat's jess what ah'm gwine to do," said Rastus.

"Go ahead, nigguh," retorted Sambo. "Go ahead and hab me arrested. Ah'll mek yo' prove whar yo' got dem chickens yo'seff!"

JUDGE-"I'm going to fine you five dollars for the chickens you stole the last two weeks."

RASTUS-"How'll it be if Ah pays seben-fifty, Jedge? Dat'll pay fob up to an' includin' next Saturday night."—*Life*.

A negro soldier was brought up before his superior officer, who said: "Sam, you are charged with stealing a chicken from this Frenchwoman's farm. Now, how about it? Have you any witnesses to stand for you?"

"Witnesses?" echoed Sam in surprise. "No, suh, I ain't hab no witnesses. When I goes chicken stealing I never hab no witnesses aroun'."

An old colored uncle was found by the preacher prowling in his barnyard late one night.

"Uncle Calhoun," said the preacher sternly, "it can't be good for your rheumatism to be prowling round here in the rain and cold."

"Doctor's orders, sah," the old man answered.

"Doctor's orders?" asked the preacher. "Did he tell you to go prowling round all night?"

"No, sah, not exactly, sah," said Uncle Cal; "but he done ordered me chicken broth."

In times of peace Smith might have been an author who had drifted into some useful occupation, such as that of a blacksmith, but just now he is cook to the Blankshire officers' mess. Smith sent Murphy into the village to bring home some chickens ordered for the mess.

"Murphy," said Smith, the next day, "when you fetch me chickens again, see that they are fastened up properly. That lot you fetched yesterday all got loose, and tho I scoured the village I only managed to secure ten of them."

"Sh!" said Murphy. "I only brought six."

CHILD LABOR

SOUTHERNER—"Why are you Northerners always harping on the children employed in Southern factories?"

NORTHERNER—"Well, for one thing, it detracts people's attention from the children employed in ours."—Life.

CHILDREN

JOHNNY—"What makes the new baby at your house cry so much, Tommy?"

TOMMY—"It don't cry so very much—and, anyway, if all your teeth were out, your hair off, and your legs so weak you couldn't stand on them, guess you'd feel like crying yourself."

A little girl was entertaining the visitors while her mother added the finishing touches to her toilet. One of the ladies said 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."

It was time for "baby girl" to be in bed, but no amount of coaxing could get her there. At last her father offered to lie on the bed till the "sandman" arrived. Off she went "pick-a-back," and the tired mother leaned back in her chair with a sigh of content, ready for a hard-earned rest.

Ten minutes—twenty—half an hour, and she was wondering when her husband would be down, when all at once she heard a soft, stealthy pit-a-pat. Nearer came the steps, and then a little white-robed form, with a tiny finger on her lip, stood in the doorway.

"Hush, hush, muvver," she said. "I'se got farver to sleep."

Taking a Chance

Junior was in the habit of coming to the table with a dirty face and, of course, had to be sent away to wash.

One time his mother, nearly losing patience, said: "Junior, why do you persist in coming to the table without washing? You know I always send you away."

"Well," said Junior, meekly, "once you forgot."

TOMMY (after a thumping)—"You're awful hard on me, ma."

MOTHER—"That's because you've been very naughty and wicked."

TOMMY—"Well, gee! You should remember that you didn't die young yourself."

"Can your little baby brother talk yet?" a kindly neighbor inquired of a small lad.

"No, he can't talk, and there ain't no reason why he should talk," was the disgusted reply. "What does he want to talk for when all he has to do is yell a while to get everything in the house that's worth having?"

Mrs. Jones was getting dinner ready when in came little Fred with a happy smile on his face.

"What has mamma's darling been doing this morning?" asked his mother.

"I have been playing Postman," replied little Fred.

"Postman?" exclaimed his mother. "How could you do that when you had no letters?"

"Oh, but I had," replied Fred. "I was looking in your trunk up in your room and I found a packet of letters tied 'round with a ribbon, and I posted one under every door in the street."

A little girl who had visited an Episcopalian church for the first time described the service as follows:

"When we went in they were standing up, singing, but pretty soon they sat down and played hide-and-seek."

"Did what?" asked her mother.

"Well, of course no one went and hid, but they all covered up their faces and counted to themselves."

Training the Other Woman's Child

They all sat round in friendly chat
Discussing mostly this and that,
And a hat.

Until a neighbor's wayward lad
Was seen to act in ways quite bad;
Oh, 'twas sad!

One thought she knew what must be done
With every child beneath the sun—
She had none.

And ere her yarn had been quite spun
Another's theories were begun—
She had one.

The third was not so sure she knew,
But thus and so she thought she'd do—
She had two.

The next one added, "Let me see;
These things work out so differently."

She had three.

The fifth drew on her wisdom store
And said, "I'd have to think it o'er."
She had four.

And then one sighed, "I don't contrive
Fixt rules for boys, they're too alive."
She had five.

"I know it leaves one in a fix,
This straightening of crooked sticks."
She had six.

And one declared, "There's no rule giv'n,
But do your best and trust to heav'n!"
She had sev'n.

—Alice Crowell Hoffman.

Tom, the country six-year-old, presenting himself one day in even more than his usual state of dust and disorder, was asked by his mother if he would not like to be a little city boy, and always be nice and clean in white suits and shoes and stockings. Tom answered scornfully: "They're not children; they're pets."

Up-to-date

KIND STRANGER—"How old is your baby brother, little girl?"

LITTLE GIRL—"He's a this year's model."

The lawyer was sitting at his desk absorbed in the preparation of a brief. So intent was he on his work that he did not hear the door as it was pushed gently open, nor see the curly head that was thrust into his office. A little sob attracted

his notice, and turning, he saw a face that was streaked with tears and told plainly that feelings had been hurt.

"Well, my little man, did you want to see me?"

"Are you a lawyer?"

"Yes. What do you want?"

"I want"—and there was a resolute ring in his voice—"I want a divorce from my papa and mamma."

"Well," mused six-year-old Harry, as he was being buttoned into a clean white suit, "this has been an exciting week, hasn't it, mother? Monday we went to the Zoo, Wednesday I lost a tooth, Thursday was Lily's birthday party, Friday I was sick, yesterday I had my hair cut, and now here I am rushing off to Sunday-school."

A little saying from a seven-year-old girl.

NEIGHBOR—"How is your mother this morning?"

LITTLE GIRL—"My mother is at the hospital."

NEIGHBOR—"Why! I did not know your mother was ill."

LITTLE GIRL—"No, it is my aunt who is ill."

NEIGHBOR—"What is the matter with your aunt?"

LITTLE GIRL—"She has a bad headache."

NEIGHBOR—"Why! I did not know any one went to the hospital for a bad headache!"

LITTLE GIRL (looking up quickly with a very interested, bright look on her face)—"That is not the real reason, I think; they are spelling things on me."

A little boy of seven was being scolded in a room adjoining one in which his grandma lay ill. He motioned toward grandma's room and quietly said, "Sh—! it's too much for her; it'll wear her out."

Later, grandma thanked him for his consideration, whereupon he replied, "Don't mention it, gran; that was fifty-fifty—part for you and part for me."

George was hampered by a mother whose idea of godliness was cleanliness. Notwithstanding the frequent baths to which he was condemned George thrived exceedingly. One day a neighbor remarked on his rapid growth.

"Yes," said George, "that's ma's fault—she waters me so much."

See also Boys.

CHOICES

The Czar was recently complimenting a soldier, and asked him if he would rather have 100 rubles or the Iron Cross.

"Would your Majesty deign to tell me the value of the cross?" inquired the private.

"Oh, it is not worth much intrinsically, perhaps two rubles."

"Then, your Majesty, I will take the cross and ninety-eight rubles."

This is an interesting episode, and the most interesting thing about it is that it also happened during the Franco-Prussian War, the Crimean War, the Seven Years' War, and the Marlborough campaigns.

Eyeball or Highball

An old Scotsman was threatened with blindness if he did not give up drinking.

"Now, McTavish," said the doctor, "it's like this: You've either to stop the whisky or lose your eyesight, and you must choose."

"Ay, weel, doctor," said McTavish, "I'm an auld man noo, an' I was thinkin' I ha'e seen about everything worth seein'."

OFFICER-"Hang it! you've brought the wrong boots. Can't you see one is black and the other brown?"

BATMAN-"Sure, but the other pair is just the same."

"Let me see! How does that old saying go: 'Of two evils always choose—?"

"Always choose the one you haven't indulged in before."

CHRISTIAN SCIENTISTS

Dorothy, who is six, has a playmate younger than herself whose parents are Christian Scientists. One day she said:

"Mother, do you know that it is better to be a Christian Scientist than anything else?"

Mother asked "Why?" and Dorothy said:

"Well, Julia has 'splained it to me. If you get cross with another little girl, and you knock her down, if you are a Christian Scientist you won't have to apologize to her, because it won't hurt her any."

A Mental Error

The tram-car was hopelessly overcrowded, and several people, who had achieved the upper deck, were transgressing all regulations by standing.

"Now, then," called out the girl conductor, with emphasis, "you can't stand on top."

"Well," said one literalist, smiling blandly as he peered down the steps, "we are standing, whether we can or not."

The girl answered nothing, but promptly pressed a button. The car jumped forward, and the literalist involuntarily took a seat on the floor.

"There," said the girl apparently in complete good humor, quoting the barrister in a famous play, "you think you can, but you can't."

A Christian Scientist while walking about the plant met a man doubled up with pain.

"My man," he said, "What is the matter?"

"I was out to a banquet last night," moaned the man, "And oh, how I ache!"

"You don't ache," answered the apostle of Mrs. Eddy. "Your pain is imagination. It is all in your mind."

The man looked up in grave astonishment at such a statement and then replied in a most positive manner:

"That's all right; you may think so, but I've got inside information."

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

"Isn't this too absurd?" said the hostess, as she read a letter the maid had handed to her. "I sent Marie Burns the loveliest of bags for Christmas. It had been given to me, I knew, and I had so many I saved it to give away. I suppose we all do those things."

The guest nodded.

"Well, here's her letter of thanks, and listen to what she says:

"'Dear Grace: When I gave you that bag three years ago on Christmas I was so fond of it I could hardly bear to part with it. So I thank you most heartily for remembering me this Christmas with my own gift, which I parted with so unselfishly. Cordially yours, Marie Burns.'"

BILL—"I hear that Jones always saves the Christmas presents people give him and gives them back the following year."

PHIL—"I hope he does that to me. I gave him a quart of brandy in 1918."

Instead of the usual just-before-Christmas letter to Santa Claus, Robbie wrote a prayer letter to God. After enumerating the many and varied presents he wanted very much, he concluded with: "Remember, God, the Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

CHURCH

SCOTT—"What is your notion of an ideal church?"

JACKSON—"One that meddles with neither politics nor religion."

He had been around from church to church trying to find a congenial congregation, and finally he stopped in a little church just as the congregation read with the minister:

"We have left undone those things which we ought to have done, and we have done those things which we ought not to have done."

The man dropped into a pew with a sigh of relief.

"Thank goodness," he said, "I've found my crowd at last."

HIX—"I understand your Church has sent the minister to Michigan for a month."

DIX—"Yes, that's right."

HIX—"For a vacation, I suppose?"

DIX—"Yes; the congregation decided that we were entitled to one."

CHURCH ATTENDANCE

"What's the idea of free pews?"

"Well, it gives everyone a chance to stay away from church at a minimum expense."

Why They Went to Church

Mrs. Clogg went to find out where the missionary meeting would be held.

Willie Jones went because his mother made him.

His sister went because she had her hair up for the first time.

Sadie Williams went to flirt with the Scott boy.

The Scott boy went to flirt with Sadie Williams.

James B. Jenkins went because he had done so for fourteen years.

The sexton went because he had to pump the organ.

One of the girl ushers in a Flatbush theater had a problem offered her the other evening. She was showing two women to their seats.

"Is the show this evening fit for church women to see?" asked one of the pillaresses of a Flatbush congregation.

"I—I don't know," responded the girl. Then she brightened. "You see," she said, "I don't have no time to go to church."

Mr. Dickson, a colored barber in a large New England town, was shaving one of his customers, a respectable citizen, one morning, when a conversation occurred between them respecting Mr. Dickson's former connection with a colored church in that place:—

"I believe you are connected with the church in Elm Street, are you not, Mr. Dickson?" said his customer.

"No, sah, not at all."

"What! are you not a member of the African Church?"

"Not this year, sah."

"Why did you leave their communion, Mr. Dickson, if I may be permitted to ask?"

"Well, I'll tell you sah," said Mr. Dickson, stropping a concave razor on the palm of his hand, "it war just like dis. I jined the church in good fait; I give ten dollars toward de stated gospill de fus' year, and de church people call me 'Brudder Dickson'; the second year my business not so good, and I gib only five dollars. Dat year the people call me 'Mr. Dickson.' Dis razor hurt you, sah?"

"No, the razor goes tolerably well."

"Well, sah, the third year I feel berry poor; had sickness in my family; and I didn't gib noffin' for preachin'. Well, sah, arter dat dey call me 'dat old nigger Dickson'—and I left 'em."

CHURCH DISCIPLINE

Two Methodist preachers, one white and the other colored, served rural charges in Mississippi which were conterminous. The negro received a considerably larger salary than his white brother, who asked him if it was not his custom to expel his members who failed to pay. "No, boss," he replied, "we would not like to put the gospel on a money basis. We gets them to subscribe, and if they don't pay we turns them out for lying."

CITIZENS

All the talk of hypenated citizenship has evidently had its effect upon a San Francisco youngster, American born, who recently rebelled fiercely when his Italian father whipped him for some misdemeanor.

"But, Tomaso," said one of the family, "your father has a right to whip you when you are bad."

Tomaso's eyes flashed. "I am a citizen of the United States," he declared. "Do you think that I am going to let any foreigner lick me?"

CITY AND COUNTRY

See Country life.

CIVICS

Mrs. Profiteer was very proud of the stunts they were doing at the smart private school to which she had sent her daughter.

"My dear," she said to her friend, "she's learning civics if you please."

"What's civics?" asked the friend.

"Civics? My dear, don't you know? Why, it's the science of interfering in public affairs."

CIVILIZATION

France says it is art.
England says it is conquest.
America says it is energy.
Italy says it is song.
Russia says it is work.
Japan says it is imitation.
Satan says it is his private "movie."

Nations, like individuals, live and die; but civilization cannot die.—*Mazzini*.

The truest test of civilization is not the census, nor the size of cities, nor the crops; no, but the kind of man the country turns out.—*Emerson*.

CLASS DISTINCTIONS

Secretary Hoover said at a banquet: "One difference between Europe and America is that over there they like to keep you in your place—stationary, you know, while here we like to see a man rise.

"The European idea is pretty well illustrated by the remarks of Muggins. Muggins on his return from the pub one Saturday night, said to his wife:

"'I believe in manly pride and reasonable ambition, but when Sergeant Todd with his cork leg takes to carryin' a cane besides, it looks to me as if he was tryin' to climb out of the station what Divine Providence sunk him into.'"

CLEANLINESS

"Ma, do I have to wash my face?"

"Certainly!"

"Aw, why can't I just powder it like you do yours?"

General Sherman once stopped at a country home where a tin basin and roller-towel sufficed for the family's ablutions. For two mornings the small boy of the household watched in silence the visitor's toilet. When on the third day the tooth-brush, nail-file, whisk-broom, etc., had been duly used, he asked: "Say, mister, air you always that much trouble to you'se'f?"

See also Baths and bathing.

CLERGY

Some time ago a dinner was given in New York at which a well-known actor, who is something of a freethinker along theological lines, sat at the guest-table. When the hour for starting the feast arrived the toastmaster, a very religious man, discovered that no minister of the Gospel was present, tho several had been invited. In this emergency he turned to the actor and asked him to say grace.

The actor rose, bowed his head, and in the midst of a deep hush said fervently:

"There being no clergyman present, let us thank God!"

Horse-power Misrated

The new minister drove his two-horse rig up to the mountain ranch of one of his congregation. There had been some difference of opinion as to his qualifications. At the gate he was met by a small boy of the family, who was evidently cogitating a matter of deep perplexity.

"Be you our preacher?"

"I am."

The boy eyed first the preacher and then the horses, his brow puckered with growing perplexity.

"That's queer," he drawled. "I hern Dad tell the neighbors you was a one-hoss preacher."

Ting-a-ling-a-ling!

The Rev. George C. Abbitt took down the receiver and placed it to his ear.

"Is that the Dickel Liquor Company?" a woman asked.

Mr. Abbitt recognized the voice as that of one of his parishioners.

"No," he replied in stern reproof; "it is your rector."

Was there a dull thud?

No.

"Indeed," said the lady, quick as a flash, "and pray what are you doing there?"

TEARFUL PARISHIONER (saying farewell to departing minister)—"I don't know what we will do when you are gone, Dr. Blank."

MINISTER—"Oh, the church will soon get a better man than I am."

TEARFUL PARISHIONER—"That's what they all say, but they keep getting worse and worse."

A clergyman was accustomed to use scientific terms which the people did not understand. A deputation waited on him with the request that in the future, whenever he used such terms, he would explain them.

On the following Sunday he used the word "hyperbole," and added:

"As agreed on, I beg to explain this word. Were I to say that at this moment the whole of my congregation are sound asleep,

it would be hyperbole; but if I say that one-half are asleep, that is not hyperbole, but the truth."

The next day the deputation again called to say that the minister need not explain technical terms; they'd learn their meaning from a dictionary.

A minister came to the Episcopal church, at Williamsport, Pa., to speak.

"Do you wish to wear a surplice?" asked the rector.

"Surplice!" cried the visitor. "Surplice! I am a Methodist. What do I know about surplices? All I know about is a deficit!"

The Scotch minister rose and cleared his throat, but remained silent, while the congregation awaited the sermon in puzzled expectancy. At last he spoke:

"There's a laddie awa' there in the gallery a-kissin' a lassie," he said. "When he's done ah'll begin."

A clergyman famous for his begging abilities was once catechizing a Sunday-school. When comparing himself as pastor of the church to a shepherd, and his congregation to the sheep, he put the following question to the children: "What does the shepherd do for the sheep?"

To the confusion of the minister a small boy in the front row piped out: "Shears them!"

A small town boasts a female preacher. One day when working in her study she heard a timid knock at her door. Answering the summons she found a bashful young German on the step.

"Good-afternoon," the preacheress remarked. "What do you wish?"

"Do der minister lif in dis house?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yess? Veil, I vant to kit merriet."

"All right; I can marry you."

The lady's hair is beginning to silver and the German glanced at it. Then without comment he jammed his hat on his head and hurried down the walk.

"Will you be back?" she called.

"You gits no chance mit me," he answered. "I don't want you; I haf got me a girl alreaty."

A clergyman was spending the afternoon at a house in the English village where he had preached. After tea he was sitting in the garden with his hostess. Out rushed her little boy holding a rat above his head. "Don't be afraid, mother," he cried; "he's dead. We beat him and bashed him and thumped him until"—catching sight of the clergyman, he added, in a lowered voice—"until God called him home."

Two Irish women in the market place of Cork were talking of the new curate.

"Arrah, Biddy," said one, "did ye hear him last Sunday when he preached on 'Hell'?"

"Faith an' I did that same, and shure he might have been born and reared there, so well did he know all about it."

An Episcopal rector and a Roman Catholic priest had neighboring churches and didn't get along very well. After some time, however, they got together and decided to bury the hatchet.

"For, after all," said he of the Episcopal faith, "we are both doing the Lord's work."

"That is true," said the priest. "Let us therefore do his work to the best of our ability: you in your way," concluded the priest, and then added with a twinkle, "and I in his!"

See also Contribution box; Preaching.

CLOTHING

"I simply can't understand the combination of my wife's clothes."

"What puzzles you?"

"Well, when she wants to hide anything, she pokes it down her neck, but when she wants to get it again it's always in her stocking."

Why They Don't Wear Old Clothes

Father—Because he never can tell when he might be detained at the office on business.

Brother Bill—Because he has got to look his best in case he meets (a) a certain young lady, (b) her father, (c) her mother, (d) any other near relative of (a).

Sister May—Because everybody would know it if she put on one of last year's dresses.

Angela, aged five—Because she has outgrown everything she ever wore.

Tommy, aged seven—Because he has outworn everything he hasn't outgrown.

The Richest Man in Town—Because he can't afford to look shabby.

The Poorest Man in Town—Same reason.

The Mayor—Because he is mayor.

His Chief Rival—Because he hopes to become mayor.

The President of the Ladies' Federation—Because the newspapers are forever sending photographers after her.

Mother—Because there's no fun playing the game alone.

Where are the clothes of yesteryear—
And of the year before?
Bare is the cupboard—shelf and hook;
Barren, the garret's cobwebbed nook;
Empty, the darksome drawer!
Why should they strangely disappear—
All the old clothes of yesteryear?

Where are the clothes of yesteryear?
Easy would be the search.
Seek them where duty or pleasure calls;
Seek them in learning's classic halls—
Office or club or church.
Rich and lowly, alike, appear
Wearing the clothes of yesteryear.

Honor the clothes of yesteryear,
Deal with them tenderly;
Don them gladly and make them last,
Friends of an opulent era past;
Stout may their fabric be!
Drink long life to their new career—
Here's to the clothes of yesteryear!

—*Jennie Betts Hartswick*.

"I'm afraid these Louis XV heels are much too high for me. Perhaps you have lower ones—say about Louis X would do, I think."

I can not wear the old suit
I wore long years ago;
It's shiny at the shoulders,
My knees and elbows show.
But on investigation I
Discover this is true:
I can not wear the old suit,
Nor can I buy a new.

"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?"

They had been poor all their lives. Then one day Uncle Oscar died, leaving Henry a large sum of money. He cashed the check, hurried home, and threw the whole amount in his wife's lap. "At last, my dear," he said, "You will be able to buy yourself some decent clothes."

"I'll do nothing of the sort," sezz she. "I'll get the same kind that other women wear."

CLUBS

"A lady, you know, rang up the club the other evening.

"'Please call my husband to—,' she began, but she was interrupted.

"'Your husband ain't here, ma'am,' said the attendant, blandly.

"'My goodness gracious me!' the lady exclaimed, 'You're mighty sure about it, aren't you? And I haven't told you my name yet, either. Look here, mister, how do you know my husband isn't at the club when I haven't told you my name?'

"The attendant answered more blandly than ever:

"'Nobody's husband ain't never at the club, ma'am.'"

COAL

There is a New York scientist who is greatly interested in coal mining. He decided to subscribe to a press-clipping bureau, to get every new slant on coal. He said to the clipping bureau: "I want everything you can find about coal." The first clipping he got was an article about a man who was suing his wife for a separation because she hit him on the head with a lump of coal.

COFFEE

Senator Stone, of Missouri, is a lover of coffee, and unless it is both strong and good the waiter at restaurant or hotel soon hears from him. Recently he took a little trip to Baton Rouge and went into a restaurant for dinner. On raising his cup to his lips he made a wry face and then beckoned to the proprietor.

"What do you call this stuff?" he asked.

"Coffee," meekly replied the man, somewhat surprised.

"Coffee!" repeated Stone with scorn. "I could put a coffee bean into my mouth, dive into the Mississippi River from the end of this street, swim 'way up to Vicksburg, and I'll guarantee that any one could bail up much better coffee than this over the entire route!"

COLLECTING OF ACCOUNTS

DRESSMAKER—"I have come to see you sir, about Mrs. Brown's account."

BROWN (angrily)—"Why don't you see my wife about it and not come to me?"

DRESSMAKER—"I have, several times, but every time I call she does nothing but order a new gown."

A young Swede in South Dakota, who had been sent out to collect bills for the general store, returned with this report:

"Yon Brown, he say he pay when he sell his wheat; Ole Oleson, he say he pay when he sell his oats; and Yon Yonson, he say he pay in Yanuary."

"In January?" repeated the proprietor, surprised. "Why, he never set a date before. Are you sure he said in January?"

"Veil, Ay tank it bane Yanuary. He say it bane dam cold day when you get your money."

During an epidemic in a small Southern town every infected house was put under quarantine. After the disease had been checked, an old negress protested vigorously when the health officers started to take down the sign on her house.

"Why, Auntie," exclaimed the officer, "why don't you want me to take it down?"

"Well, sah," she answered, "dey ain' be'n a bill collectah neah dis house sence dat sign went up. You-all let it alone!"

Little Andrew was playing in the yard, in which there is a coop for his pigeons. All pigeons were inside with the exception of one which was walking up and down in front of the door. Andrew ran up to his mother in great excitement and said:

"Mamma, is that one a collector?"

Whereat his mother asked him why. Then Andrew said:

"Well, he can't get in."

"Hello Millett," called out a neighbor one morning "I saw you starting away yesterday morning very early on your fishing trip. Did you have any luck?"

"Great!" was the reply. "While I was away three collectors called."

"I wish to see Mr. Jones about a bill."

"He's away on vacation, sir."

"Did he leave any address?"

"Yes, sir. For bill collectors it's 'Somewhere in America.'"

MERCHANT: "They say you are very successful with old bills and seldom have to dun them twice. What's the secret?"

BAD-BILL COLLECTOR: "I am afflicted with insomnia and do my collecting nights."

A Texas tradesman has this pertinent sign in a conspicuous place in his store:

Man is made of dust.

Dust Settles.

Be a Man!

"Norah," said Mrs. Dedbeat, from the top of the stairs, "tell that man who is ringing the doorbell that I am not receiving today!"

The servant girl went to the door and said something to the man; then she stepped into the hall and called upstairs:

"I told him you were not receivin' today, ma'am! But he says he ain't deliverin', he's collectin'!"

He was running a small provision-store in a newly developed district, and the big wholesale dealers found him very backward in payment of his accounts.

They sent him letter after letter, each more politely threatening than the last. Finally they sent their representative down to give him a sporting chance.

"Now," said the caller, "we must have a settlement. Why haven't you sent us anything? Are things going badly?"

"No. Everything's going splendidly. You needn't worry. My bankers will guarantee me all right."

"Then why haven't you paid up?"

"Well, you see, those threatening letters of yours were so well done that I've been copying them and sending them round to a few customers of my own who won't pay up, and I've collected nearly all outstanding debts. I was only holding back

because I felt sure there must be a final letter, and I wanted to get the series complete."

Probably Meant Florida

"So the doctor told you to go to a warmer climate. What was the nature of the trouble you consulted him about?"

"I went there to collect a bill."

"Why don't you pay your bills?" angrily demanded the collector, after his tenth fruitless call.

"What?" exclaimed Mr. Dedbete. "Do you imagine I could be so hard-hearted as to deprive you poor fellows of your employment?"

ARTIST—"I'm awfully sorry I can't pay you this month."

LANDLORD—"But that's what you said last month."

ARTIST—"You see I keep my word; you can have confidence in me."

See also Bills; Debts.

COLLECTION BOX

See Contribution box.

COLLEGE GRADUATES

"There's a college graduate at the door. He wants a job."

"What can he do?" asked the self-made man.

"He says he's pretty good in Greek."

"Umph! Tell him I haven't sold $1 worth of goods to Greece since I've been in the export business."

COLLEGE STUDENTS

"I am delighted to meet you," said the father of the college student, shaking hands warmly with the professor. "My son took algebra from you last year, you know."

"Pardon me," said the professor, "he was exposed to it, but he did not take it."

RUPERT—"What did you do with the cuffs I left on the table last night?"

ROLAND—"They were so soiled I sent them to the laundry."

RUPERT—"Ye gods, the entire history of England was on them."

'07—"You are always behind in your studies."

'23—"Well, you see, sir, it gives me a chance to pursue them."

STUDENT (writing home)—"How do you spell 'financially'?"

OTHER—"F-i-n-a-n-c-i-a-l-l-y, and there are two R's in 'embarrassed.'"—*Harper's*.

See also Degrees.

COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES

SOPH.—"How does it happen you came to Harvard? I thought your father was a Yale man."

FRESH.—"He was. He wanted me to go to Yale; I wanted to go to Princeton. We had an argument and he finally told me to go to H——."—*Yale Record*.

On The Aristocracy of Harvard

I come from good old Boston,
The home of the bean and the cod;
Where the Cabots speak only to Lowells,
And the Lowells speak only to God!

—*Dr. Samuel G. Bushnell*.

On the Democracy of Yale

Here's to the town of New Haven,
The home of the truth and the light;
Where God speaks to Jones in the very same tones,
That he uses with Hadley and Dwight!

—*Dean Jones*.

COMMITTEE

BOBBIE—"What is a committee, pa?"

FATHER—"A committee, my son, is something which takes a week to do what one good man can do in an hour."

COMMON SENSE

A farmer, just arrived in town, was walking across the street and happened to notice a sign on a hardware store, "Cast Iron Sinks."

He stood for a minute and then said, "Any fool knows that."

Common sense is in spite of, not because of age.—*Lord Thurlow*.

Common sense is instinct, and enough of it is genius.—*H. W. Shaw*.

COMMUNISM

We were talking to our friend O'Doul about politics, and he was calm enough until somebody announced himself "a violent radical."

"I can stand for Socialism—a little of it, anyway," said O'Doul fiercely; "but it's this Communism that makes me mad; I'm not going to stand for any form of government under which a man can come up to me and say, 'O'Doul, there are too many men just like you in New York. You go out and live in Columbus.'"

A—"Your communism is stupid. If everything were divided today, in a very short time your portion would be gone. What then?"

B—"Divide again!"

COMMUTERS

Stationed at the Mont Sec observation post, near St. Mihiel, a French soldier was showing the scenery to a doughboy.

"I have been in this section ever since the beginning of the war," he said. "Back there is Commercy, where my home is."

"I suppose you get home once in a while?" said the doughboy.

"Nearly every week," was the response.

"Hell," said the doughboy, thinking of his own home in South Bend, Ind. Then, calling to a comrade, he added: "Hey, buddie; here's a guy what commutes to the war!"

FIRST COMMUTER—"Do you have to take such an early train as this?"

SECOND COMMUTER—"No. But I find the earlier the train the less everybody cares to talk."

COMPARISONS

MR. JOHNSON (indignantly)—"Now see here, yo'! Dat's twice yo' called me Jackson! If yo' don't know no moah dan to confuse me wif dat wall-eyed, knock-kneed, bandy-legged, fiat-footed, paraletic nigger Jackson, we'll call dis game right here!"

MR. PERSIMMONS—"'Scuse me, Johnson-'scuse me! Don't draw a razor on me like Jackson did de other night wen I called him Johnson. Yo' two fellahs ain't such a much alike 'cept in youah looks an general characteristics. Dat's all."

It is said that Mr. Asquith has only once been known to laugh outright when on a public platform. The record-making occasion was at a political meeting in Scotland. The Premier was constantly being interrupted, one of the chief hecklers being a farmer wearing a large straw hat. Suddenly from someone in the hall came a very personal remark concerning Mr. Asquith.

"Who said that?" he demanded, quickly.

There was sudden silence. Then a man in the audience stood up, and, pointing to the farmer with the straw hat, shouted:

"It was him wi' the coo's breakfast on his head!"

The reply was altogether too much for Mr. Asquith, and he had to join in the general roar of laughter.

COMPENSATION

"There's a bright side to everything."

"To those high food prices?"

"Certainly. Think of the cases of indigestion they have cured."

A little girl who had been out walking with her aunt heard the latter complaining that her feet were tired. "My feet get tired too, when I go out walking," said the small maiden, "but I always think what a nice ride my stomach has been having."

"Anyhow, there's one advantage in having a wooden leg," said the veteran.

"What's that?" asked his friend.

"You can hold your socks up with thumb-tacks."

COMPETITION

The clergyman's eloquence may have been at fault, still he felt annoyed to find that an old gentleman fell asleep during the sermon on two consecutive Sundays. So, after service on the second week, he told the boy who accompanied the sleeper that he wished to speak to him in the vestry.

"My boy," said the minister, when they were closeted together, "who is that elderly gentleman you attend church with?"

"Grandpa," was the reply.

"Well," said the clergyman, "if you will only keep him awake during my sermon, I'll give you a nickel each week."

The boy fell in with the arrangement, and for the next two weeks the old gentleman listened attentively to the sermon. The third week, however, found him soundly asleep.

The vexed clergyman sent for the boy and said: "I am very angry with you. Your grandpa was asleep again today. Didn't I promise you a nickel a week to keep him awake?"

"Yes," replied the boy, "but grandpa now gives me a dime not to disturb him."

"Yes," said the specialist, as he stood at the bedside of the sick purchasing agent, "I can cure you."

"What will it cost?" asked the sick man, faintly.

"Ninety-five dollars."

"You'll have to shade your price a little," replied the purchasing agent, "I have a better bid from the undertaker."

COMPLIMENTS

A rector in South London was visiting one of his poorer parishioners, an old woman, afflicted with deafness. She expressed her great regret at not being able to hear his sermons. Desiring to be sympathetic and to say something consoling, he replied, with unnecessary self-depreciation, "You don't miss much."

"So they tell me," was the disconcerting reply.

"You don't seem to enjoy being referred to as a good loser."

"No," replied Cactus Joe. "In the course of time a good loser comes to be regarded merely as a poor performer."

See also Tact.

CONCEIT

The small girl was at the table drawing, and her mother asked her what the picture was to be.

"God," replied the child simply.

"But you can't draw God," protested the mother, "because you have never seen Him; no one has ever seen Him and no one knows what He looks like."

The small girl licked her pencil and put in another touch. "They'll all know when I finish this," she said.

A young lady once asked Oscar Wilde to give her a list of the one hundred greatest books ever written.

"Impossible, my dear," replied Oscar; "I have only written five."

CONDUCT

I Resolve

To keep my health
To do my work
To live
To see to it I grow and gain and give
Never to look behind me for an hour
To wait in weakness and to walk in power;
But always fronting onward to the light
Always and always facing toward the right
Robbed, starved, defeated, fallen wide astray
On with what strength I have
Back to the Way.

—*Charlotte Perkins Stetson*.

Envoy

If I am happy, and you,
And there are things to do,
It seems to be the reason
Of this world!

Be Noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own;
Then wilt thou see it gleam in many eyes
Then will pure light around thy path be shed
And thou wilt nevermore be sad and lone.

—*Lowell*.

"To every man there openeth
A Way and Ways, and a Way,
And the High soul climbs the High Way
And the Low soul gropes the Low,
And in between on the misty flats,
The rest drift to and fro.
But to every man there openeth
A High Way, and a Low,
And every man decideth
The Way his soul shall go."

—*John Oxenham*.

Half the joy of life is in "letting go" every once in a while, and, if you let go twice every once in awhile, it seems that you have just that much more fun.

When days go wrong, remember they aren't self-starters.

I often think that anyone can face
A crisis or a crushing tragedy
With calm, exalted courage, but the place
That needs the greatest strength and energy
Is daily grind: to manage just to laugh
At all the petty hazards of each day—
To smile, whilst sifting life's wheat from its chaff
And strive to see just good along the way.

—*Helba Baker*.

Promise Yourself

To be so strong that nothing can disturb your peace of mind.

To talk health, happiness and prosperity to every person you meet.

To make all your friends feel that there is something in them.

To look on the sunny side of everything and make your optimism come true.

To think only of the best, to work only for the best, and to expect only the best.

To be just as enthusiastic about success of others as you are about your own.

To forget the mistakes of the past and press on to the greater achievements of the future.

To wear a cheerful countenance at all times and to have a smile ready for every living creature you meet.

To give so much time to the improvement of yourself that you have no time to criticise others.

To be too large for worry, too noble for anger, too strong for fear, and too happy to permit the presence of trouble.

To think well of yourself and to proclaim this fact to the world—not in loud words, but in great deeds.

To live in the faith that the world is on your side so long as you are true to the best that is in you.

CONFESSIONS

Open Confession is Good for the Soul

Surgeon's instrument case lost in some saloon. Reward. Dr. H.E. Lebel. 1227 Hennepin.

A certain rector, just before the service, was called to the vestibule to meet a couple who wanted to be married. He explained that there wasn't time for the ceremony then. "But," said he, "if you will be seated I will give you an opportunity at the end of the service to come forward, and I will then perform the ceremony."

The couple agreed, and at the proper moment the clergyman said: "Will those who wish to be united in the holy bond of matrimony please come forward?"

Thereupon thirteen women and one man proceeded to the altar.

The Irish lad and the Yiddish boy were engaged in verbal combat. Finally the subject came down to their respective churches.

"I guess I know that Father Harrity knows more than your Rabbi," the little Irish boy insisted.

"Shure, he does; vy not?" replied the Jewish boy. "You tell him everything."

CONFIDENCES

A man got in a cab at a Southern railway station and said: "Drive me to a haberdasher's."

"Yaas, suh," said the driver, whipped up his horse and drove a block; then he leaned over to address his passenger: "'Scuse me, boss; whar d' you say you wanter go?"

"To a haberdasher's."

"Yaas, suh; yaas, suh." After another block there was the same performance: "'Scuse me, boss, but whar d' you say you wanter go?"

"To a haberdasher's," was the somewhat impatient reply.

Then came the final appeal: "Now, look-a-here, boss, I be'n drivin' in dis town twenty year', an' I ain't never give nobody away yit. Now, you jes tell dis nigger whar't is you wanter go."

CONGRESS

"How is the law made?" asked the instructor in United States history.

"Oh," replied the maiden, cheerfully, "the Senate has to ratify it; and then the President has to—has to veto it; and then the House of Representatives has to"—she hesitated for a moment, and knit her pretty forehead.

"Oh, yes! I remember now," she said. "The House of Representatives has to adjourn until the next session!"

"Has this bill been endorsed by the Prohibition party?"

"Yes."

"And met with the approval of the I.W.W. and the Bolsheviki?"

"Yes."

"And O.K.'d by Mr. Hearst?"

"Certainly."

"Then instruct Congress to pass it as another great measure restoring the rights of the people."

CONSCIENCE

Wilson and Wilton were discussing the moralities when the first put this question: "Well, what is conscience, anyhow?"

"Conscience," said Wilton, who prides himself upon being a bit of a pessimist, "is the thing we always believe should bother the other fellow."

A young fellow who was the crack sprinter of his town—somewhere in the South—was unfortunate enough to have a very dilatory laundress. One evening, when he was out for a practice run in his rather airy and abbreviated track costume, he chanced to dash past the house of that dusky lady, who at the time was a couple of weeks in arrears with his washing.

He had scarcely reached home again when the bell rang furiously and an excited voice was wafted in from the porch:

"Foh de Lawd's sake! won't you-all tell Marse Bob please not to go out no moh till I kin git his clo'es round to him?"

Many a man feels that he could be quite comfortable if his conscience would meet him halfway.

CONSCRIPTION

He was a homesick colored soldier in a labor battalion, and he saw no chance of a discharge.

"De nex' wah dey has," he announced to a friend, "dey's two men dat ain't goin'—me an' de man dey sends to git me."

A negro registrant from a farming district was called to service. Arriving in town, he found the local board had moved to another street. At the new address another negro languished in the doorway.

"Is dis whar de redemtion bo'd is at?" queried the newcomer.

"Sho' is," answered the second. "But de blessed redeemer done gone out fo' lunch."

Zeb Smith was a drafted man. He saw heavy fighting in France and was wounded. On his return to the United States he was interviewed by one whose duty it was to interest himself in the men.

"Smith, what do you intend to do when you are released from the service?"

"Get me some dependents," was the instantaneous reply.

The called-up one volubly explained that there was no need in his case for a medical examination.

"I'm fit and I want to fight. I want to go over on the first boat. I want to go right into the front trenches, but I want to have a hospital close, so that if I get hit no time will be wasted in taking me where I can get mended right away, so that I can get back to fighting without losing a minute. Pass me in, doctor. Don't waste any time on me. I want to fight, and keep fighting!"

The doctor, however, insisted, and, when he got through, reported a perfect physical specimen.

"You don't find nothing wrong with me, doctor?"

"Nothing."

"But, doctor, don't you think I'm a bit crazy?"

See also Judgment.

CONSERVATIVES

See Radicals.

CONSOLATION

FIRST WALL STREET BROKER—"Anything to do today?"

SECOND WALL STREET BROKER—"Certainly not."

"Come to a funeral with me. It will cheer you up a bit."—*Life*.

CONTENTMENT

Contentment is merely the knack of not wanting the things we know we can't have.

Contentment consisteth not in adding more fuel, but in taking away some fire.—*Fuller*.

Contentment travels rarely with fortune; but follows virtue even in misfortune.—*Leszczinski*.

To be content with what we possess is the greatest and most secure of riches.—*Cicero*.

CONTRIBUTION BOX

"I can na' get ower it," a Scottish farmer remarked to his wife. "I put a twa-shillin' piece in the plate at the kirk this morning instead o' ma usual penny."

The beadle had noticed the mistake, and in silence he allowed the farmer to miss the plate for twenty-three consecutive Sundays.

On the twenty-fourth Sunday the farmer again ignored the plate, but the old beadle stretched the ladle in front of him and, in a loud, tragic whisper, hoarsely said:

"Your time's up noo, Sandy."

An old colored minister announced that he had invented an automatic collection basket, which would be passed around by the deacons of his church. "It is so arranged, my brethren," said he, "dat if you drop in a quatah or half dollah it falls noiselessly on a red plush cushion; if you drop a nickel it will ring a bell dat can be distinctly heard by de entiah congregation; but if you let fall a suspender button, my brethren, it will fiah off a pistol."

"Father," said the minister's son, "my teacher says that 'collect' and 'congregate' mean the same thing. Do they?"

"Perhaps they do, my son," said the venerable clergyman; "but you may tell your teacher that there is a vast difference between a congregation and a collection."

"My sermon on thrift made a tremendous impression on the congregation."

"How do you know?"

"I could tell when I counted the collection."

"Rastus, how is it you have given up going to church?" asked Pastor Brown.

"Well, sah," replied Rastus. "it's dis way. I likes to take an active part, an' I used to pass de collection-basket, but dey's give de job to Brothah Green, who jest returned from ovah thai-ah."

"In recognition of his heroic service, I suppose?"

"No, sah. I reckon he got dat job in reco'nition o' his having lost one o' his hands."

BESS—"Somebody passed a counterfeit dime on Bob a year ago, and he hasn't been able to get rid of it since."

MAIDEN AUNT (horrified)—"What! Does that young man never go to church, then?"

A Scotch minister in need of funds thus conveyed his intentions to his congregation:

"Weel, friends, the kirk is urgently in need of siller, and as we have failed to get money honestly we will have to see what a bazaar can do for us."

It is said that the farthing was coined in response to a demand from Scotchmen for a satisfactory coin for the collection box. It's value is a fourth of a cent.

A minister was on his vacation in the country. A neighboring church heard of it and asked him to preach while their own pastor was away. He consented and, on the Sunday when he was to supply, he and his boy walked across the fields to the church. In the vestibule there was a box for voluntary contributions and the minister after feeling around in his pocket found fifty cents which he dropped in. After the sermon, the elders came up to express their appreciation for his fine sermon and then remembered they hadn't yet paid him. They generously decided to give him all the collection for that Sunday and on opening the contribution box they found exactly fifty cents. The minister accepted it and went on his way home. After walking some distance the boy noticed his father was very silent evidently pondering over something, so he said, "Father, how much did you get?"

The father replied "Fifty cents, son."

"Why father, that's just what you put in, wasn't it?" asked the boy.

"Yes, son."

Both walked along in silence for some distance further, then the boy spoke up and said: "Father, if you had put more in, you'd have got more out, wouldn't you?"

Tight, who had money to burn but was apparently afraid of fire, happened in a church one day when a collection was being taken for foreign missions. Eventually the collector reached Tight, but Tight didn't make any motions like producing beautiful coin.

"Pardon me," said the collector, placing the box before Tight, "we are taking a collection for foreign missions. Wouldn't you like to add a little to the amount?"

"No, sir!" was the decisive rejoinder of Tight. "I never give to foreign missions."

"Then take a little out of the box," softly responded the collector. "The money is for the benefit of the heathen."

A church in Kansas was raising funds for a new church and the minister was calling on members for subscriptions. One of the pillars of the church rose and said: "I subscribe five dollars." Just at that instant a piece of plaster fell on his head. Half stunned he mumbled "f-f-five hundred dollars" and the minister prayed "Oh Lord, hit him again."

CONUNDRUMS

A party of young people were amusing themselves by guessing the answers to conundrums. One of them asked, "Why is the pancake like the sun?"

"Because it rises in der yeast and sets behind der vest," was the answer given by a brilliant young Swede.

They were discussing that joke about getting down off an elephant.

"How do you get down?" asked the jokesmith for the fourth time.

"You climb down."

"Wrong!"

"You grease his sides and slide down."

"Wrong!!"

"You take a ladder and get down."

"Wrong!!!"

"Well, you take the trunk line down."

"No, not quite. You don't get down off an elephant; you get it off a goose."

COOKERY

"So your husband kept house and cooked his own meals while you were away. Did he enjoy it?"

"He says he did; but I notice that the parrot has learned to swear during my absence."

"My husband has had indigestion for the past month."

"Really! I'm so sorry! I had no idea you were without a cook."

OFFICER—"Is that soup ready, Jones?"

OFFICER'S SERVANT—"No, sir, the stove went out, sir."

OFFICER—"Went out! Then why don't you light it again?"

OFFICER'S SERVANT—"'Cos it went out by the roof, sir."

"How do you like my pound cake, dearie?" asked Mrs. Newlywed.

"Why, er-er-er," stammered Mr. Newlywed, "I don't think you pounded it enough, did you?"

She had not been married long. She made a pie for dinner. During the meal she hesitatingly remarked to her husband:

"I think I left out something and the pie isn't very good."

After taking a bite he sadly replied:

"You are wrong, my dear! Nothing you left out could make a pie taste like this. It's something you put in."

COOKS

See Servants

COOPERATION

It is not the guns or armament
Or the money they can pay;
It's the close cooperation
That makes them win the day;
It's not the individual
Or the army as a whole
But the everlasting team work
Of every blooming soul.

—*Kipling*.

CORPULENCE

A very fat old lady who got stuck in the door of a car could get neither out nor in.

"Sideways, ma'am. Try sideways," the conductor shouted helpfully.

"Oh, drat the feller," panted the old lady. "I ain't got no sideways."

"Excuse me, madam, would you mind walking the other way and not passing the horse?" said an English cabman, with exaggerated politeness, to the fat woman who had just paid a minimum fare, with no fee.

"Why?" she inquired.

"Because if 'e sees wot 'e's been carrying for so little money 'e'll 'ave a fit," was the freezing answer.

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

The Stamp of Learning

"Pa, what's a postgraduate?"

"A fellow who graduates from one of those correspondence schools, I suppose."

COSMOPOLITANISM

JOE—"'Ere, Curly! You know everything-what's a cosmopolitan?"

CURLY—"Well, it's like this-suppose you was a Russian Jew livin' in England married to a black woman an' you'd just finished a bit of Irish stew an' was smokin' an Egyptian cigaret, while a German band outside was playin' the Blue Bells o' Scotland—you'd be a cosmopolitan."

COST OF LIVING

"He has got the first dollar that he ever earned!"

"What a bally ass! Think how much more he could have bought with it had he spent it then!"

"She says she prefers to do her shopping by telephone."

"Why so?"

"Says she can't bear to see how little she is getting for the money."

"How's business?"

"Not too good—thanks to some dishonest rascals who are selling goods at reasonable prices."

"Did you try the simple plan of counting sheep for your insomnia?"

"Yes, doctor, but I made a mess of it. I counted ten thousand sheep, put 'em on the train, and shipped 'em to market. And when I'd got through counting the money I got for them at present prices it was time to get up."

"Father, I need a new riding habit."

"Can't afford it," he growled.

"But, father, what am I to do without a riding habit?"

"Get the walking habit."

In these days of the high cost of living the following story has a decided point:

The teacher of a primary class was trying to show the children the difference between the natural and man-made wonders, and was finding it hard.

"What," she asked, "do you think is the most wonderful thing man ever made?"

A little girl, whose parents were obviously harassed by the question of ways and means, replied as solemnly as the proverbial judge:

"A living for a family."

"Why don't you move into more comfortable quarters, old man?"

"I can't even pay the rent on this miserable hole."

"Well, since you don't pay rent, why not get something better?"

MRS. HOMESPUN—"What'll we contribute to the minister's donation-party?"

FARMER HOMESPUN—"Wal, I dunno, Hannar! Taters is 'way up, pork is 'way up, fowl is 'way up—we'll save money by giving him money."

A farmer, the other day, took a plowshare to the blacksmith's to be sharpened, and while the blacksmith worked the farmer chuckled and bragged about a sale of hogs he had just made.

"Them hogs was only eight months old," he said, "and none too fat, nuther; but I seen that the buyer was at his wits' end, and by skilful jugglin' I boosted up the price on him just 300 per cent. Yes, by gum, I got three times more for them hogs than I uster get before the war."

The plowshare being done, the farmer handed the smith 50 cents.

"Hold on," said the smith, "I charge $1.50 for that job now."

"You scandalous rascal!" yelled the farmer. "What do you mean by treblin' your price on me? What have you done it for?"

"I've done it," said the blacksmith, "so's I'll be able to eat some of that high-priced pork of yours this winter."

OLD DAME—"You've had two penn'orth of sweets, my little man, but you've only given me a penny."

THE LITTLE MAN—"Yes, but farver says one penny's got to do the work of two in war-time."—*Punch*.

"Of course you have your little theory about the cause of the high cost of living?"

"I have," replied Mr. Growcher: "too many people are trying to make political economy take the place of domestic economy."

HE—"Yes, I certainly like good food, and always look forward to the next meal."

SHE—"Why don't you talk of higher things once in a while?"

HE—"But, my dear, what is higher than food?"—*Life*.

A certain judge, after passing sentence, always gave advice to prisoners. Having before him a man found guilty of stealing, he started thus:

"It you want to succeed in this world you must keep straight. Now, do you understand?"

"Well, not quite," said the prisoner; "but if your lordship will tell me how a man is to keep straight when he is trying to make boths ends meet, I might."

And another trouble with the country is that too many are trying to satisfy a bricklayer's appetite on a school-teacher's salary.

SMALL BOY (much interested in shopman's reason for high price of eggs)—"But, mummy, how do the hens know we're at war with Germany?"—*Punch*.

"Don't you object to all this talk about the high cost of everything?"

"Not at all," replied the profiteer. "It prepares the mind of a customer for what he may expect and saves argument."

"How's this, waiter? You've charged me two dollars and a half for planked steak!"

"Sorry sir, but lumber's gone up again."

Our Government does not profess to live within its income, but only within ours.

"Farm products cost more than they used to."

"Yes," replied Mr. Corntossel. "When a farmer is supposed to know the botanical name of what he's raisin' an' the zoological name of the insect that eats it, and the chemical name of what will kill it, somebody's got to pay."

Its Friendly Way

"How are we to meet the high cost of living?"

"You don't have to meet it," answered the irritating person. "It overtakes you."

"What are the luxuries of life?"

"Things that were necessities two years ago."

A couple of Philadelphia youths, who had not met in a long while, met and fell to discussing their affairs in general.

"I understand," said one, "that you broke your engagement with Clarice Collines."

"No, I didn't break it."

"Oh, she broke it?"

"No, she didn't break it."

"But it is broken?"

"Yes. She told me what her raiment cost, and I told her what my income was. Then our engagement sagged in the middle and gently dissolved."

COUNTRY LIFE

UNCLE EZRA—"So ye just got back from New York! What's the difference between the city and the country?"

UNCLE EBEN—"Wal, in the country you go to bed feeling all in and get up feeling fine, and in the city you go to bed feeling fine and get up feeling all in."—*Life*.

Little Mary was visiting her grandmother in the country. Walking in the garden, she chanced to see a peacock, a bird she had never seen before. After gazing in silent admiration, she ran quickly into the house and cried out: "Oh, granny, come and see! One of your chickens is in bloom."

A man living in the heart of London has recently bought a cow, which he keeps in his back-yard. Thirty milkmen have already been noticed looking over the wall to see what a cow looks like.

Little Betty had been greatly interested in watching the men in her grandfather's orchard putting bands round the fruit trees and asked many questions.

Some weeks later, when in the city with her mother, she noticed a gentleman with a mourning band round his left sleeve.

"Mamma," she asked, "what's to keep them from crawling up his other arm?"

A minister, spending a holiday in the North of Ireland, was out walking, and, feeling very thirsty, called at a farmhouse for a drink of milk. The farmer's wife gave him a large bowl of milk, and while he was quenching his thirst a number of pigs got round about him. The minister noticed that the pigs were very strange in their manner, so he said:

"My good lady, why are the pigs so excited?"

The farmer's wife replied, "Sure, it's no wonder they are excited, sir; it's their own little bowl you are drinking out of!"

An enterprising salesman was trying to persuade a farmer to buy a bicycle. The farmer was in town for the day, and had determined to see everything.

"I'd rather spend my money on a cow," said he proudly.

"But think," said the salesman, "what a fool you'd look riding about on a cow."

"Not half such a fool as I'd look trying to milk a bicycle," answered the farmer.

"Hiram," said the farmer's wife, "what makes you say 'By gosh!' so much and go round with a straw in your mouth?"

"I'm getting ready for them summer boarders that's comin' next week. If some of us don't talk an' act that way, they'll think we ain't country folks at all."

COURAGE

The swain and his swainess had just encountered a bulldog that looked as if he might shake a mean lower jaw.

"Why, Percy," she exclaimed as he started a strategic retreat. "You always swore you would face death for me."

"I would," he flung back over his shoulder, "but that darn dog ain't dead."

"Who led the army in that recent expedition?"

"I did," replied General Tamale.

"I thought the attack was led by General Concarne."

"It was I who prevented great loss of life. He led them going forward, but I led them coming back."

A man of courage is also full of faith.—*Cicero*.

Courage consists not in blindly overlooking danger, but in seeing it and conquering it.—*Richter*.

Few persons have courage enough to appear as good as they really are.—*Hare*.

Conscience in the soul is the root of all true courage. If a man would be brave, let him learn to obey his conscience.—

Clarke.

COURTESY

"How do you like your new music-master?"

"He is a very nice, polite young man. When I made a mistake yesterday he said: 'Pray, mademoiselle, why do you take so much pains to improve upon Beethoven?'"

Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy.—*Emerson*.

How sweet and gracious, even in common speech,
Is that fine sense which men call Courtesy!
Wholesome as air and genial as the light,
Welcome in every clime as breaths of flowers—
It transmutes aliens into trusting friends,
And gives its owner passport round the globe.

—*J.T. Fields*.

COURTS

A couple of old codgers got into a quarrel and landed before the local magistrate. The loser, turning to his opponent in a combative frame of mind, cried: "I'll law you to the Circuit Court."

"I'm willin'," said the other.

"An' I'll law you to the Supreme Court."

"I'll be thar."

"An' I'll law to 'ell!"

"My attorney'll be there," was the calm reply.

In the course of his examination these questions were put to an old negro who was appearing as a witness:

"What is your name?"

"Calhoun Clay, sah."

"Can you sign your name?"

"Sah?"

"I ask if you can write your name?"

"Well, no, sah. Ab nebber writes mah name. Ah dictates it, sah."

MAGISTRATE (to prisoner)—"What is your name?"

PRISONER—"S-s-sam S-s-sissons, S-s-sir."

MAGISTRATE—"Where do you live?"

PRISONER—"S-s-seventy seven S-s-surrey street. S-s-sir."

MAGISTRATE (to policeman)—"Officer, what is this man charged with?"

OFFICER—"Begorry, yer honor. Oi think he must be charged with soda wather."

In one of the Brooklyn courts a recent case required the testimony of a young German immigrant.

"Now, Britzmann," said the lawyer for the plaintiff, "what do you do?"

"Ah vos pretty vell," replied the witness.

"I am not inquiring as to your health. I want to know what you do."

"Vork!"

"Where do you work?" continued the counsel.

"In a vactory."

"What kind of a factory?"

"It vos bretty big vactory?"

"Your honor," said the lawyer, turning to the judge, "if this goes on we'll need an interpreter." Then he turned to the witness again.

"Now, Britzmann, what do you make in the factory?" he asked.

"You vant to know vot I make in der vactory?"

"Exactly! Tell us what you make."

"Eight dollars a veek."

Then the interpreter got a chance to earn his daily bread.

"Uncle Joe Cannon was asked today what he thought of the outlook for the Republican party in 1916, and he answered with a story.

"A black man was arrested for horse-stealing while I was prosecuting-attorney in Vermilion county," he said, "and was placed on trial after being duly indicted. When his day in court came he was taken before the judge and I solemnly read the charge in the indictment to him.

"'Are you guilty or not?' I asked.

"The black man rolled uneasily in his chair. 'Well, boss,' he finally said, 'ain't dat the very thing we're about to try?'"

JUDGE—"Officer, what's the matter with the prisoner—tell her to stop that crying—she's been at it fifteen minutes" (more sobs).

OFFICER—"Please, sir, I'm a'thinking she wants to be bailed out."

See also Jury; Witnesses.

COURTSHIP

If he is clean and vigorous, suitable for you and quite perfect in your opinion; if he is the man you think he is and you want him, don't put him on a pedestal and worship him as an idol.

Be sensible. Wrap him around your little finger and get a ring on the next.

Mother was out, and Sister Sue was putting on her best blouse, so six-year-old Bobby had to entertain Sue's young man. As is the way with his kind, he began to ply the unfortunate caller with questions.

"Mr. Brown," he began, "what is a popinjay?"

"Why—er—a popinjay is a—eh—vain bird."

"Are you a bird, Mr. Brown?"

"No, of course not."

"Well, that's funny. Mother said you were a popinjay, and father said there was no doubt about your being a jay, and Sue said there didn't seem to be much chance of your poppin', and now you say you aren't a bird at all."

Courtship is a bowknot that matrimony pulls into a hard knot.

IRATE PARENT—"No, siree. You can't have her. I won't have a son-in-law who has no more brains than to want to marry a girl with no more sense than my daughter has shown in allowing you to think you could have her."—*Life*.

The Lover's Farewell

"Oh! fare you well, my dearest dear,
Oh! fare you well for a while,
I go away, but I'll come back again,
If I go ten thousand miles."

"But who will take me out," she sighed,
"And who will glove my hands,
And who will kiss my ruby lips
When you are in foreign lands?"

"Your brother will take you out," he said,
"Your mother will glove your hands,
And I will kiss your ruby lips
When I return again."

Will and Mary had been busy courting for over two years, meeting every night in Hope Street, Glasgow. About a fortnight ago, Will, in parting with his beloved, made the usual remark:

"I'll meet ye in Hope Street tomorrow nicht. Mind and be punctual."

"'Deed, aye, Will, lad," replied Meg, with a merry twinkle in her eye. "We hae met noo a lang time in Hope Street, an' I was jist thinkin' that it was high time we were shiftin' oor trystin'-place a street farther along. Whit wad ye say to Union Street?"

MAUDE—"What makes you think his intentions are serious?"

MABEL—"When he first began to call he used to talk about the books I like to read."

MAUDE—"And now?"

MABEL—"Now he talks about the things he likes to eat."—*Life*.

"Cheer up, old man! There's other fish in the sea."

REJECTED SUITOR-"Yes, but the last one took all my bait!"—*Life*.

NEIGHBOR—"Got much money in your bank, Bobby?"

BOBBY—"Gee, no! The depositors have fallen off somethin' fierce since sister got engaged."

"So you want to marry my daughter, eh?" snorted the old man. "Do you consider yourself financially able to do so?"

"Well," replied the suitor, "after a fellow has bought candy and flowers for a girl for a year, and has taken her to the theater twice a week and is still not broke, I guess he can afford to get married."

MR. GOODTHING—"How does your sister like the engagement ring I gave her, Bobby?"

HER YOUNG BROTHER—"Well, it's a little too small;—she has an awful hard time getting it off when the other fellows call!"

MR. SLOW (calling on girl)—"You seem rather—er—distant this evening."

GIRL—"Well, your chair isn't nailed to the floor, is it?"

See also Love; Proposals.

CREDIT

FIRST CREDIT MAN—"How about Jones of Pigville Center?"

SECOND CREDIT MAN—"He always pays cash, so we don't know how honest he is!"

A little girl of eight entered a store in a small town and said:

"I want some cloth to make my dolly a dress."

The merchant selected some and handed the child the package.

"How much is it?" she asked.

"Just one kiss," was the reply.

"All right," said the child as she turned to go, "grandma said to tell you she would pay you when she came in tomorrow."

"Them was nice folk you waited on, Mamie, ain't they?" "No, no, dear! Appearances is deceitful. They didn't have no charge-account. Paid cash for everything."—*Judge*.

Mr. Butterworth, the grocer, was looking over the credit sales-slips one day. Suddenly he called to the new clerk:

"Did you give George Callahan credit?"

"Sure," said the clerk. "I—"

"Didn't I tell you to get a report on any and every man asking for credit?"

"Why, I did," retorted the clerk, who was an earnest young fellow. "I did get a report. The agency said he owed money to every grocer in town, and, of course, if his credit was that good I knew that you would like to have him open an account here!"

A well-known wholesale merchant, who has a wide patronage throughout the Piedmont region of the South, received the following letter from one of his customers a few weeks ago:

"I receive your letter about what I owes you. Now be pachent. I ain't forgot you and soon as folks pay me I'll pay you, but if this was judgment day and you were no more prepared to meet your Maker than I am to meet your account then you sho going to hell."

The credit, it may be noted, was extended.

"Rufus, aren't you feeling well?"

"No, sah; I'se not feelin' well, sah."

"Have you consulted your doctor, Rufus?"

"No, sah; I ain't don' dat, sah."

"Why? Aren't you willing to trust your doctor, Rufus?"

"Oh, yes, sah; but de trubble is he's not so alt'gether willin' to trus' me, sah."

"My son," said old man Reddit,
"Take this advice from me:
The less you use your credit
The better it will be."

CRIME

Lives of master crooks remind us
We may do a bit of time,
And, departing, leave behind us
Thumb-prints in the charts of crime.—*Life*.

Fear follows crime, and is its punishment.—*Voltaire*.

Responsibility prevents crimes.—*Burke*.

If poverty is the mother of crimes, want of sense is the father.—*La Bruyère*.

But many a crime deemed innocent on earth
Is registered in heaven; and these no doubt
Have each their record, with a curse annex'd.

—*Cowper*.

CRITICISM

A man must serve his time at ev'ry trade,
Save censure; critics all are ready-made.

—*Byron*.

Damn with faint praise, assent with evil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer:
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike.

—*Pope*.

THE ARTIST—"Dubbins, the art critic, has slated my pictures unmercifully."

HIS FRIEND—"Oh, don't take any notice of that fellow; he has no ideas of his own—he only repeats like a parrot what everybody else is saying."

CULTURE

JIGGS—"Townsen can read three languages."

TRIGGS—"What are they?"

JIGGS—"Magazines, sporting pages and railroad time-tables."

HE—"Not quite a lady, is she?"

SHE—"No—but I should say her pearls are 'cultured,'"

That is true cultivation which gives us sympathy with every form of human life, and enables us to work most successfully for its advancement.—*Beecher*.

CURES

A Testimonial

DOCTOR—"Did that cure for deafness really help your brother?"

PAT—"Sure enough; he hadn't heard a sound for years and the day after he took that medicine, he heard from a friend in America."

CURIOSITY

"My wife is mourning the loss of a ten-thousand-dollar diamond necklace."

"Why don't you advertise a thousand reward and no questions asked?"

"Well, I could make good on the thousand, but I doubt my wife's ability to fulfill the rest of that contract."

William E. Weber of the First National Bank says a woman came up to his window the other day with a cashier's check for fifty dollars.

"What denomination," asked Mr. Weber in his pleasantest manner.

"Lutheran," replied the woman. "What are you?"

CURRENT EVENTS

MRS. BARR—"Henry, what are current events?"

MR. BARR—"Anything shocking, my dear"—*Life*.

CUSTOM

Foote, the comedian, dined one day at a country inn, and the landlord asked how he liked his fare.

"I have dined as well as any man in England," said Foote.

"Except the mayor," cried the landlord.

"I except nobody," said he.

"But you must!" screamed the host.

"I won't!"

"You must!"

At length a petty magistrate took Foote before the mayor, who observed that it had been customary in that town for a great number of years always to "except the mayor," and accordingly fined him a shilling for not conforming to ancient custom. Upon this decision, Foote paid the shilling, at the same time observing that he thought the landlord the greatest fool in Christendom—except the mayor.

To follow foolish precedents, and wink
With both our eyes, is easier than to think.

—*Cowper*.

Custom does often reason overrule,
And only serves for reason to the fool.

—*Rochester*.

DACHSHUNDS

An Englishman sat at a New York boarding-house table. One of the boarders was telling a story in which a "dachshund" figured. She was unable for a moment to think of the word.

"It was one of these—what do you call them?—one of these long German dogs."

The Englishman dropped his fork: his face beamed. "Frankfurters!"

DAMAGES

The conversation turned to the subject of damage-suits, and this anecdote was recalled by Senator George Sutherland, of Utah.

A man in a Western town was hurt in a railroad accident, and after being confined to his home for several weeks he appeared on the street walking with the aid of crutches.

"Hello, old fellow," greeted an acquaintance, rushing up to shake his hand. "I am certainly glad to see you around again."

"Thanks," responded the injured one. "I am glad to be around again."

"I see you are hanging fast to your crutches," observed the acquaintance. "Can't you do without them?"

"My doctor says I can," answered the injured party, "but my lawyer says I can't."

"I have come here," said the angry man to the superintendent of the street-car line, "to get justice; justice, sir. Yesterday, as my wife was getting off one of your cars, the conductor stept on her dress and tore a yard of frilling off the skirt."

The superintendent remained cool.

"Well, sir," he said, "I don't know that we are to blame for that. What do you expect us to do? Get her a new dress?"

"No, sir. I do not intend to let you off so easily as that," the other man replied gruffly. He brandished in his right hand a small piece of silk.

"What I propose to have you do," he said, "is to match this silk."

DANCING

The minister was dining with the Fullers and he was denouncing the new styles in dancing. Turning to the daughter of the house, he asked sternly:

"Do you yourself, Miss Fuller, think the girls who dance these dances are right?"

"They must be," was the answer, "because I notice the girls who don't dance them are always left."

DAYLIGHT SAVING

"Is your husband in favor of daylight saving?"

"I think so. He stays out so much at night that I think he'd really prefer not to use any daylight at all."

Young Hopeful, who lives in the suburbs, was very much interested in the adjustment of the time, and on the morning when the clocks had been set back an hour awoke his mother.

"Mother, mother," he called from his little bed, "listen to Mrs. Jones' chickens! They must have forgotten to tell them to set their crow back."

"Well, yes," admitted Gap Johnson, of Rumpus Ridge, Ark., "I've heerd something or nuther about setting the clock for'ards or bac'ards for some reason. I don't prezisely know what. But it don't make no special difference at our house one way or tother for the clock runs about as it pleases till some of us sorter climb up and set it b'guess and b'gosh as you might say. And if we save or lose an hour or two what's the odds? We've got all the time there is anyway."

Geordie Ryton, the village cobbler, bought two clocks, one a grandfather's. He put it in a corner and placed a small nickel clock on the mantel-shelf. The grandfather's clock has not been altered to the Daylight Saving Bill's requirements. "Hoo is't, Geordie," asked a customer, "ye've altered the smaal clock and not the gran'faither's clock?"

"Wey," replied Geordie, "they said the gran'faither's clock's been tellin' the truth for ower sixty year, an' Aa can't find it in me heart te make a liar ov it noo. But the little begger wes made in Jarmany, so it'll be aal reet, he's as reet as can be for that job."

"What is worrying you now?"

"Oh, nothing much," replied the man who is perpetually pensive. "I am merely trying to figure out what has become of all the daylight I saved since we set the clocks forward."

"Jonas," ordered the farmer, "all the clocks in the house have run down. Wish you'd hitch up and ride down to the junction and find out what time it is."

"I ain't got a watch. Will you lend me one?"

"Watch! Watch! What d'ye want a watch fer? Write it down on a piece of paper."

DEAD BEATS

See Bills; Collecting of accounts.

DEBTS

CREDITOR—"You couldn't go around in your fine automobile if you paid your debts."

DEBTOR—"That's so! I'm glad you look at it in the same light that I do."

HARDUPPE—"I really must apologize for looking so shabby."

FLUBDUBB—"Oh, clothes don't make the man."

HARDUPPE—"Still, many a man owes a lot to his tailor."

"Look 'ere—I asks yer for the last time for that 'arf-dollar yer owes me."

"Thank 'evins!—that's the end of a silly question."

A floating debt is a poor life saver.

"Yes," said the world traveler, "the Chinese make it an invariable rule to settle all their debts on New-year's day."

"So I understand," said the American host, "but, then, the Chinese don't have a Christmas the week before."

OKE—"Would you be satisfied if you had all the money you wanted?"

OWENS—"I'd be satisfied if I had all the money my creditors wanted."

MR. THURSDAY—"Our friend, Dodge, tells me that he is doing settlement work lately."

MR. FRIDAY—"Yes, his creditors finally cornered him."

"How did Cranbury ever manage to get so deeply in debt as he is?"

"I wish I knew. I can't even stand my grocer off for more than a week at a time."

RASTUS—"How much, boss?"

DRUGGIST—"Sixty cents and three cents war tax."

RASTUS—"Boss, Ah done thought de wah was over."

DRUGGIST—"Sure, it is, but we have to pay the debts."

RASTUS—"Boss, Ah always thought de one whut lost paid de debts. Dat's why I fight so hard."

"I was preparing to shave a chap the other afternoon," says a head barber. "I had trimmed his hair, and from such talk as I had had with him I judged him to be an easy-going, unexcitable sort of fellow. But suddenly his manner changed. Out of the corner of his eye he had seen a man enter whose appearance upset him."

"Hurry, George!" he muttered to me. "Lather to the eyes—quick, quick! Here comes my tailor!"

IRATE FATHER—"It's astonishing, Richard, how much money you need."

SON—"I don't need it, father; it's the hotel-keepers, the tailors, and the taxicab men."

See also Bills; Collecting of accounts.

DEGREES

"You college men seem to take life pretty easy."
"Yes; even when we graduate we do it by degrees."

—*Boston Transcript*.

Our British cousins seem to think we have peculiar ways of getting our D.D.'s over here. A London newspaper relates how the congregation of a Southern church, being desirous of honoring their pastor, wrote to the dean of a certain faculty: "We want to get our beloved pastor a D.D. We enclose all the money we can raise at present. Be good enough to send one D. now. We hope to raise sufficient for the other D. by and by."

DEMAGOG

"Father," said the small boy, "what is a demagog?"

"A demagog, my son, is a man who can rock the boat himself and persuade everybody that there's a terrible storm at sea."

DEMOCRACY

ADKINS—"Well, the world is at last safe for democracy."

WATKINS—"Just what is democracy, anyway?"

"A democracy is a form of government where one party doesn't do things as they ought to be done, and the other party tells how much better they would be done if it were in power."

In his first lecture in New York the visiting English writer and wit, G.K. Chesterton, protested against prohibition and other limitations on American freedom. He quoted the phrase from Patrick Henry's address, "Give me liberty or give me death." Then he said:

"If Patrick Henry could arise from the dead and revisit the land of the living and see the vast system and social organization and social science which now controls, he would probably simplify his observation and say: 'Give me death!'"

Democracy means not "I am as good as you are," but "you are as good as I am."—*Theodore Parker*.

DENTISTS

"Pardon me for a moment, please," said the dentist to the victim, "but before beginning this work I must have my drill."

"Good heavens, man!" exclaimed the patient irritably. "Can't you pull a tooth without a rehearsal?"

Dinah had been troubled with a toothache for some time before she got up enough courage to go to a dentist. The moment he touched her tooth she screamed.

"What are you making such a noise for?" he demanded. "Don't you know I'm a 'painless dentist'?"

"Well, sah," retorted Dinah, "mebbe yo' is painless, but Ah isn't."

DENTIST—"Open wider, please—wider."

PATIENT—"A—A—A—Ah."

DENTIST (inserting rubber gag, towel, and sponge) —"How's your family?"

A young man who needed false teeth wrote to a dentist ordering a set as follows:

"My mouth is three inches acrost, five-eighths inches threw the jaw. Some hummocky on the edge. Shaped like a hoss-shew, toe forward. If you want me to be more particular, I shall have to come thar."

Dentist, speaking to patient about to have a tooth extracted —"Have you heard the latest song hit?"

Patient—"No. What is the title of it?"

Dentist—"The Yanks are Coming."

Returning home from the dentist's, where he had gone to have a loose tooth drawn, little Raymond reported as follows:

"The doctor told me 'fore he began that if I cried or screamed it would cost me a dollar, but if I was a good boy it would be only fifty cents."

"Did you scream?" his mother asked.

"How could I?" answered Raymond. "You only gave me fifty cents."

Mr. Harkins had taken his boy, aged ten, to have an offending molar tooth drawn. When the job had been accomplished, the dentist said: "I am sorry, sir, but I shall have to charge you five dollars for pulling that tooth."

"Five dollars!" exclaimed Mr. Harkins, in dismay. "Why, I understood you to say that you charged only one dollar for such work!"

"Yes," replied the dentist, "but this youngster yelled so terribly that he scared four other patients out of the office."—*Harper's*.

DEPARTMENT STORES

"I want some shoe-strings, some hairpins, a pair of gloves, and a tooth-brush," the woman said. "I have to catch a train, and have but a few minutes."

"Yes, madam!" the floorwalker replied briskly. "That's the beauty of a department store-get anything you want, right under the one roof! Take elevator to eleventh floor, shoe department, eight aisles to the right from the main passageway, for shoe-strings; hairpins in notions department, east side of basement, three aisles beyond hardware; gloves in women's wear, fifth floor of annex, reached by passageway over street; toothbrush in drugs and toilet-articles department, on balcony, reached by moving stairway, which you will find on your right as you pass the fountain in the florist shop in the center of the main floor."

DESTINATION

Where'er I go, in this far land,
The people wish to understand
Where I am going. If I knew
They would not think my answer true;
And if I said I did not know
They would advise me not to go.

The new guard was not familiar with a certain railway run in Wales. Came to a station which rejoiced in the name Llanfairfechanpwllgogerych. For a few minutes he stood looking at the signboard in mute helplessness. Then pointing to the board, and waving his other arm toward the carriages, he called, "If there's anybody there for here, this is it!"

DETECTIVES

HOKUS—"How does Sleuthpup rank as a detective?"

POKUS—"Great. You know, he used to work in the repair department of an umbrella factory."

"What has that got to do with being a detective?"

"Why, that fellow can recover an umbrella that has never been stolen."

DETERMINATION

"Thirty years ago," said the man who had traveled to the end of the earth and most of the way back, "I started out, alone, unaided, without friends to help me along, with the intention of making the world pay me the living that it owes me. My only allies were a dollar bill and a determination to make a million more. Today (and he threw out his chest proudly) I still have the determination and fifty cents in change."

When hope seems dim
And the worst's in sight,
When you've lost your vim,
Just hang on tight;
Give blow for a blow,
And don't give in,
Till you've let 'em all know
That you tried to win.

DIAGNOSIS

FRIEND—"What is the first thing you do when a man presents himself to you for consultation?"

DOCTOR—"I ask him if he has a car."

FRIEND—"What do you learn from that?"

DOCTOR—"If he has one, I know he is wealthy—and if he hasn't, I know he is healthy."

Starting with a wonderful burst of oratory, the great evangelist had, after two hours' steady preaching, become rather hoarse.

A little boy's mother in the congregation whispered to her son, "Isn't it wonderful? What do you think of him?"

"He needs a new needle," returned the boy sleepily.

The telephone rang and the bookkeeper answered it.

"Yes, madam, this is Wilkins's market."

"This is Mrs. Blank. I want you to know that the liver you sent me is most unsatisfactory. It is not calf's liver at all; calf's liver is tender and——"

"Just a moment, madam, and I'll call the proprietor."

"What is it?" Wilkins asked.

The bookkeeper surrendered the phone.

"Mrs. Blank," he said. "Liver Complaint."

Axel, a Swede in an outfit at Fort Jay, woke up one morning with a desire to loaf. He got put on sick-call, thinking it was worth trying, anyway. At the dispensary the "doc." looked him over, felt his pulse, and took his temperature. Then he said:

"I can't find anything wrong with you."

No answer.

"See here, what's wrong with you anyway?"

"Doc," replied Axel. "That bane your yob."

"Some un sick at yo' house, Mis' Carter?" inquired Lila. "Ah seed de doctah's kyar eroun 'dar yestiddy."

"It was for my brother, Lila."

"Sho! What's he done got de matter of'm?"

"Nobody seems to know what the disease is. He can eat and sleep as well as ever, he stays out all day long on the veranda in the sun, and seems as well as any one; but he can't do any work at all."

"Law, Mis' Carter, dat ain't no disease what you brothe' got! Dat's a gif!"—*Everybody's*.

DILEMMAS

The house doctor of a Cincinnati theater sometimes tires of his office; hence the following:

One evening an excited usher rushed to the doctor's seat and whispered a brief message. The occupant rose at once and both men left the orchestra hastily and made for the dressing-rooms.

"It's the leading lady," wailed one of the actresses, meeting them; "come this way."

"Have you poured water on her head?" inquired the doctor, solemnly.

"Yes, from the fire-bucket."

"The fire bucket!—what a fearful blunder! Here," and he scribbled a line on a card, "take this to the drug-store and get it filled."

When the leading lady found herself alone with the doctor, she opened her eyes.

"Doctor," she gasped, "you're a good fellow, aren't you? I know you are aware that there's nothing the matter with me. I want a day off, and I don't want to go on in this act. Can you fix it?"

"You bet I can," said the doctor, wringing her hand, sympathetically. "I ain't no doctor. I came in on this ticket."

A lady's leather handbag was left in my car while parked on Park avenue two weeks ago. Owner can have same by calling

at my office, proving the property and paying for this ad. If she will explain to my wife that I had nothing to do with its being there, I will pay for the ad.

"Mamma, if a bear should swallow me, I should die, shouldn't I?"

"Yes, dear."

"And should I go to heaven?"

"Yes, dear. Why do you ask that question?"

"And would the bear have to go too?"

A new regulation in a certain coal-mine required that each man mark with chalk the number on every car of coal mined.

One man named Ole, having filled the eleventh car, marked it with a number one and, after pondering a while, let it go at that.

Another miner, happening to notice what he thought was a mistake, called Ole's attention to the fact that he had marked the car number one instead of eleven.

"Yes, I know," said Ole; "but I can't tank which side de odder wan go on."

Dinah Snow was a colored cook in the home of the Smiths. One morning on going to the kitchen Mrs. Smith noticed that Dinah looked as if she had been tangled up with a road-roller.

"Why, Dinah!" exclaimed she, "what in the world has happened to you?"

"Was me husban,'" explained Dinah. "He done went an' beat me ag'in, an' jes' fo' nothin', too!"

"Again!" cried Mrs. Smith, with increasing wonder. "Is he in the habit of beating you? Why don't you have him arrested?"

"Been thinkin' ob it several times, missy," was the rejoinder of Dinah, "but I hain't nebah had no money to pay his fine."

"Yes," said the storekeeper, "I want a good, bright boy to be partly indoors and partly outdoors."

"That's all right," said the applicant, "but what becomes of me when the door slams shut?"—*Judge*.

DINING

Nocturne

The hour grows late,
And hungrily I wait
To hear her say
Three words—three little words,
Yet great
Enough to bring completeness to the day.

At last she comes,
Cassandra tall and dark—
Oh, very dark! A careless tune she hums,
And pauses shamelessly to mark
How her delay has angered or unnerved
The weak among us. Then she snuffles—Hark!
"Dinnah am served!"

—E.W.B.

"Has Bobbie been eating between meals?"

"Bobbie has no between meals."—*Life*.

A farmer who went to a large city to see the sights engaged a room at a hotel, and before retiring asked the clerk about the hours for dining.

"We have breakfast from six to eleven, dinner from eleven to three, and supper from three to eight," explained the clerk.

"Wa-al, say," inquired the farmer in surprise, "what time air I goin' ter git ter see the town?"

"Mama, I want a dark breakfast."

"Dark breakfast? What do you mean, child?"

"Why, last night you told Mary to give me a light supper, and I didn't like it."

MOTHER (at the breakfast-table)—"You always ought to use your napkin, Georgie."

GEORGIE—"I am usin' it, mother; I've got the dog tied to the leg of the table with it."

DIPLOMACY

"Father," said the small boy, "what is an overt act?"

"My son, an overt act is something that either compels you to be so rude as to fight or so polite as to pretend you didn't notice it."

"Now, sir," said the persuasive philanthropist, "we want you to be the chairman of the big meeting which we are to hold."

"How much?" inquired Mr. Cassius Chex, wearily.

"I don't quite follow you."

"How much is the deficit that you expect my subscription to meet?"

Uncle Mose owns and operates an "exclusive shoe-shining parlor" in a little Northwestern town, and, as customers are rather scarce thereabouts, he can't afford to offend any of them. But his "parlor" has to be run on a strict cash basis. So when a man a little too well known to Uncle Mose as "slow pay" about town came in to have his shoes shined and suggested to the old negro a desire to pay at a later date, Uncle Mose did some quick thinking.

"I'se sorry, boss; I sure is," he replied with diplomatic suavity; "but I jes' cain't do it. You see, de banker on de nex' cohner an' me—we done made a 'greement dat ef I didn't loan money he wouldn't shine shoes, an' I jes' cain't break dat 'greement."

Diplomacy has been defined as the art of letting someone else have your way.

DISARMAMENT

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts
Given to redeem the human mind from ERROR,
There were no need of arsenals and forts.

—*Longfellow*.

"What do you think of this disarmament idea?"

"I'm for it. If those people next door will sell their player piano, I'll agree to have my daughter stop taking singing lessons."

DISCHARGE

COMMANDING OFFICER—"Snathy, here is your honorable discharge, you ought to be proud of it."

SNATHY—"Deed ah am Cap. Why in civil life when ah was discharged ah was jest fired."

DISCIPLINE

The principal of a certain school for girls had occasion to speak sharply to one of the pupils.

"Marion," he said, "you've neglected your work shamefully, and you must remain with me an hour after school."

Marion shrugged her thin little shoulders. "Well," she said, "if your wife doesn't mind it, I'm sure I don't."

In a certain public school very advanced ideas are put into practice. No pupil is ever punished in any way, for the individuality of every child is considered too sacred for repression.

One day, soon after her enrollment at this school, little Grace arrived home, her face streaked with tears and her mouth covered with blood.

"My precious! What happened?" cried her mother.

The little girl was soon pouring out her story in her mother's arms. Sammy Gates, it appeared, had struck her and knocked out two teeth.

When Grace had been kissed, comforted, and washed, her father wanted to know how the teacher had dealt with Sammy.

"She didn't do anything," said Grace.

"Well, what did she say?"

"She called Sammy up to the desk and said, 'Sammy, don't you know that was very anti-social?'"

HUSBAND—"You'll never get that new dog of yours to mind you."

WIFE—"Oh, yes, I will.—You were just as troublesome yourself at first."

See also Children; Parents.

DISCOUNTS

SPOKESMAN OF CREDITORS—"Veil, Cohen, we've decided to accept five cents on a tollar—cash."

COHEN, THE DEBTOR—"Cash, you say? Den, of course, I get der regular cash discount?"—*Puck*.

DISCRETION

WILLIE—"Pa, what is discretion?"

FATHER—"Oh, that's only another name for lack of nerve, my son."

Discretion is the perfection of reason, and a guide to win all the duties of life.—*Addison*.

DISPOSITION

"Allow me to congratulate you."

"What for?"

"Oh, for just anything—the sunshine, the blue skies, the fact that you are up and about. Isn't that something?"

"No!"

"Then congratulate me for not having a disposition like yours."

"Have you heard my last joke?" asked the Pest, as he stopped the Grouch on the street.

"I hope so," replied the Grouch, as he kept on traveling.

"Why is it, Bob," asked George of a very stout friend, "that you fat fellows are always good natured?"

"We have to be," answered Bob. "You see, we can't either fight or run."

"What a cheerful woman Mrs. Smiley is!"

"Isn't she? Why, do you know, that woman can have a good time thinking what a good time she would have if she were having it."

DISTANCES

The German officer who confiscated a map of Cripple Creek belonging to an American traveler, and remarked that "the German Army might get there some time," should be classed with the London banker who said to a solicitous mother seeking to send cash to San Antonio, Texas, for her wandering son: "We haven't any correspondent in San Antonio, but I'll give you a draft on New York, and he can ride in and cash it any fine afternoon."

At Sadieville, Ky., a tourist called to an old colored man: "Hey uncle! How far is it to Lexington?"

"I don't know, suh; hit used to be 'bout twenty-five mile, but ev'ything's gone up so I speck hit's 'bout fohty now, suh."

"Where do you live in the city—close in?"

"Fairly so—thirty minutes on foot, fifteen by motor-car, twenty-five by street-car, and forty-five by telephone."

DIVORCE

"Binks has married again."

"I knew he didn't deserve that divorce!"

At the present terrific rate of divorce cases, we shall soon need a new reference-book—"Who's Whose."

SOLICITOR (whose client is thinking of getting a divorce)—"Well, you can get it for about twenty pounds; everything done quietly and no publicity."

CLIENT—"And how much will the real thing cost, with lots of publicity and everything?"

WIFE (trying to think of The Hague)—"Let's see, what is the name of the place where so much was done toward promoting peace in the world?"

HUB—"Reno, my dear."

"And are the divorce laws so very liberal in your section?"

"Liberal? Say! They are so liberal that nobody ever heard of a woman crying at a wedding out there."

A divorce suit would not appeal so much to a jury if it was cleaned before it was pressed.

"What are you cutting out of the paper?"

"An item about a California man securing a divorce because his wife went through his pockets."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Put it in my pocket."—*Everybody's*.

"Scotsman, married, desires change."—*Weekly Paper*.

We ought to warn him that the Divorce Court is very congested just now.

To matrimonial speedsters, divorce is just a detour.

DOCTORS

"What is your greatest wish, Doctor, now that you have successfully passed for your degree?"

YOUNG DOCTOR—"To put 'Dr.' before my own name, and 'Dr.' after the name of other people."—*Life*.

"Who is your family doctor?"

"I can't tell you."

"Why not? Don't you know his name?"

"Yes. Dr. Johnson used to be our family doctor but nowadays mother goes to an eye specialist; father to a stomach specialist; my sister goes to a throat specialist; my brother is in the care of a lung specialist, and I'm taking treatments from an osteopath."

A young suburban doctor whose practice was not very great sat in his study reading away a lazy afternoon in early summer. His man servant appeared at the door.

"Doctor, them boys is stealin' your green peaches again. Shall I chase them away?"

The doctor looked thoughtful for a moment, then leveled his eyes at the servant.

"No," he said.

Once an old darky visited a doctor and was given definite instructions as to what he should do. Shaking his head he started to leave the office, when the doctor said:

"Here, Rastus, you forgot to pay me."

"Pay yo for what, boss?"

"For my advice," replied the doctor.

"Naw, suh; naw, suh; I ain't gwine take it," and Rastus shuffled out.

M.D.—"Would you have the price if I said you needed an operation?"

MANNING—"Would you say I needed an operation if you thought I didn't have the price?"—*Life*.

"How do you pronounce 'pneumonia'?" asked the French boy, who had come to England to learn the language.

His only chum told him.

"That's odd," replied the young Gaul. "It says in this story I am reading that the doctor pronounced it fatal."

Mr. Roger W. Babson says that in looking up appendicitis cases he learned that in 17 per cent. of the operations for that disease the post-mortem examinations showed that the appendix was in perfect condition.

"The whole subject," he adds, "reminds me of a true story I heard in London recently. In the hospitals there, the ailment of the patient, when he is admitted, is denoted by certain letters, such as 'T. B.' for tuberculosis. An American doctor was examining these history slips when his curiosity was aroused

by the number on which the letters 'G.O.K.' appeared. He said to the physician who was showing him around:

"'There seems to be a severe epidemic of this G.O.K. in London. What is it, anyhow?'

"Oh, that means 'God only knows,'" replied the English physician.

The fashionable physician walked in, in his breezy way, and nodded smilingly at his patient.

"Well, here I am, Mrs. Adams," he announced. "What do you think is the matter with you this morning?"

"Doctor, I hardly know," murmured the fashionable patient languidly. "What is new?"

"When I was a boy," said the gray-haired physician, who happened to be in a reminiscent mood, "I wanted to be a soldier; but my parents persuaded me to study medicine."

"Oh, well," rejoined the sympathetic druggist, "such is life. Many a man with wholesale aspirations has to content himself with a retail business."

The eminent physicians had been called in consultation. They had retired to another room to discuss the patient's condition. In the closet of that room a small boy had been concealed by the patient's directions to listen to what the consultation decided and to tell the patient who desired genuine information.

"Well, Jimmy," said the patient, when the boy came to report, "what did they say?"

"I couldn't tell you that," said the boy. "I listened as hard as I could, but they used such big words I couldn't remember much

of it. All I could catch was when one doctor said:

"'Well, we'll find that out at the autopsy.'"

YOUNG WOMAN (to be neighbor at dinner)—"Guess whom I met today, doctor?"

DOCTOR—"I'm afraid I'm not a good guesser."

"You're too modest. Aren't you at the top of your profession?"—*Life*.

DOCTOR—"My dear sir, it's a good thing you came to me when you did."

"Why, Doc? Are you broke?"—*Life*.

"It's a little hard for young doctors to get a start."

"I know. I'm raising whiskers."

"They will help. And I'll loan you some of my magazines for 1876 to put in your anteroom."

PATIENT—"I want to see doctor. Be this the place?"

DOCTOR—"This is where I practice."

PATIENT—"Don't want no person for to practice on me; I want a doctor for to cure me."

FRIEND—"To what do you attribute your rapid rise in your profession?"

SURGEON—"It has been my rule all along never to perform an operation unless I was sure it would be a success either way."

A doctor who had a custom of cultivating the lawn and walk in front of his home every spring engaged O'Brien to do the job. He went away for three days and when he returned found O'Brien waiting for his money. The doctor was not satisfied with his work and said: "O'Brien, the walk is covered with gravel and dirt, and in my estimation it's a bad job."

O'Brien looked at him in surprise for a moment and replied: "Shure, Doc, there's many a bad job of yours covered with gravel and dirt."

"You say this doctor has a large practice?"

"It's so large that when a patient has nothing the matter with him he tells him so."

Why She Objected

An old woman's son was seriously ill and the attending surgeon advised an operation. But the mother bitterly objected.

"I don't believe in operations!" she exclaimed. "Even the Scriptures is agin it. Don't the Bible say plain and flat: 'What God hath j'ined togither, let not man put asunder'?"

REDD—"The doctor said he'd have me on my feet in a fortnight."

GREENE—"And did he?"

"Sure. I've had to sell my automobile."

SPECIALIST—"You are suffering from nerve exhaustion. I can cure you for the small sum of $2,000."

PATIENT—"And will my nerve be as good as yours then?"

In a confidential little talk to a group of medical students an eminent physician took up the extremely important matter of correct diagnosis of the maximum fee.

"The best rewards," he said, "come, of course, to the established specialist. For instance, I charge twenty-five dollars a call at the residence, ten dollars for an office consultation, and five dollars for a telephone consultation."

There was an appreciative and envious silence, and then a voice from the back of the theater, slightly thickened, spoke:

"Doc," it asked, "how much do you charge a fellow for passing you on the street?"

An insurance agent was filling out an application blank.

"Have you ever had appendicitis?" he asked.

"Well," answered the applicant, "I was operated on but I have never felt quite sure whether it was appendicitis or professional curiosity."

"Oh, doctor, I have sent for you, certainly; still, I must confess that I have not the slightest faith in modern medical science."

"Well," said the doctor, "that doesn't matter in the least. You see, a mule has no faith in the veterinary surgeon, and yet he cures him all the same."

A Great Difference

A noted physician, particularly expeditious in examining and prescribing for his patients, was sought out by an army man whom he "polished off" in almost less than no time. As the patient was leaving, he shook hands heartily with the doctor and said:

"I am especially glad to have met you, as I have often heard my father, Colonel Blank, speak of you."

"What!" exclaimed the physician, "are you old Tom's son?"

"Certainly."

"My dear fellow," cried the doctor, "fling that infernal prescription in the fire and sit down and tell me what is the matter with you."

"Father, what is a convalescent?"

"A patient who is still alive, son."

Young M.D.—"Well, Dad, I'm hanging out my shingle; can't you give me some rules for success?"

"Always write your prescriptions illegibly and your bills very plainly."

MOTHER (after visitor had gone)—"Bobby, what on earth made you stick out your tongue at our pastor? Oh, dear!..."

BOBBY—"Why, muvver, I just showed it to him. He said, 'Littul man, how do you feel?'—and I thort he was a doctor!"

An Irishman coming out of ether in the ward after an operation, exclaimed audibly: "Thank God! That's over!" "Don't be too sure," said the man in the next bed, "they left a sponge in me and had to cut me open again." And the patient on the other side said, "Why they had to open me, too, to find one of their instruments." Just then the surgeon who had operated on the Irishman, stuck his head in the door and yelled, "Has anybody seen my hat!" Pat fainted.

Dr. A., physician at Newcastle, being summoned to a vestry, in order to reprimand the sexton for drunkenness, dwelt so long on the sexton's misconduct as to draw from him this expression: "Sir, I thought you would have been the last man alive to appear against me, as I have covered so many blunders of yours!"

DOCTOR (to patient)—"You've had a pretty close call. It's only your strong constitution that pulled you through."

PATIENT—"Well, doctor, remember that when you make out your bill."

A quack doctor was holding forth about his "medicines" to a rural audience.

"Yes, gentlemen," he said, "I have sold these pills for over twenty-five years and never heard a word of complaint. Now, what does that prove?"

From a voice in the crowd came: "That dead men tell no tales."

See also Bills; Remedies.

DOGS

My Dog

He wastes no time in idle talk.
   His vows of friendship are unspoken.
As in familiar ways we walk,
   Our musings by no word are broken.
Or if, perchance, I voice some phrase
   (More light and garrulous am I),
He answers with a speaking gaze,
   Half-sister to a song or sigh.

Sweet is the silence of a friend
   Whose mood so merges with my own,
And sad would be the journey's end
   Were I to pass this way alone.
Perhaps the shadows and the dust
   Some faint reply would frame for me
Should I demand if Time were just
   To merge all waters with the sea.

Thus pondering, a sigh I heave
   That thoughts my naked soul should flay.
Yet dreams of death he bids me leave,
   And glory in the living day.
Before me in the path he leaps.
   He reads my mood, and bids me, "Come!
Sweet Summer's in the wooded deeps!"
   And yet men say that he is dumb.

—*Jack Burroughs*.

Frederick was sitting on the curb, crying, when Billy came along and asked him what was the matter.

"Oh, I feel so bad 'cause Major's dead—my nice old collie!" sobbed Frederick.

"Shucks!" said Billy. "My grandmother's been dead a week, and you don't catch me crying."

Frederick gave his eyes and nose a swipe with his hand, and, looking up at Billy, sobbed, despairingly:

"Yes, but you didn't raise your grandmother from a pup."

Dogs and their Friends.
(The Greeting)

A thousand velvet eyes aglow with thanks,
A thousand tiny paws in welcome waved,
An orchestra of barks and neighs and purrs
Struck up, and maddest gayety betrayed!
Each satin nose will press its owner's hand,
Such happiness and frolic will abound
When Anti-Cruelty meets all its friends
At last, within their Happy Hunting Ground!

—*Marie Bordeaux*.

Dogs will be dogs.
They also serve who only watch at night and bark.
Tis better to have loved a dog than never to have loved at all.
A little battle now and then is relished by the best of dogs.
Hell hath no fury like an angered bulldog.
For a dog, all roads lead home.
Bark and the whole neighborhood barks with you; hide and you hide alone.
Dogs should be trained but not hurt.
A buried bone is a joy forever.
Fidelity, thy name is Fido.

—*Edmund J. Kiefer*.

A friend may smile and bid you hail,

Yet wish you with the devil;
But when a good dog wags his tail,
You know he's on the level.

The Seven Wonders of the World.
(*According to Fido*)

His master.
Meat.
Children.
Rags.
The moon.
Being tickled.
Fleas.

He was a very small boy. Paddy was his dog, and Paddy was nearer to his heart than anything on earth. When Paddy met swift and hideous death on the turnpike road the boy's mother trembled to break the news. But it had to be, and when he came home from school she told him simply:

"Paddy has been run over and killed."

He took it very quietly. All day it was the same. But five minutes after he had gone to bed there echoed through the house a shrill and sudden lamentation. His mother rushed upstairs with solicitude and pity.

"Nurse says," he sobbed, "that Paddy has been run over and killed."

"But, dear, I told you that at dinner, and you didn't seem to be troubled at all."

"No; but—but I didn't know you said Paddy. I—I thought you said daddy!"

PUP—"Great cats; That's a nerve! Somebody has put up a building right where I buried a bone!"—*Puck*.

See also Dachshunds.

DOMESTIC FINANCE

LITTLE TOMMY—"What does 'close quarters' mean, Ma?"

WEARY MOTHER—"It's a definition of my trying to get twenty-five cents from your father."

"Ma, what does the 'home-stretch' mean?"

"Making a fifteen-dollar-a-week allowance go around, my son."

WIFE—"Ta-ta, dearie; I'll write before the end of the week."

HUSBAND—"Good gracious, Alice, you must make that check last longer than that!"

"Dearie," said the young married man, "I have to go to New York on business. It will only take a day or so and I hope you won't miss me too much while I'm gone, but—"

"I won't," answered his young wife, positively, "because I'm going with you."

"I wish you could, dear, but it won't be convenient this time. What would you want to go for, anyhow? I'm going to be too busy to be with you, and—"

"I have to go. I need clothes."

"But, darling—you can get all the clothes you want right here on Euclid Avenue."

"Thank you. That's all I wanted."

"I'm just waiting for my husband to complain about my extravagance this month."

"Ready to give him an argument, eh?"

"You bet I am. By mistake his golf-club checks came to the house, and I've got 'em."

"You are not economical," said the infuriated husband.

"Well," flashed his wife, "if you don't call a woman economical who saves her wedding dress for a possible second marriage, I'd love to know just what you do call economy."

"But your fiancé has such a small salary, how are you going to live?"

"Oh, we're going to economize. We're going to do without such a lot of things that Jack needs."

"Are you an expert accountant," asked the prospective employer.

"Yes, sir," said the applicant.

"Your written references seem to be all right, but tell me more about yourself."

"Well, my wife kept a household account for thirty days. One night after supper I sat down and in less than an hour found out how much we owed our grocer."

"Hang up your hat and coat," said the employer with a glad smile. "The job is yours."

HE—"My dear, I've warned you before, and now I must insist that we try to live within our income."

SHE—"Oh, very well, if you want to be considered eccentric by everybody in our set."

"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."

SHE—"When we go anywhere now we have to take the street-car. Before our marriage you always called a taxi."

HE—"Exactly. And that's the reason we have to go in the street-car now."

"My wife certainly makes my salary go a long way."

"So does mine—so far that none of it ever comes back."

"I'm having trouble in supporting my wife."

"You don't know what trouble is. Try not supporting her."

WILLIS—"The Highfliers are going to give up their big house this winter."

MRS. WILLIS—"You must be mistaken. I was talking with Mrs. Highflier only yesterday."

WILLIS—"Well. I was talking with the mortgagee only this morning."—*Puck*.

In a certain home-missionary movement every participant was to contribute a dollar that she had earned herself by hard work. The night of the collection of the dollars came, and various and droll were the stories of earning the money. One woman had shampooed hair, another had made doughnuts, another had secured newspaper subscriptions, and so on.

The chairman turned to a handsome woman in the front row.

"Now, madam, it is your turn," he said. "How did you earn your dollar?"

"I got it from my husband," she answered.

"Oh!" said he. "From your husband? There was no hard work about that."

The woman smiled faintly.

"You don't know my husband," she said.

"Before we were married, you used to send around a dozen roses every week," said she.

"Roses are easy," replied he. "This week I'm going to send around two tons of coal and a rib-roast."

LANDLADY—"That new boarder is either a married man or a widower."

PRETTY DAUGHTER—"Why, ma, he says he is a bachelor."

LANDLADY—"Well, I don't believe it. When he opens his pocketbook to pay his board he always turns his back to me."

"Hicks promised to give his wife a dime for every one he spends for cigars."

"How does it work?"

"First rate. You see we meet every day and he buys me the drinks and I buy him the cigars."

DOMESTIC RELATIONS

HUSBAND (newly married)—"Don't you think, love, if I were to smoke, it would spoil the curtains?"

WIFE—"Ah, you are the most unselfish and thoughtful husband in the world; certainly it would."

HUSBAND—"Well, then, take the curtains down."

Willie's grandmother had come to visit them.

"Are you mamma's mother?" asked Willie by way of conversation.

"No, dear. I'm your grandmother on your father's side."

"Well," said Willie decidedly (he was an observing little fellow), "all I got to say is you're on the wrong side."

SHE—"Just think of it! A few words mumbled by the minister and people are married."

HE—"Yes, and, by George, a few words mumbled by a sleeping husband and people are divorced."

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."

See also Families; Marriage.

DREAMS

"Mother, wasn't that a funny dream I had last night?" said a little boy who was busily engaged with his breakfast cereal.

"Why, I'm sure I don't know!" replied his mother. "I haven't the slightest idea what your dream was about."

"Why, mother, of course you know!" said the boy reproachfully. "You were in it."

DRINKING

If all be true that I do think,
There are five reasons we should drink;
Good wine—a friend—or being dry—
Or lest we should be by and by—
Or any other reason why.

—*Dr. Henry Aldrich*.

Maybe one swallow doesn't make a summer, but it would brighten it up considerably.

Dangerous Advice

CURATE—"You should be careful! Don't you know that drink is mankind's worst enemy?"

JEEMS—"Yes; but don't you teach us to love our enemies?"

"Pussyfoot" Johnson, whose effort to prohibitionize Scotland failed recently, was discussing his failure with a New York editor.

"Yes, I failed," he ended, "and I'm very sorry. Conditions in Scotland are very bad."

"Did you ever hear the story of the deacon's daughter? This story illustrates Scottish conditions very well.

"The wife of a Peebles deacon took a bath one evening, and as it was rainy, chill November weather, she swallowed a teaspoonful or two of whisky after her bath to keep herself

from catching cold. Then in her dressing-gown she went to bid her little daughter good night. She stooped over the child's cot and a kiss was exchanged. After the kiss the little girl drew back sharply, sniffed and said:

"'Why, mamma, you've been using father's perfume, haven't you?'"—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Now, Sam," said the speaker, "I want you to be present when I deliver this speech."

"Yassuh."

"I want you to start the laughter and applause. Every time I take a drink of water, you applaud; and every time I wipe my forehead with my handkerchief, you laugh."

"You better switch dem signals, boss. It's a heap mo' liable to make me laugh to see you standin' up dar deliberately takin' a drink o' water."

A Washington business man, says the Saturday Evening Post, desiring to test the relative efficiency of two makes of mucilage, handed the bottles one morning to his shiny-faced negro messenger.

"Here, John," he said; "try these and see which is the stickiest."

John did not show up at the office again until about noon-time. He approached his employer's desk somewhat cautiously and gingerly deposited thereon the two bottles of mucilage.

"Well, John," asked the boss, "which did you find the stickiest?"

"It wuz lak dis, boss," was the reply: "Dis one gummed up ma mouf de most; but de other one, de taste lasted de longest."

UNABLE SEAMAN—"When I come around again the surgeon, he says to me, 'I'm blooming sorry, mate, I don't know what I was thinking about,' he says, 'but there's a sponge missin', and I believe it's sewed up inside yer!' 'What's the odds,' I says, 'let it be.' An there it is to this day."

GULLIBLE OLD GENTLEMAN—"Bless my soul! Don't it trouble you?"

UNABLE SEAMAN—"I don't feel no particular pain from it, but I do get most uncommonly thirsty at times, sir."

See also Drunkards; Temperance.

DRUNKARDS

The Lord Mayor of London had been dining pretty well, and Mr. Choate, Ambassador to England, was seeing his Lordship to the door.

"Now, your Lordship, if you will allow me to advise you," said Mr. Choate, "when you get to the sidewalk curb you will see two hansoms. Take the one to the right: the one to the left doesn't exist."

An intoxicated man hailed a cab.

After he had climbed in, the cabby leaned over and asked, "What street do you want?"

"What streets have you?" he inquired.

"Lots of 'em," smiled the cabby, humoring him.

"Gimme 'em all," he said, waving his arm grandly.

After they had been driving for several hours, the man in the cab ordered a stop.

"How mush do I owe you?"

"Seven dollars and fifty cents."

"Well—you better drive back till you get to thirty-fi' shents, 'cause thashall I got."

WIFEY—"I heard a noise when you came in last night."

HUBBY—"Perhaps it was the night falling."

WIFEY (coldly)—"No, it wasn't, it was the day breaking."

DUTCH

BIX—"I see there's a report from Holland that concrete bases for German cannon have been found there."

DIX—"Don't believe a word you hear from Holland. The geography says it is a low, lying country."

DYSPEPSIA

Joy of Eating

A well-known banker in a down-town restaurant was eating mush and milk.

"What's the matter?" inquired a friend.

"Got dyspepsia."

"Don't you enjoy your meals?"

"Enjoy my meals?" snorted the indignant dyspeptic. "My meals are merely guide-posts to take medicine before or after."

"Dyspepsia seldom kills anyone," said Akinside, "but—"

"No," returned old Festus Pester. "It makes them so talkative that everybody else wants to kill them."

EATING

If We Didn't Have To Eat

Life would be an easy matter
If we didn't have to eat.
If we never had to utter,
"Won't you pass the bread and butter,
Likewise push along that platter
Full of meat?"
Yes, if food were obsolete
Life would be a jolly treat,
If we didn't—shine or shower,
Old or young, 'bout every hour—
Have to eat, eat, eat, eat, eat—
'Twould be jolly if we didn't have to eat.
We could save a lot of money
If we didn't have to eat.
Could we cease our busy buying,
Baking, broiling, brewing, frying,
Life would then be oh, so sunny
And complete;
And we wouldn't fear to greet
Every grocer in the street
If we didn't—man and woman,
Every hungry, helpless human—
Have to eat, eat, eat, eat, eat—
We'd save money if we didn't have to eat.

All our worry would be over
If we didn't have to eat.
Would the butcher, baker, grocer
Get our hard-earned dollars? No, Sir!
We would then be right in clover
Cool and sweet.

Want and hunger we could cheat,
And we'd get there with both feet,
If we didn't—poor or wealthy,
Halt or nimble, sick or healthy—
Have to eat, eat, eat, eat, eat—
We could get there if we didn't have to eat.

—*Nixon Waterman*.

ECONOMY

TOM—"I've seen the girl I want to marry. I stood behind her at the ticket window this morning and she took seven minutes to buy a five-cent elevated ticket."

ALICE—"Did that make you want to marry her?"

TOM—"Yes, I figured out that she could never spend my income at that rate."

BOOK AGENT—"This book will teach you the way to economize."

THE VICTIM—"That's no good to me. What I need is a book to teach me how to live without economizing."

How oft economy grows gay
And boasts of its efficient work,
When it has merely stopped the pay
Of some two-thousand-dollar clerk!

Little June's father had just returned from the store and was opening up some sheets of sticky fly-paper and placing it about the room. June watched a minute and then burst out with:

"Oh, papa, down at the corner grocery you can get the paper with the flies already caught. They have lots of it in the window."

"Well, Albert, I've been acting on your advice. I put a hundred dollars in the bank this month."

"Fine! It isn't so hard, is it?"

"No; I simply tore up all the bills."—*Life*.

See also Domestic finance; Thrift.

EDITORS

"An editor is a man who puts things in the paper, isn't he?"

"Oh, no, my son; an editor keeps things out of the paper."

The editor of the newspaper in a certain small southern town was given an article to print, praising in very elegant language the life and works of a certain southern colonel.

The colonel and the editor were not the best of friends.

The article came out, but in spelling "scarred," in that very important phrase "battle scarred veteran," one "r" was omitted.

The colonel threatened violence but the editor promised to admit his error in the next issue.

In the following issue, in large type, appeared: "The editor of this paper regrets very much an error in spelling in our last issue. In describing our most worthy colonel, instead of 'battle scared veteran' it should read, 'bottle scarred veteran.'"

That day the editor ceased to edit. His wife was a widow.

A country editor wrote: "Brother, don't stop your paper just because you don't agree with the editor. The last cabbage you sent us didn't agree with us either, but we didn't drop you from our subscription list on that account."

The girl reporter accepted the editor's invitation to dinner and when asked how she enjoyed it, said:

"Oh, fine, but I'll never go to dinner with an editor again."

"Why not?"

"Well, the dinner was fine, but he blue-penciled about three-quarters of my order."

You may know the trade classic about the exchange editor. The new owner of the newspaper asked who that man was in the corner. "The exchange editor," he was informed. "Well, fire him," said he. "All he seems to do is sit there and read all day."

A little boy was given the stunt by his father to write an essay on editors and here is the result:

"If an editor makes a mistake folks say he ought to be hung; but if a doctor makes a mistake he buries it and people dassent say nothing because doctors can read and write Latin. When the editor makes a mistake there is lawsuits and a big fuss; but if a doctor makes one there is a funeral, cut flowers and perfek silence. A doctor can use a word a yard long without anyone knowing what it means; but if the editor uses one he has to spell it. If the doctor goes to see another man's wife he charges for the visit but if the editor goes he gets a charge of buckshot. When the doctor gets drunk it's a case of being overcome by the heat and if he dies it's from heart trouble; when an editor gets drunk it's a case of too much booze and if he dies it's the jim-jams. Any college can make a doctor; an editor has to be born."

Wanted, an editor, who can read, write and argue politics, and at the same time be religious, funny, scientific and historical at will, write to please everybody, know everything, without asking or being told, always having something good to say of everything and everybody else, live on wind and make more money than enemies. For such a man, a good opening will be made in the "graveyard." He is too good to live.

Life in a newspaper office is one compliment after another. "You look so funny when you think," observed the blandishing Miss Harriette Underbill as she passed the given point known as our desk late yesterday afternoon.

COUNTRY EDITOR (to new assistant)—"I shall expect you to write all the editorials, do the religious and sporting departments and turn out a joke column."

ASSISTANT—"What are you going to do?"

"Edit your copy."

EDUCATION

Education—the sum total of all the things we haven't been taught.

WILLIE (doing his homework)—"What is the distance to the nearest star, Auntie?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Willie."

"Well, I hope, then, you'll feel sorry tomorrow when I'm getting punished for your ignorance."

Henry was the neighborhood magistrate. He had been settling a dispute between two blockaders. The one in whose favor the verdict was cast was filled with admiration for the facility with which Henry made out the papers.

"You are one of those 'read' men, ain't you Henry?"

"Yes, I kin read right smart," modestly admitted Henry.

"You been to school, ain't you?" With just pride Henry nodded his head.

"I reckon you been through algebra!"

"Yes, I have," said Henry, "but it was night and I didn't see nothing."

EMPLOYER—"For this job you've got to know French and Spanish, and the pay is eighteen dollars a week."

"Lord, Mister! I ain't got no edication; I'm after a job in the yards."

"See the yard-boss. We'll start you in at forty."—*Life*.

When James A. Garfield was president of Oberlin College, a man brought for entrance as a student his son, for whom he wished a shorter course than the regular one.

"The boy can never take all that in," said the father. "He wants to get through quicker. Can you arrange it for him?"

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Garfield. "He can take a short course; it all depends on 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."

Doubtless the old woman in this story from the London Post will now be able to enlighten her husband on a troublesome subject.

"Doctor," she inquired of a country physician, "can you tell me how it is that some folks be born dumb?"

"Why—hem!—why, certainly, ma'am," replied the doctor. "It is because they come into the world without power of speech."

"Dear me," remarked the woman, "just see what it is to have a physical edication! I'm right glad I axed you. I've axed my old man a hundred times that there same question, and all he would ever say was, 'Cause they be.'"

PROFESSOR—"So, sir, you said that I was a learned jackass, did you?"

FRESHIE—"No, sir, I merely remarked that you were a burro of information."

EFFICIENCY

After many trials and tribulations Mrs. Timson had managed to get a "maid" of sorts.

"Now, Thurza," said she, "be careful about the water. We only use the well water for drinking, as we have to pay a man to pump it. The rain water is good enough for washing up and so on."

After tea Mrs. Timson asked:

"Did you remember about the water, Thurza?"

"Oh, yes, mum!" said Thurza. "I filled the kettle half full of water from the butt and the other half with water from the well. I thought the bottom half might as well be getting hot at the same time for washing up after tea."

An elderly rancher took some fine Kentucky horses to the West in the early sixties. He was proud of them, and justly so. The old gentleman's son had once seen a teamster lock one of his wagon-wheels in going down a declivity. This precaution appealed to the young fellow's idea of "safety first." He duly reported the occurrence to his father, and begged him to get a, lock-chain.

"My son," said the old gentleman, "if I ever send you out with a team that can't outrun the wagon, let 'em go to hell."

SOLICITOR (to business man absorbed in detail)—"I have here a most marvelous system of efficiency, condensed into

one small volume. It will save you fully 50 per cent of your time, and so—"

BUSINESS MAN (interrupting irritably)—"I already have a system by which I can save 100 per cent of my time and yours. I'll demonstrate it now—Good-day!"

The hours I spend at work, dear heart
Are as arithmetic to me;
I count my motions every one apart—
Efficiency.

Each hour a task, each task a test,
Until my heart with doubt is wrung;
I conservate my darndest, but at best
The boss is stung.

O theories that twist and turn!
O frantic gain and laggard loss!
I'll standardize and stint at last to learn

To please the boss
By gum!
To please the boss.

"But," he adds, "as in everything else, there are exceptions. There was Boggins, for instance. Boggins was a great efficiency man in the office, but even more so at home. Why, every time Boggins Junior was naughty his father laid him on the floor and spread a rug over him, so that the beating would kill two birds with one stone, as you might say."

A worm won't turn if you step on it right.

Efficiency is an admirable quality, but it can be overdone, according to Representative M. Clyde Kelly, of Pennsylvania.

"Last election day," Mr. Kelly explains, "the city editor of my newspaper in Braddock sent his best reporter out to learn if the saloons were open in defiance of the law. Four days later he returned and reported, 'They were.'"

"Sambo, I don't understand how you can do all your work so quickly, and so well."

"I'll tell yuh how 'tis, boss. I sticks de match ob enthusiasm to de fuse ob yenergy—and jes natchurally explodes, I does."

"Don't be so long-winded in your reports as you have been in the past," said the manager of the "Wild West" railway to his overseer. "Just report the condition of the track as ye find it, and don't put in a lot of needless words that ain't to the point. Write a business letter, not a love-letter."

A few days later the railway line was badly flooded, and the overseer wrote his report to the manager in one line: "Sir—Where the railway was the river is.—Yours faithfully, ——."

In Montana a railway-bridge had been destroyed by fire, and it was necessary to replace it. The bridge-engineer and his staff were ordered in haste to the place. Two days later came the superintendent of the division. Alighting from his private car, he encountered the old master bridge-builder.

"Bill," said the superintendent—and the words quivered with energy—"I want this job rushed. Every hour's delay costs the company money. Have you got the engineer's plans for the new bridge?"

"I don't know," said the bridge-builder, "whether the engineer has the picture drawed yet or not, but the bridge is up and the trains is passin' over it."—*Harper's*.

"Better consider my course in efficiency training. I can show you how to earn more money than you are getting."

"I do that now."

The boy was very small and the load he was pushing in the wheelbarrow was very, very big.

A benevolent old gentleman, putting down his bundles, lent him a helping hand.

"Really, my boy," he puffed, "I don't see how you manage to get that barrow up the gutters alone."

"I don't," replied the appreciative kid. "Dere's always some jay a-standin' round as takes it up for me."—*Puck*.

MRS. CASEY—"Me sister writes me that every bottle in that box we sent her was broken. Are you sure yez printed 'This side up, with care' on it!"

CASEY—"Oi am. An' for fear they shouldn't see it on the top, Oi printed it on the bottom, as well."

COW—"Can you beat it? There's so much system around here now that they file me in the barn under the letter C."

HEN—"Yes, I have my troubles with efficiency too. They've put a rubber stamp in my nest so I can date my eggs two weeks ahead."

EGOTISM

SMITH—"You seldom see such beautiful golf as that man plays. His drives were corking, his approaches superb and he never missed a putt."

JONES—"How much were you beaten by?"

SMITH—"Why, I won!"

"I" and "Myself" and "Me"

When on myself I sometimes turn
My gaze, with introspection stern,
Three persons there I seem to see,
"I" and "Myself," they are, and "Me."

"I" stands alone with confidence,
Pugnacious, quick to take offense,
Assertive, masterful and strong,
Forever right and *never* wrong,
As Lewis Carroll once avowed,
"I" is extremely "stiff and proud."

"Myself" is rather different,
A chap who is less confident,
Yet full conceited—selfish, too,
And steeped in ego, through and through.
Though others oft "Myself" decry,
He's very, very dear to "I."

Unlike the other two is "Me";
A timid little fellow, he;
Self-conscious, given oft to erring,

My scorn and pity both incurring.
Still, though he's shy as he can be,
While few like "I," a lot like "Me."

—*Eliot Harlow Robinson*.

Many a man thinks he is anxious to please others, when the truth is that he is only anxious that others be pleased with what he does.

I And Me

I wonder just what kind of guy
Am I?
I guess it's time I took
A look inside of me
To see—
But, gee,
I cuss
I'm envious of what the other fellow's got,
I loaf a lot,
And foolish pleasures often buy—
That is the kind of sham
I am.
When things go wrong
I growl along
And take it out
On some good scout
Who's not to blame,
Whatever came—
In fact
The luck I lacked
(Or luck I had,
If mine was bad)
Was mostly my
Own fault. Why.
I
Am not a very pleasant guy,

The poorest on the human shelf—
And, now that I
Size up myself,
Whatever other folks may see,
I do not make a hit with Me.

—*Douglas Malloch*.

EINSTEIN

"Max has sent me an interesting book, 'Relativity,' by Einstein. Have you read it?"

"No. I am waiting for it to be filmed."

EMBARRASSING SITUATIONS

The wife of a Dorchester man who had the traditional failing—he forgot to mail letters—has cured him. The mail is delivered at their home before the breakfast hour—which is comparatively late. One morning she said to her husband:

"Did you have any mail this morning, dear?"

"Only a circular," he answered as he bit into a fine brown slice of toast.

"Huh," said the wife. "By the way, did you mail the letters I gave you yesterday?"

"Sure I did," was the righteously indignant reply.

"Well," answered wifie, with an eloquent smile, "it's funny, then, you had no letters this morning, because one of those I gave you to mail was addressed to you—just as a sort of key."

Callers were at the door and Bobbie was told to show them into the parlor. He did so, and while his mother was fixing herself up, he sat there rather embarrassed. Presently, seeing the visitors glancing around the room, he said:

"Well, what do you think of our stuff, anyway?"

KIND FRIEND (to composer who has just played his newly written *revue* masterpiece)—"Yes, I've always liked that little thing. Now play one of your own, won't you?"

Evelyn is very cowardly, and her father decided to have a serious talk with his little daughter.

"Father," she said at the close of his lecture, "when you see a cow, ain't you 'fraid?"

"No, certainly not, Evelyn."

"When you see a bumblebee, ain't you 'fraid?"

"No!" with scorn.

"Ain't you 'fraid when it thunders?"

"No," with laughter. "Oh, you silly, silly child!"

"Papa," said Evelyn, solemnly, "ain't you 'fraid of nothing in the world but mama?"

Afraid to breathe, almost, the returned reveller crept quietly into his bedchamber as the gray dawn was breaking. Sitting on the edge of the bed, he cautiously undid his boots. But, with all his care, his wife stirred in bed, and he presently was all too well aware of a pair of sleepy eyes regarding him over the edge of the sheet.

"Why, Tom," yawned the little woman, "how early you are this morning!"

"Yes, my dear," replied Tom, stifling a groan, "I've got to go to Montreal for the firm today."

And replacing his footgear the wretched man dragged his aching limbs out again into the cold and heartless streets.

A philanthropic New York woman was entertaining, in the spacious grounds of her suburban residence, a large number of East-Side children. On her rounds of hospitality she was impressed with one strikingly beautiful little girl. She could

not have been more than nine years old, but her coal-black eyes flashed with intelligence. The hostess introduced herself and began a conversation.

"Does what you see here today please you?" she asked. The child eyed her host in silence.

"Talk away," said the lady. "Don't be afraid."

"Tell me," then said the child, "how many children have you got?"

Astonished at the question, the lady hesitated for a moment, and then entered into the fun of the situation.

"Ten," she replied.

"Dear me," answered the child, "that is a very large family, I hope you are careful and look after them. Do you keep them all clean?"

"Well, I do my best."

"And is your husband at work?"

"My husband does not do any kind of work. He never has."

"That is very dreadful," replied the little girl earnestly, "but I hope you keep out of debt."

The game had gone too far for Lady Bountiful's enjoyment of it.

"You are a very rude and impertinent child," she burst out, "to speak like that, and to me."

The child became apologetic. "I'm sure I didn't mean to be, ma'am," she explained. "But mother told me before I came that I was to be sure to speak to you like a lady, and when any ladies call on us, they always ask us those questions."

A gentleman who had married his cook was giving a dinner party and between the courses the good lady sat with her hands spread on the tablecloth.

Suddenly the burr of conversation ceased and in the silence that followed a young man on the right of his hostess said, pleasantly:

"Awful pause!"

"Yes, they may be," said the old-time cook, with heightened color; "and yours would be like them if you had done half my work."

His relatives telephoned to the nearest florist's. The ribbon must be extra wide, with "Rest in Peace" on both sides, and if there was room, "We Shall Meet in Heaven."

The florist was away and his new assistant handled the job. There was a sensation when the flowers turned up at the funeral. The ribbon was extra wide, indeed, and on it was the inscription:

"Rest in peace on both sides, and, if there is room, we shall meet in heaven."

See also Bluffing.

EMPLOYERS AND EMPLOYEES

An Employer's Dream

An Employee,
Dynamic, but not variable.
Tall—of excellent personality.
Aggressive—but tactful.
Sales type—but with a liking for detail.
Vision—looking ahead and discounting the future.
Loyal—always having the interest of his employer at heart.
Creative—but appreciating values—initiative balanced with caution, forseeing his employer's wishes and ideas.
Serious thinker—sunny disposition, looking ahead but mastering first the work on hand.
Interested in his salary—only as incidental—willing to leave that to the discretion of those above him.
Character—excellent, not a clock watcher—interested only in results, working night and day if necessary to secure his success.
Honest—clear thinking—hard-working—looking ahead fearlessly—with his eyes on the future, putting everything else second to his work—with supreme, sound confidence in his own ability—
Ah! Shucks—It's Impossible.

EMPLOYER (to clerk)—"If that bore, Smithers, comes in, tell him I'm out—and don't be working or he'll know you're lying."

The Ten Commandments
(*By A Wise Employer*)

First—Don't lie. It wastes my time and yours. I am sure to catch you in the end, and that will be the wrong end.

Second—Watch your work, not the clock. A long day's work makes a long day short, and a short day's work makes my face long.

Third—Give me more than I expect, and I will give you more than you expect. I can afford to increase your pay if you increase my profits.

Fourth—You owe so much to yourself you cannot afford to owe anybody else. Keep out of debt.

Fifth—Dishonesty is never an accident. Good men, like good women, never see temptation when they meet it.

Sixth—Mind your own business, and in time you'll have a business of your own to mind.

Seventh—Don't do anything here which hurts your self-respect. An employee who is willing to steal for me is willing to steal from me.

Eighth—It is none of my business what you do at night. But if dissipation affects what you do the next day, and you do half as much as I demand, you'll last half as long as you hoped.

Ninth—Don't tell me what I'll like to hear, but what I ought to hear. I don't want a valet for my pride, but one for my purse.

Tenth—Don't kick if I kick. If you're worth while correcting, you're worth while keeping. I don't waste time cutting specks out of rotten apples.

—*The Rotarian*.

One of the bosses at Baldwin's Locomotive Works had to lay off an argumentative Irishman named Pat, so he saved

discussion by putting the discharge in writing. The next day Pat was missing, but a week later the boss was passing through the shop and he saw him again at his lathe. Then, the following colloquy occurred:

"Didn't you get my letter?"

"Yis, sur, Oi did," said Pat.

"Did you read it?"

"Sure, sur, Oi read it inside and Oi read it outside," said Pat, "and on the inside yez said I was fired and on the outside yez said: 'Return to Baldwin Locomotive Works in five days.'"

"Well, George," said the president of the company to old George, "how goes it?"

"Fair to middlin', sir," George answered. And he continued to currycomb a bay horse.

"Me an' this here boss," George said, suddenly, "has worked for your firm sixteen year."

"Well, well," said the president, thinking a little guiltily of George's salary. "And I suppose you are both pretty highly valued, George, eh?"

"H'm," said George, "the both of us was took sick last week, and they got a doctor for the hoss, but they just docked my pay."

A plumber and a painter were working in the same house. The painter arrived late and the plumber said to him, "You're late this morning."

"Yes," said the painter, "I had to stop and have my hair cut."

"You didn't do it on your employer's time, did you?" said the plumber.

"Sure, I did," said the painter; "It grew on his time."

POSSIBLE EMPLOYER—"H'm! so you want a job, eh? Do you ever tell lies?"

APPLICANT—"No, sir, but I kin learn."

A man named Dodgin was recently appointed foreman at the gas works, but his name was not known to all the employees. One day while on his rounds he came across two men sitting in a corner, smoking, and stopped near them.

"Who are you?" said one of the men.

"I'm Dodgin, the new foreman," he replied.

"So are we," replied the other workers, "sit down and have a smoke."

ENEMIES

Speak well of your enemies. Remember you made them.

The fine and noble way to kill a foe
Is not to kill him; you with kindness may
So change him, that he shall cease to be so;
Then he's slain.

—*Aleyn*.

ENGLISH LANGUAGE

By way of enlarging the children's vocabulary, our village school-teacher is in the habit of giving them a certain word and asking them to form a sentence in which that word occurs. The other day she gave the class the word "notwithstanding." There was a pause, and then a bright-faced youngster held up his hand.

"Well, what is your sentence, Tommy?" asked the teacher.

"Father wore his trousers out, but notwithstanding."

TILDA—"Pass the 'lasses."

LIZZIE (who has attended school)—"Don't say "lasses.' Say molasses."

TILDA—"How come I say mo' 'lasses when I ain't had none yet?"

Jailless Crimes

Killing time.
Hanging pictures.
Stealing bases.
Shooting the chutes.
Choking off a speaker.
Running over a new song.
Smothering a laugh.
Setting fire to a heart.
Knifing a performance.
Murdering the English language.—*Judge*.

"Now, boys," said the schoolmaster, "I want you to bear in mind that the word 'stan' at the end of a word means 'the place of.' Thus we have Afghanistan—the place of the Afghans; also Hindustan—the place of the Hindus. Can any one give me another example?"

Nobody appeared very anxious to do so, until little Johnny Snaggs, the joy of his mother and the terror of the cats, said proudly—

"Yes, sir, I can. Umbrellastan—the place for umbrellas."

He went into a shop to buy a comb. He was a man careful of other people's grammar, and believed himself to be careful of his own.

"Do you want a narrow man's comb?" asked the assistant.

"No," answered the careful grammarian, "I want a comb for a stout man with tortoiseshell teeth."

TEACHER—"Thomas, will you tell me what a conjunction is, and compose a sentence containing one?"

THOMAS (after reflection)—"A conjunction is a word connecting anything, such as 'The horse is hitched to the fence by his halter.' 'Halter' is a conjunction, because it connects the horse and the fence."

A young man poured out a long story of adventure to a Boston girl. Surprised, she asked:

"Did you really do that?"

"I done it," answered the proud young man. He began another narrative, more startling than the first.

When she again expressed her surprise, he said, with inflated chest, "I done it."

"Do you know," remarked the girl, "you remind me strongly of Banquo's Ghost?"

"Why?"

"Don't you remember that Macbeth said to him, 'Thou canst not say, "I did it"'?" and the young man wondered why everybody laughed.

An English professor, traveling through the hills, noted various quaint expressions. For instance, after a long ride the professor sought provisions at a mountain hut.

"What d' yo'-all want?" called out a woman.

"Madam," said the professor, "can we get corn bread here? We'd like to buy some of you."

"Corn bread? Corn bread, did yo' say?" Then she chuckled to herself, and her manner grew amiable. "Why, if corn bread's all yo' want, come right in, for that's just what I hain't got nothing else on hand but."

Charles B. Towns, the antidrug champion, spent some time in China several years ago with Samuel Merwin, the writer. In a Hongkong shop-window they noticed some Chinese house-coats of particularly striking designs and stepped in to purchase one. Mr. Towns asked Mr. Merwin to do the bargaining.

"Wantum coatee," said Mr. Merwin to the sleepy-eyed Oriental who shuffled up with a grunt. He placed several of the coats before them.

"How muchee Melican monee?" inquired Mr. Merwin.

"It would aid me in transacting this sale," said the Chinaman, "if you would confine your language to your mother tongue. The coat is seven dollars."

Mr. Merwin took it.

Grace's uncle met her on the street one spring day and asked her whether she was going out with a picnic party from her school.

"No," replied his eight-year-old niece, "I ain't going."

"My dear," said the uncle, "you must not say, 'I ain't going.' You must say, 'I am not going.'" And he proceeded to give her a little lesson in grammar: "'You are not going. He is not going. We are not going. You are not going. They are not going.' Now, can you say all that?"

"Sure I can," responded Grace quite heartily. "There ain't nobody going."—*Harper's*.

"What is the plural of man, Willie?" asked the teacher of a small pupil.

"Men," answered Willie.

"And, the plural of child?"

"Twins," was the unexpected reply.

A colored woman one day visited the court-house in a Tennessee town and said to the judge:

"Is you-all the reperbate judge?"

"I am the judge of probate, mammy."

"I'se come to you-all 'cause I'se in trubble. Mah man—he's done died detested and I'se got t'ree little infidels so I'se cum to

be appointed der execootioner."

ENGLISHMEN

At a dinner in New York an Englishman heard for the first time and, probably after due explanation, was much amused by that "toasted" chestnut:

"Here's to the happiest hours of my life,

"Spent in the arms of another man's wife:

"My mother."

Shortly after his return to England he was present at a banquet, and thought he would get off the New York toast he had considered so clever. At the proper time he rose and said:

"Here's to the happiest hours of my life,

"Spent in the arms of another man's wife:

"Spent in the arms of another man's wife—

"Another man's wife. Excuse me, I really cawn't recall the lady's name, but it doesn't matter."

ENTHUSIASM

A Soldier of color, recently "over there," had proposed to, and been accepted by his dusky sweetheart. During the marriage ceremony he showed such signs of nervousness that the minister, noticing it, whispered to him, in a voice which could have been heard half a mile:

"What's de mattah wif you Rastus, is yo dun los' yo' ring or sumpin?"

"N-no sah, Mr. Preacher," answered the ex-hero, "but I sho nuff dun los' mah 'thusiasm."

If a man lacks enthusiasm it takes him twice as long to accomplish a task.

A man who allows himself to be carried away with enthusiasm often has to walk back.

EPIGRAMS

An epigram is a twinkle in the eye of Truth.

Many a woman is blamed for making a fool of a man when he is really self-made.

Some men are like rusty needles; the best way to clean and brighten them is with work.

When one reaches the end of his rope, he should tie a knot in it and hang on.

EPITAPHS

A Tired Woman's Epitaph
(Before 1850)

Here lies a poor woman,
  Who always was tired;
She lived in a house,
  Where help was not hired;
Her last words on earth were,
  "Dear friends I am going;
Where washing ain't done,
  Nor sweeping nor sewing;
But everything there is exact to my wishes,
  For where they don't eat,
There's no washing of dishes;
  I'll be where loud anthems will always be ringing;
But having no voice, I'll be clear of the singing;
Don't mourn for me now, don't mourn for me never,
  I'm going to do nothing, forever and ever."

Mrs. Whann, the weeping widow of a well-known man, requested that the words "My sorrow is greater than I can bear" be placed upon the marble slab of her dear departed.

A few months later the lady returned and asked how much it would cost her to have the inscription effaced and another substituted.

"No need of that, marm," replied the man, soothingly; "you see, I left jes' enough room to add 'alone.'"

THE TOMBSTONE MAN (after several abortive suggestions)—"How would simply, 'Gone Home' do?"

MRS. NEWWEEDS—"I guess that would be all right. It was always the last place he ever thought of going."—*Puck*.

Here lies my wife: here let her lie!
Now she's at rest, and so am I.

—*John Dryden*.

"Did you hear about the defacement of Mr. Skinner's tombstone?" asked Mr. Brown a few days after the funeral of that eminent captain of industry.

"No, what was it?" inquired his neighbor curiously.

"Someone added the word 'friends' to the epitaph."

"What was the epitaph?"

"He did his best."

EQUALITY

In a mood for companionship with none at hand, a New Yorker was making her way through a quiet down town cross street to an East Side subway. As she approached a team of horses standing by the curb, the nearer of the pair looked her straight in the eye man-to-man like. No driver being in sight she took from her pocket some lumps of sugar (reserved as a tip for the ice-horse) and fed and fondled and talked foolishly to her friend of the curb. Looking up before turning to the second horse, she was confused and startled to find a brisk young driver, reins in hand, looking ready to tear up the pavements in a mad rush to Jersey or somewhere. She hurried off to escape his wrath at being delayed. The angry words flung after her were: "The other one ain't no stepchild."

And the horses galloped off equally sugared.

ETIQUET

"Frances," said the little girl's mamma, who was entertaining callers in the parlor, "you came downstairs so noisily that you could be heard all over the house. Now go back and come down stairs like a lady."

Frances retired and after a few moments re-entered the parlor.

"Did you hear me come downstairs this time, mamma?"

"No dear; I am glad you came down quietly. Now, don't ever let me have to tell you again not to come down noisily. Now tell these ladies how you managed to come down like a lady the second time, when the first time you made so much noise."

"The last time I slid down the banisters," explained Frances.

Hearts, like doors, can ope with ease
To very, very little keys,
And don't forget that they are these
"I thank you, Sir"; and, "If you please."

Unseen, Unheard

TEACHER—"What does a well-bred child do when a visitor calls to see her mother?"

CHILD—"Me—I go play in the street."

HOSTESS (at party)—"Does your mother allow you to have two pieces of pie when you are at home, Willie?"

WILLIE (who has asked for a second piece)—"No, ma'am."

"Well, do you think she'd like you to have two pieces here?"

"Oh," confidentially, "she wouldn't care. This isn't her pie!"

"I can't understand this code of ethics."

"What code is that?"

"The one which makes it all right to take a man's last dollar, but a breach of etiquette to take his last cigaret."

Tom Johnson claims that the oldest joke is the one about the Irish soldier who saw a shell coming and made a low bow. The shell missed him and took off the head of the man behind him. "Sure," said Pat, "ye never knew a man to lose anything by being polite."

EUROPEAN WAR

War is evidently a losing game when it takes a country forty-two years to pay for what she destroyed in a little more than four.

A dusky doughboy, burdened under tons of medals and miles and miles of ribbons, service and wound chevrons, stars et al., encountered a 27th Division scrapper in Le Mans a few days prior to the division's departure for the States.

"Whar yo' all ben scrappin' in dis yar war, boss?" meekly inquired the colored soldier.

"Why, we've been fighting up in Belgium and Flanders with the British," replied the New Yorker, proudly.

"Well, we ben down in dem woods—watcha call 'em woods 'way down south."

"The Argonne?" suggested young Knickerbocker.

"Yas, yas, dem's de woods—d'Argonne."

"You know our division was the first to break the Hindenburg line, colored boy," explained the 27th man.

"Was it you wot did dat trick? Y' know boss, we felt dat ol' line sag 'way down in d'Argonne."

WILLIS—"Did the war do anything for you?"

GILLIS—"Sure did. It taught me to save peach-stones, tin-foil, newspapers and all kinds of junk. In fact, I can now save

anything except money."

Just before the St. Mihiel show the Germans blew up an ammunition dump near a company of Yanks. It was reported that there was a large quantity of gas shells in the dump, and as soon as the explosions began the Americans immediately made themselves scarce with great rapidity.

When the danger had passed all started drifting back with the exception of one man who did not appear till the next day.

"Well, where you been?" demanded the top kick, eyeing him coldly.

"Sergeant," replied the other earnestly, "I don't know where I been, but I give you my word I been all day gettin' back."

"Who won the war?" asked the bright young goof behind the soda-counter.

"Huh," ejaculated the ex-sergeant gruffly as he dug up the war-tax, "I think we bought it."

A librarian confides to us that she was visited by a young lady who wished to see a large map of France. She was writing a paper on the battle-fields of France for a culture club, and she just couldn't find Flanders Fields and No Man's Land on any of the maps in her books.

The trouble with the peace table is that the Allies want it *à la carte*, and Wilson wants it American plan—*table d'hôte*.

See also Exaggeration; Heroes; Soldiers; War.

EUROPEAN WAR—POEMS

Gifts of the Dead

Ye who in Sorrow's tents abide,
  Mourning your dead with hidden tears,
Bethink ye what a wealth of pride
  They've won you for the coming years.

Grievous the pain; but, in the day
  When all the cost is counted o'er,
Would it be best that ye should say:
  "We lost no loved ones in the war?"

Who knows? But proud then shall ye stand
  That best, most honored boast to make:
"My lover died for his dear land,"
  Or, "My son fell for England's sake."

Christlike they died that we might live;
  And our redeemed lives would we bring,
With aught that gratitude may give
  To serve you in your sorrowing.

And never a pathway shall ye tread,
  No foot of seashore, hill, or lea,
But ye may think: "The dead, my dead,
  Gave this, a sacred gift, to me."

—*Habberton Lulhaut*.

The war is like the Judgment Day—
All sham, all pretext torn away;
And swift the searching hours reveal
Hearts good as gold, souls true as steel.

Blest saints and martyrs in disguise,
Concealed ere-while from holden eyes.

And now we feel that all around
Have angels walked the well-known ground;
Not winged and strange beyond our ken,
But in the form of common men.
God's messengers from Heaven's own sphere—
Unrecognized because so near.

—*Ella Fuller Maitland*.

For Thee They Died

For thee their pilgrim swords were tried,
Thy flaming word was in their scrips,
They battled, they endured, they died
To make a new Apocalypse.
Master and Maker, God of Right,
The soldier dead are at thy gate,
Who kept the spears of honor bright
And freedom's house inviolate.

—*John Drinkwater*.

After-Days.

When the last gun has long withheld
Its thunder, and its mouth is sealed,
Strong men shall drive the furrow straight
On some remembered battle-field.

Untroubled they shall hear the loud.
And gusty driving of the rains,
And birds with immemorial voice
Sing as of old in leafy lanes.

The stricken, tainted soil shall be
Again a flowery paradise—

Pure with the memory of the dead
And purer for their sacrifice.

—*Eric Chilman*.

EVIDENCE

An attorney was defending a man charged by his wife with desertion. For a time it looked as tho it were a cinch for the prosecution, but at the psychological moment the attorney called the defendant to the stand. "Take off that bandage," he cried, and the man did it, exposing a black eye. "Your honor," said the attorney, "our defense is that this man is not a deserter. He's a refugee."

The London police-sergeant raised his eyes from the blotter as two policemen propelled the resisting victim before him.

"A German spy, sir!" gasped the first bobby.

"I'm an American, and can prove it," denied the victim.

"That's what he says, but here's the evidence," interrupted the second bobby, triumphantly producing a bulky hotel-register from beneath his arm, and pointing to an entry.

"V. Gates," written in a flowing hand, was the record that met the astonished sergeant's gaze.

It happened in the court-room during the trial of a husky young man who was charged with assault and battery. Throughout an especially severe cross-examination the defendant stoutly maintained that he had merely pushed the plaintiff "a little bit."

"Well, about how hard?" queried the prosecutor.

"Oh, just a little bit," responded the defendant.

"Now," said the attorney, "for the benefit of the judge and the jury, you will please step down here and, with me for the subject, illustrate just how hard you mean."

Owing to the unmerciful badgering which the witness had just been through, the prosecutor thought that the young man would perhaps overdo the matter to get back at him, and thus incriminate himself.

The defendant descended as per schedule, and approached the waiting attorney. When he reached him the spectators were astonished to see him slap the lawyer in the face, kick him in the shins, seize him bodily, and, finally, with a supreme effort, lift him from the floor and hurl him prostrate across a table.

Turning from the bewildered prosecutor, he faced the court and explained mildly:

"Your honor and gentlemen, about one-tenth that hard!"

An aged negro was crossing-tender at a spot where an express train made quick work of a buggy and its occupants. Naturally he was the chief witness, and the entire case hinged upon the energy with which he had displayed his warning signal.

A gruelling cross-examination left Rastus unshaken in this story: The night was dark, and he had waved his lantern frantically, but the driver of the carriage paid no attention to it.

Later, the division superintendent called the flagman to his office to compliment him on the steadfastness with which he stuck to his story.

"You did wonderfully, Rastus," he said. "I was afraid at first you might waver in your testimony."

"Nossir, nossir," Rastus exclaimed, "but I done feared ev'ry minute that 'ere durn lawyer was gwine ter ask me if mah lantern was lit."—*Puck*.

During a suit to recover damages following an automobile collision in the Adirondacks, the complainant's attorney, a city lawyer, constantly hectored the defendant's principal witness, a rough old guide, but was unable to shake his testimony.

During cross-examination the guide mentioned "havin' come across the trail of a Ford." The city lawyer jumped at this chance to discredit the guide's evidence.

"Do you mean to tell this court," he demanded, "that you can determine the make of a car by studying its track? How did you know it was a Ford?"

"Well, sir," drawled the guide, "I followed its trail about a hundred yards and found a Ford at the end of it."

The magistrate looked severely at the small, red-faced man who had been summoned before him, and who returned his gaze without flinching.

"So you kicked your landlord downstairs?" queried the magistrate. "Did you imagine that was within the right of a tenant?"

"I'll bring my lease in and show it to you," said the little man, growing redder, "and I'll wager you'll agree with me that anything they've forgotten to prohibit in that lease I had a right to do the very first chance I got."

"As a matter of fact," said the lawyer for the defendant, trying to be sarcastic, "you were scared half to death, and don't know whether it was a motor-car or something resembling a motor-car that hit you."

"It resembled one all right," the plaintiff made answer. "I was forcibly struck by the resemblance."

A religious worker was visiting a Southern penitentiary, when one prisoner in some way took his fancy. This prisoner was a negro, who evinced a religious fervour as deep as it was gratifying to the caller.

"Of what were you accused?" the prisoner was asked.

"Dey says I took a watch," answered the negro. "I made a good fight. I had a dandy lawyer, an' he done prove an alibi wif ten witnesses. Den my lawyer he shore made a strong speech to de jury. But it wa'n't no use, sah; I gets ten years."

"I don't see why you were not acquitted," said the religious worker.

"Well, sah," explained the prisoner, "dere was shore one weak spot 'bout my defence—dey found de watch in my pocket."

Some time ago an elderly gentleman walking along the street saw a little girl crying bitterly. Instantly his heart softened and he stopped to soothe her.

"What is the matter, little girl," he kindly asked; "are you hurt?"

"No, sir," responded the child as her sobbing increased in volume, "I lost my nickel!"

"There! There!" gently returned the kind-hearted citizen, digging into his pocket. "Don't cry any more. Here is your nickel."

"Why, you wicked man!" exclaimed the little girl, seizing the coin and glaring at the donor with flashing eyes. "You had it all the time!"

GRAMERCY—"Why don't you have your old car repainted?"

PARK—"Wouldn't think of such a thing. It's been stolen a dozen times and has the finest collection of fingerprints you ever saw."

A witness in a railroad case at Fort Worth, asked to tell in his own way how the accident happened, said:

"Well, Ole and I was walking down the track, and I heard a whistle, and I got off the track, and the train went by, and I got back on the track, and I didn't see Ole; but I walked along, and pretty soon I seen Ole's hat, and I walked on, and seen one of Ole's legs, and then I seen one of Ole's arms, and then another leg, and then over one side Ole's head, and I says, 'My God! Something muster happen to Ole!'"

Facts are stubborn things.—*Smollett*.

See also Witnesses.

EXAGGERATION

A War Lexicon

In a letter to the editor of the New York Sun an anonymous writer gives the following important interpretations of various phrases of "Desperanto," or the language indulged in by frantic telegraph editors on American newspapers:

Terrific Slaughter—Sixteen French and seventeen Germans wounded.
Hurled Back—The withdrawal of an advanced outpost.
Thousands of Prisoners—Three German farmers arrested.
Deadly Air Battle—French aeroplane seen in the distance.
Gigantic Army of Invasion—Two troops of cavalry on a reconnaissance.
Overwhelming Force—A sergeant and a detail of twelve men.
Fierce Naval Battle—Mysterious sounds heard at sea.
Americans Outrageously Maltreated—One American asked to explain why his trunk contained maps of German roads.
Bottled Up—A fleet at anchor.
Trapped—An army in camp.
Rout—An orderly retreat.
Heroism—A failure of soldiers to run away in the face of danger.
Decisive Conflict—A skirmish of outposts.

A man with a look of business on his face came to a hotel-keeper, and asked him if he would buy two carloads of frogs' legs.

"Two carloads!" said the man in amazement. "Why, I could not use them in twenty years!"

"Well, will you buy a carload?"

"No."

"Twenty or thirty bushels?"

"No."

"Twenty or thirty dozens?"

"No."

"Two dozen?"

"Yes."

A few days later the man returned with three pairs of legs. "Is that all?" asked the landlord.

"Yes; the fact is that I live near a pond, and the frogs made so much noise that I thought there were millions of them. But I dragged the pond with a seine, drained it and raked it, and there were only three frogs in the whole place."—*Life*.

A certain young society man was much given to telling exaggerated stories and was rapidly gaining a reputation for untruthfulness which worried his friends and particularly his chum, who remonstrated with him and threatened to disown him if he did not mend his ways.

"Charlie," said he, "you must stop this big story business of yours or you are going to lose me as a friend. Nobody believes a word you say, and you are getting to be a laughing-stock."

Charlie admitted that he was aware of the fact but complained that he could not overcome his fault, try as he would. He suggested that had he but somebody beside him when he started to elaborate upon his tale, to tread on his foot, he was sure he could break the habit.

A few days later they were invited to a dinner party and his chum agreed to sit next to Charlie and step on his toe if he went too far. All went well until the subject of travel was brought up. One of the company told of an immense building that he had seen when on a trip up the Nile. This started Charlie, who at once began to describe a remarkable building he had seen while on a hunting trip on the northern border of India.

"It was one of the most remarkable buildings, I presume, in the world," said he. "Its dimensions we found to be three miles in length, two miles in height, and"—as his watchful friend trod on his toe—"two feet wide."

The old sea captain was smoking comfortably by his fireside when Jack, his sailor son, burst in upon him.

"Weather too rough," explained the son, "so we've put in for the day."

"Too rough!" exclaimed Mr. Tar, with visions of his own days at sea. "Why, sir, I was once sailing round the Cape when a storm came on, and it blew down the main-mast and the mizzen-mast was swept away, but we didn't even think of putting in."

"Well, you see," exclaimed the son, "this storm was so bad that it blew the anchors off the captain's buttons, took the paint off the ship's bows and—"

"Stop!" cried the old man. "You do me credit, Jack—you do me credit!"

EXAMINATIONS

PROF—"A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer."

STUDE—"No wonder so many of us flunk in our exams!"

EXCUSES

In a Canadian camp somewhere in England a second George Washington has been found. He, in company with several others, had been granted four days' leave, and, as usual, wired for extension. But no hackneyed excuse was his. In fact, it was so original that it has been framed and now hangs in a prominent spot in the battalion orderly-room. It ran as follows:

"Nobody dead, nobody ill; still going strong, having a good time, and got plenty of money. Please grant extension."

And he got it!

FIRST OFFICER—"Did you get that fellow's number?"

SECOND OFFICER—"No; he was going too fast."

FIRST OFFICER—"Say, that was a fine-looking dame in the car."

SECOND OFFICER—"Wasn't she?"—*Puck*.

TED—"Pity the rain spoiled the game today."

NED—"But you got a check didn't you?"

TED—"Yes, but to get off I had to use up the best excuse I ever had in my life."—*Judge*.

Johnny B——, who has seen eight summers go by, not very long ago developed a fondness for playing hooky from school.

After two or three offenses of this kind he was taken to task by his teacher.

"Johnny," she said, "the next time you are absent I want you to bring me an excuse from your father telling me why you were not here."

"I don't want to bring an excuse from my father," protested the boy.

"Why not?" asked the teacher, her suspicion plain.

"'Cause father isn't any good at making excuses."

In his Savannah camp Bill Donovan, baseball manager, had a dusky-hued waiter at the hotel by the name of Sutton. Bill had to reproach Sutton more than once for a lack of agility in arriving with the food. Sutton promised to improve. One morning he brought in a consignment of griddle-cakes that had gone cold.

"What do you mean," said Bill, "by bringing me in cold cakes?"

"Well, I'll tell you, boss," said Sutton. "I brung them cakes in so fast that I guess they hit a draft."

A country school-master had two pupils, to one of whom he was partial, and to the other severe. One morning it happened that these two boys were late, and were called up to account for it.

"You must have heard the bell, boys; why did you not come?"

"Please, sir," said the favorite, "I was dreaming that I was going to Margate, and I thought the school-bell was the steam-boat-bell."

"Very well," said the master, glad of any pretext to excuse his favorite. "And now, sir," turning to the other, "What have you to say?"

"Please, sir," said the puzzled boy, "I—I—was waiting to see Tom off!"

"Waiter, bring me two fried eggs, some ham, a cup of coffee, and a roll," said the first "commercial."

"Bring me the same," said his friend, "but eliminate the eggs."

"Yessir."

In a moment the waiter came back, leaned confidentially and penitently over the table, and whispered:

"We 'ad a bad accident just before we opened this mornin', sir, and the 'andle of the 'liminator got busted off. Will you take yer heggs fried, same as this 'ere gentleman?"

EXECUTIVE ABILITY

Executive ability has been variously defined, but the following from an executive with a sense of humor seems to cover the whole subject. He said: "Executive ability is the ability to hire someone to do work for which you will get the credit, and, if there is a slip-up, having someone at whose door to lay the blame."

Qualifications for an Executive

To do the right thing, at the right time, in the right way. To do some things better than they were done before. To eliminate errors. To know both sides of a question. To be courteous. To set an example. To work for the love of work. To anticipate requirements. To develop resources. To master circumstances. To act from reason rather than from rule. To be satisfied with nothing short of perfection.—*H. Gordon Selfridge*.

EXPENSES

A story is told about a citizen whose daughter is about to be married, and who has been trying to get a line on what the expense of the rather elaborate ceremony will be. He approached a friend of his, seeking information.

"Morris," he said, "your oldest daughter was married about five years ago, wasn't she? Would you mind telling me about how much the wedding cost you?"

"Not at all, Sam," was the answer. "Altogether, about five thousand dollars a year."

Here is a story of the late Lord Haversham's schooldays. Glancing through his pocket book his mother saw a number of entries of small sums, ranging from 2s. 6d. to 5s., against which were the letters "P.G." Thinking this must mean the Propagation of the Gospel, she asked her son why he did not give a lump sum and a larger amount to so deserving a cause.

"That is not for the Propagation of the Gospel," he replied. "When I cannot remember exactly on what I spend the money I put 'P.G.,' which means 'Probably grub.'"

"Don't you find it hard these times to meet expenses?"

"Hard? Man alive! I meet expenses at every turn."

EXPERIENCE

"Did you ever realize anything on that investment?"

"Oh, yes."

"What did you realize on it?"

"What a fool I had been."

It is as easy to buy experience as it is difficult to sell it.

"Have you ever had any experience in handling high-class ware?" asked a dealer in bric-à-brac of an applicant for work.

"No, sir," was the reply, "but I think I can do it."

"Suppose," said the dealer, "you accidentally broke a very valuable porcelain vase, what would you do?"

"I should put it carefully together," replied the man, "and set it where a wealthy customer would be sure to knock it over again."

"Consider yourself engaged," said the dealer. "Now, tell me where you learned that trick of the trade."

"A few years ago," answered the other, "I was one of the 'wealthy-customer' class."

Experience is a dead loss if you can't sell it for more than it cost.

Experience converts us to ourselves when books fail us.—*A. Bronson Alcott*.

I know
The past and thence I will essay to glean
A warning for the future, so that man
May profit by his errors, and derive
Experience from his folly;
For, when the power of imparting joy
Is equal to the will, the human soul
Requires no other heaven.

—*Shelley*.

EXTRAVAGANCE

"What made you a multi-millionaire?"

"My wife."

"Ah, her tactful help—"

"Nothing like that. I was simply curious to know if there was any income she couldn't live beyond."

The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,
Provides a home from which to run away.

—*Young*.

FAILURES

BROWN—"Back to town again? I thought you were a farmer."

GREEN—"You made the same mistake I did."—*Judge*.

There are people who fail because they are afraid to make a beginning. Who are too honest to steal, but will borrow and never pay back. Who go to bed tired because they spend the day in looking for an easy place. Who can play a tune on one string, but it never makes anybody want to dance. Who would like to reform the world, but have a front gate that won't stay shut. Who cannot tell what they think about anything until they see what the papers have to say about it.

A first failure is often a blessing.—*A. L. Brown*.

To fail at all is to fail utterly.—*Lowell*.

He only is exempt from failures who makes no efforts.—*Whately*.

FAME

After an absence of four years a certain man went back to visit his old home town. The first four people he met didn't remember him and the next three didn't know he had been away.

"That antagonist of yours says he is going to leave footprints in the sands of time."

"He won't," replied Senator Sorghum. "His mind is in the clouds. He is an intellectual aviator. When he comes down he will leave a dent, not a footprint."

Nor fame I slight, nor for her favors call:
She comes unlooked for, if she comes at all.

—*Pope*.

For what is fame, but the benignant strength of one, transformed to joy of many?—*George Eliot*.

Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds.—*Longfellow*.

FAMILIES

A Kansas man is reported to be the father of thirty-two children. It is not known whether he will apply for admission to the League of Nations or just let America represent him for the present.—*Punch (London)*.

A census-taker was working in lower New York on the East Side, and came to a tenement that was literally crowded with children. To the woman who was bending over the washtub he said:

"Madam, I am the census-taker; how many children have you?"

"Well, lemme see," replied the woman, as she straightened up and wiped her hands on her apron. "There's Mary and Ellen and Delia and Susie and Emma and Tommy and Albert and Eddie and Charlie and Frank and—"

"Madam," interrupted the census man, "if you could just give me the number—"

"Number!" she exclaimed, indignantly. "I want you to understand that we ain't got to numberin' 'em yet. We ain't run out o' names!"

The census man when taking the census in a certain Canadian town asked of the head of the family the usual questions, one being, "How many children have you?"

The man answered, "Oh, I don't know, ten, twelve, fourteen or so. I know a barrel of flour lasts pretty damn quick."

See also Bluffing.

FARMING

"It used to be said that anybody could farm—that about all that was required was a strong back and a weak mind," mused the gaunt Missourian. "But now'-days, to be a successful farmer a feller must have a good head and a wide education in order to understand the advice ladled out to him from all sides by city men and to select for use that which will do him the least damage."

PROFESSOR AT AGRICULTURAL SCHOOL—"What kinds of farming are there?"

NEW STUDENT—"Extensive, intensive, and pretensive."

They were having an argument as to whether it was correct to say of a hen she is "setting" or "sitting," and, not being able to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion, they decided to submit the problem to Farmer Giles.

"My friends," said he, "that don't interest me at all. What I wants to know when I hear a hen cackle is whether she be laying or lying."

"How many head o' live stock you got on the place?"

"Live stock?" echoed the somewhat puzzled farmer. "What d' ye mean by live stock? I got four steam-tractors and seven automobiles."—*Judge*.

The city youth secured a job with Farmer Jones. The morning after his arrival, promptly at 4 o'clock, the farmer rapped on his door and told him to get up. The youth protested.

"What for?" he asked, rubbing his eyes.

"Why, we're going to cut oats," replied the farmer.

"Are they wild oats," queried the youth, "that you've got to sneak up on 'em in the dark?"

"Aren't you afraid America will become isolated?"

"Not if us farmers keep raisin' things the world needs," answered Farmer Corntossel, "The feller that rings the dinner-bell never runs much risk of bein' lonesome."

"How'd that city hired man of yours pan out?"

"Well, he started in Monday morning plowing corn. At 10 o'clock he struck for a helper to lift the gangs out at the ends, and I sent the kid out to do that. At noon he struck for two pieces of strawberry shortcake instead of one, so I gave him my piece. At 1:15 he struck for a sunshade on the corn plow. I says, 'Young man, this job is just like a baseball game. Three strikes and you're out, Good-bye.'"

A rather patronizing individual from town was observing with considerable interest the operations of a farmer with whom he had put up for a while.

As he watched the old man sow the seed in his field the man from the city called out facetiously:

"Well done, old chap. You sow; I reap the fruits."

Whereupon the farmer grinned and replied:

"Maybe you will. I am sowing hemp."

See also Failures.

FASHION

"Isn't your wife dogmatic?"

"She was when Pomeranian pups were the style, but now she's auto-matic."

The fashion wears out more apparel than the man.—*Shakespeare*.

"Women have queer ways."

"How now?"

"The styles call for mannish hats. So my wife bought a mannish hat for eighteen dollars."

"Well?"

"She could have bought a man's hat for four dollars."

Women's fashions seem to be working around to the point where the voice with the smile will have to be listed among the latest spring styles.

The intrepid general was rallying her wavering female troops.

"Women," she cried, "will you give way to mannish fears?"

A muffled murmur of indecision ran through the ranks.

"Shall it be said we are clothed in male armor?" shrieked the general.

The murmur became a mumble.

"Will you," fiercely demanded the general, "show the white feather in a season when feathers are not worn?"

The effect was electrical.

"Never!" roared the soldiers. And, forming into battle array, they once more hurled themselves upon the enemy.

"You criticize us," said the Chinese visitor, "yet I see all your women have their feet bandaged."

"That is an epidemic," it was explained to him, gently, "which broke out in 1914. Those are called spats."

Little Tommy at the "movies" saw a tribe of Indians painting their faces, and asked his mother the significance of this.

"Indians," his mother answered, "always paint their faces before going on the war-path—before scalping and tomahawking and murdering."

The next evening after dinner, as the mother entertained in the parlor her daughter's young man, Tommy rushed downstairs, wide-eyed with fright.

"Come on, mother!" he cried. "Let's get out of this quick! Sister is going on the war-path!"

Mrs. Will Irwin said at a Washington Square tea:

"The more immodest fashions would disappear if men would resolutely oppose them.

"I know a woman whose dressmaker sent home the other day a skirt that was, really, too short altogether. The woman put it on. It was becoming enough, dear knows, but it made her feel ashamed. She entered the library, and her husband looked up from his work with a dark frown.

"'I wonder,' she said, with an embarrassed laugh, 'if these ultra-short skirts will ever go out?'

"'They'll never go out with me,' he answered in decided tones."

Those reform preachers who designed the moral gown for women did a good job. Now to design a woman who will wear it.

FAIR CUSTOMER (to salesman displaying modern bathing suit)—"And you're sure this bathing suit won't shrink?"

SALESMAN—"No, miss; it has nowhere to shrink to."

POLICEMAN—"Lost yer mammy, 'ave yer? Why didn't yer keep hold of her skirt?"

LITTLE ALFRED—"I cou—cou—couldn't reach it."

When ladies wore their dresses very low and very short, a wit observed that "they began too late and ended too soon."

FAIR CUSTOMER—"I'd like to try on that one over there."

SALESMAN—"I'm sorry, madam, but that is the lampshade."

The Fifth Avenue Bus having stopped, the lady at the top of the stairs was slow in descending. "Come on down, lady," said the conductor in a bored tone, "legs ain't no treat to me."

FATE

All human things are subject to decay,
And when fate summons, monarchs must obey.

—*Dryden*.

All are architects of Fate,
  Working in these walls of Time:
Some with massive deeds and great,
  Some with ornaments of rhyme.

—*Longfellow*.

Fate holds the strings, and Men like Children, move
But as they're led: Success is from above.

—*Lord Lansdowne*.

One ship drives east, and another west
With the self-same winds that blow;
  'Tis the set of the sails
  And not the gales
Which decide the way to go.

Like the winds of the sea are the ways of fate
As we voyage along through life;
  'Tis the will of the soul
  That decides its goal,
And not the calm or the strife.

FATHERS

"Dad," said a Bartlesville, Okla., kid to his father the other night, "I want to go to the show tonight."

"A show at night is no place for a kid like you. You should be at home in bed."

"But I peddled bills and have two tickets," said the kid, as he began to sniffle.

"All right then," answered dad. "I will go with you to see that you don't get into trouble."

Johnnie Jones was doing penance in the corner. Presently he thought aloud pensively:

"I can't help it if I am not perfect," he sighed. "I have only heard of one perfect boy in my whole life."

"Who was that?" his father asked, thinking to point out a moral.

"You," came the reply, plaintively, "when you were little."

His Example

There are little eyes upon you, and they're watching night and day;
There are little ears that quickly take in every word you say;
There are little hands all eager to do everything you do,
And a little boy that's dreaming of the day he'll be like you.

You're the little fellow's idol, you're the wisest of the wise;

In his little mind about you no suspicions ever rise;
He believes in you devoutly, holds that all you say and do
He will say and do in your way when he's grown up just like you.

Oh, it sometimes makes me shudder when I hear my boy repeat
Some careless phrase I've uttered in the language of the street;
And it sets my heart to grieving when some little fault I see
And I know beyond all doubting that he picked it up from me.

There's a wide-eyed little fellow who believes you're always right,
And his ears are always open and he watches day and night.
You are setting an example every day in all you do
For the little boy who's waiting to grow up to be like you.

"Now, there's some talk of a Father's Day."

"Oh, father doesn't want a day. Give him a night off."

"I was never so tired in my life. I've had a perfectly awful day. But I got Father home safely, and that's something. It was his annual day to be a boy again, to be a regular pal to me, as he likes to express it. So I have been out in the woods with him.

"I inferred from his remarks when he invited me to go that he intended to win my confidence and help me in my troubles. But by noon he had broken his glasses, worn blisters on both heels, scraped his shins, lost his new fishing reel, sunk a rowboat, scalded his mouth, burned his bald spot in the sun and torn the seat out of his trousers, so I think he must have postponed whatever he had to say of an intimate nature.

"If writers and lecturers only knew the suffering they bring to impressionable parents by goading them into trying to be their boys' chums they certainly would cease their efforts out of sheer pity."

FAULTS

"Everybody has his faults," said Uncle Eben. "De principal difference in folks is whether dey's sorry for 'em or proud of 'em."

It is so easy to find fault that self-respecting persons ought to be ashamed to waste their energies in that way.

It only takes a few minutes to find in others the faults we can't discover in ourselves in a lifetime.

A widely known Highland drover sold a horse to an Englishman.

A few days afterward the buyer returned to him.

"You said that horse had no faults."

"Well, no mair had he."

"He's nearly blind!" said the indignant Englishman.

"Why, mon, that's no' his fau't—that's his misfortune."

FEES

See Tips.

FICTION

The husband was seeing his beloved wife off for a holiday. "Maggie, dear," he said, "hadn't you better take some fiction with you to while away the time?"

"Oh, no, George," she said, "you'll be sending me some letters."

FIGHTING

"Brudder Perkins, yo' been fightin', I heah," said the colored minister.

"Yaas, Ah wuz."

"Doan yo' 'membeh whut de good book sez 'bout turnin' de odder cheek?"

"Yaas, pahson, but he hit me on mah nose, an' I'se only got one."

"Why do you look so sorrowful, Dennis?" asked one man of another.

"I just hear-r-d wan man call another man a liar, and the man that was called a liar said the other man would have to apologize, or there would be a fight."

"And why should that make you so sad?"

"The other man apologized."

"Johnny, it was very wrong for you and the boy next door to fight."

"We couldn't help it, father."

"Could you not have settled your differences by a peaceful discussion of the matter, calling in the assistance of unprejudiced opinion, if need be?"

"No, father. He was sure he could whip me and I was sure I could whip him, and there was only one way to find out."

"So you've been fighting again! Didn't you stop and spell your names, as I told you?"

"Y-yes; we did—but my name's Algernon Percival, an' his is Jim!"—*Judge*.

FINANCE

"Dad," said little Reginald, "what is a bucket-shop?"

"A bucket-shop, my son," said the father, feelingly, "a bucket-shop is a modern cooperage establishment to which a man takes a barrel and brings back the bung-hole."—*Puck*.

"Dad," said the financier's son, running into his father's office, "lend me six hundred."

"What for, my boy?"

"I've got a sure tip on the market."

"How much shall we make out of it?" asked the old man cautiously.

"A couple of hundred sure," replied the boy eagerly. "That's a hundred each."

"Here's your hundred," said his father. "Let's consider that we have made this deal and that it has succeeded. You make a hundred dollars and I save five hundred."

Higher Authority

"Mr. Brown is outside," said the new office-boy. "Shall I show him in?".

"Not on your life!" exclaimed the junior partner. "I owe him ten dollars."

"Show him in," calmly said the senior member of the firm. "He owes me twenty-five."

BUSINESS MAN (explaining)—"When they say 'money is easy,' they mean simply that the supply is greater than the demand."

HIS WIFE—"Goodness! I shouldn't think such a thing possible."

SMITHSON—"Do you know that Noah was the greatest financier that ever lived?"

DIBBS—"How do you make that out?"

SMITHSON—"Well, he was able to float a company when the whole world was in liquidation."

"This car cost me thirty-five hundred dollars, Blathers, but I'll let you have it for two thousand, eh? It's a clean gift of fifteen hundred," said Bolivar. "Eh, what do you say?"

"No," said Blathers, "I can't do that; but suppose you give me five hundred dollars and keep the car, eh? Clean saving of a thousand, eh? What?"

The present financial situation gives the lie to the old adage that Exchange is no robbery.

The man who had made a huge fortune was speaking a few words to a number of students at a business class. Of course, the main theme of his address was himself.

"All my success in life, all my tremendous financial prestige," he said proudly, "I owe to one thing alone—pluck, pluck, pluck!"

He made an impressive pause here but the effect was ruined by one student, who asked impressively:

"Yes, sir; but how are we to find the right people to pluck?"

A young New Haven man, returning home from a health trip to Colorado, told his father about buying a silver mine for $3,000. "I knew they'd rope you in!" exclaimed the old man. "So you were ass enough to buy a humbug mine."

"Yes, but I didn't lose anything. I formed a company, and sold half the stock to a Connecticut man for $7,000."

"Y-you did," gasped the old man as he turned white, "I'll bet I'm the one who bought it."

"I know you are," coolly observed the young man as he crossed his legs and tried to appear very much at home.

FISH

The teacher asked, "Who can tell me what an oyster is?"

A small hand, gesticulating violently, shot up into the air, and a shrill voice called out. "I know; I can tell, teacher!"

"Well, Bobby," said the teacher, "you may tell us what an oyster is."

"An oyster," triumphantly answered Bobby, "is a fish built like a nut!"

"Dinah, did you wash the fish before you baked it?"

"Law, ma'am, what's de use ob washin' er fish what's lived all his life in de water?"

"Ma'am, here's a man at the door with a parcel for you."

"What is it, Bridget?"

"It's a fish, ma'am, and it's marked C.O.D."

"Then make the man take it back to the dealer. I ordered trout."

FISHERMEN

"I say, Gadsby," said Mr. Smith, as he entered a fishmonger's with a lot of tackle in his hand, "I want you to give me some fish to take home with me. Put them up to look as if they'd been caught today, will you?"

"Certainly, sir. How many?"

"Oh, you'd better give me three or four—mackerel. Make it look decent in quantity without appearing to exaggerate, you know."

"Yes, sir. You'd better take salmon, tho."

"Why? What makes you think so?"

"Oh, nothing, except that your wife was here early this morning and said if you dropped in with your fishing-tackle I was to persuade you to take salmon, if possible, as she liked that kind better than any other."

BELLEVILLE—"Is Glenshaw getting ready for the fishing season?"

BUTLER—"Well, I saw him buying an enlarging device for his camera."

A returned vacationist tells us that he was fishing in a pond one day when a country boy who had been watching him from a distance approached him and asked. "How many fish yer got, mister?"

"None yet," he was told.

"Well, yer ain't doin' so bad," said the youngster. "I know a feller what fished here for two weeks an' he didn't get any more than you got in half an hour."

Jock MacTavish and two English friends went out on the loch on a fishing-trip, and it was agreed that the first man to catch a fish should later stand treat at the inn. As MacTavish was known to be the best fisherman thereabouts, his friends took considerable delight in assuring him that he had as good as lost already.

"An', d'ye ken," said Jock, in speaking of it afterward, "baith o' them had a guid bite, an' wis sae mean they wadna' pu in."

"Then you lost?" asked the listener.

"Oh, no. I didna' pit ony bait on my hook."

FISHING

UNLUCKY FISHERMAN—"Boy, will you sell that big string of fish you are carrying?"

BOY—"No, but I'll take yer pitcher holdin' it fer fifty cents."—*Judge*.

Two small boys went fishing and while one of them was having good luck, the other didn't even get a bite. The unlucky lad silently began to make preparation for departure. "Aw, wait a while," urged the other. "You might be lucky if you keep at it."

"There ain't no use," was the disgusted reply, "my darned worm ain't tryin'."

"Some men," said Uncle Eben, "goes fishin' not so much foh de sake of de fish as foh de chance to loaf without bein' noticed."

FLATTERY

The man who is not injured by flattery is as hard to find as the one who is improved by criticism.

Flattery is a sort of moral peroxide—it turns many a woman's head.

"Oi hate flattery," said O'Brien the other day. "Flattery makes ye think ye are betther than ye are, an' no man livin' can iver be that."

THE CONVERSATIONALIST (to well-known author)—"I'm so delighted to meet you! It was only the other day I saw something of yours, about something or other, in some magazine."

WILBUR (indicating a couple in the background)—"Funny that such a stunning-looking woman should marry such a dub as that."

FLATTE—"Well, I don't know. No accounting for those things. Now, you take your wife—she's a ripper."—*Life*.

The admiration which Bob felt for his Aunt Margaret included all her attributes.

"I don't care much for plain teeth like mine, Aunt Margaret," said Bob, one day, after a long silence, during which he had

watched her in laughing conversation with his mother. "I wish I had some copper-toed ones like yours."

A gentleman who discovered that he was standing on a lady's train had the presence of mind to remark:

"Tho I may not have the power to draw an angel from the skies, I have pinned one to the earth." The lady excused him.

"Sir," said the angry woman, "I understand you said I had a face that would stop a street-car in the middle of the block."

"Yes, that's what I said," calmly answered the mere man.

"It takes an unusually handsome face to induce a motorman to make a stop like that."

FOOD

DINER—"See here, where are those oysters I ordered on the half shell?"

WAITER—"Don't get impatient, sah. We're dreffle short on shells; but you're next, sah."

During a particularly nasty dust-storm at one of the camps a recruit ventured to seek shelter in the sacred precincts of the cook's domain.

After a time he broke an awkward silence by saying to the cook:

"If you'd put the lid on that camp-kettle you would not get so much of the dust in your soup."

The irate cook glared at the intruder, and then broke out: "See here, me lad. Your business is to serve your country."

"Yes," interrupted the recruit, "but not to eat it."

It was a small café and the customer overheard this from the waiter:

"Don't throw that toast into the alley, chef. I gotta customer for a club sandwich."

WAITER—"And will you take the macaroni au gratin, sir?"

OFFICER—"No macaroni-by gad! It's too doocid difficult to mobilize."

The second course of the table d'hote was being served.

"What is this leathery stuff?" demanded the diner.

"That, sir, is filet of sole," replied the waiter.

"Take it away," said the diner, "and see if you can't get me a nice, tender piece from the upper part of the boot."

The new boarder sniffed at the contents of his coffee-cup and set it down.

"Well," queried the landlady in a peevish tone, "have you anything to say against the coffee?"

"Not a word," he answered. "I never speak ill of the absent."

An attendant entered carrying a thin red object.

"Did any patient order a postage stamp?"

"Maybe," said one feebly, "that's my mutton chop rare."

"Are caterpillars good to eat?" asked little Tommy at the dinner table.

"No," said his father; "what makes you ask a question like that while we are eating?"

"You had one on your lettuce, but it's gone now," replied Tommy.

FOOD CONSERVATION

"Well, Ezri, how'd jer make out with yer boarders this year?"

"Fine! Best season I ever had. There was seven, all told—three couples in love an' a dyspeptic."—*Life*.

The boarders were dropping hints as to the kind of dinner they'd like to have on Christmas Day. But the landlady was astute. "What's the difference," she asked the solemn man at the end of the table, "between a turkey dinner and a mess of stewed prunes?"

"I don't know," he answered, suspicious of some entangling conundrum.

"Does nobody know?" she asked, looking round the table.

They all professed ignorance. "In that case," she said, "I may as well serve prunes at Christmas and save money."

FOOLS

"Did you really call this gentleman an old fool last night?" asked the judge.

The prisoner tried hard to collect his thoughts.

"Well, the more I look at him, the more likely it seems that I did," he replied.

A fool must now and then be right by chance.—*Cowper*.

Fools, to talking ever prone,
Are sure to make their follies known.

—*Gay*.

He explained it clearly to her: "Wise men hesitate, you see. None but fools will say they're certain."

"Are you sure of that?" said she.

"Yes," he answered, "I am certain—certain as can be of that"

Then he wondered just what she was laughing at.

Two Hebrews went in business together in a small town, and one went to New York to buy the goods, while the other stayed at home. The one that stayed at home got the bills a few days after his partner was in New York. The bills came as follows: "24 doz. neckwear and 8 doz. ditto; 24 suits and 4 ditto; 18 pants and 12 ditto." This ditto part bothered the one at home

and he telegraphed his brother to come home. When his brother arrived he showed him the bills and said:

"Vat do it mean you shall buy ditto for a closing (clothing) business?"

His brother said: "I buy ditto?"

"Yes, here's de bills."

"Vell, dey stuck me in New York."

So he returned to New York and found that ditto meant the same. He came back home, and his brother meeting him at the depot said:

"Vell, Abie, did you find out vat ditto is?"

And Abie said: "Yes, I find out vat a ditto is—I'm a d—m fool and you're a ditto."

RAYMOND—"What the deuce do you mean by telling Joan that I am a fool?"

GEORGE—"Heavens! I'm sorry—was it a secret?"

Fools never understand people of wit.—*Vauvenargues*.

LEA—"I wonder if Professor Kidder meant anything by it?"

PERKINS—"By what?"

LEA—"He advertised a lecture on 'Fools,' and when I bought a ticket it was marked 'Admit one.'"

FORDS

"So you bought one of those automobiles they tell so many funny stories about?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Chuggins. "And it is saving me a lot of trouble and wear and tear. When your friends tell you jokes about your car they don't expect you to ask them to ride in it."

If—With Apologies to Kipling

If you can keep your Ford when those about you are selling theirs and buying Cadillacs; if you can just be tickled all to pieces when notified to pay your license-tax; if you can feel a quiet sense of pleasure when driving on a rough and hilly road, and never move a muscle of your visage when underneath you hear a tire explode; if you can plan a pleasant week-end journey and tinker at your car a day or so, then thrill with joy on that eventful morning to find no skill of yours can make it go; if you can gather up your wife and children, put on your glad rags, and start off for church, then have to wade around in greasy gearings and spoil the best of all your stock of shirts, yet through it all maintain that sweet composure, that gentle calm befitting such events; if you can sound a bugle-note of triumph when steering straight against a picket-fence; if you can keep your temper, tongue, and balance when on your back beneath your car you pose, and, struggling there to fix a balky cog-wheel, you drop a monkey-wrench across your nose; if you can smile as gasoline goes higher, and sing a song because your motor faints—your place is not with common erring mortals; your home is over there among the saints!—*J. Edward Tufft*.

It is admittedly difficult to recover a lost flivver. But the best suggestion comes from our own Mrs. Eckstrom, who advises an ad.: "Lizzie, come home; all is forgiven."

"Why are school-teachers like Ford cars?"

"Because they give the most service for the least money."—*Life*.

"Yes, indeed," argues the Ford salesman, "this little car is a great investment. You put a few dollars into a Ford and right away it runs into thousands."

A flivver in Newton, Kan., broke the arms of four persons who attempted to crank it in less than a week. That's what comes of crossing a bicycle with a mule.

Lew McCall says that motorists who come through Columbus en route for Kansas City have about the following conversations when they stop at the filling station here:

If it's a Cadillac, the driver says: "How far is it to Kansas City?" "One hundred forty miles," is the reply. "Gimme twenty gallons of gas and a gallon of oil," says the driver. Then comes a Buick and the chauffeur says: "How far is it to Kansas City?" "One hundred forty miles." "Gimme ten gallons of gas and a half-gallon of oil." and he drives on. Along comes a flivver and the driver uncranks himself, gets out and stretches, and asks: "How far is it to Kansas City?" "Oh, about one hundred forty miles." "Is that all? Gimme two quarts of water and a bottle of 3 in 1, and hold this son-of-a-gun until I get in."

Possibly the apex of sarcasm or something was reached the other day when Jones took his flivver to a repair shop and asked the man there what was the best thing to do with it.

The repair-man looked the car over in silence for several minutes, after which he grasped the horn and tooted it. "You've a good horn there," he remarked, quietly. "Suppose you jack it up and run a new car under it?"

A Gentleman who was visiting his lawyer for the purpose of making his will, insisted that a final request be attached to the document. The request was, that his Ford car be buried with him after he died. His lawyer tried to make him see how absurd this was, but failed, so he asked the gentleman's wife to use her influence with him. She did the best she could, but she also failed.

"Well, John," she said finally, "tell me *why* you want your Ford car buried with you?"

"Because I have never gotten into a hole yet but what my Ford could pull me out," was the reply.

Young lady on a country road in a Ford car which has bucked and refuses to move, asks a farmer who is plowing in an adjoining field—"Do you know anything about a Ford?"

"Nope—nuthin' except a lot of stories, ma'am—giddap."

FOREIGNERS

TEACHER—"Who was the first man?"

HEAD SCHOLAR—"Washington; he was first in war, first in—"

TEACHER—"No, no; Adam was the first man."

HEAD SCHOLAR-"Oh! if you're talking of foreigners, I s'pose he was."

FORESIGHT

"Are you going to pay any attention to these epithets that are being hurled at you?"

"Yes, indeed," answered Senator Sorghum. "I'm having them all carefully copied and filed away. I may need them when it comes my turn to call names."

"Now, then, my hearties," said the gallant captain, "you have a tough battle before you. Fight like heroes till your powder is gone; then run. I'm a little lame, and I'll start now."

FORGETFULNESS

See Memory.

FORTUNE HUNTERS

"This bill was innocent on its face, but beneath there lurked a most sinister significance."

The speaker, Senator Clarke, was discussing in Little Rock a measure of which he disapproved.

"The bill reminded me, in fact," he said, "of a Little Rock, urchin's question. His question, innocent enough in appearance, dear knows, was this:

"'Would you mind making a noise like a frog, uncle?'"

"'And why,' said the uncle, with an amused smile, 'why, Tommy, do you desire me to make a noise like a frog?'"

"'Because,' replied the urchin, 'whenever I ask daddy to buy me anything he always says, 'Wait till your uncle croaks.'"

"Here's poetic justice for you. One of these oil-stock promoters married a woman for her money."

"Yes?"

"Only to discover that she had invested it all in his oil stock."

"I wanted the gold, and I sought it;
  I scrabbled and munched like a slave.
Was it famine or scurvy—I fought it;
  I hurled my youth into the grave.

"I wanted the gold and I got it—

Came out with a fortune last fall—
Yet somehow life's not what I thought it,
And somehow the gold isn't all."

—*George Matthew Adams*.

"Mamma," said the Young Thing, "I want you to stop forcing me into Mr. Gottit's company all the time. People are talking."

"But, my dear," protested the Solicitous Lady, "he is a wonderful catch!"

"He may be, Mamma, but if you keep on thinking you are pitcher, he'll get onto your curves and throw the game."

EDITH—"I think Jack is horrid. I asked him if he had to choose between me and a million which he would take, and he said the million."

MARIE—"That's all right. He knew if he had the million you'd be easy,"

FOUNTAIN PENS

"Why do they call 'em fountain pens? I should say reservoir pen would be the better name. A reservoir contains liquids; a fountain throws 'em around."

"I think fountain pen is the proper name," said the party of the second part.

FRANKLIN

Franklin, when ambassador to France, being at a meeting of a literary society, and not well understanding French when declaimed, determined to applaud when he saw a lady of his acquaintance express satisfaction. When they had ceased, a little child, who understood French, said to him, "But, grand-papa, you always applauded the loudest when they were praising you!" Franklin laughed heartily and explained the matter.

FREAKS

'Tis well to seek to be unique,
But being too odd makes a freak.

FREE VERSE

YOUNG THING—"I wonder why they call it free verse?"

THE POET—"That's simple. Did you ever try to sell any?"

FREEDOM OF SPEECH

Dean Jones of Yale is credited with this definition of freedom of speech: "The liberty to say what you think without thinking what you say."

"I believe in free speech!" exclaimed the vociferous man.

"So do I," rejoined Uncle Bill Bottletop; "so do I. But in one respect free speech reminds me of the free lunch in the old days. You hate to see a man making a pig of himself just because something's free."

Words can be just as dangerous as acts. There is a common notion that the right of free speech implies the right to say anything we please and relieves a man of all responsibility for his words. Every man should recognize that hard words are just as dangerous as brickbats, and if he gets to throwing them around promiscuously he is liable for the damage he does. Almost any opinion we have could be stated in terms that would not cause offense. Hard words are caused by our consciousness of the weakness of our position. They are symptoms of impotence. They arise from the feeling that a single statement of our case is not sufficient, and that the only way to make an impression is by insult or abuse. A man who is satisfied with the justice of his position is content to state it in simple and inoffensive terms.—*Dr. Frank Crane*.

"Sir," screeched the wild-haired man, "are you opposed to free speech?"

"Not unless I am compelled to listen to it," replied old Festus Pester.

FRENCH LANGUAGE

"Does your son who is abroad with the troops understand French?"

"Oh, yes, but he says the people he meets there don't seem to."

FRIENDS

"A fellah come to me today
    And slapped me on the back
And started makin', right away,
    The us'al sort of crack
About how good a friend he was,
    How strong he was for me—
But friends don't need to tell you so,
There's other ways to tell you so,"
    Says Charlie Cherokee.

"When makin' up my list of friends
    I try to git 'em all;
The folks who give me recommends,
    Or loans, however small;
I try to think of all they done
    A friend of mine to be.
I find a rainy day is what
Will tell you who's a friend or not,"
    Says Charlie Cherokee.

"I've never added to the list
    A man, like this one did,
Who slapped my back and grabbed my fist
    And started in to kid.
For friends don't need to say a word,
    Their friendship you can see,
Can see it in a fellah's eyes—
For friends don't need to advertise,"
    Says Charlie Cherokee.

—Douglas Malloch.

A day for toil, an hour for sport,
But for a friend life is too short.

—*Emerson*.

It's a pretty safe guess that if you have no friends you have done something to deserve the fix you are in.

A friend who is not in need is a friend indeed.

Friends

Around the corner I had a friend,
In this great city, that has no end.
Yet days go by and weeks rush on
And before I know it, a year has gone,
And I never see my old friend's face,
For life is a swift and terrible race.
He knows I like him just as well
As in the days when I rang his bell,
And he rang mine, we were younger then
And now we are busy, tired men,
Tired of playing the foolish game,
Tired with trying to make a name.
"Tomorrow" I say, "I'll call on Jim
Just to show him that I think of him,"
But tomorrow comes, and tomorrow goes,
And the distance between us grows and grows.
Around the corner—yet miles away
"Here's a telegram, sir" Jim died today.
And that's what we get and deserve in the end,
Around the corner, a vanished friend.

—*C. Hanson Towne*.

See also Borrowers.

FRIENDSHIP

"Friendship," said Uncle Eben, "don't mean no mo' to some folk dan a license to borrow money."

Friendship is a disinterested commerce between equals.—*Goldsmith*.

So long as we love we serve;
So long as we are loved by others
I would almost say that we are indispensable;
And no man is useless while he has a friend.

He removes the greatest ornament of friendship who takes away from it respect.—*Cicero*.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn and go,
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not need your woe.

Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you lose them all,—
There are none to decline your nectar'd wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox*.

FUTURE

Youth measures the future with the straight, new ruler of the present; Old Age, by the frayed and patched plumb-line of the past.

I announce myself unblushingly and with perfect confidence. Nobody has anything on me.

Nobody can ever supplant me in the affections and desires of men. I am supreme mogul of the universe.

Everybody is working for me. Asking nothing for myself, all men expect everything of me. I withhold nothing and grant as little as I like. Men may doubt fire and the stars, but not me.

Nobody ever saw me, yet I am the one reality. Nobody knows anything about me. So long as time shall last my secret is safe. Yet I am ever on the lips of men. My name is lisped by the toddling infant and chortled by hoary-headed sages.

I am the one that you will eventually disown.

I am *tomorrow*.

Tomorrow Never Arrives

Always lookin' forward to an easy-goin' time,
When the world seems movin' careless like a bit of idle rime;
A day when there is nothin' that kin make you sigh or fret;
Always lookin' forward—but I haven't seen it yet.

FUTURE LIFE

Mr. Tarzon Jones was sitting down to breakfast one morning when he was astounded to see in the paper an announcement of his own death.

He rang up his friend Howard Smith at once. "Halloa, Smith!" he said. "Have you seen the announcement of my death in the paper?"

"Yes," replied Smith. "Where are you speaking from?"

TEACHER—"And what was Nelson's farewell address?"

BRIGHT BOY—"Heaven, ma'am."

At the grave of the departed the old darky pastor stood, hat in hand. Looking into the abyss he delivered himself of the funeral oration.

"Samuel Johnson," he said sorrowfully, "you is gone. An' we hopes you is gone where we 'specks you ain't."

POST—"A man can die but once."

PARKER—"Once used to be enough, until these psychic experts got busy."

A French biologist declares that by a freezing process, somewhat similar to that used in preserving fish, the span of

human life can be indefinitely extended. By going into cold storage here, we can postpone a hot time hereafter.

"Well, Bill," asked a neighbor. "Hear the boss has had a fever? How's his temperature today?"

The hired man scratched his head and decided not to commit himself.

"'Tain't fer me to say," he replied. "He died last night."

A park orator returning home flushed with his oratorical efforts, and also from other causes, found a mild curate seated opposite in the tram-car. "It may interest you to know," he said truculently, "that I don't believe in the existence of a 'eaven." The curate merely nodded, and went on reading his newspaper. "You don't quite realize," said the park orator, "what I'm trying to make clear. I want you to understand that I don't believe for a single, solitary moment that such a place as 'eaven exists." "All right, all right," answered the curate pleasantly, "go to hell, only don't make quite so much fuss about it."

A Massachusetts Senator was back home, looking after his political fences, and was asking the minister about some of his old acquaintances.

"How's old Mr. Jones?" he inquired. "Will I be likely to see him again?"

"You'll never see Mr. Jones again," said the minister. "Mr Jones has gone to heaven."

"Now, boys," said the teacher in the juvenile Sunday-school class, "our lesson today teaches us that if we are good while here on earth, when we die we will go to a place of everlasting bliss. But suppose we are bad, then what will become of us?"

"We'll go to a place of everlasting blister," promptly answered the small boy at the pedal extremity of the class.

"I wish, reverend father," said Curran to Father O'Leary, "that you were St. Peter, and had the keys of heaven, because then you could let me in."

"By my honor and conscience," replied O'Leary, "it would be better for you that I had the keys of the other place, for then I could let you out."

FUTURIST ART

Futurist Art

Which one might worship—if he should wish—without breaking the second commandment because truly there is nothing like it "in the heavens above, in the earth beneath or in the waters under the earth."

A painter of the "impressionist" school is now confined in a lunatic asylum. To all persons who visit him he says, "Look here; this is the latest masterpiece of my composition." They look, and see nothing but an expanse of bare canvas. They ask, "What does that represent?"

"That? Why, that represents the passage of the Jews through the Red Sea."

"Beg pardon, but where is the sea?"

"It has been driven back."

"And where are the Jews?"

"They have crossed over."

"And the Egyptians?"

"Will be here soon. That's the sort of painting I like; simple, suggestive, and unpretentious."

The artist dipped his brush in a bucket of paint and wiped it across the canvas several times horizontally. When he had

done this he took his labor in hand and carefully placed it in an elaborate frame.

"What's the idea?" his boon companion inquired.

"Impressionistic study."

"Do you mean to tell me that is a finished painting?"

"Certainly."

"What are you going to call it?"

"A village street as seen from the rear seat of a motorcycle."

GAMBLING

"Look, mother," said Bobbie, exhibiting a handful of marbles, "I won all those from Willie Smith."

"Why, Bobbie!" exclaimed his mother; "don't you know it's wicked to play marbles for 'keeps'? Go right over to his house and give back every one."

"Yes, mother," said the boy obediently; "and shall I take that vase you won at Mrs. Jones' whist party, and give it back to her?"

"It's just as wrong to gamble when you win as when you lose."

"Yassuh," asserted Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "De immorality is jes' as great, but de inconvenience ain't."

PROFESSOR—"Now I put the number seven on the board. What number immediately comes into your mind?"

CLASS (in unison)—"Eleven!"—*Burr*.

SAM—"Ah done heard dat dey fine' Columbus's bones."

EZRA—"Lawd! Ah never knew dat he wuz a gamblin' man."

GARAGES

"What do they sell in that last garage besides gasoline, father?"

"'Besides,' my son? You mean 'instead of.'"—*Life*.

GARDENING

"I suppose you are going to raise potatoes in your garden?"

"I was, but when I read the directions for planting I found that it would be impossible. They should be planted in hills, and my yard is perfectly level."

WHAT HE SAID TO HIS WIFE—"If you want a garden this year you had better hire somebody to make it. I'm not going to try it again. I've figured it out; and if I would spend on my business the time I put in on that garden I would make enough money to keep us in vegetables for fifty years. I am off it for life."

WHAT HE SAID TO HIS NEIGHBOR—"I don't think I'll bother with a garden this year. It doesn't pay; I may do a little; but the digging and the labor—I'm off that for life."

WHAT HE SAID TO HIS PARTNER—"Well, how's the garden coming along? I'm not doing much with mine this year. What? How high did you say? Already? What seed did you use?"

WHAT HE SAID TO HIS WIFE WHEN HE GOT HOME AN HOUR EARLY THAT DAY—"Call me when dinner's ready. I've got to get the garden started today or I'll never raise a thing."

GAS

DISSATISFIED HOUSEHOLDER—"Do you mean to say that this meter measures the amount of gas we burn?"

GAS COLLECTOR—"I will enter into no controversy, sir; but I may say that the meter measures the amount of gas you will have to pay for."

GENEROSITY

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER—"Now, Jimmy, I want you to memorize today's motto, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

JIMMY—"Yes'm, but I know it now. My father says he has always used that as his motto in his business."

TEACHER—"Oh, how noble of him! And what is his business?"

JIMMY—"He's a prize-fighter, ma'am."—*Life*.

Let us proportion our alms to our ability, lest we provoke God to proportion His blessings to our alms.—*Beveridge*.

In this world, it is not what we take up, but what we give up, that makes us rich.—*Beecher*.

GENIUS

WILLIE—"Paw, what is the difference between genius and talent?"

PAW—"Talent gets paid every Saturday, my son."

Time, place, and action, may with pains be wrought,
But genius must be born, and never can be taught.

—*Dryden*.

Who in the same given time can produce more than many others, has vigor; who can produce more and better, has talents; who can produce what none else can, has genius.—*Lavater*.

And genius hath electric power,
Which earth can never tame;
Bright suns may scorch, and dark clouds lower—
Its flash is still the same.

—*Lydia M. Child*.

Taste consists in the power of judging; genius in the power of executing.—*Blair*.

GEOGRAPHY

Edgar, aged five, was driving from the station on his first visit to Maine. His mother, noticing a troubled look on his face as he looked about, said:

"What's the matter, dear? Don't you like the beautiful country?"

"Yes, mother, but on *my* map Maine is *red*!"

FATHER—"Now James, get ready. I'm going to hear your geography lesson. What have the various expeditions to the North Pole accomplished?"

JIMMY—"Nothin' 'cept to make the geography lessons harder."

The geography lesson was about to begin, and the subject of it was France.

Accordingly, the teacher started off with the question: "Now in this present terrible war, who is our principal ally?"

"France," came the answer from a chorus of voices.

"Quite right," said the teacher, beaming. "Now can any of you give me the name of a town in France?"

A small boy at the back of the class almost fell over in his eagerness to tell; "Somewhere," he said, breathlessly.

GERMANY

"Germany's claim that she imports nothing, buys only of herself, and so is growing rich from the war, is a dreadful fallacy."

The speaker was Herbert C. Hoover, chairman of the American Food Board.

"Germany," he went on, "is like the young man who wisely thought he'd grow his own garden-stuff. This young man had been digging for about an hour when his spade turned up a quarter. Ten minutes later he found another quarter. Then he found a dime. Then he found a quarter again.

"'By gosh!' he said, 'I've struck a silver mine,' and, straightening up, he felt something cold slide down his leg. Another quarter lay at his feet. He grasped the truth: There was a hole in his pocket."

GERMS

"You don't seem to pay any attention to these germs."

"I don't talk about 'em any more than is necessary," answered Doc Braney. "I take all possible precautions and then try to ignore 'em. The meanest thing about a germ is that if he can't attack you anywhere else, he tries to get on your mind."

Daddy was confined to the house with Spanish influenza, and mother was busy sterilizing the dishes which had come from the sick-room.

"Why do you do that?" asked four-year-old Donald.

"Because, dear, poor daddy has germs, and the germs get on the dishes, so then I boil them, and that kills all the horrid germs."

Donald turned this over in his little mind for several minutes. Then:

"Mother, why don't you boil daddy?"

"She is simply mad on the subject of germs, and sterilizes or filters everything in the house."

"How does she get along with her family?"

"Oh, even her relations are strained."

Mrs. Robinson was an extremely careful mother and had repeatedly cautioned her six-year-old daughter against handling any object that might contain germs. One day the little girl came in and said:

"Mother, I am never going to play with my puppy any more, because he has germs on him."

"Oh, no!" replied her mother. "There are no germs on your puppy."

"Yes, there are," insisted the child. "I saw one hop."—*Life*.

GIFTS

When the captain of the fire department was about to resign, his men banded together and purchased an elaborate, embossed silver horn to present to him at a meeting in the town hall. The fireman who was chosen to make the presentation practiced his speech for days beforehand. The chief, who had been informed of what was to happen, also practiced his speech of acceptance. They rehearsed together and were "letter perfect" when they mounted the platform in the town hall. The throng which confronted them had, however, a disastrous effect. Holding the horn at arm's length, the fireman stalked across the platform and with a ghastly expression on his face, said:

"Well, Bill, here's your horn!"

The chief rose slowly to his feet and gasped: "Hell! Is that it?"

Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare.

—*Lowell*.

He gives twice who gives quickly.—*Syrus*.

A gallant Tommy, having received from England an anonymous gift of socks, entered them at once, for he was about to undertake a heavy march. He was soon prey to the most excruciating agony, and when, a mere cripple, he drew off his foot-gear at the end of a terrible day, he discovered inside the toe of the sock what had once been a piece of stiff

writing-paper, now reduced to pulp, and on it appeared in bold, feminine hand the almost illegible benediction: "God bless the wearer of this pair of socks!"—*Punch*.

We like the gift when we the giver prize.—*Sheffield*.

See also Christmas gifts.

GIRLS

Son has just begun to go to school, and has much to say about the new little girls he meets, but every few days it is a different girl that attracts him. His mother said, "I'm afraid, son, that you are changeable."

"'Tain't me that changes, mom," he answered; "it's them, when you know them better."

Girls we love for what they are; young men for what they promise to be.—*Goethe*.

GOD

A little girl traveling in a sleeping-car with her parents greatly objected to being put in an upper berth. She was assured that papa, mama, and God would watch over her. She was settled in the berth at last and the passengers were quiet for the night, when a small voice piped:

"Mama!"

"Yes, dear."

"You there?"

"Yes, I'm here. Now go to sleep."

"Papa, you there?"

"Yes, I'm here. Go to sleep like a good girl."

This continued at intervals for some time until a fellow passenger lost patience and called:

"We're all here! Your father and mother and brothers and sisters and uncles and aunts and first cousins. All here. Now go to sleep!"

There was a brief pause after this explosion. Then the tiny voice piped up again, but very softly:

"Mama!"

"Well?"

"Was that God?"

GOLF

FIRST NEWSBOY—"Chimmie's got a job as caddie for a golf club. Is dere much money in dat?"

SECOND DITTO—"De salary ain't much, but dey makes a lot extra backin' up fellers when dey lies about de scores dey made."

An Irishman was suddenly struck by a golf-ball.

"Are you hurt?" asked the player. "Why didn't you get out of the way?"

"An' why should I get out of the way?" asked Pat. "I didn't know there was any assassins round here."

"But I called 'fore,'" said the player, "and when I say 'fore,' that is a sign for you to get out of the way."

"Oh, it is, is it?" said Pat. "Well, thin, whin I say 'foive,' it is a sign that you are going to get hit on the nose. 'Foive.'"

"What do you think is the most difficult thing for a beginner to learn about golf?"

"To keep from talking about it all the time."

The golfer who was employing him was playing very badly, and the caddie threw himself down on the grass at one point and watched him. When the man had at last succeeded in getting his ball out of the bunker, he glanced toward the boy

and remarked: "You must be tired, lying down at this time of day."

"I ain't tired of carrying," said the caddie, "but I certainly am tired of counting."

"What is considered a good score on these links?"

"Well, sir," replied the youthful caddie solemnly, "most of the gents tries to do it in as few strokes as they can, but it gin'r'lly takes some more."

"Look, grandpaw, a new gowf ba' I foond, lost on the links."

"Are ye sure it was lost, Sandy?"

"Oo, ay; I saw the mannie an' his caddy lookin' for it."

Reflections of a Class A Caddie

One swallow does not make a golfer—it only helps.

You may chip, you may wallop the ball if you will,

But the slash of the duffer will cling round it still.

Look before you cheat.

Every water hole has a silver lining—ask the boat boy.

To stymie is human; to lift up divine.

Half a stroke is better than none.

He laughs last who putts best.

When in doubt, hole out.

Two golf fiends—an Englishman and a Scot—were playing a round together. After the first hole the Englishman asked:

"How many did you take?"

"Eight," replied the Scot.

"Oh, I only took seven, so it's my hole!" exclaimed the Englishman, triumphantly.

After the second hole the Englishman put the same question again. But the Scot smiled knowingly.

"Na, na, ma man," said he; "it's ma turn tae ask first!"

GOSSIP

"They say—"

"Who say?"

"Oh, all the people who don't matter."

"Germany's attitude toward peace is ominous," said General Laurin Lawson at a luncheon in Louisville."

"Germany reminds me, in fact, of the new parlor-maid whose mistress said to her:"

"'And above all things, I expect you to be reticent.'"

"'Yes, ma'am, certainly, of course, ma'am,' said the new maid."

"Then she leaned toward her mistress with shining eyes."

"'And what's there to be reticent about, ma'am?' she asked."

"Now this is a secret and you mustn't tell anybody."

"Rest assured that I won't tell that secret to anybody, dear. I have no desire to figure as a female Rip Van Winkle. That secret is at least three weeks old."

Women talk among themselves about other people. Men talk to other people about themselves.

If you want to know a woman
  Who can play a game of tag
    With Truth until it's spent beyond repair,
Who can start a thousand rumors,
  Set ten thousand tongues a-wag
    Till there's nothing left of Gospel in the air,
Who can get you into trouble
  And your reputation smirch—
    It's Mrs. Grundy
    On a Sunday
When she's walking home from church.

—*Katharine Eggleston Roberts*.

"They tell me that woman is a gossip. Do you think she is reliable?"

"I know that whatever she says goes."

"It's just an idle rumor."

"Well, my wife's bridge club is in session. If those ladies get hold of that idle rumor, they'll soon put it to work."

A gossip is one who can make a mountain out of a molehill and then bring it to you.

Conversation being dull at an evening party, the hostess requested one of her guests to go home, that the rest might have somebody to talk about.

GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP

They were looking down into the depths of the Grand Cañon.

"Do you know," asked the guide, "that it took millions and millions of years for this great abyss to be carved out?"

"Well, well!" ejaculated the traveler. "I never knew this was a government job."

"I presume you're mighty glad the war is over."

"Well, I don' jes' know about dat," answered Mandy. "Cose I'se glad to have my Sam back home an' all dat, but I jes' know I ain't never gwine t'get money from him so regular as I did while he wuz in de Army an' de Government wuz handlin' his financial affairs."

"So you approve of the Government's action in taking over the railroads."

"Yep," replied Mr. Growcher. "I approve of that and prohibition for several reasons, one of them being that now a lot of people can quit lecturing on the subject and go to work."

NULLERFORD—"Do you know anybody who favors government control of the railroads?"

FONDERHAM—"I know one man. He lives fifty miles from the nearest rail; never does any traveling or shipping; has a son who's a conductor, a nephew who's a brakeman, a

daughter who works in a railroad office, and two grandsons who are going to be firemen."

GRATITUDE

At least one Washington débutante has candor and humor in large and equal parts. Thus, her denial of a rumor that she was engaged:

"There is not a word of truth in it, but thank God for the report!"

"You did me a favor ten years ago," said the stranger, "and I have never forgotten it."

"Ah," replied the good man with a grateful expression on his face, "and you have come back to repay me?"

"Not exactly," replied the stranger. "I've just got into town and need another favor, and I thought of you right away."

"Thankful? What have I to be thankful for? I can't pay my bills."

"Then, man alive, be thankful you are not one of your creditors."

GUARANTEES

"Say," said the man as he entered the clothing-store. "I bought this suit here less than two weeks ago, and it is rusty-looking already."

"Well," replied the clothing-dealer, "I guaranteed it to wear like iron, didn't I?"

HABIT

Before becoming a hotel clerk he had worked in a grocery store.

"Is Judge David Poggenburg stopping here?" asked an impressive-looking stranger approaching the desk.

"No," replied the clerk with his most winning manner, "but —er—we have something else just as good."

He was engaged to the daughter of a literary man. He was bold as a wooer, but the veriest coward when it came to approaching the fair one's father. So he waited outside the great man's study while the "fayre ladye" did the tackling. In five minutes she was out again and on her dress was pinned a slip of paper bearing the words:

"With the author's compliments."

"I took that pretty girl from the store home the other night, and stole a kiss."

"What did she say?"

"Will that be all?"

The two American war correspondents were gazing at the conflict when Winkletop caught sight of a gallant officer leading a charge.

"His face is strangely familiar," he said. "That Greek lieutenant, I mean—"

"Yes," said Blithers. "He used to run the bootblacking stand in that barber-shop over on Steenth Avenue and Umptyiph Street."

And just then the noble warrior dashed madly past, and, forgetting himself under the excitement of the moment, turned and cried aloud to his advancing troops:

"Next! Shine!"

And the indomitable phalanx moved steadily up the hill, giving the enemy the worst polishing-off they had had since war was declared.

RELATIVE—"He is sleeping so quietly that I wonder if we will know when the end comes."

WIFE OF DYING FIRST-NIGHTER—"Yes, we will. He will get up and go out about five minutes before the end."—*Puck*.

HURRY—"What's happened to Speeder. I haven't seen him for weeks?"

CANE—"Oh, he tried all the different makes of cars and then bought an aeroplane."

HURRY—"Has he crashed?"

CANE—"Well, not exactly. He started on a cross-country flight the other day, heard something rattle and absent-mindedly climbed out to look under the machine."

"For ten years," said the new boarder, "my habits were as regular as clockwork. I rose on the stroke of six, and half an

hour later was at breakfast; at seven I was at work; dined at one; had supper at six, and was in bed at nine thirty. Ate only plain food, and hadn't a day's illness all the time."

"Dear me!" said a hearer, in sympathetic tones; "and what were you in for?"

DOCTOR—"I have to report, sir, that you are the father of triplets."

POLITICIAN—"Impossible! I'll demand a recount."—*Puck*.

Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.

—*Dryden*.

"Habit" is hard to overcome.
If you take off the first letter, it does not change "a bit."
If you take off another, you have a "bit" left.
If you take still another the whole of "it" remains.
If you take still another, it is not "t"-totally used up.
All of which goes to show that if you wish to be rid of a "habit," you must throw it off altogether.

"Why did your wife leave you?"

"Force of habit, I guess. She was a cook before I married her."

BRIGGS—"You mustn't take offense if I speak to you about something I have had on my mind for some time, just a little habit of yours."

GRIGGS—"Certainly not."

BRIGGS—"Nobody has ever had the nerve to tell you before. And you are such a splendid, noble fellow."

GRIGGS—"Yes, yes."

BRIGGS—"You're one of those fellows who never really know what is being said to them; you're always pursuing some train of thought. Anyone can tell half the time you are not listening by the far-away look in your eyes. You've offended a lot of people. Of course, it's terribly rude—only you don't know it. You mustn't any more, old chap (putting his hands on Grigg's shoulder). Promise me you'll quit."

GRIGGS (obliged to face him)—"Just what were you saying?"

"That cashier is a cool chap."

"How so?"

"A thug with a revolver ordered him to hand out the bank's cash yesterday, but he said he couldn't do it unless the thug was identified. This took the fellow so aback, he hesitated a moment and was nabbed."

Some time ago, when a local corps was reviewed by Sir Ian Hamilton, one officer was mounted on a horse that had previously distinguished itself in a bakery business. Somebody recognized the horse, and shouted, "Baker!" The horse promptly stopped dead, and nothing could urge it on.

The situation was getting painful when the officer was struck with a brilliant idea, and remarked, "Not today, thank you." The procession then moved on.

"This makes the fourth time I have had to punish you this week, Sylvester," chided the teacher. "Do you wonder why?"

"Nope!" replied Skinny Smith. "You've got the habit, that's all."

HADES

See Future life.

HAPPINESS

"Happiness is merely a state of mind," quoted the Parlor Philosopher.

"If you mean happiness is imaginary I quite agree with you," replied the Mere Man. "Just watch a fellow enjoying his fifty-cent cigar, when he knows very well it's really the old five-center he used to scorn."

Keep happy when the weather's fair,
  Hum with the cheerful throng;
Be glad that God has let you share
  The joys of sun and song.
Keep happy when the weather's wet
  The sun may hide to-day;
But back of the clouds, I'll bet,
  He's smiling, anyway!

—*Luke McLuke*.

All who joy would win
Must share it—Happiness was born a twin.

—*Byron*.

Happiness is not a fixed quantity, like the world's gold supply: so that the more one man has the less his neighbor is likely to have. Real happiness is an infection. You can never force it upon any one. Each individual must "take" it. I have heard people say, as explaining the misery of many, that there is not enough happiness to go around. But the comment misses the very nature of happiness. The more there is in the world,

the more there is likely to be. The larger the number of happy people the faster the infection will spread. But each must invite it. One child is happy with the crudest sort of toy, whereas another child is unhappy with an armful of toys. To the latter kind of soul, grown or ungrown, you can never give happiness, for there are not enough toys to supply everybody. Happiness is of the heart not of circumstances.

After reading a poem about a little boy who was so happy because there were lovely flowers, beautiful birds, blue sky and running brooks, eight-year-old William remarked:

"Those things would never make me happy, Miss Jones."

"Why, William," replied his teacher, "what would it take to make you happy?"

"Saturdays!" was the prompt reply.—*Harper's*.

The good fairy brought an ingot of lead and an ingot of gold and laid them before him. "Choose!" she said, simply.

The child thought a moment, and chose the lead.

"It's no heavier to carry, it's just as good to eat, and it won't make everybody hate me!" quoth he.

The good fairy laughed.

"You can be happy without any help from me," she chirped, and flew away.

HASH

The literary boarder fastened his eyes upon the hash.

"Kindly pass the Review of Reviews," he said.

They had hash on Monday for dinner, after a roast of beef on Sunday, as happens in all well-regulated families. Father had said grace, when Bobbie said:

"I don't see why you asked another blessing this evening, father. You did it yesterday over this. It's the same old stuff."

SHE (thoughtfully)—"Did you ever think much about reincarnation, dear?"

'18 (otherwise)—"Think about it? I eat it nearly every day—only we call it hash."

HASTE

Ten people hurry, to catch up where one hurries to get ahead.

The more haste, ever the worst speed.—*Churchill*.

Whoever is in a hurry shows that the thing he is about is too big for him. Haste and hurry are very different things.—*Chesterfield*.

HEAVEN

A Sunday-school teacher was quizzing her class of boys on the strength of their desire for righteousness.

"All those who wish to go to heaven," she said, "please stand."

All got to their feet but one small boy.

"Why, Johnny," exclaimed the shocked teacher, "do you mean to say that you don't want to go to heaven?"

"No, ma'am," replied Johnny promptly. "Not if that bunch is going."

THE COOK—"Sir! Sir! There's a *Zep'lin* outside and if you don't come wi' the keys of the cellar, we'll all be in—in—heaven in a couple o' minutes!"

THE CURATE—"God forbid!"

One of the prominent deacons in an Ohio church was seriously ill. As he was very popular among the congregation, a bulletin board was posted in front of the church to inform of his condition. It read:

"One o'clock. Deacon Jones very ill."

"Two o'clock. Deacon Jones is worse and sinking rapidly."

"Three o'clock. Deacon Jones dead."

A traveling man passing by that evening read the bulletin and, seeing no one in sight, added at the bottom:

"Seven o'clock. Great excitement in Heaven. Deacon Jones has not arrived. The worst is feared."

"Ma, do cows and bees go to heaven?"

"Mercy, child, what a question! Why?"

"Cause if they don't, the milk and honey the preacher said was up there must be all canned stuff."

"Say, mama, was baby sent down from heaven?"

"Why, yes."

"Um. They like to have it quiet up there, don't they?"

See also Future life.

HELL

See Future life.

HEREDITY

"What is heredity?"

"Something a father believes in until his son starts to act like a fool."

HEROES

"So you won the Distinguished Service Cross for conspicuous bravery in extreme danger. Didn't you feel shaky?"

"Not until I lined up for the general to pin it on me."

An average American soldier.
One opportunity to serve.
Equal parts of danger and courage.
A sense of duty.
A hot enemy fire.

The other day I met in the street a man in uniform. His coat sleeves were embroidered from shoulder to cuff with bars, stripes, insignia and chevrons of the most gorgeous colors and fantastic designs. My curiosity was too much for me, and I was about to stop and question him, when I discovered he had already halted and was bursting to tell me.

"Yes," he announced, "they are every one authorized by the War Department. These three octangular triangles of orange mean my third cousin did a good deal of war work. These ten vertical mauve stripes are ten embarkations; the ten horizontal stripes denote ten times sea-sick."

"Then you never reached France," I sympathized.

"No, but this gray dot indicates extreme disappointment. Now these pink crosses—"

But I hurried off, and almost ran into a limping soldier with only a small gold chevron on each arm. My curiosity again overcame me. "My boy, how came you by those?" I asked, feeling assured he could not say much about only two chevrons. He did not.

"Well," he answered as he passed, "I was abroad for a while, and I happened to kind of go a little lame."

Upon a wharf where the Yanks were disembarking a reporter buttonholed a rosy-cheeked private.

"Are you one of the heroes?" the newspaper man asked, with notebook ready to record a stirring tale of heroism.

"Naw," was the blushing reply. "I'm only a common doughboy. But the lieutenant, over there, is one."

To the officer indicated went the reporter.

"I'm told you're a hero, sir," he said.

"No," laughed the lieutenant. "I merely happened to be on the job when something needed to be done, and I did it. However, I can refer you to the simon-pure article." And he pointed out a sergeant with three wound stripes upon his sleeve.

"Not guilty," declared the sergeant, when questioned. Then, his eyes kindling with admiration, he waved toward a figure standing somewhat aside from the throng. "Talk to the major. You couldn't string on a fat man's bay window the medals he's got, and ought to have."

"Nonsense!" ejaculated the major, amusedly.

"That's what you all say!" cried the reporter, in despair. "Is hero-ing a criminal career?"

Chuckling, the major beckoned to an ebony-hued stalwart.

"Rastus," the major said, when the Senegambian saluted and stepped forward, "this gentleman is looking for a hero. I think you are one."

"You might say I am, sah. Dey wasn't a wusser, dangerouser job in de army dan mine."

"What was it?" eagerly inquired the reporter.

"Mistah," Rastus solemnly informed him. "I drove a mule team plumb thoo dis wah."—*Terrell Love Holliday*.

"How perfectly splendid to think you're one of the heroes who went over there to die for your country!"

"Like h— I did, ma'am! I went over to make some other guy die for his."—*Life*.

FATHER (endeavoring to blend instruction and amusement)—"Yes, children, Mr. Lloyd George saved his country just as Joan of Arc saved France."

BRIGHT CHILD—"And when are they going to burn Mr. Lloyd George, daddy?"

HIGH COST OF LIVING

See Cost of living.

HINTING

Despite the chilly spring day little Wilbur was out playing without his coat. This worried a neighbor, but her advice went unheeded. Finally, she said: "Wilbur, go home and get your coat, and when you come back I'll give you a piece of cake."

The bribe worked, and Wilbur soon returned with his coat on and was duly rewarded. Next day he knocked at the door to announce significantly:

"I ain't got my coat on today."

HISTORY

After reading the famous poem, "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers," to the class, the teacher said: "As a drawing exercise suppose you each draw, according to your imagination, a picture of Plymouth Rock."

All but one little fellow set to work. He paused and finally raised his hand.

"What is it, Edgar?" the teacher asked.

"Please, ma'am," Edgar piped out, "do you want us to draw a hen or a rooster?"

HOME

The beauty of the house is order; the blessing of the house is contentment; the glory of the house is hospitality; the crown of the house is godliness.

Home—The place where we are treated best and grumble most.

Home—A world of strife shut out, and a world of love within.

It is said that home is the place where a man hangs his hat, but with a woman it is different. There is a rocker with a worn cushion, a clock that doesn't keep time, a quilt that is worn, a strip of carpet that is faded, a few old family pictures, an old-fashioned vase, a meat platter, a cup and a few plates that do not match and are chipped around the edges. These, and a few more, known in feminine language as "her own things," are needed, in the final reckoning, to make a place a home for a woman.

"Some day you'll be rich enough to retire from business."

"Give up my nice, pleasant office and stay home?" rejoined Mr. Growcher. "I should say not."

HOME BREW

TIPS—"Why not try a home-brew receipt?"

TAPS—"It's this way. If I meet a friend under the influence of the forbidden, I'm afraid he isn't able to give the receipt correctly, and when I meet a man who has had a few drinks and doesn't feel any happier, I'll be darned if I want the receipt."

LADY—"You say your father was injured in an explosion? How did it happen?"

CHILD—"Well, mother says it was too much yeast, but father says it was too little sugar."

Country people call them cellars; city people call them basements, and some people should call them breweries.

"Did you ever hear about that home brew blowing up?"

"Yes," replied Uncle Bill Bottletop. "If the appropriations for prohibition enforcement don't hold up, maybe we can curb the liquor evil by bringin' it under the regulations provided for handling high explosives."

A Detroit firm advertises "The ideal still survives." A good many people interested suddenly in the raisin crop, who have been trying to construct home-made stills, will be hard to convince that any still survives—much less an ideal one.

HOMELINESS

See Beauty, Personal.

HOMESICK

"You ought to be contented and not fret for your old home," said the mistress as she looked into the dim eyes of her young Swedish maid. "You are earning good wages, your work is light, every one is kind to you, and you have plenty of friends here."

"Yas'm," said the girl, "but it is not the place where I do be that makes me vera homesick; it is the place where I don't be."

HONESTY

"No," said the old man, sternly. "I will not do it. Never have I sold anything by false representation, and I will not begin now."

For a moment he was silent, and the clerk who stood before him could see that the better nature of his employer was fighting strongly for the right.

"No," said the old man, again. "I will not do it. It is an inferior grade of shoe, and I will never pass it off as anything better. Mark it, 'A Shoe Fit for a Queen,' and put it in the window. A queen does not have to do much walking."

George, the elderly waiter, entered the office of the famous solicitor who usually lunched at his table in a certain restaurant and asked to see the chief.

"Well, George," asked the man of law, when the waiter was shown in, "what can I do for you? In trouble?"

"No, sir, not exactly that; but I've got a chance of a good job at the Hotel Splendide, and I was wondering if you'd be so kind as to write me a testimonial, saying I'm a good waiter, and honest, and so forth, sir?"

"Well, George, of course I know you're a good waiter, but I don't know anything else about you. How do I know, for example, that you're honest?"

"Oh, well, I am, sir! You'll be quite safe in saying that."

"Very good. I'll write it, then."

"Thank you very much indeed, sir! And if at any time you come to the Splendide and want a good lunch or dinner, be sure to come to my tables, and I'll make you out a bill at half-price."

Aye, sir: to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man pick'd out of two thousand.—*Shakespeare*.

Two piles of apples lay on the ground. One contained a large-sized and rosy selection; the fruit of the other was green and small.

"Large on the top, sir, and small at the bottom?" inquired the new assistant of his master, as he prepared to fill a barrel.

"Certainly not!" replied the farmer, virtuously. "Honesty is the best policy, my boy. Put the little apples at the top, and the large ones at the bottom."

The assistant complied. His master was evidently as green as his greenest fruit.

"Is the barrel full, my lad?" asked the farmer.

"Yes," answered the assistant.

"Good." said the farmer, "Now turn it upside down and label it!"

The man who fails to keep his word, soon finds that he cannot give his word.

"Do you believe honesty is the best policy?" "Well, it has the deferred dividend feature."

A Vermonter had returned home after a visit to Boston. Someone asked him what he thought of the big city.

"It's a fine place, all right, but the folks there ain't honest," he replied.

"Not honest! Where'd you get that idea?"

"Why, I bought a roll of pins there labeled 'A Hundred Pins for Five Cents,' and coming home on the train I counted them; they were eleven short."

HORSES

Two men thrown together at a horse-show were discussing their adventures with the equine tribe.

"A horse ran away with me once, and I wasn't out for two months," remarked the man with the Trilby hat.

"That's nothing!" replied the man with the bowler. "I ran away with a horse once, and I wasn't out for two years!"

A motor car was held up in a busy street by a wagon drawn by two horses. The driver seemed in no hurry to get out of the way, and at length one of the occupants of the motor car exclaimed sarcastically:

"Here, I say, my man! What are those things you are driving? What are they for, I should like to know?"

"These 'ere, guv'nor?" answered the carter, flicking the horses with his whip. "Oh, these is wot is commonly called 'orses, an' they're sometimes used fer to take motorists to the 'orspital!"

"Do you think the motor will entirely supersede the horse?"

"I hope not," replied Farmer Corntossel. "There must be some market fur hay. I depend on what I make on hay to buy gasoline."

HOSPITALITY

Uncle Tobey was an hospitable soul. He wanted no guest in his house to be stinted. "Have some, have some," he invited cordially at the supper-table, sending around the platter for the third time; "we're going to give it to the pigs anyway."—*Judge*.

Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire.
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair;
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jest or pranks, that never fail,
Or sigh with pity of some mournful tale,
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

—*Goldsmith*.

It is not the quantity of the meat but the cheerfulness of the guests which makes the feast.—*Clarendon*.

BAILIE MCTAVISH—"An' so ye leave Glesca' on Monday. What are ye daein the morrow nicht?"

MR. JARVIE—"Tomorrow, Thursday, I've no engagement."

BAILIE—"An' the nixt nicht."

MR. J.—"I'm free then, too."

BAILIE—"An' what will ye be daein on Saturday?"

MR. J.—"On Saturday I dine with the Buchans."

BAILIE—"What a peety! Aa wanted ye to take dinner wi'us on Saturday."

A Quaker had gotten himself into trouble with the authorities and the sheriff called to escort him to the lock-up.

"Is your husband in?" he inquired of the good wife who came to the door.

"My husband will see thee," she replied. "Come in."

The sheriff entered, was bidden to make himself at home, and was hospitably entertained for half an hour, but no husband appeared. At last the sheriff grew impatient.

"Look here," said he, "I thought you said your husband would see me."

"He has seen thee," was the calm reply, "but he did not like thy looks and has gone another way."

"My wife thinks we run a hospitable house. What's your notion of a hospitable house?"

"Oh, for me, I feel that it's a hospitable house when in the come and go of company enough umbrellas are left to keep it supplied."

HOSPITALS

A German, whose wife was ill at the Seney Hospital, Brooklyn, called the first evening she was there and inquired how she was getting along. He was told that she was improving.

Next day he called again, and was told she was still improving. This went on for some time, each day the report being that his wife was improving.

Finally one day he called and said:

"How iss my wife?"

"She's dead."

He went out and met a friend, and the friend said:

"Well, how is your wife?"

"She's dead"

"Ooh! How terrible! What did she die of?"

"Improvements!"

HOTEL BIBLES

Safety

Once upon a time there lived an elderly millionaire who had four nephews. Desiring to make one of these his heir, he tested their cleverness.

He gave to each a $100.00 bill, with the request that they hide the bills for a year in the city of New York.

Any of them who should succeed in finding the hidden bill at the end of the year should share in the inheritance.

The year being over, the four nephews brought their reports.

The first, deeply chagrined, told how he had put his bill in the strongest and surest safe deposit vault, but, alas, clever thieves had broken in and stolen it.

The second had put his in charge of a tried and true friend. But the friend has proved untrustworthy and had spent the money.

The third had hidden his bill in a crevice in the floor of his room, but a mouse had nibbled it to bits to build her nest.

The fourth nephew calmly produced his $100.00 bill, as crisp and as fresh as when it had been given him.

"And where did you hide it?" asked his uncle.

"Too easy! I stuck it in a hotel bible."

—*Carolyn Wells*.

HOTELS

A bellhop passed through the hall of the St. Francis Hotel whistling loudly.

"Young man," said Manager Woods sternly, "you should know that it is against the rules of this hotel for an employee to whistle while on duty."

"I am not whistling, sir," replied the boy, "I'm paging Mrs. Jones' dog."

A tall, gaunt-looking person recently entered a hotel in a town where several fires had occurred and applied for a room at a price which entitled him to lodging on the top floor of the house. Among his belongings the proprietor noticed a coil of rope, and asked what it was for.

"That's a fire escape," said the man, "I carry one with me so I can let myself down from the window without troubling anyone."

"Good plan," said the landlord, "but guests with fire escapes like that pay in advance at this hotel."

DEPARTING GUEST—"Enjoyed ourselves? Oh yes! What I'm upset about is leaving your hotel so soon after I've bought it."

A commercial traveler, on leaving a certain hotel, said to the proprietor: "Pardon me, but with what material do you stuff the beds in your establishment?"

"Why," said the landlord, proudly, "with the best straw to be found in the whole country!"

"That," returned the traveler, "is very interesting. I now know whence the straw came that broke the camel's back."

ARCHITECT (enthusiastically showing plans of hotel)—"On the first floor, next to the dining-room, is the ladies' smoking-room; over here is the men's writing-room; here is the blue lecture-room where the suffrage meetings are to be held; next to it is the pink tea-room. Directly over it, on the second floor, is the music-room, where the Tuesday recitals will be given; behind it is the little theater for the Saturday tableaux. The ballroom is on the third floor, and on the fourth —"

HOTEL PROPRIETOR (interrupting)—"That's all very nice. But where are the guests' rooms?"

ARCHITECT—"Bless my soul! I forgot all about them!"

"John, dear," wrote a lady from the Capital, "I enclose the hotel bill."

"Dear Jane, I enclose a check," wrote John in reply; "but please don't buy any more hotels at this price—they are robbing you!"

A traveler who alighted from the train in a small Southern town was greeted by a colored porter, who shouted at him, "Palace hotel, boss!" and grabbed the traveler's baggage, and the latter said, "Wait a minute, Rastus. Is this hotel American or European?" and Rastus replied, "I dunno, boss, but I thinks they'se Irish."

"Where's that hotel that used to advertise, 'All the Comforts of Home for One Dollar'?"

"Busted up. The hotel opposite put up a sign: 'None of the Discomforts of Home for Two Dollars.'"

Miss Muffit had recently joined the "Band of Sisters for Befriending Burglars" and was being shown over a prison for the first time.

One prisoner, evidently a man of education, interested her more than the others. He rose and bowed to her when she entered his cell, apologizing for the poorness of his apartment.

Miss Muffit could not help wondering how this refined man came within the clutches of the law. In fact, as she was leaving his cell she said:

"May I ask you why you are in this distressing place?"

"Madam," he replied, "I am here for robbery at a seaside hotel!"

"How very interesting!" said Miss Muffit. "Were you—er—the proprietor?"

"Would you like some views of the hotel to send to your friends?"

"Sir," said the disgruntled guest, "I presume it will be better for me to keep my views to myself."

"We will do our best, Mr. Sprawl, to make you feel at home here," smiled the hotel clerk, who had acquired the idea that it pays to be good and kind to all.

"You needn't to mind, sir," replied Sanford Sprawl, of Puxico. "That's just what I came away from home to get a change from. What I want is to feel like I'm at a hotel."

HOUSING PROBLEM

After trying in vain for months to get a house, Brown set out one day with a find-a-house-or-die look on his face. He wandered about all day without being successful, till at last his steps led him to the river.

"Ah!" he said in utter despair, "how tempting it looks!" He was almost inclined to plunge in and end it all.

All of a sudden he heard a splash and, looking around, he saw his friend Green struggling in the water. Without attempting to save him he rushed off to the local house agent.

"Quick!" he gasped. "Green has fallen in the river. Can I have his house?"

"Sorry," said the house agent. "I've already let it to the man who pushed him in."

The difficulty of finding a house is not exclusively an eastern problem. Out in Kansas, for instance, a native observed a stranger looking around and ventured to say, "Good morning, sir, House hunting?"

"Yes," replied the stranger. "I wonder if it could have blown this far."

JUDGE—"You are accused of speeding. What have you to say in your defense?"

PRISONER—"I heard of a house for rent and was trying to get there first."

"The case is dismissed."

The taxi-driver turned at the end of the second hour and eyed his client suspiciously.

"Are you taking me by the hour or by the day?" he asked.

"By the year," responded the haggard passenger. "I'm looking for a home!"

VISITOR—"What's that new building on the hill yonder?"

FARMER—"Well, if I find a tenant for it, it's a bungalow; if I don't, it's a barn."

OWENS—"My landlord has ordered me out because I can't pay my rent."

BOWENS—"Glad I met you. So has mine. Let's change quarters."

MR. MCNAB (after having his lease read over to him)—"I will not sign that: I havena' been able tae keep Ten Commandments for a mansion in Heaven, an' I'm no' guan tae tackle aboot a hundred for twa rooms in the High Street!"

See also Apartments.

HUNGER

OLD LADY (to mendicant)—"But—my good man, your story has such a hollow ring."

"Yes, missis—that's the natural result of speaking with an empty stummick."

Hunger is the teacher of the arts and the bestower of invention.—*Persius*.

HUNTING

As the camper was cleaning his gun, along came a woodsman.

"Been hunting today?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Shot anything?"

"I don't know yet. I'm waiting for the rest of the party to get into camp so we can call the roll."

FIRST SIMPLE NIMROD—"Hey, don't shoot. Your gun isn't loaded."

HIS PARTNER—"Can't help that; the bird won't wait."

The very small boy with the very large gun was standing in a country road.

"What are you hunting, bub?" asked a passer-by.

"I dunno," he replied, frankly. "I ain't seen it yet."

HURRY

See Haste.

HUSBANDS

To say of a man that he will make a good husband is much the same sort of a compliment as to say of a horse that he is perfectly safe for a woman to drive.—*Puck*.

If you marry a widow it is safe to take one whose first trial served a term in jail, then you won't have the perfect example always held up before you.

"Mother," asked Tommy, "do fairy tales always begin with 'Once upon a time'?"

"No, dear, not always; they sometimes begin with 'My love, I have been detained at the office tonight'"

"William," snapped the dear lady, viciously, "didn't I hear the clock strike two as you came in?" "You did, my dear. It started to strike ten, but I stopped it to keep it from waking you up."

"I hear you are going to marry Archie Blueblood?" said one society woman to another. "Is it true?"

"Marry him?" exclaimed the other. "Not likely. What on earth could I do with him? He's rejected from the Army, he can't ride, he can't play tennis, golf, nor, for that matter, can he even drive a motor-car!"

"Oh!" said the friend, "but he can swim beautifully, you know."

"Swim, indeed! Now, I ask you, would you like a husband you had to keep in an aquarium?"

To observe Washington's birthday, in a fitting manner, a teacher in a Yonkers school told in detail the life of the first President of the United States. She emphasized his honesty, sincerity, bravery and self-reliance. At the close of her discourse, she put this question to the class:

"What high office in a nation could such a wonderful man fill?"

A flaxen-haired boy of ten, sitting in a rear seat, raised his hand and blushingly replied: "He'd make a nice husband."

"How's your husband getting along, Mrs. Fogarty?"

"Well, sometimes he's better an' sometimes he's worse, but from the way he growls an' takes on whin he's better, Oi think he's better whin he's worse."

SHE—"I wonder why men lie so?"

HE—"Because their wives are so inquisitive."

HUBBY—"I don't believe in parading my virtues."

WIFE—"You couldn't, anyway. It takes quite a number to make a parade."

"Why do you feed every tramp who comes along? They never do any work for you."

"No," said his wife, "but it is quite a satisfaction to me to see a man eat a meal without finding fault with the cooking."

The husband arrived home much later than usual "from the office." He took off his boots and stole into the bedroom. His wife began to stir. Quickly the panic-stricken man went to the cradle of his first-born and began to rock it vigorously.

"What are you doing there, Robert?" queried his wife.

"I've been sitting here for nearly two hours trying to get this baby to sleep," he growled.

"Why, Robert, I've got him here in bed with me," replied his wife.

A teacher was trying to explain the dangers of overwork to one of the smaller pupils.

"Now, Tommy," she pursued, "if your father were busy all day and said he would have to go back to the office at night, what would he be doing?"

"That's what ma wants to know."

HE—"If I were to die you'd never get another husband like me."

SHE—"What makes you imagine I should ever want another like you?"

MRS. BLANK (to laundress)—"And how is your newly married daughter getting on, Mrs. Brown?"

MRS. BROWN—"Oh, nicely, thank you, ma'am. She finds her husband a bit dull; but then, as I tells her, the good ones are dull."

JUNKMAN—"Any rags, paper, old iron to sell?"

HEAD OF HOUSE (irately)—"No—go away—my wife's away for the summer."

JUNKMAN (smiling)—"Any empty bottles?"

Situation: Buglar, caught red-handed, arraigned in court

WOMAN—"The sorce o' the feller! 'E pretended to be my 'usband and called out, 'It's all right, darlin'—it's only me.' It was the word 'darlin' wot give 'im away."—*Punch (London)*.

"Henry," said his father-in-law, as he called his daughter's spouse into the library and locked the door, "you have lived with me now for over two years."

"Yes, father."

"In all that time I haven't asked you a penny for board."

"No, sir." (Wonderingly.)

"In all your little family quarrels I have always taken your part."

"Always, sir."

"I have even paid some of your bills."

"A good many, father."

"Then the small favor I am about to ask you will no doubt be granted?"

"Most certainly, sir."

"Thanks. Then I want you to tell your mother-in-law that those tickets for the supper-club dance which she picked up in my room this morning must have accidentally fallen out of your pocket, and we'll call it square!"

One morning, Mollie, the colored maid, appeared before her mistress, carrying, folded in a handkerchief, a five-dollar gold piece and all her earthly possessions in the way of jewelry.

This package she proferred her mistress, with the request that Miss Sallie take it for safe keeping.

"Why, Mollie!" exclaimed the mistress in surprise. "Are you going away?"

"Naw'm, I ain' goin' nowheres," Mollie declared. "But me an' Jim Harris we wuz married this mawnin'. Yas.'m, Jim, he's a new nigger in town. You don' know nothin' 'bout him, Miss Sallie. I don' know nothin' 'bout him myself he's er stranger to me."

Miss Sallie glanced severely at the little package of jewelry.

"But, Mollie," she demanded, "don't you trust him?"

"Yas'm," replied Mollie, unruffled. "Cose I trus' him, personally—but not wid ma valuables."

It is necessary to be almost a genius to make a good husband.—*Balzac*.

Jennie, the colored maid, arrived one morning with her head swathed in bandages—the result of an argument with her hot-tempered spouse.

"Jennie," said her mistress, "your husband treats you outrageously. Why don't you leave him?"

"Well, I don' 'zactly wants to leave him."

"Hasn't he dragged you the length of the room by your hair?" demanded her mistress.

"Yas'm he has done dat."

"Hasn't he choked you into insensibility?"

"Yas'm he sho has choked me."

"And now doesn't he threaten to split your head with an ax?"

"Yas'm he has done all dat," agreed Jennie, "but he ain' done nothin' yet so bad I couldn't live wid him."

See also Carelessness; Domestic finance.

HYPOCRISY

Hypocrisy will serve as well
To propagate a church, as zeal;
As persecution and promotion
Do equally advance devotion:
So round white stones will serve, they say,
As well as eggs to make hens lay.

—*Samuel Butler*.

There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.

—*Shakespeare*.

Thus 'tis with all—their chief and constant care
Is to seem everything but what they are.

—*Goldsmith*.

Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie;
A fault which needs it most grows two thereby.

—*Herbert*.

HYSTERICS

Father, teaching his six-year-old son arithmetic by giving a problem to his wife, begs his son to listen:

FATHER—"Mother, if you had a dollar and I gave you five more, what would you have?"

MOTHER (replying absently)—"Hysterics."

"IF"

See Fords.

IGNORANCE

A professor noted among his students for the caustic wit had in one of his classes, one year, a young man who was both ignorant and conceited. One morning he made a specially self-satisfied display of both these characteristics, and the professor said he would like to see him at the end of the hour.

When he came up after the lecture, the professor asked: "You are Mr. Junkins?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you a visiting card?"

"I—I—yes, sir," stammered the puzzled student.

"Then, Mr. Junkins," the professor said dryly, "write down on your visiting card all that you know, and bring it to me tomorrow."

ILLUSIONS AND HALLUCINATIONS

Returning home from a scientific meeting one night, a college professor, who was noted for his concentration of thought, was still pondering deeply on the subject that had been under discussion. Upon entering his room he heard a noise that appeared to come from under the bed.

"Is there any one there?" he asked, absently.

"No, professor," answered the intruder, knowing his peculiarities.

"That's strange," murmured the professor. "I was almost sure I heard some one under the bed."

IMITATION

Imitation is a confession of limitation.

Imitation is the sincerest of flattery.—*Colton*.

IMMIGRANTS

See Board of health.

IMPUDENCE

Put in the Bill

When in Canada last, Mr. Kipling was so dissatisfied with the hotel accommodations that he gave the landlord a severe call-down. Said he: "Of all the hotels under the shining sun, I have never been in one that for unmitigated, all-round, unendurable discomfort could equal yours."

After the landlord had withdrawn in great indignation, Kipling asked for his bill, and he discovered that the last item was, "To impudence—three dollars."

He that has but impudence,
To all things has a fair pretence;
And puts among his wants but shame,
To all the world may lay his claim.

—*Butler*.

There is no better provision for life than impudence and a brazen face.—*Menander*.

INCOME TAX

We saw Diogenes the other day with his lantern.

"Still looking for an honest man?" we asked.

He shook his head mournfully.

"No. I gave that up long ago. I wish I'd stuck to it. It wasn't half so hopeless as what I'm doing now."

He certainly did look despondent, and our hearts went out to him.

"What are you looking for now, then?" we asked.

He sighed. "I'm looking for a congressman who made out his income tax without anybody's help."

We don't know who it was who wrote the income-tax blank, but we are certain that he stole his style either from Robert Browning or Henry James.

Income Tax Tips
(*All replies to questions in this column given free of tax.*)

PUZZLED—Don't be bluffed. Simply put all extra leaves in dining-room table, grasp tax return firmly with both hands, and throw it flat on its back. When you have it down brand it on first page with hot ink.

C.H.—Yes, algebra may be used in figuring your return. Personally we employ trigonometry, altho many prefer calculus and a couple of lawyers.

TAXPAYER—Your problem is as clear as a Chinese laundryticket. Simply deduct the net profit of losses (plus inventories at end of year) and add income from salaries, wages, bonuses, director's fees, and pensions. Nothing to it!

J.J.C.—Refer to Table 113 on Page 11, Section 28, Part IV of return. Then if Item 86, Schedule V, line 7, exceeds the sum stated in Item 21, Page 9, Schedule Z, get another blank form.

CONFUSED—No, you should have figured the amounts in Items 34, 60, and 69 as net losses from Wear and Tear, Obsolescense and Depletion Charged Off (see K (2) on Page 8 of Instructions) before entering total in Item 94, Schedule O. It's perfectly simple.

L.F.—Don't worry about your next year's tax. You may not have any income.

See also Profiteers.

INDUSTRY

Andrew Carnegie was once asked which he considered to be the most important factor in industry—labor, capital, or brains? The canny Scot replied with a merry twinkle in his eye, "Which is the most important leg of a three-legged stool?"

Industry is not only the instrument of improvement, but the foundation of pleasure. He who is a stranger to it may possess, but cannot enjoy; for it is labor only which gives relish to pleasure. It is the appointed vehicle of every good to man. It is the indispensable condition of possessing a sound mind in a sound body.—*Blair*.

Protected industry, careering far,
Detects the cause and cures the rage of war,
And sweeps, with forceful arm; to their last graves,
Kings from the earth and pirates from the waves.

—*Joel Barlow*.

In every rank, or great or small,
'Tis industry supports us all.

—*Gay*.

The great end of all human industry is the attainment of happiness.—*Hume*.

"From what you tell me, Sam, you have been a busy man all your life."

"Yes, sah; yes, sah."

"You've done a great deal in your time and day, Sam, I guess."

"Yes, sah. Dat is, I's done a good lot in mah day, but it was in de boss's time, sah."

INFANTS

A baby will make love stronger, days shorter, nights longer, bank-roll smaller, home happier, clothes shabbier, the past forgotten, and the future worth living for.

A small boy was taken to see the new baby, whom he eyed very critically. "Why, he's got no hair, father," was his first remark. The fact was admitted. "And he's got no teeth, father," was the next comment. The circumstances could not be denied. "I tell you what, father," was the final observation, "you've been swindled; he's an old one."

THE VISITOR—"Does your new baby brother cry much, Ethel?"

LITTLE ETHEL—"He cries when you stick pins in him or make faces at him or bounce him up and down. But what can you expect? He's too little to swear."

Maggie had a new baby brother, which everybody agreed was such a baby as had never been seen before. One day the baby was being weighed, and Maggie asked what that was for.

"Oh," said her father, "Uncle George has taken a great fancy to baby, and he's offered to buy him for a shilling an ounce."

Maggie looked startled. "You're not going to sell him, are you, daddy?"

"Of course not, precious," answered daddy, proud to see his little girl loved her brother so.

"No. Keep him till he gets a bit bigger," the child went on; "he'll fetch more money then."

INFLUENZA

A hospital doctor writes in the Ontario Post that one of his patients had had the flu. He was seen walking around wearily. When he was asked what was wrong, he said: "Ah done had de Spanish flu." "That so?" he was asked; "what is the Spanish flu like, Sam?" "The flu?" said Sam; "don't you all know what de flu is? Why, it's a disease dat makes you sick six months after you gets well."

"Were you very sick with the 'flu,' Rastus?"

"Sick, sick! Man, Ah was so sick mos' ebery night Ah look in dat er casualty list for mah name."

INHERITANCE

During the battle of Paschendaele a seriously wounded Gordon Highlander was brought into one of the Canadian dressing stations. The surgeon noticed he was wearing a fine gold wrist watch. "Where did you get that, Scotty?" he asked.

Scotty merely smiled at the time, but, on being told that the chances were against him, he later confided the story to the doctor.

"I took a Heine prisoner who was wearin' yon watch. 'Wull ye gie me it?' I eskit him. He shookit his heed. I eskit him the second time. He shookit his heed again. 'For the third and last time, as a gentlemaun,' I sez, 'will ye gie me thot watch?' Heine shookit his head."

"But you got it?"

"Weel efter thot I simply inherited it."

INITIATIVE

Not Self-Starters

FIRST CITIZEN—"You can't stop a man from thinking!"

SECOND DITTO—"No, but the difficulty is to start him!"

INSOMNIA

BARK—"So you have been cured of your insomnia? It must be an immense relief."

CARR—"You've said it. Why, I lie awake half the night thinking how I used to suffer from it."

INSTALMENT PLAN

"I wonder will Smithers always allude to his wife so lovingly as 'my own'?"

"Well, she is his own. Everything else in his home he is paying for on the instalment plan."

LADY VISITOR—"Oh, Tommy, you have a nice new suit!"

TOMMY—"Yes, I think the man pa bought it from is sorry he sold it. He's always calling."

INSURANCE, FIRE

THE MAN OF LAW—"But, my dear madam, there is no insurance money for you to draw. Your late husband never insured his life; he only had a policy against fire."

THE WONDERFUL WIDOW—"Precisely. That is the very reason I had him cremated!"

A woman, wearing an anxious expression, called at an insurance office one morning.

"I understand," she said, "that for five dollars I can insure my house for a thousand dollars."

"Yes," replied the agent, "that is right."

"And," continued the woman anxiously, "do you make any inquiries as to the origin of the fire?"

"Certainly," was the prompt reply.

"Oh!" and she turned to leave the office, "I thought there was a catch in it somewhere."

"I say, Jones, I want to insure my coal-yards against fire. What would a policy for $20,000 cost?"

"What coal is it? Same kind as you sent me last?"

"Yes."

"I wouldn't bother insuring it if I were you. It won't burn."

When the agent brought Mrs. Tarley her fire-insurance policy he remarked that it would be well for her to make her first payment at once.

"How much will it be?" she asked.

"About $100. Wait a minute and I'll find the exact amount."

"Oh, how tiresome!" she exclaimed. "Tell the company to let it stand and deduct it from what they will owe me when the house burns down."

INSURANCE, LIFE

"I wish you would tell me," said the agent, who had been a long time on Mr. Snaggs' trail, "what is your objection to having your life insured?"

"Well, I don't mind telling you," replied Snaggs. "The idea of being more valuable dead than alive is distasteful to me."

"What's the matter, old man? You look worried."

"Well, to be honest with you, I am. You know, I took out some life insurance last Thursday."

"Yes," replied the sympathetic friend, "but what has that to do with the wobegone expression on your face?"

"Well, the very next day after I had it written my wife bought a new cook-book. Possibly it's all right, but it certainly looks suspicious."

MR. MANLEY—"Well, my dear, I've had my life insured for five thousand dollars."

MRS. MANLEY—"How very sensible of you! Now I sha'n't have to keep telling you to be so careful every place you go."

"How much life insurance do you think a man ought to carry?"

"Enough to keep his family from want, but not so much as to make them utterly impervious to grief."

HEWITT—"My wife is a cheerful sort of companion."

JEWETT—"How is that?"

HEWITT—"I told her that I had taken out a twenty-year endowment on my life, and she said, that she hoped I wouldn't mature before the policy did."

Two insurance agents—a Yankee and an Englishman—were bragging about their rival methods. The Britisher was holding forth on the system of prompt payment carried out by his people—no trouble, no fuss, no attempt to wriggle out of settlement.

"If the man died tonight," he continued, "his widow would receive her money by the first post tomorrow morning."

"You don't say?" drawled the Yankee. "See here, now, you talk of prompt payment! Waal, our office is on the third floor of a building forty-nine stories high. One of our clients lived in that forty-ninth story, and he fell out of the window. We handed him his check as he passed."

A colored recruit said he intended to take out the full limit of Government insurance, $10,000. On being told by a fellow soldier that he would be foolish to pay on so much when he was likely to be shot in the trenches, he replied: "Huh! I reckon I knows what I's doin.' You-all don't s'pose Uncle Sam is gwine to put a $10,000 man in the first-line trenches, do you?"

See also Salesmen and salesmanship.

INTERVIEWS

A Boston business man has the following schedule of time for interviews hung over his desk:

Book agents—three seconds.

Unclassified bores—thirty ditto.

Golf associates—one hour.

Friends to make a touch (It takes time to explain why you are broke)—five minutes.

People to pay bills—no limit.

Employees wanting increase of salary—one minute.

My wife—never too busy.

Poor relations—always out.

An answer to the query why some United States Employment Service examiners go mad might be found in the following questionnaire filled out by an applicant applying to the Service for employment:

Q. Born? A. Yes; once.

Q. Nativity? A. Baptist.

Q. Married or single? A. Have been both.

Q. Parents alive yet? A. Not yet.

Q. Hair? A. Thin.

Q. Voice? A. Weak.

Q. Healthy? A. Sometimes.

Q. Previous experience? A. No.

Q. Where? A. Different places.

Q. Business? A. Rotten.

Q. Salary expected? A. More.

Q. Drink? A. Not in dry states.

Q. Why do you want job? A. Wife won't work any more.

INVESTMENTS

SMITH—"I see stocks took a drop."

JONES—"Took a drop? I should say they took the whole bottle."

No one should have to coax you into any investment. It either looks good to you or it doesn't. You either want it or you don't. But be sure you are influenced by facts alone.

"Goodness is the only investment that never fails."—*Thoreau*.

"Time is money," said Uncle Eben; "but jes' the same, de man dat finds himself wif a lot o' time on his hands has made a poor investment."

"Sir, this is a golden opportunity! Small investment, no risk, and enormous returns absolutely sure."

"Then I wouldn't have the heart to deprive you of it."—*Life*.

THE SUITOR—"I hope, sir, that you will consider me in the nature of an investment, even if I may not pay regular dividends."

THE GIRL'S FATHER—"My dear boy, don't talk of dividends. I shall be glad if you don't levy regular assessments on me."—*Life*.

TOMMY—"Father, what's the future of the verb 'invest'?"

FATHER (a Congressman)—"Investigation."

IRELAND

We have all heard of the "far flung" British Empire. The only trouble with it is that Ireland was not flung far enough.

"Did you go to the fight last night?"

"No, I went to hear the lecture on Ireland."

"Oh—who won?"

IRISH BULLS

PAT—"After all, it's a great pleasure to be missed by someone."

MIKE—"Shure it is, Pat; if yez can be there t' enjy it."

At Camp Grant there is an Irish sergeant who is quick tempered. One day when he was trying to drill a squad of raw recruits he suddenly became angry and exclaimed: "Halt! Just come over here, all of ye, and look at yourselves! It's a fine line ye're keeping, isn't it?"

"Pat, what's that piece of blank paper you have in your hand?" asked one Irishman of another.

"Oh, that's a letter from my wife."

"How do you mean a letter from your wife? Sure, there's no writing on it."

"Of course not. The missus and myself are not on speaking terms."

O'HOULIHAN—"Pwhut's a pessimist, Mike?"

MULDOON—"He's a feller pwhat burns his bridges behind him an' thin crosses thim before he comes to thim."

"Mrs. Flanagan," said the Landlord, "I've decided to raise your rent."

"Ah, now," beamed Mrs. Flanagan. "It's the darlint ye certinly are. I wor wonderin' how I cud raise it meself, sur."

BLONDINE—"Isn't Bennie Beanbrough the thick one?"

BRUNETTA—"He is all of that."

"I said to him 'every time I open my mouth I put my foot in it—'"

"Uh huh!"

"And right away the poor fish looked down at my feet."

An Irishman who is noted for his wit went into a public-house the other day and called for a glass of beer. The tumbler was not full enough for Pat's satisfaction, so he quietly asked the publican how many barrels of beer he sold in a week.

"Ten," replied the publican.

"I think," replied Pat, "if yer stand me a pint I could put yez on a plan to sell eleven barrels a week."

"Agreed," said the landlord, handing him a pint. "How now am I to do it?"

Pat, taking a big drink at his new pint, "Always fill your glasses."

An Irishman who was rather too fond of strong drink was asked by the parish priest:

"My son, how do you expect to get into Heaven?"

The Irishman replied:

"Shure, and that's aisy! When I get to the gates of Heaven I'll open the door and shut the door, and open the door and shut

the door, an' keep on doing that till St. Peter gets impatient and says, 'For goodness' sake, Mike, either come in or stay out!'"

Soon after a certain judge of the Supreme Court of Rhode Island had been appointed he went down into one of the southern counties to sit for a week. He was well satisfied with himself.

"Mary," he said to the Irish waitress at the hotel where he was stopping, "you've been in this country how long?"

"Two years, sir," she said.

"Do you like it?"

"Sure, it's well enough," answered Mary.

"But, Mary," the judge continued, "you have many privileges in this country, which you'd not have in Ireland. Now at home you would never be in a room with a justice of the supreme court, and chatting familiarly with him."

"But, sure, sir," said Mary, quite in earnest, "you'd never be a judge at home."

"Sure, Oi'll write me name on the back o' your note, guaranteein' ye'll pay ut," said Pat, smiling pleasantly as he indorsed Billup's note, "but Oi know doomed well ye won't pay ut. We'll have a laugh at th' ixpinse of the bank."—*Life*.

PAT—"This is the foist time inny of these corporations hev done innything to binnefit the workingman."

MIKE—"How is that, Pat?"

PAT—"It is this siven-cint fare. I hev bin walkin' to and from me work and savin' tin cints, and now I kin save fourteen cints."

An Irishman asked at the railway station for a ticket to Philadelphia.

"Do you want a ticket one way or one that will take you there and back?"

The Irishman looked at him suspiciously for a moment, then said: "What the devil do I want a ticket there an' back for when I'm here already?"

An Irish mother reproving her son exclaimed, "I just wish that your father was at home some evening to see how you behave yourself when he is out!"

A tourist reports seeing the following police regulation posted up in Ireland:

"Until further notice every vehicle must carry a light when darkness begins. Darkness begins when the lights are lit."

IRISHMEN

"'Tis easy to see," said the tourist to Paddy, who was driving him around, "that your parents came from Ireland."

"No, sir, they did not," replied Paddy.

"What! Do you mean to say your parents did not come from Ireland?"

"No, sir; you are mistaken," replied Paddy; "they're there yit."—*The Nation*.

A zealous excise officer was sent to Ireland to try to locate several "moonshine" stills which were known to exist.

Meeting a native the excise officer approached Pat, saying:

"I'll give you five shillings, Pat, if you can take me to a private still."

"Troth, an' I will sir," was Pat's reply, as he pocketed the money. "Come with me."

For many weary miles over mountain, bog, and moor they tramped, until they came into view of a barracks. Pointing to a soldier seated on a step inside the square, Pat said:

"There you are, sir, my brother Mike; he's been a soldier for ten years, an' he's a private still."

An English clergyman turned to a Scotchman and asked him: "What would you be were you not a Scot?"

The Scotchman said: "Why, an Englishman, of course!"

Then the clergyman turned to a gentleman from Ireland and asked him: "And what would you be were you not an Irishman?"

The man thought a moment and said: "I'd be ashamed of meself!"

Two sailors, an Irishman and a Scotchman, could never agree, and the rest of the crew had become adepts in starting them on an argument. One day "patron saints" was the subject, of which the Scotchman knew nothing and the Irishman just a little.

"Who was the patron saint of Ireland?" said Jock.

"Do you mean to say you don't know?" said Pat. "Why, the holy St. Patrick."

"Well," said Jock in deliberate tones, "hang your St. Patrick."

In a towering rage the Irishman hesitated a second while he thought of something equally offensive, and then burst out with, "And hang your Harry Lauder!"

PAT—"Yis, sorr, wur-rk is scarce, but Oi got a job last Sunday that brought me foive dollars."

MR. GOODMAN—"What! you broke the Sabbath?"

PAT (apologetically)—"Well, sorr, 'twas wan av us had t' be broke."

An Irishman employed in a large factory had taken a day off without permission and seemed likely to lose his job in

consequence. When asked by his foreman the next day why he had not turned up the day before, he replied:

"I was so ill, sir, that I could not come to work to save me life."

"How was it, then, Pat, that I saw you pass the factory on your bicycle during the morning?" asked the foreman.

Pat was slightly taken aback, then regaining his presence of mind, he replied:

"Sure, sir, that must have been when I was going for the doctor."

A college graduate was walking down the street one evening with a friend of Irish descent, and, pausing to look up at the starry sky, remarked with enthusiasm:

"How bright Orion is tonight!"

"So that is O'Ryan, is it?" replied Pat. "Well, thank the Lord, there's one Irishman in heaven, anyhow!"

After Patsy Hogan had left Dublin for the country, and rented a cottage with a small backyard, he returned to town and purchased a monkey. Not a word of his scheme would he disclose to his old cronies.

But afterwards he explained. "'Twas like this: I chained the monkey to a stick in me yard, and the coal thrains were passin' all day, and on iv'ry thrain there was a stoker. In one week I had two tons of coal in me cellar, and the monkey was never wanst hit!"

See also Irish bulls.

JEWS

Pat, answering questions in applying for a job as keeper of the pound, came to the query, "What are rabies and what would you do for them?"

He replied, "Rabies is Jew priests and I wouldn't do a damn thing for them."

Israel Paletzky sold and delivered fresh eggs to a near-by soda dispenser. One day he brought in two dozen eggs in response to an order. Upon counting them, the proprietor of the soda fountain discovered there was an extra egg and offered it back to the aged Jew.

"Oh, dot's all right!" said old Israel. "Neffer mind for chust von egg."

"Well, Izzy, have a drink then."

"All right. I take it a malted milk mit egg."

To the great God Buddha came the representatives of the Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish religions, to pay him homage. Buddha, very flattered, told each of them that if they would express a wish, it would be fulfilled.

"What do you wish?" he asked the Catholic.

The answer was "Glory."

"You shall have it," said Buddha, and turning to the Protestant, "What do you wish?"

"Money."

"You shall have it."

"And you?" This to the Jew.

"I do not want much," quoth he; "give me the Protestant's address!"

Father Duffy is credited by the New York World with this after-dinner story:

"An old sexton asked me, 'Father, weren't the Apostles Jews?' I said they were. Puzzled, he demanded: 'Then how the deuce did the Jews let go of a good thing like the Catholic Church and let the Eytalians grab it?'"—*The Outlook*.

In the latest number of the Unpartizan Review Henry Holt tells the following anecdote as used by John Hay:

"Two Jews," he said, "were rescued from a raft by a Cunarder. Both were pretty well used up, when one saw the vessel and murmured, 'A sail, a sail!' The other who was stretched on the raft revived long enough to exclaim, 'Mein Gott! I haf no gatalog!'"

JOKES

Life of a Joke

1—Appears in LIFE.

2—Copied in newspaper.

3—Used in almanac.

4—Filler on theater program.

5—Furnishes a laugh in vaudeville.

6—After-dinner speaker tells it.

7—Translated in foreign papers.

8—Retranslated back. Goes rounds of American papers once more.

9—Sent to LIFE as original.—*Life*.

"Pop, what do we mean by a good listener?"

"A good listener, my son, is a man to whom it is possible to tell a funny story without reminding him of one of his own."

JUDGE—"You are charged with profanity."

PRISONER—"How can that be, your honor, when I was arrested for getting rid of it?"

JUDGE—"Ten days for swearing. Thirty days for that joke."

POST—"Scribbler says if you can judge of the future by the past, his work will live for thousands of years."

PARKER—"Let's see. Just what does Scribbler write?"

POST—"Jokes."

MRS. LESSNER—"Do you think it's true that poor Lydia hasn't smiled since her marriage?"

MRS. SHORTWELL—"I think it's very likely. You know her husband is a professional humorist."

The good die young was never said of a joke.

Why are jokes preceded by the so-called title, which is virtually the conclusion, or what Twain termed the "nub"? The understanding of it implies the reading of the joke first, and yet it is hung at the very beginning in heavy type, demanding immediate attention. The reader learns rapidly, however, and will not be fooled. Nine times out of ten he will skip the title, complete the article, and then, from habit, unconsciously glance back for the grin in the title, Where the Point Lies.

It was a portly but very polite person who sat next to Jones in a railway station. "Pardon me," said he to Jones, "but what would you say if I sat on your hat?" "Suppose you sit on it and then ask me," sarcastically suggested Jones. "I did," said the portly person, imperturbably.—*Judge*.

"It must be gratifying to see your jokes copied everywhere."

"What gratifies me most," said the professional humorist, "is that somebody is willing to buy 'em in the first place."

William George Jordan, the educator and writer, uses a crutch. One day, after he had negotiated several blocks, he paused to mop his brow. While mopping with one hand he held his hat in the other and a kindhearted but near-sighted passerby dropped a coin in the hat. "Hey!" said Jordan, "it's legs I want—not alms."

Old Fashioned Fun

When that old joke was new,
   It was not hard to joke,
And puns we now pooh-pooh,
   Great laughter would provoke.

True wit was seldom heard,
   And humor shown by few,
When reign'd King George the Third,
   And that old joke was new.

It passed indeed for wit,
   Did this achievement rare,
When down your friend would sit,
   To steal away his chair.

You brought him to the floor,
   You bruised him black and blue,
And this would cause a roar,
   When your old joke was new.

—W.M. Thackeray.

JOURNALISM

"I represent The Daily Scoop, At what time did his lordship die?"

"His Lordship is not yet dead."

"Oh, isn't he? Well, then I'll wait."

FIRST WAR-CORRESPONDENT—"Did your dispatch get past the censor?"

SECOND WAR-CORRESPONDENT—"Only the part that wasn't true."

"Well, isn't that all your paper wants?"—Life.

"Getting out a daily column is no picnic," confesses a daily getter-out in the Niles Sun-Star. "If we print jokes, folks say we are silly—if we don't, they say we are too serious. If we publish original matter, they say we lack variety; if we publish things from other papers, they say we are too lazy to write. If we stay in the office, we ought to be out rustling news; if we rustle for news, we are not attending to business in the office. If we wear old clothes, we are insolvents; if we wear new clothes, they are not paid for. What in thunder is a poor editor to do anyhow? Like as not someone will say we swiped this from an exchange. We did."

See also Newspapers.

JUDGES

Judge Ben B. Lindsey of Denver, was lunching one day—it was a very hot day—when a politician paused beside his table "Judge," said he, "I see you're drinking coffee. That's a heating drink. In this weather you want to drink iced drinks, Judge—sharp iced drinks. Did you ever try gin and ginger ale?"

"No," said the Judge, smiling, "but I have tried several fellows who have."

Unfortunately we've mislaid the judge's name, but his courtroom is in New Bedford, Mass. Before him appeared a defendant who, hoping for leniency, pleaded, "Judge, I'm down and out."

Whereupon said the wise Judge:

"You're down, but you're not out. Six months."

The late Gilman Marston, of New Hampshire, was arguing a complicated case, and looked up authorities back to Julius Caesar. At the end of an hour and a half, in the most intricate part of his plea, he was pained to see what looked like inattention. It was as he had feared. The judge was unable to appreciate the nice points of his argument.

"Your Honor," he said, "I beg your pardon; but do you follow me?"

"I have so far," answered the judge, shifting wearily about in his chair, "but I'll say frankly that if I thought I could find my way back, I'd quit right here."

See also Lawyers.

JUDGMENT

Two San Francisco negroes were discussing the possibilities of being drafted.

"'Tain't gwine do 'em any good to pick on me," said Lemuel, sulkily. "Ah certainly ain't gwine do any fightin'. Ah ain't lost nothin' oveh in France. Ah ain't got any quarrel with anybody, and Uncle Sam kain't make me fight."

Jim pondered over this statement for a moment.

"You' right," he said at length. "Uncle Sam kain't make you fight. But he can take you where de fightin' is, and after that you kin use you' own judgment."

'Tis with our judgments as our watches; none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

—*Pope*.

How little do they see what is, who frame
Their hasty judgment upon that which seems.

—*Southey*.

Judgment is forced upon us by experience.

—*Johnson*.

JURY

Fresh from Boston, the lawyer in the frontier town had just finished a glowing summing up for the defense. There ensued a long pause, and the Easterner turned in some embarrassment to the judge.

"Your Honor," he asked, "will you charge the jury?"

"Oh, no, I guess not," answered the judge benignantly.

"They ain't got much anyway, so I let them keep all they can make on the side."

The jury filed into the jury-box, and after the twelve seats were filled there still remained one juror standing outside.

"If the Court please," said the Clerk, "they have made a mistake and sent us thirteen jurors instead of twelve. What do you want to do with this extra one?"

"What is your name?" asked the judge of the extra man.

"Joseph A. Braines," he replied.

"Mr. Clerk," said the judge, "take this man back to the jury commissioners and tell them we don't need him as we already have twelve men without Braines."

A suit for damages was being tried not long ago in one of the divisions of a Southern city court. A country lad, seventeen or eighteen years of age, was put on the stand to testify. He

gave his testimony in so low a tone that the judge, pointing to the jury, said to him:

"Speak so that these gentlemen can hear you."

"Why," said the witness, with a beaming smile, "are these men interested in the case, too?"

"Judge, Your Honor," cried the prisoner at the bar, "have I got to be tried by a lady jury?"

"Be still!" whispered his attorney.

"I won't be still! Judge, I can't even fool my own wife, let alone twelve strange women. I'm guilty!"

In western Georgia a jury recently met to inquire into a case of suicide. After sitting through the evidence, the twelve men retired, and, after deliberating, returned with the following verdict:

"The jury are all of one mind—temporarily insane."

THE JUDGE (to jury, who have retired several times without agreeing)—"I understand that one juryman prevents your coming to a verdict. In my summing up I have clearly stated the law, and any juryman who obstinately sets his individual opinion against the remaining eleven is totally unfitted for his duties."

THE SOLITARY OBJECTOR—"Please, m'lud, I'm the only man who agrees with you!"

A Time Exposure

A judge's little daughter, who had attended her father's court for the first time, was very much interested in the proceedings.

After her return home she told her mother:

"Papa made a speech, and several other men made speeches to twelve men who sat all together, and then these twelve men were put in a dark room to be developed."

During an address to a body of law students ex-President Taft pointed out that too much care cannot be taken in the selection of the jury. In this connection he told of an intelligent-looking farmer who had been examined by both defense and prosecution and was about to be accepted, when the prosecutor chanced to ask:

"Do you believe in capital punishment?"

The farmer hemmed and hawed and after a moment's reflection replied:

"Yes, sir, I do, if it ain't too severe."

THE COURT—"Considering that you are the wife of the prisoner, do you think you are qualified to act as a juror in this case?"

THE LADY—"Well, your honor, if you will only give me a chance, I think I can convince the eleven other jurors that he's guilty."

A tailor who had been wrongfully accused of murder, and who had an excellent defense, seemed very dejected when brought up for trial.

"What's the trouble?" whispered the counsel, observing his client's distress as he surveyed the jurymen.

"It looks very bad for me," said the defendant, "unless some steps are taken to dismiss that jury and get in a new lot. There isn't a man among them but owes me money for clothes."

JUSTICE

There is no virtue so truly great and Godlike as justice.—*Addison*.

A Sunday-school teacher had been telling her class of little boys about crowns of glory and heavenly rewards for good people.

"Now, tell me," she said, at the close of the lesson, "who will get the biggest crown?"

There was silence for a minute or two, then a bright little chap piped out:

"Him wot's got t' biggest 'ead."

KINDNESS

I think I know what kindness is tonight.
It is a woman standing by a light.

It is a smile when life seems mostly grim.
It is a hope when hope has grown quite slim.

It is a hand that's gentle, firm and cool.
It is calm sense when you think like a fool.

It is a word of cheer when cheer is gone.
It is a lowered blind at garish dawn.

It is a steady presence all the day
That pushes lagging, dragging hours away.

I think I know what kindness is tonight.
It is a woman standing by a light.

—*Joseph Andrew Galahad*.

The Red-Cross idea that children should be encouraged to breed white mice in order that they might be handed over to doctors for the purpose of medical research, and which recommended these white mice, particularly, on the grounds that they so endeared themselves to the children, can only be paralleled by a story General Baden-Powell once told at a Boy Scout meeting. There was a boy, he related, who went to bed one night without having done his "kind act." Just as he was beginning to feel rather miserable about it, he heard a mouse in a trap in the room.

"What do you think he did?" asked the General, and the audience promptly replied:

"Let it out."

"Not at all," replied the General; "he hadn't done his kind act: he thought of the cat."

Kindness is wisdom. There is none in life
But needs it and may learn.

—*Bailey*.

Beauty lives with kindness.—*Shakespeare*.

KINGS AND RULERS

Kings and Emperors

Kings and Emperors shall pass
Like the sands within the glass.

See them passing even now,
Shorn of power, and bent of brow!

Purblind they who saw not Fate
Standing by the palace gate;
Deaf were they, and their reward
Is the Justice of the Lord!

—*Clinton Scollard*.

SAM—"Who was the first Kaiser?"

BULL—"How do I know? Ask me something easy."

SAM—"Something easy?"

BULL—"Yes; ask me who's the last."

The Kaiser said, "What shameful fears
I'm now compelled to feel;
I stacked the cards for thirty years
And then mussed up the deal!"

"Can you tell me," said the Court, addressing Enrico Ufuzzi, under examination at Union Hill, N.J., as to his qualifications for citizenship, "the difference between the powers and

prerogatives of the King of England and those of the President of the United States?"

"Yezzir," spoke up Ufuzzi promptly. "King, he got steady job."

In the English royal library at Windsor, in the center of the magazine table, there is a large album of pictures of many eminent and popular men and women of the day. This book is divided into sections—a section for each calling or profession. Some years ago Prince Edward, in looking through the book, came across the pages devoted to the pictures of the rulers of the various nations. Prominently placed among these was a large photograph of Colonel Roosevelt.

"Father," asked Prince Edward, placing his finger on the Colonel's picture, "Mr. Roosevelt is a very clever man, isn't he?"

"Yes, child," answered King George with a smile. "He is a great and good man. In some respects I look upon him as a genius."

A few days later, King George, casually glancing through the album, noticed that President Roosevelt's photograph had been removed and placed in the section devoted to "Men and Women of the Time." On asking the Prince whether he had removed the picture, the latter solemnly replied: "Yes, sir. You told me the other day that you thought Mr. Roosevelt a genius, so I took him away from the kings and emperors and put him among the famous people."

KISSES

Jack disliked being kissed. One day he had been kissed a lot. Then, to make matters worse, on going to the picture-palace in the evening, instead of his favorite cowboy and Indian pictures there was nothing but a lot more hugging and kissing. He returned home completely out of patience with the whole tribe of women.

After he had been tucked into bed mother came in to kiss him good-night.

He refused.

Mother begged and begged, till in disgust he turned to his father, who was standing at the doorway, looking on, and said:

"Daddy, for heaven's sake, give this woman a kiss!"

People who throw kisses are mighty near hopelessly lazy.

"If you kiss me again," declared Miss Lovely firmly, "I shall tell father."

"That's an old tale," replied the bold, bad young man. "Anyhow, it's worth it," and he kissed her.

Miss Lovely sprang to her feet. "I shall tell father," she said and left the room.

"Father," she said softly to her parent when she got outside, "Mr. Bolder wants to see your new gun."

"All right, I'll take it to him," said her father, and two minutes later he appeared in the doorway with his gun in his hand.

There was a crash of breaking glass as Mr. Bolder dived through the window and departed in all haste for the railway station.—*Judge*.

Before introducing Lieutenant de Tessan, aid to General Joffre, and Colonel Fabry, the "Blue Devil of France," Chairman Spencer, of the St. Louis entertainment committee, at the M. A. A. breakfast told this anecdote.

"In Washington, Lieutenant de Tessan was approached by a pretty American girl, who said:

"'And did you kill a German soldier?'

"'Yes,' he replied.

"'With what hand did you do it?' she inquired.

"'With this right hand,' he said.

"And then the pretty American girl seized his right hand and kissed it. Colonel Fabry stood near by. He strolled over and said to Lieutenant de Tessan:

"'Heavens, man, why didn't you tell her that you bit him to death.'"

According to Dr. Bramer, the savages of Brumari Island never kiss each other. Judging by their photographs, we don't blame them.

A girl was asked to explain why men never kiss each other, while women do. She replied:

"Men have something better to kiss; women haven't."

A kiss is a peculiar proposition. Of no use to one, yet absolute bliss to two. The small boy gets it for nothing, the young man has to steal it, and the old man has to buy it. The Baby's right, the Lover's privilege, the Hypocrite's mask. To a young girl, faith; to a married woman, hope; to an old maid charity.

KNOWLEDGE

Self-Knowledge

To be conscious that you are ignorant is a great help to knowledge.—*Disraeli*.

Superfluous

"What's that you're goin' to give Bill?"

"An anesthetic. After he takes it he won't know anything."

"Lor', Bill don't need that, he don't know anything now."

Knowledge is not happiness, and science
But an exchange of ignorance for that
Which is another kind of ignorance.

—*Byron*.

LABOR AND CAPITAL

"What's the difference between capital and labor?"

"If I had to work and turn three-fourths of my wages over to you, that would be labor."

"Yes?"

"On the other hand, if you had to work and turn three-fourths of your wages over to me, that would be capital."

LABOR AND LABORING CLASSES

JOHN—"You work hard. How many hods of mortar have yuh carried up that ladder today?"

BILL—"Hush, man. I'm foolin' the boss. I've carried this same hodful up an' down all day, and he thinks I've been workin'."

Said a teacher of much erudition,
"I deplore the poor workman's condition."
When he learned what they earned,
His profession he spurned,
And became a high-paid mechanician.

"And how is your husband keeping?"

"'E ain't keeping; 'e's on strike, and I'm doing the keeping."

BOSS—"No; we have all the men we need."

LABORER—"Seems like you could take one more, the little bit of work I'd do."—*Judge*.

FARMER—"I'll give you $5 a month and your board!"

APPLICANT—"Aw, shucks! What do you think I am, a college graduate?"

Wilson Barrett used to tell an amusing story against himself. At a time when he had a lot of workmen redecorating his private residence, thinking to give them a treat, he asked if, after work one evening, they would like to have seats to go and see him play in "The Lights o' London," at the Princess's Theater.

They said they didn't mind if they did, and being given complimentary tickets, all went on a Saturday night to see their employer's performance.

At the end of the week Barrett's eye caught sight of this item against each workman's name on the pay-sheet: "Saturday night. Four hours' overtime at Princess's Theater, eight shillings."

LABOR-SAVING DEVICES

A New Orleans man tells of a visit he once made to a small, although important, place on the Caribbean coast of Colombia.

At that time, it appears, his knowledge of South America was limited, and he viewed the sights with a keener interest than he does today. While he was waiting for the train in which he was to travel to Barranquilla, two peons went by with a wheelbarrow minus the wheel. It was a contrivance with handles at both ends, and it required the services of two men to move it.

Turning to a steamer acquaintance, the American asked him if there were no real wheelbarrows in the place.

"Oh, no," replied the Colombian; "we use these ingenious devices so that two men may do the work of one."

LADIES

See Woman.

LANGUAGES

The oculist was examining the eyes of a patient from Jamaica. He requested the patient to read the top line of the test card, the letters of which ran N P R T V Z B D F H K O. The patient emitted a spluttering sound. "Come, come," urged the doctor, "read the top line." The patient frowned and spluttered again. The doctor was slightly exasperated. "If you can't read it, just say so," he said.

"Well, really, you know," replied the Jamaican, "the letters are perfectly familiar, but I'm hanged if I know the language."

"Why have words roots, pa?"

"To make the language grow, my child."

LAUGHTER

Every time a man laughs he takes a kink out of the chain of life.

"After all," said Kwoter, "it's a true saying that 'he laughs best who laughs last.'"

"Not at all," replied Wise. "The really true saying is: 'He laughs best whose laugh lasts.'"

LAUNDRY

"Did the laundry man find those cuffs he lost last week?"

"No, John."

"The shirts are no good to me without the cuffs."

"Evidently he figured it that way, too. This week he lost the shirts."

LAWS

The good need fear no law;
It is his safety, and the bad man's awe.

—*Massinger*.

"Your case would have been stronger, Mr. McGuire," said the lawyer, "if you had acted only on the defensive. But you struck first. If you had let him strike you first you would have had the law on your side."

"Yes," said McGuire. "Oi'd have had the law on my soide, but Oi'd have had him on me stomach."

Congressman Hull, of Iowa, sent free seeds to a constituent in a franked envelop, on the corner of which were the usual words, "Penalty for private use, $300." A few days later he received a letter which read:

"I don't know what to do about those garden-seeds you sent me. I notice it is $300 fine for private use. I don't want to use them for the public. I want to plant them in my private garden. I can't afford to pay $300 for the privilege. Won't you see if you can't fix it so I can use them privately? I am a law-abiding citizen, and do not want to commit any crime."

LAWYERS

LAWYER—"Are you aware, sir, that what you contemplate is illegal?"

CLIENT—"Certainly. What do you suppose I came to consult you for?"

An Atlanta lawyer tells of a newly qualified judge in one of the towns of the South who was trying one of his first criminal cases. The prisoner was an old negro charged with robbing a hen-coop. He had been in court before on a similar charge and was then acquitted.

"Well Henry," observed the Judge, "I see you're in trouble again."

"Yessuh," replied the negro. "De las' time, Jedge, you rec'lect, you was mah lawyuh."

"Where is your lawyer this time?"

"I ain't got no lawyer dis time," said Henry. "Ah's gwine to tell de troof."

"Pa, what is a retainer?"

"What you pay a lawyer before he does any work for you, my son."

"Oh, I see. It's like the quarter you put in the gas-meter before you get any gas."

After a young lawyer had talked nearly five hours to a jury, who felt like lynching him, his opponent, a grizzled old veteran, arose, looked sweetly at the judge, and said:

"Your honor, I will follow the example of my young friend who has just finished, and submit the case without argument."—*Life*.

A Chicago business man, with many relatives, some of whom were well-to-do but grasping, recently sought the services of his lawyer to draw up his will. When, after much labor, the document was completed, the client asked:

"Have you fixed this thing, as I wished it, tight and strong?"

"I have done my best," said the lawyer.

"Well," continued the client, "I want to ask you another thing—not professionally, however. As a friend, and man to man, who do you think stands the best chance of getting the property when I am gone?"

The attorneys for the prosecution and defense had been allowed fifteen minutes each to argue the case. The attorney for the defense had commenced his argument with an allusion to the old swimming-hole of his boyhood days. He told in flowery oratory of the balmy air, the singing birds, the joy of youth, the delights of the cool water—

And in the midst of it he was interrupted by the drawling voice of the judge:

"Come out, Chauncey," he said, "and put on your clothes. Your fifteen minutes are up."

It is related that when Judge Benjamin Toppan of Ohio, who died in the early '70s, applied for admission to the bar of that

state he was asked just two questions. "Mr. Toppan, what is law?" was the first of these.

"An unjust distribution of justice," replied the applicant.

"What is equity?" was the second.

"A damned imposition upon common sense!"

He was received into the brotherhood with open arms.

MAGNATE—"I give that lawyer ten thousand dollars a year to keep me out of jail."

"Oh, John! Please stop spending your money so foolishly."—*Life*.

When General Beck was a young lawyer a man was arraigned for murder and had no counsel.

"Mr. Beck," said the presiding judge, "take the prisoner into that room at the rear of the court, hear his story, and give him the best advice you can."

Accordingly Beck disappeared with the prisoner, and in half an hour's time returned into court—alone.

"Where is the prisoner?" asked the judge.

"Well," replied Beck, slowly, "I heard his story, and then I gave him the best advice I could. I said: 'Prisoner, if I were you I'd get out of that window and make tracks.' He slid down the water-pipe, and the last I saw of him he was getting over a stone wall half a mile away."

"Smith certainly is a foxy fellow. He's drawn up his will in such a way that the lawyers can't get more out of it than his own heirs."

"How's that?"

"Why, he left half his fortune to one of the best lawyers in the country, provided he saw to it that the other half went to Smith's children intact."

"I couldn't serve as a juror, judge. One look at that fellow convinces me he's guilty."

"Sh-h! That's the district attorney."

LITTLE WILLIE—"What is a lawyer, pa?"

PA—"A lawyer, my son, is a man who induces two other men to strip for a fight, and then runs off with their clothes."

The following is told of a late railway magnate and a prominent Philadelphia lawyer.

Said the magnate to the lawyer—"I want you to show that this law is unconstitutional. Do you think that you can manage it?"

"Easily," answered the lawyer.

"Well, go ahead and get familiar with the case."

"I'm already at home in it. I know my ground perfectly. It's the same law you had me prove was constitutional two years ago."

"Are you sure you can prove my client is crazy?"

"Why, certainly," replied the eminent alienist. "And what is more, if you are ever in trouble and need my services I'll do the same thing for you."

The lawyer was endeavoring to pump some free advice out of the doctor.

"Which side is it best to lie on, Doc?"

"The side that pays you the retainer."

An attorney in Dublin having died exceedingly poor, a shilling subscription was set on foot to pay the expenses of his funeral. Most of the attorneys and barristers having subscribed, one of them applied to Toler, afterwards Lord Chief Justice Norbury, expressing his hope that he would also subscribe his shilling.

"Only a shilling!" said Toler; "only a shilling to bury an attorney! Here is a guinea; go and bury one-and-twenty of them."

See also Judges.

LAZINESS

"I was in need of help to harvest my prune crop," said the grower, "and I went to a saloon in a near-by city. On entering the place I accosted the barkeeper, and asked him if any of the men lounging about the place cared for employment at good wages.

"'I dunno,' said the mixer, 'yer better ask 'em.'

"'Any of you men want to go to work?' I said.

"There was a dead silence for a few moments, when one of the loafers spoke up and queried, 'What doing, and what do yer pay?'

"'Picking prunes,' I replied, 'and I pay three dollars a day and board.'

"'What kind of a place is it?' asked the garrulous one.

"'It is an attractive rolling orchard,' I answered.

"The I. W. W. spokesman rose from his chair, yawned, stretched himself, and said, 'Well, roll her in here and let's see her, and we'll tell yer if we wants the job.'"

A morning paper complains that "eggs ought to be more plentiful and cheaper than they are at the present time." The number of hens to be seen nowadays standing about doing nothing is certainly a scandal.

An American teacher undertook the task of convincing an indolent native son of the Philippines that it was his duty to get out and hustle.

"But why should I work?" inquired the guileless Filipino.

"In order to make money," declared the thrifty teacher.

"But what do I want with money?" persisted the brown brother.

"Why, when you get plenty of money you will be independent and will not have to work any more," replied the teacher.

"I don't have to work now," said the native—and the teacher gave it up in disgust.

FIRST COCKY (on horseback)—"That cove ye've had wurrkin' for yer arsked me fur a job this mornin'. Was he a steady chap Ryan?"

SECOND COCKY—"He was. If he'd ha' bin inny stiddier he'd ha' bin motionless."

"What sort of a chap is Bill to camp out with?"

"He's one of those fellows who always takes down a mandolin about the time it's up to somebody to get busy with the frying pan."

A camera man who had ventured without permission to take some pictures on a farm for the educational department of a film company was met unexpectedly by the owner of the farm and hastened to explain his presence there. "I've just been taking a few moving pictures of life on your farm," he said.

"Have you?" the old farmer responded. "And did you catch my hired man in motion?"

"Sure I did," the man assured him.

"You did!" the farmer exclaimed. Then he shook his head reflectively. "Well, well," he remarked, "science is a wonderful thing."

LEAGUE OF NATIONS

"Why do you object to the League of Nations?"

"On musical grounds. After singing 'My Country, 'Tis of Thee,' all these years, I don't want the mental effort of changing to 'Our Countries, Tis of Those.'"

FOR SALE—"League of Nations." Several pages missing; binding gone in spots. Damaged by fire and water. Valuable historical document. Author now unknown. As is.

LEAP YEAR

A Modern Leap-Year Song

Ah, me! why should I marry me?
   Lovers are plenty, but fortunes are few
Why lose wages that carry me
   Better by far than a husband could do?
Fond youth, calmly I'm viewing you,
   Steeling a heart that might flutter and throb:
I've no thought of pursuing you;
   Poverty's stupid—I'll stick to my job.

LEFT HANDEDNESS

Pat, who was left-handed, was being sworn in as a witness in the West Side Court of Denver, Colo.

"Hold up your right hand," said the judge. Up went Pat's left hand.

"Hold up your right hand," commanded the judge, sternly.

"Sure and I am, yer honor," declared Pat. "Me right hand's on me left-hand side."

LEGISLATION

"Have you made any resolutions or turned over a new leaf or anything like that?"

"No," replied the man with the serene smile. "No need of them. If I have any lingering vices I feel that I need only wait for somebody to introduce legislation that will make them impossible."

LEGISLATORS

"Do you think we are happier for the conveniences of telegraph and telephone?"

"Not always," replied Senator Sorghum. "It would be a great comfort to be able to make a speech that exactly agrees with your audience without its being placed immediately before people all over the country who may not feel the same way about it."

"Senator, you promised me a job."

"But there are no jobs."

"I need a job, Senator."

"Well, I'll ask for a commission to investigate as to why there are no jobs and you can get a job on that."

LEISURE

THE CHILD—"Mother, what is 'leisure'?"

THE MOTHER—"It's the spare time a woman has in which she can do some other kind of work, dearie."

LIARS

The teacher was telling her class a long, highly embellished story of Santa Claus, and the mirth of Willie Jones eventually got entirely beyond his control.

"Willie," said the teacher sternly, "what did I whip you for yesterday?"

"Fer lyin'," promptly answered Willie; "an' I was jest wonderin' who was goin' to whip you."

He who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes, for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain one.—*Pope*.

A Boston minister once noticed a crowd of urchins clustered around a dog of doubtful pedigree.

"What are you doing, my little men?" he asked, with fatherly interest.

"Swappin' lies," volunteered one of the boys. "The feller that tells the biggest one gets the purp."

"Shocking!" exclaimed the minister. "Why, when I was your age I never thought of telling an untruth."

"Youse win," chorused the urchins. "The dog's yours, mister."

A man may tell the same lie about the same thing to the same man seven times seven, and be accounted truthful. Let him vary in but the merest detail and he is a liar. Such is the patent gullibility of a too conscientious world.

An evangelist who was conducting services announced that on the following evening he would speak on the subject of "Liars." He advised his hearers to read in advance the seventeenth chapter of Mark.

The next night he arose and said: "I am going to preach on 'Liars' tonight and I would like to know how many read the chapter I suggested." A hundred hands were upraised.

"Now," he said, "you are the very persons I want to talk to—there isn't any seventeenth chapter of Mark."

A Sunday school teacher asked a small girl the other day why Ananias was so severely punished. The little one thought a minute, then answered: "Please, teacher, they weren't so used to lying in those days."

"Does your husband ever lie to you?"

"Never."

"How do you know?"

"He tells me that I do not look a day older than I did when he married me, and if he doesn't lie about that, I don't think he would about less important matters."

"Do you really mean to call me a liar?" asked one rival railroad man of another railroad man, during a dispute on business they had on Austin Avenue yesterday.

"No, Colonel, I don't mean to call you a liar. On the contrary, I say you are the only man in town who tells the truth all the time, but I'm offering a reward of $25 and a chromo to any other man who will say he believes me when I say you never lie," was the response.

"Well, I'm glad you took it back," replied the other party, as they shook.—*A. E. Sweet*.

See also Husband; Real estate agents; Regrets.

LIBERTY BONDS

"We accept Liberty Bonds at their full value for all goods."

Thus reads a placard in the window of a wholesale liquor house. We have often wondered what the height of damphoolishness might be, having tried various things, but there it is: Exchanging a Liberty Bond for booze.

LIBRARIANS

The Reference Librarian

At times behind a desk he sits,
At times about the room he flits—
Folks interrupt his perfect ease
By asking questions such as these:
"How tall was prehistoric man?"
"How old, I pray, was Sister Ann?"

"Perhaps," commented her husband's bookish friend, "you should be thankful you did not find him with his nose in 'The Inside of the Cup!'"

"What should one do if cats have fits?"
"What woman first invented mitts?"
"Who said 'To labor is to pray?'"
"How much did Daniel Lambert weigh?"
"Don't you admire E. P. Roe?"
"What is the fare to Kokomo?"
"Have you a life of Sairy Gamp?"
"Can you lend me a postage-stamp?"
"Have you the rimes of Edward Lear?"
"What wages do they give you here?"
"What dictionary is the best?"
"Did Brummell wear a satin vest?"
"How do you spell 'anemic,' please?"
"What is a Gorgonzola cheese?"
"Who ferried souls across the Styx?"
"What is the square of 96?"
"Are oysters good to eat in March?"
"Are green bananas full of starch?"

"Where is that book I used to see?"
"I guess you don't remember me?"
"Haf you Der Hohenzollernspiel?"
"Where shall I put this apple peel?"
"Ou est, m'sie, la grand Larousse?"
"Do you say 'two-spot,' or 'the deuce'?"
"Come, find my book—why make a row?"
"A *red* one—can't you find it *now*?"
"Please, which is right? to 'lend' or 'loan'?"
"Say, mister, where's the telephone?"
"How *do* you use this catalog?"
"Oh, hear that noise! Is that my dog?"
"Have you a book called 'Shapes of Fear'?"
"You mind if I leave baby here?"

—Edmund Lester Pearson

It was at the public library. A small shaver clutched a well-worn, dirty volume. At last it came his turn to place his volume for the inspection of the librarian. The suspense was great, but finally the librarian leaned forward. Taking in the size of the boy and then glancing back at the book she remarked, "This is rather technical, isn't it?"

Planting his feet firmly on the floor, the boy, half-defiant, half-apologetic, retorted, "It was that way when I got it, ma'am."

"My husband is a most inveterate reader," exclaimed Mrs. Knox with a slight tone of ennui. "He reads until dawn every morning. Why, last night I found him asleep with his nose in 'V.V.'s Eyes!'"

Toast to Librarians

Said the "maker of books" to the "keeper of books,"
Yours is the task to hold

The choice of the changeable minds of men
To that which is pure gold.

Yours to watch at the ebb and flow
The tides of the public thought—
Flotsam or jetsam floating in
With the treasure genius brought.

For the unperishable dream of the soul lives on,
As the dream of genius must,
When the brain which wrought and the hand that wrote
Are one with the "daisied dust."

And so with reverent hands may you give
To the minds of men in their need,
The written word that's the word worth while,
So keepers of books—God speed!

Do You Believe In Fairies?

The world is full of people
Who are under the impression
That libr'ry work in general
Is the easiest profession.

"Such nice clean work!" says So-and-So,
"And such nice hours too!"
"Why, really now," exclaims a girl,
"I don't see what you do."
"Just sitting reading all the books
'Most all the livelong day.
Don't tell me now that just for this
The city gives you pay!"

And no one ever stops to think
Why it's so quiet there.
While they're just sitting at their ease
In some nice easy chair.
And how the books got on the shelves
In just the right, right place,

Nor how the "chief" keeps track of each,
And with a smiling face.

Oh, mercy no, they seem to think
Some fairy passed that way
With books from many publishers
And when she'd said, "Good day,"
She catalogued them in a night,
And with a bit of glue,
Stuck in the pages that were loose,
And mended old ones too.

And that she dusted all the shelves,
And kept the records straight;
So when the year came to an end,
She would not be too late
In handing in a full report
Of just what had been done.
(And "full" comprises everything
That's underneath the sun).

Oh yes, you'll find them everywhere,
Deluded as can be
In thinking libr'ry work's a "cinch,"
And looking longingly
At someone's "easy libr'ry job"
"With not a thing to do!"
But tell me, do you libr'yites
Believe in fairies too?

—H.I.B. in the Use of Print.

A certain woman who came in to take out a card, upon being told she must give the name of a friend as reference said, "Why, I have no friends. I was a librarian."

See also Books and reading.

LIBRARIES

The Power-House

Every day I go past the Library on Ludlow Street

I look in the open windows and see the great dynamos.

They have power enough to jazz the earth and throw the planets out of step, but they make no sound.

I saw a girl with shell goggles dusting some of them,

Unterrified by her proximity to such dangerous engines.

Look out, child, look out, don't get too near the Bernard Shaw rheostat or the Walt Whitman fly-wheel.—*Christopher Morley*.

"May I take this book home please, or isn't it a *running* book? Oh, I'm so glad, I thought it might be 'for reference only.'"

MAN—"I'd like a book on dramatic expression."

LIBRARIAN—"Oral, of course?"

MAN—"Yes, I don't like poetry."

LIES

Sin has many tools but a lie is the handle that fits them all. —*O.W. Holmes*.

LIFE

As viewed by the

OPTIMIST	PESSIMIST
Love	Lies
Independence	Ingratitude
Fun	Foolishness
Endeavor	Exertion

In traveling along a road in a motor car, there will be several cars ahead of you going your way, and there will be several cars coming toward you. Also ahead of you, going your way, there may be a hay wagon or a farmer in a buggy. As you speed along, you look ahead and declare to yourself that there is no logical way in which you can get through the spaces thus created. Yet the vehicles always form themselves into the right combination, and you pass through easily. This is the way with life. There are always obstacles that you do not see how you can pass without a smash-up. But you always get by.

"Stop, look, listen!"

The reflective man stopped to read the railroad warning.

"Those three words illustrate the whole scheme of life," said he.

"How?"

"You see a pretty girl; you stop; you look; after you marry her, and for the rest of your life, you listen."

The Magician

Life has such a subtle way
Of forming roses out of clay;

Of taking tears that seemed in vain
And making of them April rain;

Of getting from a heedless rafter
Echoes of dead bits of laughter;

Of welding in a sunset sea
Lost loveliness and imagery;

Of making out of crawling things
Butterflies with airy wings.

Life has such a subtle way
Of turning darkness into day;

Of bringing music, ocean-old,
To newness of a tale untold;

And then, grown jealous of its trust,
Of changing roses back to dust.

—*Vivian Yeiser Laramore*.

Finish each day and be done with it. You have done what you could. Some blunders and absurdities no doubt crept in; forget them as soon as you can. Tomorrow is a new day, begin it well and serenely, and with too high a spirit to be cumbered with your old nonsense. This day is all that is good and fair. It is too dear, with its hopes and invitations, to waste a moment on the yesterdays.—*Emerson*.

Life Is No Problem

Life is no problem to the heart

That understands itself,
That does not sit above, apart
Upon some higher shelf.

And moralize on destiny
And other things obscure,
But has no more philosophy
Than changeless love and pure.

Life is no problem to the mind
That knows the way to live
The habit just of being kind,
The joy of just to give.

Life is no mystery at all
To those who do not doubt
But take this life as life befall
And smile and live it out.

Do not with theories concern
Yourself as on you go;
There is but little we can learn,
But little we can know.

Life is to live, to take the sweet
The hidden fates have sent,
To live each day the day you meet
And try to be content.

So do not seek to tear the veil
And read the heart of God.
Enough that He is in the gale
And in the velvet sod.

Enough that He has given you
The boon of days and years,
The world of green, the sky of blue,
And sunshine after tears.

—Douglas Mallock.

The Match Box

Life is a Match Box, and the Matches
   Ambitions, and unstruck desires;
Youth the material that catches
   And kindles in the darkness fires.

And Love is like an idle fellow
   Who sets the match box in a blaze,
And sees the blue flames and the yellow
   Shoot up and die beneath his gaze.

But Age is like a man returning
   Late homeward. Creeping in his socks
He tries to get a candle burning,
   And finds he has an empty box.

The seven ages of man have been well tabulated by somebody or other on an acquisitive basis. Thus:

First age—Sees the earth.
Second age—Wants it.
Third age—Hustles to get it.
Fourth age—Decides to be satisfied with only half of it.
Fifth age—Becomes still more moderate.
Sixth age—Now content to possess a six-by-two strip of it.
Seventh age—Gets the strip.

Wisdom

When I have ceased to break my wings
Against the faultiness of things,
And learned that compromises wait
Behind each hardly opened gate,
When I can look life in the eyes
Grown calm and very coldly wise,
Life will have given me the Truth
And taken in exchange—My Youth.

—*Sara Teasdale*.

LISPING

A young lady who lisped very badly was treated by a specialist, and learned to say the sentence: "Sister Susie's Sewing Shirts for Soldiers."

She repeated it to her friends, and was praised upon her masterly performance.

"Yeth, but ith thuth an ectheedingly difficult remark to work into a converthathion—ethpethially when you conthider that I have no thither Thuthie."

LOGIC

"Sedentary work," said the college lecturer, "tends to lessen the endurance."

"In other words," butted in the smart student, "the more one sits the less one can stand."

"Exactly," retorted the lecturer; "and if one lies a great deal one's standing is lost completely."

Two men were hotly discussing the merits of a book. Finally, one of them, himself an author, said to the other: "No, John, you can't appreciate it. You never wrote a book yourself."

"No," retorted John, "and I never laid an egg, but I'm a better judge of an omelet than any hen."

LONDON

A teacher asked her class to write an essay on London. She was surprised to read the following in one attempt:

"The people of London are noted for their stupidity."

The young author was asked how he got that idea.

"Please, miss," was the reply, "it says in the text-books the population of London is very dense."

"Hiram writes that the first day he was in London he lost £12."

"Great Cæsar's ghost! Ain't they got any health laws in that town?"

LOST AND FOUND

OLD GENTLEMAN (in street car)—"Has anyone here dropped a roll of bills, with a rubber elastic around them?"

"Yes, I have!" cried a dozen at once.

OLD GENTLEMAN (calmly)—"Well, I've just picked up the elastic."

"Cohn, I've lost my pocketbook."

"Have you looked by your pockets?"

"Sure, all but der left-hand hip pocket."

"Vell, vy don't you look in dot?"

"Because if it ain't dere I'll drop dead!"

The following exchange of courtesy was recently chronicled in a German paper's advertisements:

"The gentleman who found a brown purse, containing a sum of money, in the Blumenstrasse, is requested to forward it to the address of the loser, as he is recognized."

A couple of days later appeared the response, which, altho courteous, had an elusive air, to say the least:

"The recognized gentleman who picked up a brown purse in the Blumenstrasse requests the loser to call at his house at a convenient day."

A small boy came hurriedly down the street, and halted breathlessly in front of a stranger going in the same direction.

"Have you lost half a crown?" he asked with his hand in his pocket.

"Y-es, yes, I believe I have!" said the stranger feeling in his pockets. "Have you found one?"

"Oh, no," said the small boy. "I just want to see how many have been lost today. Yours makes fifty-four!"

The young lady from New York was inclined to belittle things.

"Why," she remarked, "I could find my way up this mountain path alone."

"Wal," responded the native, "a young couple went up this path last year and never came back."

"Oh, my! Were they lost?"

"Nope," was the reply, "they went down the other side!"

The other day when the beach was crowded, a small boy, looking rather bewildered, approached a police officer and said, "Please, sir, have you seen anything of a lady around here?"

"Why, yes," answered the officer, "I've seen several."

"Well, have you seen any without a little boy?"

"Yes."

"Well," said the little chap, as a relieved look crossed his face, "I'm the little boy. Where's the lady?"

One does not mean to be personal, but, if the young man who sat in the chair where a lady had left a dish of maple sugar to cool at the festival the other evening, will return the saucer, he will save himself further trouble.

LOVE

Outwitted

He drew a circle that shut me out
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.
But Love and I had the wit to win,
We drew a circle that took him in.

—*Edwin Markham*.

DAUGHTER—"Oh, father, how grand it is to be alive! The world is too good for anything. Why isn't every one happy?"

FATHER—"Who is he this time?"

EDITH—"How does Fred make love?"

MARIE—"Well, I should define it as unskilled labor."

MAG.—"Wot is 'platonic affection,' Liz? Is it love?"

LIZ.—"Well, no;—it ain't *true* love! Dere ain't no quarreling in it, ner no fighting, ner worrying, ner hocking, ner drinking, ner getting arrested fer non-support, ner *nuthin'* wot's really passionate!"

Why

Do you know why the rabbits are caught in the snare
Or the tabby cat's shot on the tiles?
Why the tigers and lions creep out of their lair?

Why an ostrich will travel for miles?
Do you know why a sane man will whimper and cry
And weep o'er a ribbon or glove?
Why a cook will put sugar for salt in a pie?
Do you know? Well, I'll tell you—it's Love.

—*H.P. Stevens*.

PAPA—"Why, hang it, girl, that fellow only earns nine dollars a week!"

PLEADING DAUGHTER—"Yes; but, daddy, dear, a week passes so quickly when you're fond of one another."—*Judge*.

"Love makes the world go 'round," quoted the Parlor Philosopher.

"Yes, but it has to be cranked," replied the Mere Man. "It isn't a self-starter."

Cupid

Why was Cupid a boy,
And why a boy was he?
He should have been a girl,
For aught that I can see.

For he shoots with his bow,
And a girl shoots with her eye;
And they both are merry and glad,
And laugh when we do cry.

Then to make Cupid a boy
Was surely a woman's plan,
For a boy never learns so much
Till he has become a man.

And then he's so pierced with cares,
And wounded with arrowy smarts,

That the whole business of his life
Is to pick out the heads of the darts.

—*William Blake*.

Partake of love as a temperate man partakes of wine: do not become intoxicated.—*A. de Musset*.

LUCK

VICAR—"Nothing to be thankful for! Why, think of poor old Hodge losing his wife through the flu!"

GILES—"Well, that don't do me no good. I ain't Hodge."

Good luck is the gayest of all gay girls;
Long in one place she will not stay:
Back from your brow she strokes the curls,
Kisses you quick and flies away.

But Madame Bad Luck soberly comes
And stays—no fancy has she for flitting;
Snatches of true-love songs she hums,
And sits by your bed, and brings her knitting.

—*John Hay*.

YOUNG SON—"What is luck, father?"

FATHER—"Luck, my son, is something that enables another fellow to succeed where we have failed."

MAGAZINES

History of the Magazine Story

July 27, 1914—Author finishes it.

Aug. 3, 1914—Rewrites, giving incidental war slant.

May 9, 1915—Rewrites; hero rescues heroine from torpedoed liner.

Apr. 7, 1917—Rewrites; hero enlists; villain, German spy.

Nov. 13, 1918—Rewrites; denouement, allied entrance into Berlin; heroine, Red Cross nurse.

Nov. 13, 1918—Rewrites; climax, homecoming from overseas.

Aug. 15, 1919—War fiction going stale; goes back to original story, retaining only German villain.

Jan. 1, 1923—Rewrites; takes out German villain.

Apr. 1, 1934—Author in old people's home; sells original story to Cozy Hearth; editor features it as "charming romance of life before the war."

EDITOR (surveying summer landscape)—"Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness, close bosom friend of the maturing sun!"

FRIEND—"But, I say, that was written about autumn, wasn't it?"

EDITOR—"Yes, yes, I know—but you must remember that we always go to press four months in advance!"

It was the first of January when a stranger entered the offices of Pushup's Monthly Magazine.

"Gracious, but it is hot in here!" he remarked to a man in his shirt sleeves, who was mopping his face with a handkerchief.

"Some," was the terse reply of the man, who was no other than the famous editor himself.

"What are all those flowers, straw hats and palm-leaf fans scattered about for?"

"Oh, to give a touch of realism;—we are now preparing our great Midsummer Fiction Number," was the great editor's kindly reply.—*E.C.H.*

MAJORITY

"You don't mean to tell me you ever doubt the wisdom of the majority?"

"Well," responded Senator Sorghum with deliberation, "what is a majority? In many instances it is only a large number of people who have got tired out trying to think for themselves and have decided to accept somebody else's opinion."

MARKSMANSHIP

"Why do you compare my marksmanship with lightning?" asked the recruit.

"Because," replied the instructor, "it never hits twice in the same place."

OFFICER (to recruit)—"Goodness gracious, man, where are all your shots going? Every one has missed the target."

SOLDIER (nervously)—"I don't know, sir. They left here all right."

MARRIAGE

"Hubby, if I were to die would you marry again?"

"That question is hardly fair, my dear."

"Why not?"

"If I were to say yes you wouldn't like it, and to say never again wouldn't sound nice."

THE PHRENOLOGIST—"Yes, sir, by feeling the bumps on your head I can tell exactly what sort of man you are."

MR. DOOLAN—"Oi belave it will give ye more ov an oidea wot sort ov a woman me woife is."—*Jack Canuck*.

Private Nelson got his leave, and made what he conceived to be the best use of his holiday by getting married.

On the journey back at the station he gave the gateman his marriage certificate in mistake for his return railway ticket.

The official studied it carefully, and then said:

"Yes, my boy, you've got a ticket for a long journey, but not on this road."

NORTH—"I see they're reviving the talk about trial marriages. Do you believe in them?"

WEST—"Well, mine is quite a trial, but I can't say I believe in it especially."

A young fellow took his elderly father to a football match.

"Father," he said as they took their seats, "you'll see more excitement for your five dollars than you ever saw before."

"Oh, I don't know," grunted the old man; "five dollars was all I paid for my marriage license."

George Washington Jones, colored, was trying to enlist in Uncle Sam's army, and the following conversation ensued with the recruiting officer:

"Name?"

"George Washington Jones, sah."

"Age?"

"I'se twenty-seven years old, sah."

"Married?"

"No, sah. Dat scar on mah haid is whar a mule done kicked me."

If marriage is a lottery,
As saw smiths often say,
The lucky gambler is, of course,
The one who doesn't play.

—*Tennyson J. Daft*.

At the wedding reception the young man remarked: "Wasn't it annoying the way that baby cried during the whole ceremony?"

"It was simply dreadful," replied the prim little maid of honor; "and when I get married I'm going to have engraved

right in the corner of the invitations: 'No babies expected.'"

"The man who gives in when he is wrong," said the street orator, "is a wise man; but he who gives in when he is right is __"

"Married!" said a meek voice in the crowd.

Mrs. Killifer desired that the picture be hung to the right of the door; Mr. Killifer wanted it hung to the left. For once the husband proved to be the more insistent of the two, and Henry, the colored man, was summoned to hang the picture according to Mr. Killifer's order.

Henry drove in a nail on the left. This done, he also drove one in the wall on the right.

"Why are you driving that second nail?" asked Mr. Killifer.

"Why, boss, dat's to save me de trouble of bringin' de ladder tomorrow when you come round to de missus's way of thinkin'," said Henry.

Mr. Brown met Mr. Jones on the street.

"Any news, Brown?" asked Jones.

"Nothing special. I've just been reading the Sunday paper. And I find one peculiar thing in it that may be news to you."

"What is it?"

"The Sunday paper says that women in ancient Egypt used to act as they pleased, live as they pleased, and dress as they pleased, without regard to what the men thought. Lucky we don't live in those times, what?"

"Mr. Brown, are you married?"

"What has that got to do with it? As a matter of fact, I'm not."

"I thought not."

"She calls her dog and her husband by the same pet name. It must cause frequent confusion."

"Not at all. She always speaks gently to the dog."

"Pa, a man's wife is his better half, isn't she?"

"We are told so, my son."

"Then if a man marries twice there isn't anything left of him, is there?"

How the Row Started

MR. BROWN—"I had a queer dream last night, my dear. I thought I saw another man running off with you."

MRS. BROWN—"And what did you say to him?"

MR. BROWN—"I asked him what he was running for."

Uncle Josh was comfortably lighting his pipe in the living-room one evening when Aunt Maria glanced up from her knitting.

"John," she remarked, "do you know that next Sunday will be the twenty-fifth anniversary of our wedding?"

"You don't say so, Maria!" responded Uncle Josh, pulling vigorously on his corncob pipe. "What about it?"

"Nothing," answered Aunt Maria, "only I thought maybe we ought to kill them two Rhode Island Red chickens."

"But, Maria," demanded Uncle Josh, "how can you blame them two Rhode Island Reds for what happened twenty-five years ago?"

GARDENER—"I am going to leave, sir. I can't stand the Missus!"

EMPLOYER—"Too strict, is she?"

GARDENER—"Yes, sir. She keeps forgetting that I can leave any time, and bosses me about just as if I was you!"

"Get away from here or I'll call my husband," threatened the hard-faced woman who had just refused the tramp some food.

"Oh, no, you won't," replied the tramp, "because he ain't home."

"How do you know?" asked the woman.

"Because," answered the man as he sidled toward the gate, "a man who marries a woman like you is only home at meal times."

FRIENDLY CONSTABLE—"Come, come, sir, pull yourself together; your wife's calling you."

CONVIVIAL GENT—"Wha' she call-calling me; Billy or William?"

CONSTABLE—"William, sir."

CONVIVIAL GENT—"Then I'm not going home."

HUSBAND (angrily)—"What! no supper ready? This is the limit! I'm going to a restaurant."

WIFE—"Wait just five minutes."

HUSBAND—"Will it be ready then?"

WIFE—"No, but then I'll go with you."

"Why have I never married?" the old bachelor said in reply to a leading question. "Well, once upon a time, in a crowd, I trod on a lady's gown. She turned furiously, beginning, 'You clumsy brute!' Then she smiled sweetly and said, 'Oh, I beg pardon! I thought you were my husband! No; it really doesn't matter in the least.'

"And when I came to think it over, I decided that maybe I'd just as well let marriage alone."

"I hear the sea captain is in hard luck. He married a girl and she ran away from him."

"Yes; he took her for a mate, but she was a skipper."

FORTUNE-TELLER—"You wish to know about your future husband?"

CUSTOMER—"No; I wish to know about the past of my present husband for future use."

"Do you act toward your wife as you did before you married her?"

"Exactly. I remember just how I used to act when I first fell in love with her. I used to lean over the fence in front of her house and gaze at her shadow on the curtain, afraid to go in. And I act just the same way now when I get home late."

"Marriage is a lottery."

"Not exactly," commented Miss Cayenne. "When you lose in a lottery it's an easy matter to tear up the ticket and forget it."

Lightning knocked over three men who were sitting on boxes in front of Sawyer's store yesterday. One of them was knocked senseless; the other two exclaimed, "Leggo! I'm comin' right home."

TEACHER—"In what part of the Bible is it taught that a man should have only one wife?"

LITTLE BOY—"I guess it's the part that says that no man can serve more than one master."

The trouble with most marriages is that a man always makes the mistake of marrying the woman who carries him off his feet—instead of trying to find one who will keep him on them.

CONDUCTOR (to passenger of Pullman)—"Excuse me, sir. Is this lady your wife?"

PASSENGER—"I don't know. It depends upon what State we are passing through."—*Life*.

"I'm thinking of getting married, pa. What's it like?"

"You had a job as janitor once, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"And you had a position as watchman once, didn't you?"

"And you worked a while as a caretaker, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, it's a combination of all three jobs—and then some."

The archbishop had preached a fine sermon on married life and its beauties. Two old Irishwomen were heard coming out of church commenting on the address.

"'Tis a fine sermon his Riverence would be after giving us," said one to the other.

"It is, indade," was the quick reply, "and I wish I knew as little about the matter as he does."—*Life*.

A young Swede appeared at the county judge's office and asked for a license.

"What kind of a license?" asked the judge. "A hunting license?"

"No," was the answer. "Aye tank aye bane hunting long enough. Aye want marriage license."

The young man sidled into the jeweler's shop with a furtive air. He handed the jeweler a ring with the stammered statement that he wished it marked "with some names."

"What names do you wish?" inquired the jeweler in a sympathetic tone.

"From Henry to Clara," the young man blushingly whispered.

The jeweler looked from the ring to the young man, and said in a fatherly manner: "Take my advice, young man, and have it engraved simply, 'From Henry.'"

JUDGE—"The police say that you and your wife had some words."

PRISONER—"I had some, but didn't get a chance to use them."—*Puck*.

At the end of three weeks of married life, a Southern darky returned to the minister who had performed the ceremony and asked for a divorce. After explaining that he could not grant divorces, the minister tried to dissuade his visitor from carrying out his intention of getting one saying:

"You must remember, Sam, that you promised to take Liza for better or for worse."

"Yassir, I knows dat, boss," rejoined the darky; "but—but she's wuss dan I took her for."

In one of the big base hospitals of the Army not long ago a new librarian was set to work by the American Library Association. She was a very charming young woman, and very anxious to please all of her "customers," tho some of them didn't even wish to look at a book. In her rounds she approached one of the patients and he declined to be interested in her wares. At the next cot she stopped and offered its occupant a book.

"What's it about?" the patient asked.

"Oh, this is 'Bambi,'" said the librarian. "It's about a girl who married a man without his having anything to say about it."

"Hold on there," shouted the man who had declined all books. He raised himself up on his elbow and reached out his hand. "Give me that book. It's my autobiography."

Miss SNOWFLAKE—"What did Jim Jackson git married for?"

Miss WASHTUBB—"Lawd only knows;—he keeps right on workin'!"

The beautiful young woman interviewed a fortune-teller on the usual subjects.

"Lady," said the clairvoyant, "you will visit foreign lands, and the courts of kings and queens. You will conquer all rivals and marry the man of your choice. He will be tall and dark and aristocratic looking."

"And young?" interrupted the lady.

"Yes, and very rich."

The beautiful lady grasped the fortune teller's hands and pressed them hard.

"Thank you," she said. "Now tell me one thing more. How shall I get rid of my present husband?"

Miss Milly was rather a talkative young lady. Her bosom friend, having missed her for some time, called to find out the reason.

"No, mum, Miss Milly is not in," the maid informed her.

"She has gone to the class."

"Why, what class?" inquired the caller in surprize.

"Well, mum, you know Miss Milly is getting married soon, so she's taking a course of lessons in domestic silence."

Mrs. Peavish says that if it were to do over again, no man need ever ask for her hand until he had shown his.

In London they tell of a certain distinguished statesman who is an optimist on all points save marriage.

One afternoon this statesman was proceeding along a country road when he saw a cottager eating his supper alone in the road before his dwelling.

"Why, Henry," asked the statesman, "why are you eating out here alone?"

"Well, sir, er—" the man stammered, "the—er—chimney smokes."

"That's too bad," said the statesman, his philanthropic sentiments at once being aroused. "I'll have it fixed for you. Let's have a look at it."

And before the cottager could stay him the statesman proceeded to enter the cottage. As soon as he had opened the door a broomstick fell upon his shoulders and a woman's voice shrieked:

"Back here again, are you, you old rascal! Clear out with you, or I'll—"

The statesman retired precipitately. The cottager sat in the road shaking his head in sorrow and embarrassment. The statesman bent over him, and laid his hand in kindly fashion on his arm.

"Never mind, Henry," said he, consolingly, "my chimney smokes sometimes, too."—*Harper's*.

NODD—"Are you sure your wife knows I'm going home to dinner with you?"

TODD—"Knows! Well, rather! Why, my dear fellow, I argued with her about it this morning for nearly half an hour."—*Life*.

A recent experience of a Virginia clergyman throws light on the old English law requiring that marriages should be

celebrated before noon. A colored couple appeared before him, asking to be married, the man in a considerably muddled state. The minister said to the woman, "I won't perform this ceremony."

"Why is dat, boss?" she queried. "Ain't de license all right? An' we is of age."

"Yes, but the man is drunk. Take him away and come back again." Several days later the couple again presented themselves, the man once more obviously intoxicated. "See here, I told you I wouldn't marry you when this man was drunk," the minister said testily. "Don't you come back here till he's sober."

"Well, you see, suh," the woman replied apologetically, "de trufe is dat he won't come less'n he's lit up."

"Well," cried Mrs. Henpeck, "our son is engaged to be married. We will write to the dear lad and congratulate him."

Mr. Henpeck agreed (he dare not do otherwise), and his wife picked up the pen.

"My darling boy," read the son; "what glorious news! Your father and I rejoice in your happiness. It has long been our greatest wish that you should marry some good woman. A good woman is Heaven's most precious gift to man. She brings out all the best in him and helps him to suppress all that is evil."

Then there was a postscript in a different handwriting:

"Your mother has gone for a stamp. Keep single, you young noodle."—*Judge*.

"Women always have and always will keep men guessing," declares the Wathena (Kan.) Times. "A Wathena merchant employed a homely girl because he thought he could keep her.

Within a few months a young man married her for the same reason."

A prominent New York débutante recently ordered "four seats on the aisle" at the theater. When her party arrived at the performance, they were surprised to find themselves arranged in a column instead of a row. Nothing daunted, the débutante turned to a bored, middle-aged man next to her. Surely he would not mind changing with her friend in front.

"I beg your pardon," she said politely.

No reply. He must be deaf.

"I beg your pardon," she repeated louder.

Still no reply.

"I beg your pardon," she said, bumping his elbow.

He took out a pencil and wrote on his program:

"That's my wife on the other side of me. Safety first."

Man puts up with marriage in order to get a certain girl—a girl puts up with a certain man in order to get married.

In the old days man used to marry woman for a dot—now he marries her for a period.

Marriage may be likened to a subscription to a favorite magazine—it is something that should be renewed each year if it is not to expire.

A married woman said to her husband: "You have never taken me to the cemetery."

"No, dear," replied he; "that is a pleasure I have yet in anticipation."

A man of perhaps 55, wearing a rough peajacket, showing glimpses of a soiled pink silk shirt, with a rubber collar, approached and in confiding tones asked for a book for a "widow past 50 who is thinking of getting married." The assistant proceeded to inquire as to what kind of a story he thought she might like. "Oh," he said, "what I want is a story that will kind o' cheer her up."

See also Domestic finance; Husbands; Leap year.

MASCOTS

"Does a rabbit's foot really bring good luck?"

"I should say so. My wife felt one in my money pocket once and thought it was a mouse."

MATHEMATICS

See Arithmetic.

MATRIMONY

See Marriage.

MEASURING INSTRUMENTS

A two-foot rule was given to a laborer in a Clyde boat-yard to measure an iron plate. The laborer not being well up in the use of the rule, after spending considerable time, returned.

"Now, Mick," asked the plater, "what size is the plate?"

"Well," replied Mick, with a grin of satisfaction, "it's the length of your rule and two thumbs over, with this piece of brick and the breadth of my hand and my arm from here to there, bar a finger."—*Everybody's*.

MEDALS

A well-known admiral—a stickler for uniform—stopped opposite a very portly sailor whose medal-ribbon was an inch or so too low down. Fixing the man with his eye, the admiral asked: "Did you get that medal for eating, my man?"

On the man replying "No, sir," the admiral rapped out: "Then why the deuce do you wear it on your stomach?"

MEDICAL ETHICS

Not so very long ago a certain attorney was quite ill. A doctor was summoned, but directly he arrived and got one look at his patient he said, "Sorry, but you'll have to call another doctor."

"Am I as sick as all that?" gasped the attorney.

"No, but you're the lawyer that cross-examined me when I was called to give expert testimony in a certain case. Now my conscience won't permit me to kill you, but I'm darned if I care to cure you. Good day."

MEDICINE

DOCTOR—"What? Troubled with sleeplessness? Eat something before going to bed."

PATIENT—"Why doctor, you once told me never to eat anything before going to bed."

DOCTOR (with dignity)—"Pooh, pooh! That was last January. Science has made enormous strides since then."

GIRL (to druggist)—"Could you fix me a dose of castor oil so as the oil won't taste?"

DRUGGIST—"Certainly! Won't you have a glass of soda while waiting?" (She drinks the soda.)

DRUGGIST—"Something else, miss?"

GIRL—"No, just the oil."

DRUGGIST—"But you have just drank it."

GIRL—"Oh! It was for my mother."

"Are you of the opinion, James," asked a slim-looking man of his companion, "that Dr. Smith's medicine does any good?"

"Not unless you follow the directions."

"What are the directions?"

"Keep the bottle tightly corked."

MEMORY

Most of us forget to remember; it is harder, far, to remember to forget. And the more one endeavors to forget, the more memory insists.

"So you really think your memory is improving under treatment. You remember things now?"

"Well, not exactly, but I have progressed so far that I can frequently remember that I have forgotten something, if I could only remember what it is."

A school-teacher who had been telling a class of small pupils the story of discovery of America by Columbus, ended it with: "And all this happened more than six hundred years ago."

A little boy, his eyes wide open with wonder, said, after a moment's thought: "Gee, what a memory you've got!"

A Thing Forgotten

White owl is not gloomy;
Black bat is not sad.
It is only that each has forgotten
Something he used to remember:
Black bat goes searching . . . searching . . . .
White owl says over and over
Who? What? Where?

WALTER—"Mr. Smith's left his umbrella again. I do believe he would leave his head if it were loose."

ROBINSON—"I dare say you're right. I heard him say only yesterday he was going to Switzerland for his lungs."

Rose, the garrulous domestic, can give you facts of history—international, dramatic, scandalous—right off the bat without a moment's hesitation.

"How do you manage to remember all these things, Rose?" inquired her employer the other day.

Then Rose came back with the infallible rule for memory training.

"I'll tell ye, ma'am," says she. "All me life never a lie I've told. And when ye don't have to be taxin' yer memory to be rememberin' what ye told this one or that one, or how ye explained this or that, ye don't overwork it and it lasts ye, good as new, forever."

"What brought you here, my man?" asked the prison visitor.

"Just plain absent-mindedness," replied the prisoner.

"Why, how could that be?"

"I forgot to change the engine number of the car before I sold it."

MEN

"Daughter," said the father, "your young man, Rawlings, stays until a very late hour. Has not your mother said something to you about this habit of his?"

"Yes, father," replied the daughter sweetly. "Mother says men haven't altered a bit."

All mankind is divided into three classes: those that are immovable, those that are movable, and those that move.—*Arabian proverb*.

For every woman who makes a fool out of a man there is another woman who makes a man out of a fool.

The ideal man is as numerous as there are women to describe him.

If a woman is an hour late in returning home, and her husband is worried, she is flattered. If a man is three hours late he is angry if anyone is worried.

He was fond of playing jokes on his wife, and this time he thought he had a winner.

"My dear," he said, as they sat at supper, "I just heard such a sad story of a young girl today. They thought she was going blind, and so a surgeon operated on her and found—"

"Yes?" gasped the wife breathlessly.

"That she'd got a young man in her eye!" ended the husband, with a chuckle.

For a moment there was silence. Then the lady remarked, slowly:

"Well, it would all depend on what sort of a man it was. Some of them she could have seen through easily enough."

A little girl wrote the following composition on men:

"Men are what women marry. They drink and smoke and swear, but don't go to church. Perhaps if they wore bonnets they would. They are more logical than women, also more zoological. Both men and women sprang from monkeys, but the women sprang farther than the men."

Essay on Man

At ten, a child; at twenty, wild;
  At thirty, tame, if ever;
At forty, wise; at fifty, rich;
  At sixty, good, or never!

See also Husbands.

METHODISTS

He came of good Methodist stock and they were telling him about the disciples. They told him quite a lot about them, and somehow he didn't seem quite satisfied.

At last he voiced his trouble:

"But were they all Disciples? Weren't there *any* Methodists?"

MIDDLEMAN

"The first shall be last and the last shall be first," quoted the devout citizen.

"It makes no difference to me how you arrange 'em," replied the expert commercialist. "I'll get mine either way. I'm the middleman."

"Pop!"

"Yes, my son."

"What is a gardener?"

"A gardener is a man who raises a few things, my boy."

"And what is a farmer?"

"A man who raises a lot of things."

"Well, what is a middleman, Pop?"

"Why, he's a fellow who raises everything, my son."

MILITARISM

VILLAGE PACIFIST (as the Salvation Army passes)—"Oh, it's all right. I ain't sayin' 'taint. But it's fosterin' th' martial speerit jes' th' same."—*Judge*.

MILITARY DISCIPLINE

A colored gentleman was walking post for the first time in his life. A dark form approached him.

"Halt!" he cried in a threatening tone. "Who are you?"

"The officer of the day."

"Advance!"

The O.D. advanced, but before he had proceeded half a dozen steps the dusky sentinel again cried, "Halt!"

"This is the second time you have halted me," observed the O.D. "What are you going to do next?"

"Never you mind what Ah's gonna do. Mah orders are to call 'Halt!' three times, den shoot."

At twelve the other night one of our aviators who had liberty until ten-thirty was "hot-footin'" it back from a hop harbor in a neighboring ville. He passed the tracks, the "Y," and then started on the double past the sentry at the gate.

"Halt!" commanded the sentry.

"Halt nothin'," yelled the gob; "I'm two hours late now."

The railings of a big transport on its way to France were lined with very new soldiers when a massive gob hurried by, bent upon some urgent duty.

"Gangway! Gangway!" he shouted as he passed along the deck.

"Gee, that guy'll catch hell when they find him," murmured one of the recruits. "They been hollerin' for him all mornin.'"

"Hollerin' for who?"

"Why, that guy Gangway."

FRIEND—"How's your boy getting on in the army, Mr. Johnson?"

JOHNSON—"Wonderful! I feel a sense of great security. An army that can make my boy get up early, work hard all day, and go to bed early can do anything!"

He was a very young officer, who looked as if he should be wearing knee breeches.

One day when his company was up for inspection at the training camp, one of the men remarked in a tone of deep sarcasm. "And a little child shall lead them."

"The man who said that, step forward," was the immediate command. The entire company stepped out and repeated the quotation.

The lieutenant looked up and down the line. "Dismissed," he announced shortly.

The men thought they had gotten the better of him, but not for long, for that night at retreat when the orders for the following day were read they heard: "There will be a twenty-five-mile hike tomorrow with full equipment, and a little child shall lead them—on a damned good horse."

HE—"Have the car ready at the Admiralty at 4:30."

CHAUFFEUSE—"Very well."

HE—"I am accustomed to being addressed as 'My Lord!'"

SHE—"I am accustomed to being addressed as 'My Lady!'"

Aunt Nancy was visiting an army camp and as she approached some rookies were sitting on their heels and then rising to a standing position in perfect unison.

"What are the boys doing now?" she asked.

"Why, those are the setting-up exercises," explained an obliging sergeant.

"Humph," remarked auntie. "Looks to me more like settin' down exercises."

Passing a hand over his forehead, the worried drill-sergeant paused for breath as he surveyed the knock-kneed recruit. Then he pointed a scornful finger. "No," he declared, "you're hopeless. You'll never make a soldier. Look at you now. The top 'alf of your legs is standin' to attention, an' the bottom 'alf is standin' at ease!"

A sergeant was trying to drill a lot of raw recruits, and after working hard for three hours he thought they seemed to be getting into some sort of shape, so decided to test them.

"Right turn!" he cried. Then, before they had ceased to move, came another order, "Left turn!"

One hoodlum left the ranks and started off toward the barracks-room.

"Here, you!" yelled the angry sergeant. "Where are you going?"

"I've had enough," replied the recruit in a disgusted tone. "You don't know your own mind for two minutes runnin'!"

The day after the second draft quota had reached Camp Devens a rookie strolled into camp after dark. As he was going past a sentry, he was challenged.

"Who goes there?"

"Machine gun 301," answered the rookie.

"Advance to be recognized."

"Aw, you don't know me. I've only been here a coupla days."

"How did that private ever get in here?" asked a corporal of a captain as he looked at a boy who seemed to be a physical weakling.

"Walked in backward," said the captain, "and the guard thought he was going out."

"Remember, my son," said his mother as she bade him good-by, "when you get to camp try to be punctual in the mornings, so as not to keep breakfast waiting."—*Life*.

A young American artist who has just returned from a six-months' job of driving a British ambulance on the war-front in Belgium brings this back, straight from the trenches:

"One cold morning a sign was pushed up above the German trench facing ours, only about fifty yards away, which bore in large letters the words:

"'GOTT MIT UNS!'

"One of our cockney lads, more of a patriot than a linguist, looked at this for a moment and then lampblacked a big sign of his own, which he raised on a stick. It read:

"'WE GOT MITTENS, TOO!'"

"Who goes there?" the sentry challenged.

"Lord Roberts," answered the tipsy recruit.

Again the sentry put the question and received a like answer, whereupon he knocked the offender down. When the latter came to, the sergeant was bending over him. "See here!" said the sergeant, "why didn't you answer right when the sentry challenged you?"

"Holy St. Patrick!" replied the recruit; "if he'd do that to Lord Roberts, what would he do to plain Mike Flanagan?"

A mud-spattered dough-boy slouched into the "Y" hut where an entertainment was in progress and slumped into a front seat.

Firm, kindly, and efficient, a Y.M.C.A. man approached him, saying: "Sorry, buddy, but the entire front section is reserved for officers."

Wearily the youth rose.

"All right," he drawled, "but the one I just got back from wasn't."

A well-dressed stranger strolled up to a colored prisoner, who was taking a long interval of rest between two heaves of a pick.

"Well, Sam, what crime did you commit to be put in those overalls and set under guard?"

"Ah went on a furlong, sah."

"Went on a furlong? You mean you went on a furlough."

"No, boss, it was a sho' nuff furlong. Ah went too fur, and Ah stayed too long."

An officer of the A.E.F. relates the following: "We had a bunch of negro troops on board and it was a terrible experience to them, as most of them had never been away from home before. They were very religious and used to pray all over the ship. One big buck held a prayer right outside my window, thus: 'O Lord, if Thou doesn't do another thing on this trip, call this ocean to attention.'"

CAPTAIN (speaking to raw recruit trying to drill)—"What was your occupation before entering the army?"

ROOKIE—"Traveling salesman, sir."

CAPTAIN—"Stick around; you'll get plenty of orders here."

MILK

"You are charged with selling adulterated milk," said the judge.

"Your Honor, I plead not guilty."

"But the testimony shows that it is 25 per cent water."

"Then it must be high-grade milk," returned the plaintiff. "If your Honor will look up the word 'milk' in your dictionary you will find that it contains from 80 to 90 per cent water. I should have sold it for cream!"

The morning milk delivered at the parsonage was certainly weak, and the head of the household considered it necessary to remonstrate. "Are you aware," he remarked to the milkman, "that we require this milk for the hitherto recognized purposes?"

"I hope so, sir," replied the tradesman.

"That's all right, then," returned the parson gently; "I merely mentioned it in case you may have thought we wanted it for the font."

On the outskirts of Philadelphia is an admirable stock farm. One day last summer some poor children were permitted to go over this farm, and when their inspection was done, to each of them was given a glass of milk. The milk was excellent.

"Well, boys, how do you like it?" the farmer said, when they had drained their glasses.

"Fine," said one little fellow. Then after a pause, he added, "I wisht our milkman kept a cow."

MILLENNIUM

What Will We Do?

What will we do when the good days come—
When the prima donna's lips are dumb,
And the man who reads us his "little things"
Has lost his voice like the girl who sings;
When stilled is the breath of the cornet-man,
And the shrilling chords of the quartette clan;
When our neighbors' children have lost their drums
Oh, what will we do when the good time comes?
Oh, what will we do in that good blithe time,
When the tramp will work—oh, thing sublime!
And the scornful dame who stands on your feet
Will "Thank you, sir," for the profered seat;
And the man you hire to work by the day,
Will allow you to do his work your way;
And the cook who trieth your appetite
Will steal no more than she thinks is right;
When the boy you hire will call you "Sir,"
Instead of "Say" and "Guverner";
When the funny man is humorsome—
How can we stand the millennium?

—*Robert J. Burdette.*

MILLINERS

"Madam," announced the new maid, "your husband is lying unconscious in the reception hall, with a large box beside him and crushing a paper in his hand."

"Ah," cried her mistress in ecstacy, "my new hat has come."

MILLIONAIRES

The Idle Rich

The teacher asked his pupils to write an essay, telling what they would do if they had five million dollars.

Every pupil except little William Powers began writing immediately. William sat idle, twiddling his fingers and watching the flies on the ceiling.

Teacher collected the papers, and William handed in a blank sheet.

"How is this, William?" asked teacher. "Is this your essay? Every other pupil has written two sheets or more, while you have done nothing!"

"Well," replied William, "that's what I would do if I were a millionaire!"

"WILLIE," asked a New York teacher of one of her pupils, "how many make a million?"

"Not many," said Willie with a grin.

MINISTERS

See Clergy.

MISERS

Amos Whittaker, a miserly millionaire, was approached by a friend who used his most persuasive powers to have him dress more in accordance with his station in life.

"I am surprised, Amos," said the friend "that you should allow yourself to become shabby."

"But I'm not shabby," firmly interposed the millionaire miser.

"Oh, but you are," returned his old friend. "Remember your father. He was always neatly, even elaborately, dressed. His clothes were always finely tailored and of the best material."

"Why," shouted the miser, triumphantly, "these clothes I've got on were father's!"

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

"No man is as well known as he thinks he is," said Caruso. "I was motoring on Long Island recently. My car broke down, and I entered a farmhouse to get warm. The farmer and I chatted, and when he asked my name I told him modestly that it was Caruso. At that name he threw up his hands.

"'Caruso!' he exclaimed. 'Robinson Caruso, the great traveler! Little did I expect ever to see a man like yer in this here humble kitchen, sir!'"

CUSTOMER (trying on dress suit, jokingly)—"I hope I'll never be mistaken for a waiter."

TAILOR—"When in doubt, keep your hands in your pockets!"—*Judge*.

An Irishman, an Englishman and a Hebrew were telling of their strange experiences and how they were mistaken for great men.

"Would you baylave it," the Irishman said, "I was mistaken for ex-President Roosevelt."

The Englishman turned to his fellow countryman, "That's nothing," he said, "I was once mistaken for President Wilson."

"Huh?" the Hebrew said. "I vas standing on the street corner the other day and a cop came along and said to me, 'Holy Moses, are you here again?'"

MISTAKES

When a plumber makes a mistake, he charges time for it.

When a lawyer makes a mistake, it's just what he wanted.

When a carpenter makes a mistake, it's just what he expected, because the chances are ten to one he never learned his business.

When an electrician makes a mistake, he blames it on induction, because nobody knows what that is.

When a doctor makes a mistake, he buries it.

When a judge makes a mistake, it becomes the law of the land.

When a preacher makes a mistake, nobody knows the difference.

But a *salesman*—he is different; he has to be careful; he cannot turn his mistakes into profit or blame them on a profession.

You've got to go some to be a real *salesman*.

MONEY

If you save all you earn, you're a miser.
If you spend all you earn, you're a fool.
If you lose it, you're out.
If you find it, you're in.
If you owe it, they're always after you.
If you lend it, you're always after them.
It's the cause of evil.
It's the cause of good.
It's the cause of happiness.
It's the cause of sorrow.
If the government makes it, it's all right.
If you make it, it's all wrong.
As a rule it's hard to get.
But it's pretty soft when you get it.
It talks!
To some it says, "I've come to stay."
To others it whispers, "Good-bye."
Some people get it at a bank.
Others go to jail for it.
The Mint makes it first.
It's up to you to make it last.

—*Ben S. Kearns*.

GIBES—"A man's best friend, they say, is a full pocketbook."

DIBBS—"An empty one is his most constant friend, because while others may grow cold, he will find no change in his purse."

"I gave that beggar a penny, and he didn't thank me."

"No. You can't get anything for a penny now."

TODAY—"What do we care for prices? We've got the money!"

TOMORROW—"What do we care for prices? We haven't any money!"

"You know," Biggs, the confirmed alarmist, declared impressively, "it's getting so that it is positively dangerous for a man to carry around a good-sized roll of money."

"Difficult, rather than dangerous, I find," Diggs sighed.

"'S funny."

"Shoot!"

"Bills are rectangular, and yet they come rolling in!"

The Old Silver Dollar

How dear to my heart is the mem'ry that lingers
Of the days that, alas! we shall never see more,
When clutching a large silver coin in my fingers,
I hurried along to the grocery store,

And there purchased flour and bacon and coffee.
And prunes in a package, and apricots canned,
Two gallons of coal-oil, a half pound of toffee,
And still held some change, when I left, in my hand.

The big iron dollar
The good, honest dollar,
The hundred-cent dollar

I clutched in my hand.

But now, though accustomed to buying far closer,
Whenever in markets or stores I appear
To lay in provisions, the butcher or grocer
Will glance at my dollar and quietly sneer.

At the tail of a line of more affluent buyers
Awaiting my turn I must patiently stand,
For no one, as far as I gather, desires
The pitiful dollar I hold in my hand.

The poor little dollar,
The cheap, little dollar,
The fifty-cent dollar,
I hold in my hand!

"The amount of money a fellow's father has doesn't seem to cut much figure here."

"No, it's the amount of the father's money the son has."

"They say money talks."

"Well?"

"I wonder how that idea originated?"

"Have you never noticed the lady on the dollar?"

A medical paper advances the theory that "man is slightly taller in the morning than he is in the evening." We have never tested this, but we have certainly noticed a tendency to become "short" toward the end of the month.

See also Domestic finance.

MONEY LENDER

A teacher of English in one of our colleges describes a money-lender as follows:

"He serves you in the present tense, lends in the conditional mood, keeps you in the subjective, and ruins you in the future."

MORAL EDUCATION

The kindergarten teacher recited to her pupils the story of the wolf and the lamb. As she completed it she said:

"Now, children, you see that the lamb would not have been eaten by the wolf if he had been good and sensible."

One little boy raised his hand.

"Well, John," asked the teacher, "what is it?"

"If the lamb had been good and sensible," said the little boy, gravely, "we should have had him to eat, wouldn't we?"

MOSQUITOES

"You told me you hadn't any mosquitoes," said the summer boarder, reproachfully.

"I hadn't," replied Farmer Corntossel. "Them you see floatin' around come from Si Perkins's place. They ain't mine."

Two Irishmen, on a sultry night, took refuge under the bedclothes from a party of mosquitoes. At last one of them, gasping from heat, ventured to peep beyond the bulwarks, and espied a fire-fly which had strayed into the room. Arousing his companion with a punch, he said: "Furgus! Furgus! it's no use; you might as well come out; here's one of the craythers searching for us wid a lantern."

MOTHERS

Answers to the question "what is Mother?" given by supposedly feeble-minded school children of New York:

She's what you chop wood for.
She's what feeds you.
She's what put clothes and shoes on you.
She keeps care of you.
She's who's good to you.
She's your creator.
She's what's dead on to me.

Best composite portrait of a mother ever painted.

Mother

She loves me in spite of my faults;
She overlooks my mistakes;
She rejoices at my success;
She weeps over my failure;
She urges me on to higher endeavor,
And her confidence in my ability
Brings out the best that is in me.
Her love has been the crowning blessing of my life;
Here's to MOTHER.

—*Hathaway*.—

The mother, in her office, holds the key
Of the soul; and she it is who stamps the coin
Of character, and makes the being who would be a savage,
But for her gentle cares, a Christian man,
Then crown her Queen o' the world.

"An ounce of mother," says the Spanish proverb, "is worth a pound of clergy."—*T. W. Higginson*.

Mother is the name of God in the lips and hearts of little children.—*Thackeray*.

MOTHERS' DAY

These "days" for doing things that you ought to do any day are getting so numerous as to lead to curious ethical conflicts. A boy in Sabetha, Kansas, was taken to task for missing Sunday school one Sunday. "I wanted to come," he said, "but Sunday was Mothers' Day and mother wanted me to go fishing with her, so I went."

MOTHERS-IN-LAW

The lady bather had got into a hole and she couldn't swim. Nor could the young man on the end of the pier; but when she came up for the first time and he caught sight of her face, he could shriek, and he did. He shrieked:

"Help!"

A burly fisherman sauntered to his side.

"Wot's up?" he asked.

"There!" hoarsely cried the young man. "My wife! Drowning! I can't swim! A hundred dollars for you if you can save her."

In a moment the burly fisherman was in the sea. In another he was out of it, with the rescued lady bather. Thanking his lucky stars, he approached the young man again.

"Well, what about the hundred bones?" he asked.

But if the young man's face had been ashen gray before, now it was dead white, as he gazed upon the features of the recovered dame.

"Y-e-s, I know!" he gasped. "But when I made the offer I thought it was my wife who was drowning; and now—now it turns out it was my wife's mother!"

The burly fisherman pulled a long face. "Just my luck!" he muttered, thrusting his hand into his trousers pocket. "How much do I owe you?"

"Is your wife's mother enjoying her trip to the mountains?" "I'm afraid not. She's found something at last that she can't walk over."

MOVING PICTURES

A recent movie comedy showed on the screen a bevy of shapely girls disrobing for a plunge in the "old swimming-pool." They had just taken off shoes, hats, coats and were beginning on—a passing freight-train dashed across the screen and obscured the view. When it had passed, the girls were frolicking in the water.

An old railroader sat through the show again and again. At length an usher tapped him on the shoulder.

"Aren't you ever going home?" he asked.

"Oh, I'll wait a while," was the answer. "One of these times that train's going to be late."

"Didn't anybody criticise you for filming an automobile in ancient Babylon?"

"No. But I had a dozen letters calling my attention to the fact that the car showed a California license tag."

Moving day comes on May 1st, but every day in the year is movie day.

SLAPSTICK DIRECTOR—"Can't you suggest a novel from which we could adapt a comedy?"

COMEDIAN—"My memory isn't very accurate, but isn't there a book called 'Alice Threw the Looking-glass'?"

MOVIE OPERATOR—"What shall I do with this film? There is a tear in it that cuts right through the hero's nose!"

CLEVER MANAGER—"Ha! just the thing! Bill it as a feature in two parts."

PROMOTER—"I have here a scheme for revamping old films."

MANAGER—"Beat it! I'm too busy refilming old vamps."

An old couple from the country wandered into a moving picture show in town. As they entered a cow-boy picture was being shown.

The old lady laid a restraining hand on her husband's arm.

"Bill," she said, "let's not go too far down in front; the dust those horses are kickin' up is somethin' awful. My clothes'll be ruined!"

"Here's another book on *How to Get into the Movies*."

"Why on earth doesn't somebody write a book on how to get a seat after you do get in?"

Mr. and Mrs. Todd were debating whether the movie they had just seen was a new or old production.

"The leading woman wore two or three gowns that are very much in vogue," Mrs. Todd reminded her husband.

He remained firm, however.

"There wasn't any excitement when the cocktails were served," he said.

"I can," said the bashful young man to the director of the film company, "swim, dive, run an auto, fly an aeroplane, fence, box, shoot, ride a horse, run a motor-boat, play golf, fight, make love, fall off cliffs, rescue heroines, play football, die naturally, and kiss a girl."

"But," interrupted the famous director, "can you *act*?"

"Alas!" muttered the would-be screen hero, "I never thought of *that*."

"Engaged," growled the director, and another screen star was born.—*Life*.

See also Actors and actresses; Advertising; Signs.

MULES

"Is you gwine ter let dat mewel do as he pleases?" asked Uncle Ephraim's wife.

"Wha's you will-power?"

"My will-power's all right" he answered "You jes' want ter come out hyar an' measure dis mewel's won't power."

Somewhere in France a tall negro dough-boy was trying to pull to his feet a mule who persisted obstinately in sitting down. The darkey tugged and strained but the mule remained obdurate. Finally the man desisted and glaring at the mule, remarked "As you were, mule, as you were."

"What's become of your chauffeur?"

"Oh, he was with the regiment down in Texas and crawled under an army mule to see why it wouldn't go."

"Some men," said Uncle Eben, "put in der lives kickin' at nothin'. Bar's dis much to be said foh de mule. If he's interested enough to kick, he's willin' to go to de trouble of takin' aim."

"*Love's Labor Lost*"

Luke had been sent to the store with the mule and wagon. What happened is told in Luke's end of the conversation over the telephone from the store.

"Gimme seb'n-'leben.

"Gimme dat number quick, please 'm.

"Dis yer's Luke, suh.

"Dis yer's Luke, I say, suh.

"I tuk de wagon to de sto' fo dat truck.

"Yas, suh, I'm at de sto'.

"Dat mule, she balk, suh.

"She's balkin' in de big road, near de sto'.

"No, suh, she ain' move.

"No, suh, I don' think she's gwine move.

"Yas, suh, I beat 'er.

"I did beat 'er good.

"She's jes' r'ar a li'l bit, suh.

"Yas, suh, she kick, too.

"She jes' bus' de whiffletree li'l bit, suh.

"No, suh, dat mule won't lead.

"Yas, suh, I tried it.

"No, suh, jes' bit *at* me.

"No, suh, I ain't tickle de laigs.

"I tickle um las' year, suh, once.

"Yas, suh, we twis' 'er tail.

"No, suh, I ain' done it.

"Who done it?

"I t'ink he's li'l travelin' man f'um Boston, suh. He twis' 'er tail.

"Yas, suh! She sho' did!

"Right spang in de face, suh.

"Dey's got 'im at de sto'.

"Dey say he's comin' to, suh.

"I don' know—he do look mighty sleepy to me, suh.

"Yas, suh, we tried dat.

"Yas, suh, we built a fire under 'er.

"No, suh, dat ain' make 'er go.

"She jes' move up li'l bit, suh.

"Yas, suh, de wagon bu'n right up. Dat's whut I'm telephonin' yu 'bout—to ast yu please sen' a wagon to hitch up to dis yer mule. She ain' gwine budge lessen she's hitched up. Good-by, suh."

Ephum Johnson was up before Judge Shimmerplate on a cruelty to animals charge.

"Deed Ah wasn't abusing dat mule, judge," the old man demurred.

"Did you not strike it repeatedly with a club?"

"Yassah."

"And do you not know that you can accomplish more with animals by speaking to them?"

"Yassah; but this critter am different. He am so deef he can't hear me when Ah speaks to him in de usual way, so Ah has to communicate wid him in de sign language."

On mules we find two legs behind
And two we find before;
We stand behind before we find
What the two behind stand for!

A teacher was instructing a class in English and called on a small boy named Jimmy Brown.

"James," she said, "write on the board, 'Richard can ride the mule if he wants to.'"

"Now," continued the teacher when Jimmy had finished writing, "can you find a better form for that sentence?"

"Yes, ma'am, I think I can," was the prompt answer. "'Richard can ride the mule if the mule wants him to.'"

A mule-skinner in France was trying to drive a mule, with a wagon load, through a hospital gate. The mule would do anything but pass through the gate.

"Want any 'elp, chum?" shouted one of the hospital orderlies.

"No," replied the driver; "but I'd like to know how Noah got two of these blighters into the Ark!"

"Why don't you get rid of that mule?" asked one Virginia darky of another.

"Well, yo' see, Jim," replied the other, "I hates to give in. Ef I was to trade dat mule off he'd regard it as a pussunal victory. He's been tryin' fo' de last six weeks to get rid of me."

MUSHROOMS

Johnny Jones, you know, was studying botany, and he declared that he had an infallible way to tell the difference between mushrooms and toadstools.

"When you git vi'lent spasms," said little Johnny, "with cramps, swelling of the feet and partial loss of vision ending in insanity and death—then it ain't mushrooms."

MUSIC

HE—"Most girls, I have found, don't appreciate real music."

SECOND HE—"Why do you say that?"

HE—"Well, you may pick beautiful strains on a mandolin for an hour, and she won't even look out of the window, but just one honk of a horn and—out she comes!"

Music is the language of the soul; jazz is its profanity.

"How do you sell your music?"

"We sell piano music by the pound and organ music by the choir."

"Samantha, what's thet chune the orchestry's a-playin' now?"

"The program says its 'Choppin', Hiram."

"Waal—mebbe—but ter me it sounds a deal more like sawin'."

While Chopin probably did not time his "Minute Waltz" to exactly sixty seconds, some auditors insist that it lives up to its name. Mme. Theodora Surkow-Ryder on one of her tours played the "Minute Waltz" as an encore, first telling her audience what it was. Thereupon a huge man in a large riding suit took out an immense silver watch, held it open almost under her nose, and gravely proceeded to time her. The

pianist's fingers flew along the keys, and her anxiety was rewarded when the man closed the watch with a loud slap and said in a booming voice: "Gosh! She's done it."

MRS. NEWRICHE—"I believe our next-door neighbors on the right are as poor as church mice, Hiram."

MR. NEWRICHE—"What makes you think so?"

MRS. NEWRICHE—"Why, they can't afford one of them mechanical piano-players; the daughter is taking lessons by hand."—*Puck*.

MUSICIANS

"Excuse me," said the detective as he presented himself at the door of the music academy, "but I hope you'll give me what information you have, and not make any fuss."

"What do you mean?" was the indignant inquiry.

"Why, you see, we got a tip from the house next door that somebody was murdering Wagner, and the chief sent me down here to work on the case."

Pianist Rachmaninoff told in his New York flat the other day a story about his boyhood.

"When I was a very little fellow," he said, "I played at a reception at a Russian count's, and, for an urchin of seven, I flatter myself that I swung through Beethoven's 'Kreutzer Sonata' pretty successfully.

"The 'Kreutzer,' you know, has in it several long and impressive rests. Well, in one of these rests the count's wife, a motherly old lady, leaned forward, patted me on the shoulder, and said:

"'Play us something you know, dear.'"

There was nobody who could play the violin like Smifkins —at least so he thought—and he was delighted when he was asked to play at a local function.

"Sir," he said to the host, "the instrument I shall use at your gathering is over two hundred years old."

"Oh, that's all right! Never mind," returned the host; "no one will ever know the difference."

MUSICAL STUDENT—"That piece you just played is by Mozart, isn't it?"

HURDY-GURDY MAN—"No, by Handel."

When Paderewski was on his last visit to America he was in a Boston suburb, when he was approached by a bootblack who called:

"Shine?"

The great pianist looked down at the youth whose face was streaked with grime and said:

"No, my lad, but if you will wash your face I will give you a quarter."

"All right!" exclaimed the youth, who forthwith ran to a neighboring trough and made his ablutions.

When he returned Paderewski held out the quarter, which the boy took but immediately handed back, saying:

"Here, Mister, you take it yourself and get your hair cut."

NAMES, PERSONAL

"Why do you call the baby Bill?"

"He was born on the first of the month."

In an Ohio town is a colored man whose last name is Washington.

Heaven has blest him with three sons.

When the first son arrived the father named him George Washington. In due time the second son came. Naturally he was christened Booker Washington. When the third man child was born his parent was at a loss, at first, for a name for him. Finally tho, he hit on a suitable selection.

The third son, if he lives, will go through life as Spokane Washington.

Aunt Lindy had brought around her three grandchildren for her mistress to see. The three little darkies, in calico smocks, stood squirming in line while Lindy proudly surveyed them.

"What are their names, Lindy?" her mistress asked.

"Dey's name' after flowers, ma'am. Ah name' 'em. De bigges' one's name' Gladiola. De nex' one, she name' Heliotrope."

"Those are very pretty," her mistress said. "What is the littlest one named?"

"She name' Artuhficial, ma'am."

William Williams hated nicknames. He used to say that most fine given names were ruined by abbreviations, which was a sin and a shame. "I myself," he said, "am one of six brothers. We were all given good, old-fashioned Christian names, but all those names were shortened into meaningless or feeble monosyllables by our friends. I shall name my children so that it will be impracticable to curtail their names."

The Williams family, in the course of time, was blessed with five children, all boys. The eldest was named after the father—William. Of course, that would be shortened to "Will" or enfeebled to "Willie"—but wait! A second son came and was christened Willard. "Aha!" chuckled Mr. Williams. "Now everybody will have to speak the full names of each of these boys in order to distinguish them."

In pursuance of this scheme the next three sons were named Wilbert, Wilfred, and Wilmont.

They are all big boys now. And they are respectively known to their intimates as Bill, Skinny, Butch, Chuck, and Kid.

Aunt Liza's former mistress was talking to her one morning, when suddenly she discovered a little pickaninny standing shyly behind his mother's skirts. "Is this your little boy, Aunt Liza?" she asked.

"Yes, miss; dat's Prescription."

"Goodness, what a funny name, auntie, for a child! How in the world did you happen to call him that?"

"Ah simply calls him dat becuz Ah has sech hahd wuk gettin' him filled."

BREATHLESS VISITOR—"Doctor, can you help me? My name is Jones—"

DOCTOR—"No, I'm sorry; I simply can't do anything for that."

A chauffeur had applied for a position with a new-rich family which aspired to be considered "top-notch" socially, and was being interviewed by the mistress of the house.

"We call all our servants by their last names," she announced. "What is your last name?"

"You had best call me Thomas, ma'am," replied the applicant.

"No, we insist that you be willing to be called by your last name. Otherwise you won't do at all."

"Oh, I'm willing, ma'am, but I don't think the family would like to use it."

"What is your last name then?" said his prospective employer, somewhat coldly and as though she expected a revelation of international scandal.

"Darling, ma'am—Thomas Darling."

A little colored girl, a newcomer in Sunday-school, gave her name to the teacher as "Fertilizer Johnson." Later the teacher asked the child's mother if that was right.

"Yes, ma'am, dat's her name," said the fond parent. "You see, she was named fer me and her father. Her father's name am Ferdinand and my name is Liza. So we named her Fertilizer."

LITTLE JOHNNY—"Dad, there's a girl at our school whom we call Postscript."

DAD—"Postscript? What do you call her Postscript for?"

LITTLE JOHNNY—"Cos her name is Adeline Moore."

GRIGGS—"When I don't catch the name of the person I've been introduced to, I ask if it's spelled with an 'e' or an 'i.' It generally works, too."

BRIGGS—"I used to try that dodge myself until I was introduced to a young lady at a party. When I put the question about the 'e' or 'i,' she flushed angrily and wouldn't speak to me the whole evening."

"What was her name?"

"I found out later it was—Hill."

FIRST LITTLE GIRL—"What's your last name, Annie?"

SECOND LITTLE GIRL—"Don't know yet; I ain't married."

"Spell your name!" said the court clerk sharply. The witness began: "O double T, I, double U, E, double L, double—"

"Begin again! begin again!" ordered the clerk.

The witness repeated: "O, double T, I, double U, E, double L, double U, double O—"

"Your honor," roared the clerk, "I beg that this man be committed for contempt of court!"

"What is your name?" asked the judge.

"My name, your honor, is Ottiwell Wood, and I spell it O, double T, I, double U, E, double L, double U, double O, D."—*Literary Digest*.

"Is Mr. Smith in the audience?" broke forth the presiding officer. "I am informed that his house is afire."

Forty men sprang to their feet.

"It is the house of Mr. John Smith," added the chairman.

"Thank goodness!" fervently exclaimed one man, resuming his seat.—*Everybody's*.

NATIONALITY

"But are you an American citizen?" angrily demanded the official at the passport office.

"My mother was American"—began the applicant.

"Yes, yes"—

"But she married a Frenchman"—

"Yes."

"In Italy."

"Yes; but where were you born?"

"I was born on a ship flying Spanish colors while she was lying at anchor in Honolulu Harbor, but my parents died in Brazil when I was only four years old and I was adopted by a Chinaman, who brought me up in Russia"—

"Well, he's"—began an official.

"He's a bloomin' League of Nations!" exploded the official who had first spoken.

NATURAL LAWS

CHARLIE—"What you say just goes in one ear and out the other."

JOHNNY—"Impossible!"

"Why?"

"Sound can't cross a vacuum, you know, old fellow."

"Say, dad, what keeps us from falling off the earth when we are upside down?"

"Why, the law of gravity, of course."

"Well, how did folks stay on before the law was passed?"

NEGROES

Miss Annette Benton, on returning from a visit, brought a gift to each of her mother's colored servants. It was the "day out" for Lily, the housemaid, so Annette distributed her gifts, reserving for Lily a scarlet-silk blouse.

"That won't do," said Mrs. Benton. "Lily's in mourning."

"Mourning?"

"Yes, for her husband; he died in jail, and Lily's wearing a long crape veil."

When Lily returned, her young mistress expressed regret. "I'll give the blouse to Lizzie," she said, "and get you something else."

Lily looked at the blouse, then she swallowed. "Don't you give that blouse to no Lizzie, Miss Annette, cos nex' mont' I'se gwine outa mournin' from the waist up."—*Harper's*.

"G'wan, nigger, you-all ain't got no sense nohow."

"Ain't got no sense? Whut's dis yere haid for?"

"Dat thing? Dat ain't no haid, nigger; dat's jes er button on top er yo body ter keep yer backbone from unravelin'."

OLD DARKY (to shiftless son)—"I hearn tell you is married. Is you?"

SON (ingratiatingly)—"I ain't sayin' I ain't."

OLD DARKY (severely)—"I ain't ask you is you ain't; I ask you ain't you is."

PARSON BLACK (sternly)—"Did you come by dat watehmelyun honestly, Bruddeh Bingy?"

THE MELON TOTER—"'Deed I did, pahson; ebry day fo' nigh on two weeks!"—*Puck*.

A Minneapolis laundress, a negro woman, patriotic supporter of the Red Cross, was among the thousands who witnessed a recent Red Cross parade in the Mill City in which fifteen thousand white-clad women participated. In telling a Red Cross worker how she liked it, she said:

"Lawdy, missus, it suttinly was a gran' spectacle. Nevah in mah whole life did I see so much washin' at one time."

"Why is it, Sam, that one never hears of a darky committing suicide?" inquired the Northerner.

"Well, you see, it's disaway, boss: When a white pusson has any trouble he sets down an' gits to studyin' 'bout it an' a-worryin'. Then firs' thing you know he's done killed hisse'f. But when a nigger sets down to think 'bout his troubles, why, he jes' natcherly goes to sleep!"—*Life*.

"No, sah," said the aged colored man to the reporter who'd asked if he had ever seen President Lincoln. "Ah used to 'member seein' Massa Linkum, but since Ah j'ined de church Ah doan 'member seein' him no mo'."

A Psychiatric Board was testing the mentality of a thick-lipped, weak-faced Negro soldier. Among other questions, the specialist asked, "Do you ever hear voices without being able to tell who is speaking, or where the sound comes from?"

"Yes, suh," answered the negro.

"When does this occur?"

"When I'se talkin' over de telephone."

An Alabama darky, who prided himself on being able to play any tune on the banjo after he had heard it once, perched himself on the side of a hill one Sunday morning and began to pick the strings in a workman-like manner.

It chanced that the minister came along. Going up to Moses, he demanded harshly, "Moses, do you know the Ten Commandments?"

Moses scratched his chin for a moment, and then, in an equally harsh voice, said:

"Parson, yo' don't think yo' kin beat me do yo'? Jest yo' whistle the first three or four bars, an' I'll have a try at it."—*Harper's*.

One day Miss Maria Thompson Daviess, the author, walked down a street in Nashville. The street was crowded with Negroes, who were forming in a line for a parade.

"What's the occasion for the parade, Tom?" she asked of a boy.

The boy looked at her with a grin.

"La, Miss Daviess," he replied, "don' you-all know colored folks well 'nough to know dat dey don' need no 'casion foh a p'rade?"

An old doctor was making a call on a colored family. While talking to the patient he was continually interrupted by a

crying baby, which sat on the floor and grumbled and whined continually. Finally, the mother picked the child up.

"Auntie," said the doctor, "your baby seems badly spoiled."

"No, suh! No, suh!" remonstrated the mother. "All little cullud babies smell dat way!"

See also Chicken stealing.

NEIGHBORS

"But I don't know you, madam," the bank cashier said to the woman who had presented a check.

The woman, however, instead of saying haughtily, "I do not wish your acquaintance, sir," merely replied, with an engaging smile:

"Oh, yes, you do, I think. I'm the 'red-headed old virago' next door to you, whose scoundrelly little boys are always reaching through the fence and picking your flowers. When you started for town this morning your wife said: 'Now, Henry, if you want a dinner fit to eat this evening you'll have to leave me a little money. I can't keep this house on plain water and sixpence a day.'"

Christianity teaches us to love our neighbor as ourself; modern society acknowledges no neighbor.—*Beaconsfield*.

"I'm quite a near neighbor of yours now," said Mr. Bore.

"I'm living just across the river."

"Indeed," replied Miss Smart. "I hope you'll drop in some day."

NEW JERSEY

Misunderstandings with New Jersey people are sure to result if visitors mistake chicken wire for mosquito netting.

NEW YORK CITY

Mr. Edmund Hornung was in New York several days over Sunday.

That's where they travel fast, I'm telling you.

SILAS (in a whisper)—"Did you git a peep at the underworld at all while you wuz in New York, Ezry?"

EZRA—"Three times! Subway twice an' ratscellar once."

"I see New York did considerable begging for one of those reserve banks."

"What of it?"

"Oh, nothing, New York used to dictate."

CUBIST TEACHER—"Can anyone give an impressionistic definition of New York?"

BRIGHT PUPIL—"A small body of limousines almost entirely surrounded by Fords."

FIRST SOUTHERNER—"Were you in New York long enough to feel at home?"

SECOND SOUTHERNER—"Yes, sir; why, I got so I could keep my seat in the cars with a lady standing and not even think about it."

An Ohio newspaper editor spent a few days in New York, and while there somebody asked him how he liked the big town.

"I care for it very little," replied the editor. "Did you ever think of this: Suppose you lived in New York and wanted to go fishing. Where would you go to dig a can of worms?"

"I hear you want a room clerk."

"No, we never have any rooms. What we want is a clerk who can satisfy people in assigning them to billiard tables, telephone booths and cots in the halls."

The surging crowd along Broadway
Was stirred so strangely yesterday.
It stood on tiptoe, eyes aglow,
It stared, and turned to whisper low
Of wonders such as seldom pass
That way. What swayed the living mass?
What marvel from the fabled isles
That drew the eye from Paris styles?
A street car left the track perhaps?
Two bootblacks nabbed for shooting craps?
A fire to call the engines out?
A skidding auto turned about?
A homebrew Bacchus' raisin dance?
At these perhaps the crowd would glance
But never act like this at all.
Amazed, I asked a copper tall
And broad, and heard at last;
A horse and buggy just went past.

—Roland D. Johnson.

An English novelist took his first look at Broadway aflame with light. He read the flashing and leaping signs and said:

"How much more wonderful it would be for a man who couldn't read."

UNCLE EZRA—"Eph Hoskins must have had some time down in New York."

UNCLE EBEN—"Yep. Reckon he traveled a mighty swift pace. Eph's wife said that when Eph got back and went into his room he looked at the bed, kicked it, and said, 'What's that darn thing for?"—*Judge*.

After Mark Twain had been in New York for five years, he wrote to his folks back home that he was the loneliest man in the world!

"What!" exclaimed his people, "in New York *and lonely*!"

"Yes," wrote Mark; "I'm the only man in this town that doesn't touch a drop."

TEACHER—"Do you know the population of New York?"

MAMIE BACKROW—"Not all of them, ma'am, but then, we've only lived here two years."—*Puck*.

NEWSBOYS

NEWSBOY—"Great mystery! Fifty victims! Paper, mister?"

PASSER-BY—"Here, boy, I'll take one." (After reading a moment.) "Say, boy, there's nothing of the kind in this paper. Where is it?"

NEWSBOY—"That's the mystery, guvnor. You're the fifty-first victim."

NEWSPAPERS

APPLICANT—"I'm ready to begin at the bottom, sir."

NEWSPAPER PROPRIETOR—"Well, what's your idea?"

"To start first with the leading editorials and gradually work myself up to the sporting page."

"Never state as a fact anything you are not certain about," the great editor warned the new reporter, "or you will get us into libel suits. In such cases use the words, 'alleged,' 'claimed,' 'reputed,' 'rumored,' and so on."

And then this paragraph appeared in the society notes of the paper:

"It is rumored that a card party was given yesterday by a number of reputed ladies. Mrs. Smith, gossip says, was hostess. It is alleged that the guests with the exception of Mrs. Bellinger, who says she hails from Leavitt's Junction, were all from here. Mrs. Smith claims to be the wife of Archibald Smith, the so-called 'Honest Man' trading on Key Street."

And when the editor had read the report a whirling mass claiming to be the reporter was projected through the window and struck the street with a dull thud.

REPORTER—"Madam, you may recollect that we printed yesterday your denial of having retracted the contradiction of your original statement. Would you care to have us say that you were misquoted in regard to it."—*Life*.

As any reporter will tell you, the only place in a newspaper office where real toil is done is the city room. Imagine our pleasure when we overheard one of the office boys saying: "When I first came here I thought it was called the 'sitting room.' I said something about the sitting room one day to the city editor, and I thought he was going to throw me down the elevator shaft."

"Can you make anything out of the news from Europe?"

"Easiest thing in the world. I only read the newspapers every other day. In this way I get a connected story of our side or the other and avoid the denials."—*Puck*.

ENGLISH NEWSIE (selling extras)—"Better 'ave one and read about it now, sir; it might be contradicted in the morning."—*Punch*.

The reporter was sent to write up a charity ball. His copy came in late and it was careless. The editor reproved him the next day by quoting an extract:

"Look here, Scribbler, what do you mean by this, 'Among the most beautiful girls was Alderman Horatio Dingley'? Old Dingley ain't a girl, you idiot! He's one of our principal shareholders."

"I can't help that," returned the realistic reporter, "that's where he was."

When Earth's last paper is finished and the type is scrambled and pied,
When the roar of the press becomes fainter and sheets are folded and dried;
We shall rest, and Faith, we shall need it, for the way has been weary and long,

And oft have we heard that chestnut, "Young man, you have quoted me wrong."

The cub reporter was grinding out a marriage notice. Finally he brought it up and laid it on the city editor's desk:

"Mr. and Mrs. Blank announce today the marriage of their daughter to take place next Monday—"

"Huh," grunted the editor, "you can't say they announced a marriage yet to take place."

Again the cub jabbed away at his typewriter. And when he brought it back this time it read:

"Mr. and Mrs. Blank predicted today the marriage of their daughter."

"How many revolutions does the earth make in a day? It's your turn, Willie Smith."

"You can't tell, teacher, till you see the morning paper."

See also Editors.

"NO"

No is one of the smallest words in the English language, and yet—

It has brought about more heartaches than the war.

It has caused more children to shed tears than all the spankings in the world put together.

It has saved more money for individuals with backbone than a year's output of padlocks.

It has made itself Prohibition's greatest aid.

It has killed genius and thwarted ambition. It has turned love into hate and success into failure.

It has kept kings off thrones and poets out of Arcadia.

It has caused good men to tremble and scoundrels to rejoice.

Will it ever make a change for the better?

No.

NOTHING

Mysterious Nothing! how shall I define
    Thy shapeless, baseless, placeless emptiness?
Nor form, nor colour, sound, nor size is thine,
    Nor words nor fingers can thy voice express;
But though we cannot thee to aught compare,
    A thousand things to thee may likened be,
And though thou art with nobody nowhere,
    Yet half mankind devote themselves to thee.
How many books thy history contain;
    How many heads thy mighty plans pursue;
What labouring hands thy portion only gain;
    What busy bodies thy doings only do!
To thee the great, the proud, the giddy bend,
    And—like my sonnet—all in nothing end.

—*Richard Parson*.

NURSES

FREDDIE—"Are you the trained nurse mama said was coming?"

NURSE—"Yes, dear; I'm the trained nurse."

FREDDIE—"Let's see some of your tricks, then!"

OBEDIENCE

A certain woman demands instant and unquestioning obedience from her children. One afternoon a storm came up and she sent her little son John to close the trap leading to the flat roof of the house.

"But mother," began John.

"John, I told you to shut the trap."

"Yes, but mother—"

"John, shut that trap."

"All right, mother, if you say so—but—"

"John!"

Whereupon John slowly climbed the stairs and shut the trap. Two hours later the family gathered for dinner, but Aunt Mary, who was staying with the mother, did not appear. The mother, quite anxious, exclaimed, "Where can Aunt Mary be?"

"I know," John answered triumphantly, "she is on the roof."

OBESITY

See Corpulence.

OBITUARIES

Upon the recent death in a Western town of a politician, who, at one time, served his country in a very high legislative place, a number of newspaper men were collaborating on an obituary notice.

"What shall we say of the former Senator?" asked one of the men.

"Oh, just put down that he was always faithful to his trust."

"And," queried a cynical member of the group, "shall we mention the name of the trust?"—*Puck*.

See also Epitaphs.

OCCUPATIONS

PAPA—"But hasn't your fiancé got a job?"

DAUGHTER—"Not yet, but he's going to get one at $25,000 a year."

PAPA—"Indeed! Glad to hear of it! What is he doing?"

DAUGHTER—"Well, he read in the paper of some man who is paid $50,000 a year by the Bankers' Association not to forge checks, and George is going to do it for half that."

THE COP—"The driver of a hearse asked me just now which was the way to the cemetery, and I told him."

THE CAPTAIN—"Don't do it again. You're being paid as a policeman, not as a funeral director."

"What are you going to make of your son Charley?" I asked.

"Well," replied Charley's father, "I made a doctor of Bob, a lawyer of Ralph, and a minister of Bert; and Joe is a literary man. I think I'll make a laboring man of Charley. I want one of them to have a little money."—*Life*.

The Other Fellow's Job

I seldom quarrel with the universe;
Things could be better, could be better far.
But, on the other hand, they could be worse—
And so I rather leave them as they are.

But one thing though, could easily be done:
    If Bill could only make a trade with Bob
The world would be so glad—if everyone
    Could only have the other fellow's job!

The other fellow surely has a snap!
    If at a desk he works, he needn't roam,
He needn't wander up and down the map—
    He knows the joy and comfort of a home.

Or if the other fellow something sells
    Upon the road, a lucky man is he—
To see the country, live at good hotels,
    And have a job with some variety.

The other fellow!—luckiest of men!—
    Here's where creation surely made a slip:
The fellow on the road should push a pen,
    The fellow at a desk should tote a grip.

We never shall be happy, truly glad,
    We never shall be really comforted,
Until we trade the job we've always had
    And get the other fellow's job instead.

I see no other way to do—unless
    We might do this: Forget a little while
The easy jobs that other men possess,
    Get busy with your own, and with a smile.

For after all, they're not so different:
    Each has its time of laughter and of sob,
But each the joy of service. Be content—
    Your job's as good as any fellow's job.

MISTRESS (to butler)—"Why is it, John, every time I come home I find you sleeping?"

"Well, ma'am, it's this way: I don't like to be a-doing *nothing*."

LAZY MIKE—"I have a new position with the railroad company."

WEARY RHODES—"What ja gona do?"

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."

OCEAN TRAVEL

"Terribly rough, isn't it?" said the stranger on the ocean liner.

"Wal," replied the man from the farm, "'twouldn't be so rough if the cap'n would only keep in the furrows!"

The storm was increasing in violence and some of the deck fittings had already been swept overboard when the captain decided to send up a signal of distress. But hardly had the rocket burst over the ship when a solemn-faced passenger stepped on to the bridge. "Captain," he said, "I'd be the last man on earth to cast a damper on any man, but it seems to me that this is no time for letting off fireworks."

PASSENGER (after first night on board ship)—"I say, where have all my clothes vanished to?"

STEWARD—"Where did you put them last night?"

PASSENGER—"I folded them up carefully and put them in that cupboard over there."

STEWARD—"I see no cupboard, sir."

PASSENGER—"Are you blind, man? I mean that one with the round glass door to it."

STEWARD—"Lor' bless me, sir; that ain't no cupboard. That's the porthole."

OFFICE BOYS

Boss—"Can't you find something to do?"

OFFICE BOY—"Gee whiz: Am I expected to do the work and find it, too?"

A certain prominent lawyer of Toronto is in the habit of lecturing his office staff from the junior partner down, and Tommy, the office boy, comes in for his full share of the admonition. That his words were appreciated was made evident to the lawyer by a conversation between Tommy and another office boy on the same floor, which he recently overheard.

"Wotcher wages?" asked the other boy.

"Ten thousand a year," replied Tommy.

"Aw, g'wan!"

"Sure," insisted Tommy, unabashed. "Four dollars a week in cash an' de rest in legal advice."

"I can't keep the visitors from coming up," said the office boy, dejectedly, to the president. "When I say you're out they simply say they must see you."

"Well," said the president, "just tell them that's what they all say."

That afternoon there called at the office a young lady. The boy assured her it was impossible to see the president.

"But I'm his wife," said the lady.

"Oh, that's what they all say," said the boy.

Into the office of a business man rushed a bright faced lad. For three minutes he waited and then began, to show signs of impatience.

"Excuse me, sir," he said at length, "I'm in a hurry."

"Well, what do you want?" asked the business man.

"A job!"

"But why the hurry?"

"Got to hurry," replied the lad briefly. "Left school yesterday, and haven't struck anything suitable yet. The only place where I can stay long is where they pay me for it."

"How much do you want?"

"Fifteen dollars a week for a start."

"And when can you come?"

"Don't need to come; I'm here. I could have been at work five minutes ago if you'd only said so."

BOSS (to new boy)—"You're the slowest youngster we've ever had. Aren't you quick at anything?"

BOY—"Yes, sir; nobody can get tired as quickly as I can."

A small boy went into a business office that displayed a sign, "Boy Wanted."

"What kind of a boy does youse want?" he asked of the manager.

"Why, a decent boy," said the manager. "One who is quick, doesn't swear, smoke cigarettes, whistle round the office, shoot craps—"

"Aw, gee, boss," interrupted the boy, "youse don't want a boy; youse wants a girl."

"How does your boy Josh like his job in the city?"

"First-rate," replied the father. "He knows more about the business than the man that owns it."

"Who told you that?"

"Josh did. All he's got to do now is to convince the boss of it, an' git promoted."

"Why, look here," said the merchant who was in need of a boy, "aren't you the same boy who was in here a week ago?"

"Yes, sir," said the applicant.

"I thought so. And didn't I tell you then that I wanted an older boy?"

"Yes, sir. That's why I'm back. I'm older now."

OFFICE-SEEKERS

Mayor Mitchel of New York was talking at a dinner about office-seekers.

"A good man had just died," he said, "and with unseemly haste an office-seeker came after his job.

"Yes, sir, tho the dead man hadn't been buried, yet this office-seeker came to me and said, breathlessly:

"'Mr. Mayor, do you see any objection to my being put in poor Tom Smith's place?'

"'Why, no,' said I. 'Why, no, I see no objection, if the undertaker doesn't.'"

No matter how hard a man runs for office he is perfectly satisfied to win in a walk.

There is seldom a collision between the office seeking the man and the man seeking the office.

"There goes a fellow who chased around for years trying to land a political job."

"Well, what does he do now?"

"Nothing—he's got the job."

Uncle Mose aspired to the elective office of justice of the peace in the "black bottom" part of town. One bar there was to his preferment: he could neither read nor write. His master advised him to go to the commissioner of elections and ask whether he was eligible. Mose went and returned.

"What did he tell you, Mose?" inquired the master.

"It's all right, sah," answered Mose; "dat gen'lemun suttinly was kind, yas, suh. He tole me Ah was illegible fo' dat office."

OFFICERS

OFFICER—"I ketched this here mut pinchin' bananas off a fruit-stand."

MAGISTRATE—"Aha! 'personating an officer! Two years."—*Life*.

COMMANDER—"What's his character apart from this leave-breaking?"

PETTY OFFICER—"Well, sir, this man 'e goes ashore when 'e likes; 'e comes off when 'e likes; 'e uses 'orrible language when 'e's spoken to; in fact, from 'is general be'avior, 'e might be a orficer!"—*Punch*.

PROFESSOR—"What! Forgotten your pencil again, Jones! What would you think of a soldier without a gun?"

JONES (an ex-service man)—"I'd think he was an officer."

OLD AGE

See Age.

OLD CLOTHES

See Clothing.

OPPORTUNITY

"But didn't Opportunity ever knock at your door?"

"Probably."

"And you didn't answer it?"

"I? Of course not. What do you think the servants are for?"

Lazyman, Contentedman, and Busyman lived together in the same house. One day, when only Lazyman and Contentedman were at home, Opportunity knocked.

As Lazyman made not the slightest move to go to the door, Contentedman went and opened it.

"I am Opportunity," said the visitor, "and I have something very wonderful for you."

Lazyman yawned and said nothing.

Contentedman courteously explained that he was not interested, for the very good reason that he had everything he wanted.

"I believe Busyman also lives here," said Opportunity. "Where is he? I know he would be glad to see me."

"Indeed he would, but he's out. He's always busy running around. You're not the first Opportunity that he's missed. Opportunities have been knocking here regularly for years, but he's never at home. I tell him it doesn't pay to be so busy."

Opportunity walked away with dejected mien.—*Life*.

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
Makes ill deeds done!

—*Shakespeare*.

OPTIMISM

A part of what we might term the optimist's philosophy is—If you can mend a situation mend it; if you can't mend it forget it.—*Ralph Waldo Trine*.

If your confidence needs buttressing, just stop for a moment and consider that this old world in which we have found such happiness has throughout the past ages been visited by every catastrophe of which the human mind can conceive, and from each of these dark periods it has emerged always and eternally a progressive world.

Finally, I say, cheer up. Let's look on the bright side rather than the dark side, and above all let us understand that there are no insurmountable obstacles standing in the path of our progress, that we are competent to solve the things that confront us, that they will be solved, and that humankind will be benefited by the virtue of our assuming an optimism in which we are fully justified.—*Lewis L. Clark*.

LANDLADY—"Just when are you going to pay your arrears of room rent?"

HARD-UP AUTHOR—"As soon as I receive the check which the publisher will send me if he accepts the novel I am about to commence when I have found a suitable subject and the necessary inspiration."

An optimist is anybody who thinks he can write a new humorous definition of an optimist or a pessimist. A pessimist

is the same person after he has made a serious attempt to do so.

An optimist looks at an oyster and expects a pearl. A pessimist looks at an oyster and expects ptomaine poisoning.

THE OPTIMIST (who has just been struck by a passing motor-car)—"Glory be! If this isn't a piece o' luck! Sure, 'tis the docther himself that's in ut."—*Punch*.

"What's an optimist?"

"An optimist is a person who'll go into a restaurant without a cent in his pocket and figure on paying for the meal with the pearl he hopes to find in the oyster."

"An optimist is a man who cherishes vain hopes, and a pessimist a man who nurses vain regrets."

"And what is a man who does both?"

"Oh, he's just a plain ordinary human."

ORIGINALITY

A certain little girl was discovered by her mother engaged in a spirited encounter with a small friend who had got considerably worsted in the engagement.

"Don't you know, dear," said the mother, "that it is very wicked to behave so? It was Satan that put it into your head to pull Elsie's hair."

"Well, perhaps it was," the child admitted, "but kicking her shins was entirely my own idea."

OSTRICH

The ostrich is a foolish bird,
With scarcely any mind,
He often runs away so fast,
He leaves himself behind.

And when he gets there, has to stand
And wait around till night,
Without a single thing to do,
Until he comes in sight.

—*Mary Wilkins Freeman*.

OUIJA BOARD

"Do you think Mrs. Spinnix cheated at the ouija board?"

"I wouldn't go so far as to say she cheated," replied Miss Cayenne, "But I couldn't help noticing that it mispelled some of its words the same way she does."

Harry came home about five o'clock and his face and hands were very clean and his hair stood on end. His mother took one look and exclaimed: "Harry, I told you not to go swimmin' with Bob Ross."

"How do you know that I have been swimmin'?" asked Harry.

"Never mind who told me, but I know that you have been swimmin'," replied his mother.

After a while Harry said: "I'll just bet you anything that Mrs. Ross was over here this afternoon, and you and Mrs. Ross had that ouija board out."—*Judge*.

Breathlessly the spiritualistically inclined lady bent over the ouija spelling out the communications from her departed spouse.

"John, are you happy there?" she asked.

"Yes, d-e-a-r."

"Are you happier than you were on the earth."

"Yes, d-e-a-r."

"Ah," she breathed. "Heaven must be a wonderful place."

"I g-u-e-s-s s-o, b-u-t I-m n-o-t t-h-e-r-e y-e-t."

"Well," said Farmer Corntossel, "I reckon I've done a pretty good afternoon's work."

"But all you did," commented Jud Tunkins, contemptuously, "was to sit on the fence and whittle."

"Yes; but what I whittled up was the family ouija board."

PARENTS

When Ma Is Sick

When Ma is sick she pegs away;
She's quiet, though; not much t' say.
She goes right on a-doin' things,
An' sometimes laughs and even sings.
She says she don't feel extra well.
But then it's just a kind o' spell.
She'll be all right tomorrow sure,
A good old sleep will be the cure.
An' Pa he sniffs an' makes no kick,
For women folks is always sick,
An' Ma, she smiles, lets on she's glad—
When Ma is sick it ain't so bad.

When Pa Is Sick

When Pa is sick, he's scared to death,
An' Ma an' us just holds our breath.
He crawls in bed, an' puffs and grunts,
And does all kinds of crazy stunts.
He wants "Doc" Brown, an' mighty quick,
For when Pa's ill he's mighty sick.
He gasps and groans, an' sort o' sighs,
He talks so queer, an' rolls his eyes.
Ma jumps an' runs, an' all of us,
An' all the house is in a fuss.
An' peace and joy is mighty skeerce—
When Pa is sick, it's something fierce.

"Come upstairs, and let me wash your hands," said mother, when she arrived with her little daughter for tea at granny's.

"I don't want to go up," wailed Winnie, aged four.

"Let her wash them down in the kitchen," called grandmamma. "She can do it just as well."

"No," her mother said firmly. "I want her to come up with me!"

Winnie went upstairs as slowly as possible.

"Oh," said she, turning a wrathful tearful face to her mother, "Why don't you obey your mother?"

Three Children

Three children sliding on the ice
Upon a summer's day.
As it fell out they all fell in,
The rest they ran away.
Now, had these children been at home,
Or sliding on dry ground,
Ten thousand pounds to one penny
They had not all been drowned.
You parents all that children have,
And you too that have none,
If you would have them safe abroad
Pray keep them safe at home.

WILLIE—"I guess my dad must have been a pretty bad boy."

TOMMIE—"What makes you think that?"

WILLIE—"Because he knows exactly what questions to ask me when he wants to know what I have been doing."—*Puck*.

Daddy came home from the office early one evening and mother had not returned from some friends whom she had

been visiting for tea.

Little four-year-old Gwennie ran up to her father's side. "Daddy," she cried, "I've been wanting to see you for a long time when mother's not near."

"Why, my little girl?" asked father.

"Well, dad," answered Gwennie, "please don't tell mother, because she's an awful dear, but I don't think she knows much about bringing up children."

"What makes you think that?" asked her father.

"Well," replied Gwennie, "she makes me go to bed when I am wide awake and she makes me get up when I am awfully sleepy."

BOBBY—"Daddy, look! There's an aeroplane."

ABSORBED DADDY—"Yes, dear—don't touch it."

PARROTS

"Mercy! How that bird swears!" exclaimed the would-be purchaser. "What would my husband say?"

"I dunno, ma'am," replied the dealer. "But whatever it was this 'ere parrot could repeat it right over after him."

OLD LADY—"I want you to change that parrot I bought from you—he doesn't speak at all, and you said he'd repeat every word he heard."

SHOPMAN—"Yes, madam, and so he would—but you took him in such a hurry that I hadn't time to tell you he was deaf."

A.E. Clark, editor of The City Bulletin, of Columbus, Ohio, was with a friend who was campaigning for the Red Cross. The friend knocked at a door and a voice said, "Come in."

His friend tried the door, then shouted, "It's locked!"

"Come in," repeated the voice, and the campaigner replied:

"It's locked."

"Come in."

"It's locked."

At that point a woman put her head out of a window next door and said:

"There's no one at home. You're talking to the parrot."

PARTNERSHIP

The partners of a well-known Stock Exchange house were having a dinner conference at an uptown hotel. One of them appeared worried during the progress of the meal, and finally he was queried as to the cause of his fit of abstraction.

"I just happened to remember that I neglected to lock the safe before I left the office," he replied.

"Why worry?" said another member of the firm. "We are all here."

"I'll clean th' snow off yer walk for a quarter."

"Why, I just paid a quarter to have it cleaned."

"Tain't half done."

"Come, come, that isn't a nice way to abuse a fellow worker."

"Oh, dat's all right—he's me pardner."

A bright German gentleman, retired from business, relates the following little anecdote:

"Going down to New York the other night on the boat," said he, "I got chatting with a German acquaintance, and asked him what he was doing.

"'Veil', he replied, 'shoost now I am doing nodings, but I have made arrangements to go into pizness.'

"'Glad to hear it. What are you going into?'

"'Veil, I guess into partnership mit a man.'

"'Do you put in much capital?'

"'No; I doesn't put in no gabital.'

"'Don't want to risk it, eh?'

"'No; but I puts in de experience.'

"'And he puts in the capital?'

"'Yes, dot is it. We goes into pizness for dree year; he puts in de gabital, I puts in de experience. At the end of de dree year I will have de gabital, and he will have de experience!'"

PEACE

"Why were all the nations fighting, papa?"

"To make the world safe for democracy, my son."

"Is the world safe for democracy now, papa?"

"It will be, when we have peace."

"When will we have peace, papa?"

"When the world is safe for democracy."

"Will the nations always fight to have peace, papa?"

"Yes, always, my son."

A certain people were much given to deploring war. War, they kept insisting, was poor business.

Their King heard them, but he didn't take them seriously. The very first chance he got he picked a quarrel with a neighboring Power, and, that done, he lifted up his voice in the old way.

"The fatherland is in danger!" he cried. "The honor of the nation is assailed! My children, be patriots!"

But they couldn't see him. "Not on your life!" they made answer. "You can fool all the people some of the time and some of the people all of the time, but you can not fool all the people all the time!"

Whereupon the King made haste to patch up his quarrel and was very careful forever after not to pick another.

This fable teaches that we have still some distance to go before universal peace can be anything but a joke.

PEDESTRIANS

"You know," said the lady whose motor-car 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've got nothing on me. I've been walking for fifty-four years."

Chug-Chug! Br-r! Br-r-r! Honk! Honk! Gilligillug-gilligillug!

The pedestrian paused at the intersection of two busy cross streets.

He looked about. A motor-car was rushing at him from one direction, a motorcycle from another, a steam truck was coming from behind, and a taxicab was speedily approaching.

Zip-zip! Zing-glug!

He looked up, and saw directly above him an air-ship in rapid descent.

There was but one chance. He was standing upon a manhole cover. Quickly seizing it, he lifted the lid and jumped into the hole just in time to be run over by an underground train.

PENMANSHIP

Mr. Brown had just registered and was about to turn away when the clerk asked:

"Beg pardon, but what is your name?"

"Name!" echoed the indignant guest. "Don't you see my signature there on the register?"

"I do," returned the clerk calmly. "That is what aroused my curiosity."

PEP

Vigor, vitality, vim and punch—
That's Pep!
The courage to act on a sudden hunch—
That's Pep!
The nerve to tackle the hardest thing
With feet that climb and hands that cling,
And a heart that never forgets to sing—
That's Pep.

Sand and grit in a concrete base—
That's Pep!
Friendly smile on an honest face—
That's Pep!
The spirit that helps when another's down,
That knows how to scatter the blackest frown,
That loves its neighbor, and loves its town—
That's Pep.

To say "I will," for you know you can—
That's Pep!
To look for the best in every man—
That's Pep!
To meet each thundering knock-out blow,
And come back strong, because you know
You'll get the best of the whole damned show—
That's Pep.

—*Henry W. Stern*.

PERCENTAGE

"Speaking of percentages." said the old-time politician, "reminds me of Tom Bledsoe, who had the butcher shop in our town. He used to buy rabbits from the boys. One day he hung up a sign announcing rabbit sausage for sale. People wondered what it was, took a hack at it, and liked it. Pretty soon he was selling rabbit sausage by the wagon-load.

"But the pure-food inspectors came prying around, and asked Tom how he could make so much sausage when he got only a few dozen rabbits a day. Finally he admitted that there was some horse-meat in the sausage. Then they wanted to know how much horse-meat. After a long grilling he said it was fifty per cent. When pressed further by his questioners, he explained that fifty per cent meant one rabbit to one horse."

PERSISTENCE

Persistence can accomplish two things—it can make one either a success or a bore.

Fishin'

"Supposin" fish don't bite at first,
What are you goin' to do?
Throw down your pole, chuck out your bait
And say your fishin's through?

"You bet you ain't; you're goin' to fish
An' fish, an' fish, an' wait
Until you've ketched a bucketful
Or used up all your bait.

"Suppose success don't come at first,
What are you goin' to do?
Throw up the sponge and kick yourself
And growl, and fret, and stew?

"You bet you ain't; you're goin' to fish
An' bait, an' bait ag'in,
Until success will bite your hook.
For grit is sure to win."

PERSUASION

"Mother," said a twelve-year-old of Baltimore, "did you tell father I wanted a new bicycle?"

"Yes, dear," said the mother, "I told him; but he said he couldn't afford to buy you one."

"Of course he'd say that; but what did you do?"

"I told him how badly you wanted it, and argued in favor of it, but he refused."

"Argued! Oh, mother, if it had been something you wanted yourself you'd have cried a little and then you'd have got it."

Persuasion tips his tongue whene'er he talks.—*Colley Gibber*.

Few are open to conviction, but the majority of men are open to persuasion.—*Goethe*.

PESSIMISM

TED—"What's the difference between a pessimist and a cynic?"

NED—"The pessimist is without hope, while the cynic is sure you'll always be able to get a drink if you have the price."—*Life*.

The Pessimist

Nothing to do but work,
  Nothing to eat but food,
Nothing to wear but clothes,
  To keep one from going nude.

Nothing to breathe but air,
  Quick as a flash 'tis gone;
Nowhere to fall but off,
  Nowhere to stand but on.

Nothing to comb but hair,
  Nowhere to sleep but in bed,
Nothing to weep but tears,
  Nothing to bury but dead.

Nothing to sing but songs,
  Ah, well, alas! alack!
Nowhere to go but out,
  Nowhere to come but back.

Nothing to see but sights,
  Nothing to quench but thirst,
Nothing to have but what we've got

Thus through life we are cursed.

Nothing to strike but a gait;
Everything moves that goes.
Nothing at all but common sense
Can ever withstand these woes.

—*Ben King*.

It was a mile over Mount Clemens.

The pilot of the plane from Selfridge Field was giving a visiting officer his first air voyage.

He cut off the motor.

"See those people?" shouted the pilot. "Fifty per cent of them think we are going to fall."

"They've got nothing on us," was the reply that streamed for a half a mile back of the plane; "fifty per cent of us do."

THE PESSIMIST—"The best luck any man can have is never to have been born; but that seldom happens to any one."

Said the weather prophet, "I think it is safest always to predict bad weather."

"Why's that?"

"Well, people are ready to forgive you if you turn out to be wrong."

Out at the front two regiments, returning to the trenches, chanced to meet. There was the usual exchange of wit.

"When's the bloomin' war goin' to end?" asked one north-country lad.

"Dunno," replied one of the southshires. "We've planted some daffydils in front of our trench."

"Bloomin' optimists!" snorted the man from the north. "We've planted acorns."

See also Irish bulls; Optimism.

PHILADELPHIA

The city of Philadelphia offers a liberal reward for the most important contribution toward civic improvement. A fine opportunity for manufacturers of alarm clocks.

PHILANTHROPISTS

WEALTHY BENEFACTRESS (stopping in at the hospital)—"Well, we'll bring the car tomorrow, and take some of your patients for a drive. And, by the bye, nurse, you might pick out some with bandages that show—the last party might not have been wounded at all, as far as anybody in the streets could see."—*Punch*.

PHILOSOPHY

Rube Wilkins says—"You can't get ahead while you're kickin' any more than a mule can."

All philosophy lies in two words, "sustain" and "abstain." —*Epictetus*.

The philosophy of one century is the common sense of the next.—*Henry Ward Beecher*.

Philosophy, while it soothes the reason, damps the ambition. —*Bulwer-Lytton*.

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS

***See* Doctors.**

PITTSBURG

PITTSBURG MAN (telephoning to Long Island from New York)—"Ten cents? Why, in Pittsburg we can telephone to Hades for a nickel."

CENTRAL—"But this is a long-distance call."

PLEASURE

Pleasures are like liqueurs: they must be drunk but in small glasses.—*Romainville*.

POETRY

EDITOR—"This isn't poetry, my dear man; it's merely an escape of gas."

WOULD-BE CONTRIBUTOR—"Ah, I see! Something wrong with the meter."

Your poem must *eternal* be,
Dear sir, it can not fail,
For 'tis incomprehensible,
And wants both *head* and *tail*.

—*S.T. Coleridge*.

"What is poetry of motion?"

"The kind that's always going from one editor to another."

They were dancing the one-step. The music was heavenly. The swish of her silken skirts was divine. The fragrance of the roses upon her bosom was really intoxicating.

"Ah," she smiled, sweetly, with an arch look up into his face, "you remind me of one of Whitman's poems."

A sudden dizziness seemed to seize him. It was as if he were floating in a dream. When he had sufficiently gained his breath he spoke:

"Which one?"

"Oh, any one," she replied. "The feet are mixed in all of them."—*Everybody's*.

POETS

Sir, I admit your general rule,
That every poet is a fool,
But you yourself may serve to show it,
That every fool is not a poet.

—*Alexander Pope*.

Witter Bynner is said to have worked off a pretty good one at the Poetry Society banquet. Some one asked him if Burns and Noyes could not be likened to each other. Bynner replied: "Well, you can feel Burns, while you can only hear Noyes."

When Masefield, the British poet, visited Yale, he finished his evening's talk and readings earlier than was expected, and the chairman of the meeting suggested that the poet should read any poem requested by the audience. The audience, as usually happens, was dumb. It was an awkward moment. Finally, one of the younger English Department members rushed agitatedly into the breach.

"Won't you please read 'The Tewksbury Road,' Mr. Masefield?"

The poet looked amazed, then puzzled, and at last said with a hesitating desire not to offend "these singular Americans": "Ah—er—I—ah!—would be charmed to do so—really—but I've just read it!"

Professor Alfred Noyes, the English poet, it is known, likes very much to read his works aloud to his friends, and at Princeton, with so many young men under him, he is usually able to gratify this liking to the full. The other day Professor

Noyes said to a junior who had called about an examination: "Wait a minute. Don't go yet. I want to show you the proofs of my new book of poems." But the junior made for the door frantically. "No, no," he said. "I don't need proofs. Your word is enough for me, professor."

HE—"I tore up that poem I wrote last week."

SHE—"Tore it up? Why, that was the best thing you ever did."

The little agricultural village had been billed with "Lecture on Keats" for over a fortnight. The evening arrived at length, bringing the lecturer ready to discourse on the poet. The advertised chairman, taken ill at the last moment, was replaced by a local farmer. This worthy introduced the lecturer and terminated his remarks by saying:

"And now, my friends, we shall soon all know what 1 personally have often wondered—what are Keats?"

POLICE

"Why doesn't the policeman pay his fare?" inquired the old gentleman on the twopenny tram, observing that no money passed between the constable and the conductor.

"Well, you know, sir," explained the conductor, "you can't get twopence out of a copper."

"Gent up-town telephones for an officer at once. Burglar in the house."

"Let me see," said the captain, reflectively. "I've got four men censoring plays, two inspecting the gowns at a society function, and two more supervising a tango tea. Tell him I can send him an officer in about two hours."

JUDGE—"You let the burglar go to arrest an automobilist?"

POLICEMAN—"Yes. The autoist pays a fine and adds to the resources of the State; the burglar goes to prison, and the State has to pay for his keep."—*Life*.

POLITENESS

Politeness is the art of getting what you want.

MRS. SMITH—"Politeness costs nothing, I am sure, my dear."

SMITH—"No; but if it was advertised at $1.98, a lot more people would have it."

"Hum, ho!" sighed the New-Hampshire farmer as he came in from down-town. "Deacon Jones wants me to be pall-bearer again to his wife's funeral."

"Wal, you're goin' to be, ain't ye?" asked the farmer's better half.

"I dunno. Y' know, when Deacon Jones's fust wife died, he asked me to be a pall-bearer, an' I did; and then his second wife died, an' I was the same again. An' then he married thet Perkins gal, and she died, and I was pall-bearer to that funeral. An' now—wal, I don't like to be all the time acceptin' favors without bein' able to return 'em."

Dickie's father was shocked to see his son kick his little playmate.

"Why did you kick John?" he asked, severely.

"I am tired of playing with him. I want him to go home," was Dickie's answer.

"Then why didn't you ask him to go home?"

"Oh"—it was Dickie's turn to be shocked—"why, daddy, that wouldn't be polite!"

See also Etiquet.

POLITICAL PARTIES

Kane, Pa., May 21.—During a circus parade here today one of the elephants, as if to relieve the monotony, flung its trunk in the air and brought it down with a resounding thump on a mule at the curb quietly watching the sights.

Altho hitched to a delivery-wagon the mule wheeled about, took aim, and kicked twice. His hoofs caught the elephant squarely on the knees. The elephant stopped for an instant, but sought no further interchanges with the mule and finished the parade with a decided limp.

When Colonel Roosevelt was making a political speech in Maine he asked if there was a Democrat in the audience. An old long whiskered man rose in the back of the room and said, "I am a Democrat." Roosevelt then asked him why he was a Democrat and he said: "I've always been a Democrat, my father was a Democrat and my grandfather was a Democrat." Roosevelt then said: "Then if your father had been a horsethief and your grandfather had been a horsethief you would be a horsethief?" "No," he said, "I would be a Republican."

In an Americanization class in one of our large cities, Achilles Bonglis, a Greek, about fifty years old, was called upon to recite the oath of allegiance, and did so promptly:

"I pledge allegiance to our flag and the *Republicans* for which it stands."

MEMBROOKE—"Backus seems to be a very popular candidate. Is he running on the Progressive ticket?"

YISTLEY—"No, the Retrogressive, His platform is five-cent trolleys, ten-cent bread, three-dollar shoes and 1913 rents."

A prominent Chicago politician, when a candidate for an important municipal office, related the following story of his campaign.

"Once I told three negroes that I'd give a big turkey to the one who'd give the best reason for his being a Republican.

"The first one said: 'I'se a 'publican kase de 'publican set us niggers free.'

"'Very good, Pete,' said I. 'Now, Bill, let me hear from you.'

"'Well, I'se a 'publican kase dey don' gib us a pertective tariff.'

"'Fine!' I exclaimed. 'Now, Sam, what have you to say?'

"'Boss," said Sam, scratching his head and shifting from one foot to the other, 'boss, I'se a 'publican kase I wants dat turkey.'

"And he got it."

POLITICIANS

"And why is he here?" we inquired, stopping in front of Padded Cell No. 44.

"He was a politician and when he finally got in office he really tried to carry out his campaign pledges," replied the attendant.—*Judge*.

"Do you find public office an easy berth?"

"I shouldn't exactly call it a berth," said Senator Sorghum, thoughtfully. "It's more like a hammock: hard to get into comfortably, and still harder to get out of gracefully."

Here lies Mr. Blank, who, on politics bent,
Was at first quite unable to say what he meant;
But schooled by experience, he soon went ahead,
Once he saw that he never need mean what he said.

"I hope that Wilhelm has not decided to take up politics," mused Senator Sorghum.

"Why?"

"Because a military man can be definitely disposed of, but a politician never quits."

In Colorado, remember, the women vote as well as the men.

In the fall of 1910 a man named Smith was running for sheriff against a man named Jones. One evening just before election Smith rode up to the barn-yard of an old farmer. The farmer was milking a cow and was having difficulty with a lusty calf that continually tried to "butt in." The candidate, to gain the favor of the farmer, took the calf between his legs and held it until the milking was done. He then introduced himself: "I am Mr. Smith, the Republican candidate for sheriff of the county. I suppose you know the man who's running against me?"

The farmer's eyes twinkled as he slowly drawled: "Waal, I reckon I do. He's in the house now, holding the baby."—*Everybody's*.

"Some of your constituents are disagreeing with you," said the trusted lieutenant.

"Well, keep tab on them," replied Senator Sorghum; "when enough disagree with me to constitute a reliable majority, I'm going to turn around and agree with them."

"Are you sure your auditors understood all of your arguments?"

"If they did," answered Senator Sorghum, "I wish they'd come around and explain some of 'em to me."

"Who can furnish a clear definition of a politician?" inquired the Professor.

"I can," said the son of a Congressman. "To which party do you refer?"

"My proudest boast," declared the politician, who expected this statement to be greeted with cheers, "is that I was one of the men behind the guns."

"How many miles behind?" piped a voice from the gallery.

"What is your opinion of relativity?"

"I approve of it," replied Senator Sorghum.

"Then you understand it thoroughly?"

"Friend, if I had always been required to understand thoroughly everything I approved of I should have transacted considerable less political business."

"I'm sorry you were defeated," said a sympathetic friend of the candidate.

"Perhaps it is better so."

"That's the better way to look at it."

"Yes, according to an elderly aunt of mine who keeps up with all the family connections, I have no fewer than four hundred living relatives. I couldn't have possibly provided jobs for more than half of them."

See also Public speakers.

POLITICS

GREEN—"What is the hardest work you ever did?"

CITY EMPLOYEE—"The work I did landing this job, and the next hardest is the work of keeping it from being taken away from me."—*Judge*.

"I am out of politics for good," announced the Political Boss.

"Whose?" questioned the Green Reporter.

POLITICAL BOSS—"So you wish to enter politics, madam. What are your qualifications?"

LADY APPLICANT—"Well, I have served three terms as a member of the Board of Education."

YOUNG 'UN—"I'm taking political economy at college."

OLD 'UN—"That's a useless course. Why learn to economize in politics? It's not being done."

FIRST PASSENGER—"I understand that your city has the rottenest political ring in the country."

SECOND PASSENGER—"That's right. But how did you know where I'm from?"

FIRST PASSENGER—"I don't."

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY (investigating election fund)—"Dave, what happened to you before you reached the polls?"

DAVE (an old negro)—"Well suh, the fust thing, suh, a man stopped me an' said: 'Dave, heah's four dollahs; I want you to go right down to de polls an' vote for Mr. Brown; he's the Republican candidate for Congress and a very fine man.'"

PROSECUTOR—"Did you take the money?"

DAVE—"O, yassir, I took de money. And then, as I wuz goin' on down de street another man stops me and says: 'Dave, heah's seven dollahs; I want you to go right down to de polls an' vote for Mr. Rogers; he's the Democratic nominee for Congress and a very fine man.'"

PROSECUTOR—"Did you take that money, too, Dave?"

DAVE—"O, yassir, I took dat money, too, suh."

PROSECUTOR—"Then, Dave, how did you vote?"

DAVE—"Well, suh, after speculatin' quite a spell, suh, as to what a niggah ought to do in a case ob dat kind, suh, I walks right into de polls and votes de straight Republican ticket, suh, 'cause I figgered, suh, dat dis here Republican man, he war de least corrupt ob de two."

"Don't you think our friend Crossum might loom up as a dark horse?"

"No," declared Senator Sorghum, "record's too shady. It would require a great deal of whitewashing to qualify him as a dark horse."

YOUNG HOPEFUL—"Father, what is a traitor in politics?"

VETERAN POLITICIAN—"A traitor is a man who leaves our party and goes over to the other one."

YOUNG HOPEFUL—"Well, then, what is a man who leaves his party and comes over to yours?"

VETERAN POLITICIAN—"A convert, my son."

During a municipal campaign in Chicago a politician dropped in one morning to see a certain grocer. During the conversation that took place, the politician asked, "And I may count upon your support, may I not?"

"Why, no, I am sorry to say," replied the grocer. "The fact is, I have promised my support to the other candidate."

The politician laughed. "Ah," said he, "in politics, promising and performing are two different things."

"In that case," said the grocer cordially, "I shall be glad to give you my promise, sir."

STRANGER—"Upon what plan are your city institutions conducted?"

CITIZEN-"A sort of let-George-do-it system—without any George."—*Puck*.

POSTAL SERVICE

WILLIS—"What did you think of that fellow's carrying the message to Garcia?"

GILLIS—"Don't blame him a bit. With our poor Post Office service, it was the only way he could get it to him."

COUNTRY LADY—"I've been expecting a packet of medicine by post for a week, and haven't received it yet."

POST-OFFICE CLERK—"Yes, madam. Kindly fill in this form, and state the nature of your complaint."

LADY—"Well, if you must know, it's indigestion."

Aunt Mehitable Trusalive wants to know why it is every letter she gets somebody is always printing on the outside: "Join the Navy." She declares to goodness she never thought of such a thing and if they don't stop she'll have the law on them.

DASHER—"This parcel-post package is being delivered in unusually quick time. How do you account for it?"

MAIL-CARRIER—"The department thought it contained a time-bomb, sir."-*Judge*.

FANNING—"What's become of that rubber stamp, 'Dictated, but not read,' that you used to use on your letters?"

DASHER—"I threw it away and got one that prints, 'Mailed, but not delivered.'"

POVERTY

Poverty is the greatest of physicians. His method is prophylactic rather than therapeutic, but in point of results he is in a class by himself.

His practice attests the efficacy of the ounce of prevention in big doses.

Poverty ranks high as a surgeon, too. Nobody else cuts out so many things that are not good for us.

In a way he has the respect of the profession. Where he is in charge of a case no other practitioner is apt to interfere.

We should not so much esteem our poverty as a misfortune, were it not that the world treats it so much as a crime.—*Boree*.

Not to be able to bear poverty is a shameful thing, but not to know how to chase it away by work is a more shameful thing yet.—*Pericles*.

Want is a bitter and a hateful good,
Because its virtues are not understood;
Yet many things, impossible to thought,
Have been by need to full perfection brought.

—*Dryden*.

Ned Shuter thus explained his reasons for preferring to wear stockings with holes to having them darned: "A hole," said he,

"may be the accident of a day, and will pass upon the best gentleman, but a darn is premeditated poverty."

PRAISE

The highest praise for a man is to give him responsibility.

A playwright and an actor were in conversation when the former, who has been none too successful of late, exclaimed gloomily:

"People will praise my work after I am dead."

"Well," said the actor, in a consoling tone, "perhaps you are right, but don't you think it's a great deal of a sacrifice to make for a little praise?"

"Well, there's one thing about the man who sings his own praises."

"And what's that?"

"He never has to give the excuse that he has left his music home and can't play without his notes."

The love of praise, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns, more or less, and glows, in ev'ry heart:
The proud, to gain it, toils on toils endure;
The modest shun it, but to make it sure.

—*Young*.

Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance dear.

—*Shakespeare*.

PRAYERS

A very nice and gentle minister accepted a call to a new church in a town where many of the members bred horses and sometimes raced them. A few weeks later he was asked to invite the prayers of the congregation for Lucy Grey. Willingly and gladly he did so for three Sundays. On the fourth one of the deacons told the minister he need not do it any more.

"Why," asked the good man, with an anxious look, "is she dead?"

"Oh, no," said the deacon; "she's won the steeplechase."

The two men were adrift in an open boat and it looked bad for them. Finally one of them, frightened, began to pray.

"O Lord," he prayed, "I've broken most of Thy commandments. I've been a hard drinker, but if my life is spared now I'll promise Thee never again—"

"Wait a minute, Jack," said, his friend. "Don't go too far. I think I see a sail."

Lindsley had the little hen fast and was trying to bring her head close to the ground.

"What might you be trying to do?" exclaimed her father coming upon the small girl in the yard.

"I'm trying to make this hen say her prayers."

"Well," said the parent sadly, "I hope she'll say: 'Now I lay me.'"

BROWN (on fishing trip)—"Boys, the boat is sinking! Is there any one here who knows how to pray?"

JONES (eagerly)—"I do."

BROWN—"All right. You pray and the rest of us will put on life belts. They's one shy."

A small boy, whose father is now on the other side with the Y.M.C.A., was taught to say at the end of his prayer, "Please, God, make Graham a good boy." One night he did not say it, and when his mother asked him if he had not forgotten something, he said, "No; I thought I was asking too much of God. I'd better do more myself."

GRANDSON (who hasn't decided yet just what branch of the service will have the benefit of his talents)—"There seems to be quite a diversity of opinion regarding what prayer to say in response to the Senate's request for daily prayer for victory."

GRANDMA (industriously knitting)—"Guess any of 'em will do, so long as it isn't 'Now I lay me down to sleep.'"

"The proper way for a man to pray,"
Said Deacon Lemuel Keyes,
"And the only proper attitude
Is down upon his knees."

"No, I should say the way to pray,"
Said Rev. Doctor Wise,
"Is standing straight with outstretched arms
And rapt and upturned eyes."

"Oh, no, no, no," said Elder Slow,

"Such posture is too proud;
A man should pray with eyes fast closed
And head contritely bowed."

"It seems to me his hands should be
Austerely clasped in front,
With both thumbs pointing to the ground,"
Said Rev. Doctor Blunt.

"Last year I fell in Hodgkin's well
Head first," said Cyrus Brown,
"With both my heels a-stickin' up,
My head a-pinting down;

"An' I made a prayer right then an' there—
Best prayer I ever said,
The prayingest prayer I ever prayed,
A-standing on my head."

—*Sam Walter Foss*.

A young mother was about to hear her small girl's prayers when a neighbor called and said she must see the mother right away. They had been talking at the front door several minutes when a reproachful little voice came from the top of the stairway:

"Mamma, aren't you 'shamed to keep God waiting so long?"

It was the week before little Willie's birthday, and he was on his knees at his bedside petitioning Divine Providence for presents in a very loud voice.

"Please send me," he shouted, "a bicycle, a tool chest, a—"

"What are you praying so loud for?" his younger brother interrupted. "God ain't deaf."

"I know he ain't," said little Willie, winking toward the next room, "but grandma is."

MARJORIE—"Will I get everything I pray for, mama?"

MOTHER (cautiously)—"Everything that's good for you, dear."

MARJORIE (disgustedly)—"Oh, what's the use, then; I get that anyway."—*Life*.

One day little Flora was taken to have an aching tooth removed. That night, while she was saying her prayers, her mother was surprised to hear her say: "And forgive us our debts as we forgive our dentists."—*Everybody's*.

SMALL YOUTH—"I ain't goin' to say my prayers tonight, mother. I'm goin' to take a chance."—*Life*.

Bobby had been taught to remember all his relatives when he said his prayers. One night, as he knelt at his mother's knee, he did not mention the name of a favorite aunt.

"Why, Bobby," said the mother, "you didn't say 'God bless Aunt Beatrice and make her happy.'"

"Well, mother," replied the little boy, "I don't have to say that any more. Aunt Beatrice's engaged."

Two prominent senators, boyhood friends, were discussing how strict had been their early religious training and how they had departed from it in late years. Said A to B: "I don't believe you even remember the Lord's Prayer, do you?" B answered: "Oh, yes, I do; I'm not such a backslider as that." Then A said: "I'll bet a dollar you cannot say the Lord's Prayer straight through." B promptly declared that he would win that dollar and, after a moment's thoughtful hesitation, repeated slowly:

Now I lay me down to sleep,

I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

"By Jove," said A, "here is your dollar; I didn't believe you could do it."

"We'd have more prayers answered," said Bishop Hoss, of Muskogee, "if we had more faith."

"Too many of us are like Willie. Willie, on a visit to his uncle's in the country, admired a fine colt.

"'Uncle, give me that colt, will you?' he asked.

"'Why, no, Willie,' said his uncle. 'That's a very valuable colt, and I couldn't afford to give him to you. Do you want a colt so very badly?'

"'I'd rather have a colt than anything else in the world,' said Willie.

"'Then,' said his uncle. 'I'll tell you what you ought to do. Since you want a colt that much, you ought to pray for one. Whenever I want a thing I always pray for it, and then it is sure to come to me.'

"'Is that so, uncle?' said Willie, eagerly. 'Won't you please give me this colt, then, and pray for one for yourself?'"

An old darkey who was asked if, in his experience, prayer was ever answered, replied:

"Well, sah! some pra'rs is ansud, an' some isn't—'pends on wa't you axes fo'. Jest arter de wah, w'en it was mighty hard scratchin' fo' de cullud breddern, I 'bsarved dat w'eneber I pway de Lord to sen' one o' Marse Peyton's fat turkeys fo' de old man, dere was no notis took ob de partition; but w'en I

pway dat He would sen' de ole man fo' de turkey, de matter was t'ended to befo' sun-up nex' morning', dead sartin."

PREACHING

The railroad official invited the stern citizen to communicate his troubles.

"I want you to give orders," demanded the visitor, "that the engineer of the express which passes through Elm Grove at 11:55 be restrained from blowing his whistle Sunday mornings."

"Impossible!" exploded the official. "What prompts you to make such a ridiculous request?"

"Well, you see," explained the citizen in an undertone, "our pastor preaches until he hears the whistle blow and that confounded express was twenty minutes late last Sunday."

The American in England affords cause for much perplexity and astonishment to his English kinsmen.

A Yankee soldier was being shown over an old church wherein hundreds of people were buried.

"A great many people sleep between these walls," said the guide, indicating the inscription-covered floor with a sweep of his hand.

"So?" said the Sammy. "Same way over in our country. Why don't you get a more interesting preacher?"

A colored preacher called on a white minister.

He found the white man busy writing.

"What you-all doin'?" he asked.

"I'm preparing notes for my sermon for next Sunday."

The colored gentleman shook his head.

"I certainly would nebber do dat, sir," he said. "De debbil am a-lookin' right over your shoulder and knows everything you gwine to say and he am prepared for you. Now, I don't make no notes and when I gets up to talk, neder me nor de debbil hisself don't know what I'm goin' to say."

Bishop Partridge is a collector of anecdotes about ministers, and in an anecdotal mood he said the other day:

"I once asked a minister how he had got through a certain service. He answered grimly:

"'Well, bishop, the service was soothing, moving and satisfactory.'

"'Yes,' I said a little puzzled.

"'Yes, exactly,' said he. 'It was soothing because over half the congregation went to sleep. It was moving because half of the other half left before I was through. And it must have been satisfactory, inasmuch as I wasn't asked to come again.'"

The minister had just preached his farewell sermon to the congregation with whom he had had much trouble.

"How beautiful!" said a visitor to one of the deacons, "and how appropriate for a farewell sermon!"

"Think so?" said the deacon gruffly.

"Why, yes. What better text could he find than 'In My Father's house are many mansions.... I go to prepare a place for you.' By the way, where is he going?"

The deacon smiled sourly as he answered: "He becomes chaplain of the State penitentiary."

While a certain Scottish minister was conducting religious services in an asylum for the insane, one of the inmates cried out wildly:

"I say, have we got to listen to this?"

The minister, surprised and confused, turned to the keeper and said:

"Shall I stop speaking?"

The keeper replied:

"No, no; gang along, gang along; that will not happen again. That man only has one lucid moment every seven years."

Mr. Bryan says his next statement will be divided into three parts. Instinctively we recall the announcement of a mountaineer preacher who said to his flock:

"Brethren, I hev decided t' divide my sermon in three parts. Th' fust part I'll understand an' you won't. Th' second part you'll understand an' I won't. Th' third part nobody'll understand."

The teacher had asked, "Why did David say he would rather be a door-keeper in the house of the Lord?"

"Because," answered a boy, "he could then walk outside while the sermon was being preached."

"It was hot last Sunday night when the preacher started his Sunday sermon," says the *Fort Scott (Kan.) Tribune*.

"He observed that his sermon would be brief; that to be immortal, it is not necessary to be eternal."

The critical instinct grows by what it is fed upon. No matter how well you do, some people are never satisfied and this is especially true in families.

A Philadelphia divine was entertaining a couple of clergymen from New York at dinner. The guests spoke in praise of a sermon their host had delivered the Sunday before. The host's son was at the table, and one of the New York clergymen said to him: "My lad, what did you think of your father's sermon?"

"I guess it was very good," said the boy, "but there were three mighty fine places where he could have stopped."

See also Clergy.

PREJUDICE

Prejudice means "judging before" you have the facts. Never judge till after you have the facts. Nothing is so utterly devoid of reason as a passionate hatred of any race or class. All men are much the same when you come to know them. Class or race faults are superficial. The human qualities strike deep.—*Dr. Frank Crane*.

A prejudice is a conviction not shared by you.

"Do you like codfish?"

"No, I don't like codfish, and I'm glad I don't like it, because if I liked it I'd eat it, and I hate the damn stuff."

PREPAREDNESS

GRUBBS—"Are you planning to make any good resolutions?"

STUBBS—"No, I am already pretty well stocked up in that way. You see, I never used those I made last year."

PRESCRIPTIONS

"You must give up coffee and—"

"I never drink it, doctor."

"And stop smoking."

"I don't smoke."

"Humph! that's bad. If you haven't anything to give up, I'm afraid I can't do much for you."

"Why do you bring a check with the cocktails?"

"That isn't a check. That's the house chemist's certificate."

The curator of the museum was classifying Egyptian curios. He observed a perplexed expression on the face of his young assistant.

"What seems to be the matter, Jones?" he asked. "Is there anything you don't understand?"

"Yes, sir," answered the helper. "Here is a papyrus on which the characters are so badly traced that they are indecipherable. How shall I classify it?"

"Let me see," said the curator, examining the piece. "Just call it a doctor's prescription in the time of Pharaoh."

Spirit writing—the modern doctor's prescription—*Life*.

See also Names, Personal.

PRETENSION

Pretension is a kind of velvet cloak
I wear to hide my real self from view,
And yet where'er I meet with other folk
I always find they wear this garment too.

Pretension is a kind of golden veil
Behind whose mesh I seek to hide my face,
And yet where'er I go I never fail
To see that others wear it too with grace.

Pretension is a thing I say I hate
In both myself and in my dearest friend,
And yet whene'er I slyly watch and wait
I find in some regard we all pretend.

—*Ernest Powell*.

Where there is much pretension, much has been borrowed: Nature never pretends.—*Lavater*.

When half-gods go, the gods arrive.—*Emerson*.

PRICES

"Have any trouble in getting your money back?"

"Not a bit," replied the dissatisfied purchaser. "But I got the worst of it, as usual. The price of the article had jumped so by the time I got back to the store that they made a profit by getting it in stock again."

Jean longed for a kitten. When illness made it necessary for Jean to go to the hospital, her mother said:

"I will make a bargain with you, Jean. If you will be a brave little girl about your operation, you shall have the nicest kitten I can find."

Jean took the ether, but later, as she came out from under the anesthetic, she realized how very wretched she felt. The nurse leaned over to catch her first spoken word.

"What a bum way to get a cat!" moaned the child.—*Harper's*.

The most cheerful sign is that counterfeiters are again finding it worth while to make money.

PRIDE

Randolph Bourne, a brilliant American writer who recently died, left many thoughts that stand out like cut diamonds. Here is one: "Only Pride is creation."

Pride forms one of the towering pillars in the structure of efficient performance.

Not until you feel the worth of what you do, are you able freely to dominate and achieve. Through the hard days of darkness and discouragement, up and beyond the gruelling grades of steep ways, are you asked to go if you desire substantial reward. It takes pride to endure.

It is pride in a man's heart that makes him a willing gift, in mind and body, to be taken in hand by some great idea or noble cause.

Pride does not stoop to littleness. Rather does it see in the signs of unselfishness and sacrifice the elements that lead to eternal character.

Life is but a link in the chain of everlasting good.

If a man dies, does lie live again? Yes, for a man lives forever in the deeds and thoughts of his life expression. And every man who shall pass his thought through every age that has been, shall be whitened and renewed, to go on his way the better for every creative thought left behind.

It's the pride in a man's soul that leads him on!

Pride creates first—then contributes in natural turn.

Until we become too proud to stoop to mean ways and unworthy ends, we shall have tasted of but a sample of what life holds in substance and bigness.—*George Matthew Adams*.

To acknowledge our faults when we are blamed is modesty; to discover them to one's friends in ingenuousness, is confidence; but to preach them to all the world, if one does not take care, is pride.—*Confucius*.

PRINTERS

Some of the finest jokes extant come through the fact that the printer's finger slips. Here are some which, like all others, are funny a long, long, long time afterward—never at the time.

A Chicago paper reported that the propeller *Alaska* was leaving port with a cargo of 40,000 bushels of cats.

A Buffalo paper, in describing the scene when Roosevelt took the oath of office as President, said it was a spectacle never to be forgotten when Roosevelt, before the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and a few witnesses, took his simple bath.

PRISONS

BILL—"I see the authorities seriously object to the prisoners forging checks while in Sing Sing."

TILL—"Well, I suppose they think it is particularly bad form for the prisoners to do that sort of thing while enjoying the hospitality of the State."

VISTOR (at the jail)—"Poor man! What are you locked up here for?"

PRISONER (wearily)—"I suppose they think I'd get out if I wasn't."

PROFANITY

When father came home to dinner he observed a vacant chair at the table. "Where's the boy?" he asked, nodding to the chair.

"Harry is up-stairs," came in a tone of painful precision from the mother.

"I hope he is not sick."

There was an anxious pause. "No, he is not sick," continued the mother. "It grieves me to say, Richard, that our son, your son, has been heard swearing on the street. I heard him myself."

"Swearing!" exclaimed the father. "I'll teach him to swear!"

And with that the angry parent started up-stairs in the dark. Half-way up he stumbled and came down with his chin on the top step.

When the confusion had subsided Harry's mother was heard saying from the hallway: "That will do, Richard, dear. You have given him enough for one lesson."

Sometime ago a pious young clerical prevailed on a rather profane aviator to take him for a flight. After attaining several thousand feet the motor suddenly stopped, revealing to the uttermost the aviator's gift of profanity.

The alarmed pastor excitedly demanded if there was any danger. The pilot replied sarcastically that there would be prayer instead of profanity if there was any danger.

The motor "cut in" again and the flight continued. Suddenly the motor stopped again and notwithstanding the pilot's efforts, accompanied by the usual lurid language, he was forced to alight. Just as he flattened out for his landing, the pilot was disconcerted by hearing the parson exclaim in fervid tones: "Thank God the aviator is still swearing."

Small Ann's mother had been disturbed to hear her using the word "devil." "My dear," said she, "that is a word we do *not* use in polite society, and I never want to hear you say it again."

She noticed that her admonition was carefully heeded. Then on Sunday evening, about two weeks later, the mother inquired what the day's lesson had been about. "Why, mother," was Ann's answer, "it was about when our Lord was tempted by the —by—by—the—the *gentleman that keeps hell!*"

Young William was evincing much interest in the evening paper, but finally a puzzled look came over his countenance.

"Mother," said he, finally, "what does D—d stand for?"

"Doctor of Divinity, my son. Don't they teach you the common abbreviations in school?"

"Sure; but that don't seem to sound right here."

"Read it out aloud."

"WITNESS: I heard the defendant say, I'll make you suffer for this. I'll be doctor of divinity if I don't!'"

"Say, Sam, why do you-all carry that parrot around with you on the wagon?"

"Well, yo' see, boss, I'se a membah of the chu'ch, but de mule ain't, so I hauls the pa'ot to fu'nish the cussin' fo' de

mule."

FATHER—"I'm ashamed to see you crying because a bee stung you. Act like a man."

BOBBIE—"Y-yes, and th-then you-you'd gim-me a li-lickin', like you s-said y-you would i-if yon ever h-heard m-me usin' that k-kind of l-language."

PROFESSIONS

An ambitious young man went to a university professor and said: "Sir, I desire a course of training which will fit me to become the superintendent of a great railway system. How much will such a course cost, and how long will it take?"

"Young man," replied the professor, "such a course would cost you twenty thousand dollars, and require twenty years of your time. But, on the other hand, by spending three hundred dollars of your money and three months of your time you may be elected to Congress. Once there you will feel yourself competent to direct not one but all the great railroad systems of our country."

The reform warden always made it a point to give each new arrival a chance to do the work with which he was familiar, if the penitentiary dealt in his line. A tailor named Levinski arrived, and it was ordered that he be employed at that trade, if there was an opening. There wasn't. He was asked if he was adept at anything else. "Yes," he replied, with a smile, "I am a crackerjack traveling salesman."

PROFITEERS

The wicked garage-keeper was trying to figure out his income tax.

"If a man brings his car to me to be repaired, and it costs me sixty cents, and I charge him sixteen dollars, what per cent profit would I be making?" he demanded of his son and heir.

"I'm sure I don't know, pop," answered that young hopeful. "You'll have to get somebody who knows the rules of grand larceny to tell you that. The rules for percentage wouldn't cover it!"

"Say, Cy, I jest found out what a rube is."

"Thet so, Hiram? What is it?"

"Why, it's one o' them forty-one hour, ninety-five dollar a week labor guys that thinks a farmer is goin' to sell him food cheap."

Old Omar doubtless had us in mind when he spoke of the profit's paradise to come.

Another reason why pickpockets seem to be on the increase may be because profiteering isn't what it was a few months ago.

PROGRESS

I was explaining the other day, to a member of our organization, that there was no such thing as "standing still" in this world—that we lost ground immediately we ceased to make progress. Quick as a flash he put my thought in a few words when he remarked, "We're either coming or going." That's it exactly. When we do not improve, learn, develop old ideas or find new ones—we go backwards. And you and I know how fast we go, when there's no driving power to keep us going forward.—*E. M. Statler*.

"No, sah, Ah doan't neber ride on dem things," said an old colored lady looking in on the merry-go-round. "Why, de other day I seen dat Rastus Johnson git on an' ride as much as a dollah's worth an' git off at the very same place he got on at, an' I sez to him, 'Rastus,' I sez, 'yo' spent yo' money, but whar yo' been?'"

Beneath this starry arch,
  Naught resteth or is still;
But all things hold their march
  As if by one great will.
Move one, move all:
Hark to the footfall!
On, on, forever.

—*Harriet Martineau*.

PROHIBITION

A bone-dry nation means a life full of sorrows without any chance of drowning them.

Classic Thoughts on Prohibition

I love fools' experiments.—*Darwin*.
The rising world of waters dark and deep.—*Milton*.
Earth a failure, God-forsaken,
Ante-room of Hell!—*Kingsley*.
If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.—*Shakespeare*.
The law is a ass, a idiot.—*Dickens*.
Lean, hungry, savage anti-everythings.—*Holmes*.
The remedy is worse than the disease.—*Bacon*.
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts.
And men have lost their reason.—*Shakespeare*.
Drink today, and drown all sorrow;
You shall perhaps not do't tomorrow.—*Fletcher*.
The Hell of waters!—*Byron*.
The frigid theories of a generalizing age.—*Disraeli*.
O, happy, happy Liver!—*Wordsworth*.

—*E.H.*

"Do you think there's a chance of prohibition's being repealed, after all?"

"I hope not," answered Uncle Bill Bottletop; "anyhow, not soon."

"I thought you didn't quite approve of prohibition."

"I don't, quite. But for years folks have been talking about a lot o' chaps that 'ud be such wonders if they didn't drink, an' I want to see 'em get a little more time to make good."

"It is indeed a pleasure," remarked the man who approves of prohibition, "to be able to walk the streets without seeing a saloon on every corner."

"And yet," returned the unregenerate one, "it's a great comfort to know they are there, even if you don't see them."

Prohibition doesn't prohibit; it just provokes.

"Mamma, what does it mean when you're wined and dined?"

"That's an obsolete term, Harold. Now you are only grape-juiced and cornbreaded."

"This Prohibition outlook is a trifle expensive."

"How so?"

"Why, I've just had to build an addition to my wine cellar."

"Well," said the first clubman, "we may have to drink water pretty soon."

"Water?"

"Yes, that's the stuff the waiter brings you with your napkin."

When It Comes
We Shall Miss

That appointment with an old business acquaintance.
Calendars from our favorite brewery.
Blotters from same.
Reunion dinners.
(a) College.
(b) Fraternity.
Scientific dissertations on the only non-refillable bottle.
Stories about how Broadway spent New Year's eve.
The real mint julep.
The 5:15—without being unjustly accused.

We Shall Not Miss

Sermons against rum.
Sermons against Prohibition.
The free lunch.
The Southern gentleman who says he's the only man who can make the real mint julep.
German beer gardens.
The man who never drinks without offering a toast.
New Year's eve on Broadway.
Comic-opera drinking songs.
A vote on the next Constitutional amendment.

BLUCK—"Why do vessels leaving New York make the greatest speed the first three miles?"

BLYNK—"The bartenders help stoke."

"Do you find that prohibition has deprest Crimson Gulch?"

"No," answered Cactus Joe. "We're more cheerful than usual. Everybody seems to think it's a great joke on all the rest of the boys."

"*Going Up*"

SMITH—"Do you realize that we are beholding the completion of a great cycle in history?"

JONES—"Explain."

"Three hundred and six years ago the island of Manhattan was bought from the Indians for six quarts of whisky."

"Well?"

"Well?—Within six months, maybe, the descendants of those Indians will be able to buy it back for the same price."

I, U.S. Boose, realizing that the jag is up, declare this to be my last will and testament: To my beloved Cocktail I bequeath three-fourths of my evil estate, and to my faithful Highball I leave a large share of the blame. To my sister, Wine, I give the family grapevine and kitchen still. To my cousin, Cider, I bequeath the old apple orchard and enough wormy fruit to keep the country moist and my memory green.

"So you're a moonshiner?" remarked the interested tourist. The lanky mountaineer drew himself up haughtily.

"Mister, you got me wrong," he asserted. "Since prohibition come in we-uns call ourselves irrigation engineers."

Discovery

I met a man
Who knows a woman
Who has a sister
Who is married to a man
Who is related to a girl
Who knows a man
Who knows a man
Who has never pulled a prohibition joke.
I shall try to trace him.

And when the nations disarm, some statesman will slip in a joker permitting the building of battleships for medicinal purposes.

A drunkard of long standing has been reformed by an operation which removed a bone that pressed against the brain. The Detroit News also reports a number of cures effected by the removal of a brass rail that was pressing against the foot.

"Having any success with your garden?"

"The best ever," replied Mr. Jagsby.

"What are you raising?"

"Nothing. But if I hadn't had a row with one of my new neighbors over his chickens and then a reconciliation I might not have discovered that he had a well-stocked cellar."

PROMOTERS

The man who was selling oil stock was asked if there were any indications of oil where his company was drilling.

"Indications!" he said. "Why, I should say so. We have three thousand acres leased, have a standard rig up, have three hundred feet of casing on the ground and more ordered, have our company organized and incorporated and a million shares of stock printed, have opened offices in three cities, have two hundred people selling stock, are only forty miles from a pipe line, and there was no oil found in those other wells about there, so it must be in our well. Oh, we have plenty of indications. How many shares do you want?"

"Pop, what is a promoter?"

"A promoter, my son, is a man who can make either a dollar or a penny look like thirty cents."—*Life*.

PROMPTNESS

On the occasion of the death of a chief of one of the department bureaus in Washington, a clerk in that bureau was dashing madly down the street when he was stopped by a friend, who asked: "Why the deuce are you in such a tearing hurry?"

"I am going," explained the clerk, "to the funeral of my chief, and there is nothing he hates like unpunctuality."

"I'm sorry to find the baroness out. Don't forget to tell her I called, will you?"

"No, sir, I'll tell her at once."

PRONUNCIATION

"Wasn't it *fearful* about the Reims cathedral?"

"Don't say Reems; it sounds *horribly* ignorant."

"Well, how do you pronounce it?"

"Why, *Hranss*."

"How?"

"Hn—Hranhss! Just as if you were clearing your throat. See? Hranss!"

"Well, *you* sound as if you had a dreadful influenza, threatened with grip!"

"Well, that's right, anyhow. H—hn—hnh—*hrahnhss*!"

"You'd better go to Arizona! You'll *never* get well here! I don't believe you, anyway. Everybody says *Reems*."

"They don't, either!"

"They do so!"

"Oh, well, it depends on the sort of people you associate with—"

"Well, I *don't* go with a lot of fake highbrows, anxious to show off the French they learned in a course of lessons by mail —"

"Better than a lot of country junks who don't know how to pronounce—"

"Oh, well, the church wasn't hurt much, anyhow."

"No, they say it can be repaired. How do you like my hat?"

"Heavenly! What do you think of mine?"

"Adorable! Let's go in and have soda."

"Let's."—*Carolyn Wells*.

PROPERTY

"Property is the fruit of labor; property is desirable; is a positive good in the world. That some should be rich shows that others may become rich, and hence is just encouragement to industry and enterprise. Let not him who is houseless pull down the house of another, but let him work diligently and build one for himself, thus by example assuring that his own shall be safe from violence when built."—*Abraham Lincoln*.

PROPOSALS

"No," said the positive girl, "I will never tie myself down to one man."

"Perhaps," he replied sarcastically, "if I organize a syndicate you will consider our offer."

MERCHANT (to applicant for job)—"Sorry, but I only employ married men."

APPLICANT-"Do you happen to have a daughter, sir?"

"I love you! I love you!" he murmured for the nineteenth time. "Speak! Answer me!"

The maiden coyly hung her head.

"I—oh, Tom, this is so sudden!" she pleaded.

He drew her close to him.

"Don't be afraid, darling!" he said gently. "Would you like me to ask your mother first?"

With a sudden cry of alarm she threw her arms around his neck.

"No, no!" she gasped. "Mother is a widow. I want you myself!"

"Yes, she rejected me, but she did it in a most encouraging way."

"How was that?"

"As I went away, she pointed to the footprints that I had made on the carpet, and said: 'The next time you come to propose to me, I want you to wipe your shoes clean!'"

Long had he worshipped her at a distance, but his shyness prevented him from proposing. Then, one evening, for the sake of sweet charity, a theatrical performance took place, in which the charmer was leading lady and more adorable than ever. Afterward the shy admirer drew near, his love made valiant by the sight of her beauty. "You are the star of the evening," he said as they stood alone in a corner.

"You are the first to tell me so," said the damsel with a happy blush.

"Then," he retorted promptly, "may I not claim my reward as an astronomer?"

The lady looked puzzled. "What reward?" she asked.

"Why, the right to give my name to the star I have discovered!"

"So you want to marry Alice, do you?" asked the girl's father of her young man.

"Very much indeed," replied the youth.

"Can you support a family?"

The young man reflected a moment, and then asked, "How many are there of you, sir?"

FRANK—"When you proposed to her I suppose she said: 'This is so sudden?'"

ERNEST—"No, she was honest and said: 'This suspense has been terrible.'"

One evening some time since John Henry called on the darling of his heart, and while talking to the fair one he casually referred to some of the hardships of the present day.

"I see, Gladys," he remarked, "that the price of coal has gone up again, and that it is hard to get at any price."

"Has it?" responded Gladys, without showing any great concern.

"Yes," answered John Henry, "and they say they are also advancing house rents, while sugar—"

"Look here, John Henry!" suddenly interjected the fair one, with a withering expression. "If you want to break off our engagement, say so, but don't try to beat around the bush in such a cowardly way."

"Will you have me for your wife?" said the leap-year maiden, sweetly.

"Since you have suggested it, I will," he replied. "But just remember, Mame, if I don't turn out to be all you expect you have only yourself to blame."

The pretty girl of the party was bantering the genial bachelor on his reasons for remaining single.

"No-o-o, I never was exactly disappointed in love," he meditated. "I was more 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 last I screwed up my courage to the proposing point. I said, 'Let's get married.'

"And she said, 'Good Lord! Who'd have us!'"—*Everybody's*.

HE (cautiously)—"Would you say 'Yes' if I asked you to marry me?"

SHE (still more cautiously)—"Would you ask me to marry you if I said I would say 'Yes' if you asked me to marry you?"

"Congratulate me, Freddy. Last night your sister promised to marry me."

"Oh, she promised mother she'd marry you long ago."—*Life*.

HE-"I called to see your father this afternoon."

SHE (fluttering visibly)-"Oh, did you?"

HE—"Yes; he has been owing our firm a little bill for some time."

"So you want to marry my daughter," said Mr. Cumrox.

"Yes," replied the young man. "I hope to hear you say take her and be happy!"

"No, sir. I'm not going to shoulder any implied responsibilities. All I am going to say is 'take her.'"

HARRY—"Marry me and your smallest wishes will always be fulfilled."

CARRIE—"I am able to do that myself. What I want is a man who will gratify my biggest wishes."

"I was speaking with your father last night," he said at last, somewhat inanely.

"Oh, were you?" answered the sweet young thing, lowering her eyes. "Er—what were you—er—talking about?"

"About the war in Europe. Your father said that he hoped the fighting would soon be over."

The sweet young thing smiled.

"Yes," she remarked. "I know he's very much opposed to long engagements."

PROSPERITY

For some people half the battle consists in looking prosperous; the other half, in getting credit on the strength of such prosperity.

PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT

We all "ketch" 'em at the psychological moment:

The doctor, when they think they are going to die.

The lawyer, when they think they are going to be sent to jail.

The dentist, when they think a tooth is going to blow off their heads.

The tax collector, when they think they are going to be sold out.

The garage man, when they think they are going to have a blow-out.

The captain, when they think the major is on their trail.

The undertaker, when they don't think any more!

PSYCHOLOGY

"Father," said the small boy, "what is psychology?"

"Psychology, my son, is a word of four syllables that you ring in to distract attention when the explaining gets difficult."

A small boy seated on the curb by a telephone-pole, with a tin can by his side, attracted the attention of an old gentleman who happened to be passing.

"Going fishing?" he inquired, good-naturedly.

"Nope," the youngster replied. "Take a peek in there."

An investigation showed the can to be partly filled with caterpillars of the tussock moth.

"What in the world are you doing with them?"

"They crawl up trees and eat off the leaves."

"So I understand."

"Well, I'm fooling a few of them."

"How?"

"Sending 'em up this telephone-pole."—*Judge*.

PUBLIC, THE

What the country needs is not a phonographic record to preserve a candidate's voice, but something to preserve what's left of the voice of the people.

The Ultimate Victim

When capital wants extra gains.
On profits tightens all the reins,
Who has to suffer all the pains?
The public.

When labor gets dissatisfied,
And would conditions override,
Who gets submerged beneath the tide?
The public.

When strikes put up the price of food,
And each side holds firm attitude,
Who always has to make loss good?
The public.

When street-cars cease to run, and balk
At all conciliation talk,
Who has to pay the freight and walk?
The public.

When managers and actors fight
And theaters are closed at night,
Who sees amusement out of sight?
The public.

Who in disputes which rise each day,

Is not permitted any say,
But always loses either way?
The public.

The public! the public! How many fools does it take to make up a public?—*Chamfort*.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

At a teachers' institute in an Eastern city a speaker said that, in his opinion, "the trouble with the public-school system of today is: The teachers are afraid of the principals, the principals are afraid of the superintendent, he is afraid of the school committee, they are afraid of the parents, the parents are afraid of the children, and the children are afraid of nobody!"

PUBLIC SPEAKERS

A captain in the merchant marine who received much commendation for his wonderful courage and endurance during the war was asked to address a meeting in the West. Ex-President Taft spoke first and at considerable length, and when he had finished the audience rose, almost to a man, to leave the building. The chairman sprang to his feet, rushed to the edge of the platform, and called excitedly: "Come back and take your seats. Come back, every one of you! This man went through hell for us during the war, and it is up to us now to do the same for him."

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the chairman of the evening, "in a few minutes I shall introduce the gentleman who is to address you. It is not my function to deliver a speech at this time, but I shall just use up five or ten minutes so that you may know how good a speech you would have had to listen to were I the speaker and he the chairman."

"Have you ever taken a tail-spin in an airplane?"

"No, but I've been called upon unexpectedly to make a speech, and I guess the sensation is about the same."

"It must break the theme of your lecture to be interrupted by your audience."

"The secret of success for a lecturer, my boy," replied the foreign visitor, "is not to have a theme."

"That speaker certainly made a hit."

"What did he talk about?"

"About ten minutes."

EMPLOYER (coming upon colored porter looking through the dictionary)—"What are you doing, Sam; looking up some more big words for another speech?"

"No, sah. 'Tain't that. Ah's jes' translatin' the speech ah made las' night."

CHAIRMAN (of public banquet)—"Gentlemen, before I introduce the next speaker, there will be a short recess, giving you all a chance to go out and stretch your legs."

GUEST—"Who is the next speaker?"

CHAIRMAN—"Before telling you who he is, I would rather wait until you come back."—*Life*.

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."

"What would be a good way to raise revenue and still benefit the people?"

"Tax every speech made in this country."

"Many's de speech I has listened to," said Uncle Eben, "dat left me wonderin' whether I was gettin' infohmation or entertainment."

A noted Frenchman, on visiting England was asked to speak at a banquet. Being interested in his subject he spoke at great length. Suddenly realizing another speaker was to follow him he closed his remarks with an apology, saying "I am very sorry but there is another speaker and I am afraid I have cockroached on his time."

A burst of laughter greeted this remark and in much confusion he turned to the Englishman next to him and asked what break he had made.

The Englishman, in a reassuring manner, said "It wasn't exactly a break only here in England we don't say cockroach, we say 'h—encroach.'"

A political meeting was on in a certain Iowa town and Thomas R. Marshall, Vice-President of the United States, was to speak. The hall was packed and the air was stifling. For some reason, it was impossible to open the windows, and one had to be broken.

It was feared that the noise would startle the audience and perhaps throw them into a panic. The mayor of the town stepped forward to give warning. The audience, however, had not assembled to listen to the mayor, and overwhelmed him with cries of "Marshall! Marshall!"

Silence was not restored till the infuriated official yelled at the top of his voice:

"I'm not going to make a speech! I have something to say!"

"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 lank, disconsolate-looking farmer, stood on the steps of the town hall during the progress of a political meeting.

"Do you know who's talking in there now?" demanded a stranger, briskly, pausing for a moment beside the farmer. "Or are you just going in?"

"No, sir; I've just come out," said the farmer, decidedly. "Congressman Smiffkins is talking in there."

"What about?" asked the stranger.

"Well," continued the countryman, passing a knotted hand across his forehead, "he didn't say."

"You haven't had much to say lately," commented the old friend.

"True," replied Senator Sorghum. "But you must give me credit for one thing—I realized the fact and kept still."

Captain "Ian Hay," on one of his war lecture tours, entered a barber's shop in a small town to have his hair cut.

"Stranger in the town, sir?" the barber asked.

"Yes, I am," Ian Hay replied. "Anything going on here tonight?"

"There's a war lecture by an English fighter named Hay," said the barber: "but if you go you'll have to stand, for every seat in the hall is sold out."

"Well, now," said Ian Hay, "isn't that provoking? It's always my luck to have to stand when that Hay chap lectures."

See also Politicians.

PUBLISHERS

He was a typical gamin, so diminutive in stature that I had to stoop to interrogate him, which I did in this way:

"Where do you get your papers, my little man?"

"Oh, I buy 'em in the Times alley."

"What do you pay for them?"

"Fi' cents."

"What do you sell them for?"

"Fi' cents."

"You don't make anything at that?"

"Nope."

"Then what do you sell them for?"

"Oh, just to get a chance to holler."

PUNCTUALITY

Epitaph for Any New Yorker

I, who all my life had hurried,
Came to Peter's crowded gate;
And, as usual, was worried,
Fearing that I might be late

So, when I began to jostle
(I forgot that I was dead)
Patient smiled the old Apostle:
"Take your Eternity," he said.

—*Christopher Morley*.

See also Alarm clocks.

PUNCTUATION

"Can't you stretch a point?"

"Certainly," said the period. And thus was born the comma.

A high-school girl said to her father the other night:

"Daddy, I've got a sentence here I'd like you to punctuate. You know something about punctuation, don't you?"

"A little," said her cautious parent, as he took the slip of paper she handed him.

This is what he read:

"A five-dollar bill flew around the corner"

He studied it carefully.

"Well," he finally said, "I'd simply put a period after it, like this."

"I wouldn't," said the high-school girl; "I'd make a dash after it!"

PUNISHMENT

In one of the many navy schools a young instructor was attempting to teach English to a gruff old sailor. "What is a complete sentence?" he said.

"Solitary confinement, bread and water," was the grim reply.

Among the Monday morning culprits haled before a Baltimore police magistrate was a darky with no visible means of support.

"What occupation have you here in Baltimore?" asked his Honor.

"Well, jedge," said the darky, "I ain't doin' much at present —jest circulatin' round, suh."

His Honor turned to the clerk of the court and said:

"Please enter the fact that this gentleman has been retired from circulation for sixty days."

"Germany is going to be badly surprised when the Allies' peace terms are read to her. The peace terms are very severe—just, but very severe."

The speaker was Assistant Secretary of the Navy Roosevelt. He went on:

"Germany is going to feel like Rastus Rosin, who was convicted of stealing a hog.

"'Rastus,' the judge said to him, 'you are fined $5.'

"'Jedge,' said Rastus, 'Ah'm obliged to ye. Ah got dat five spot right here in mah left-hand vest-pocket.'

"'Well,' continued the judge, 'just dig down in your right-hand vest-pocket, Rastus, and see if you can find thirty days.'"

Mamie had been naughty and her mother finally had recourse to the time-honored remedy in such cases.

"Mamma," she sobbed, "did Gran'ma spank you when you was little?"

"Yes, dear," said her mother, "she did when I was naughty."

"And did her mother spank her?"

"Yes."

"An" was she spanked, too, when she was bad?"

"Yes."

"Well, who started this blamed thing anyhow?"

"Judge," said the man at the bar, "there's no use of you trying to square this thing up. My wife and I fight just so often and just so long, and we can't help it. So there you are."

"And about how long do you keep it up?" asked the judge.

"About two weeks, judge."

"All right. I'll give you fifteen days in jail; in other words, you are interned for the duration of the war."

VISITOR (comforting Tommy, who has upset a bottle of ink on the new carpet)—"Never mind, my boy; no use to cry over spilled milk."

TOMMY (indignantly)—"Any dunce would know that. If it's milk that's spilled all you have to do is to call the cat an' she'll lick it up cleaner'n anything. But this ain't milk, an' mother'll do the lickin', is what ails me."

"Quite a good epigram, that," said the tramp, who had been convicted for vagrancy.

"What did he say?" asked the tramp's pal.

"Seven days."

"How d'you make that out an epigram?"

"Why," said the tramp, "I once asked a parson what an epigram was, and he said 'It's a short sentence that sounds light, but gives you plenty to think about.'"

PARSON WHITE—"Brudder Lamkins, how did yer son come outen de trial?"

BRO. LAMKINS—"De Jedge done give 'im two mumfs in de jayul."

PARSON WHITE—"'Pears ter me like as if you outer be pow'ful thankful. He got off mighty light, he did."

BRO. LAMKINS—"'Twan't 's light's you seem to think. Dey's agwinter hang 'im when de two mumfs is up."

"Rastus," said the judge sternly, "you're plain no-account and shiftless, and for this fight I'm going to send you away for a year at hard labor."

"Please, Jedge," interrupted Mrs. Rastus from the rear of the court room, "will yo' Honah jes' kinder split dat sentence? Don't send him away from home, but let dat hard labor stand."

A German spy caught redhanded was on his way to be shot.

"I think you English are brutes," he growled, "to march me through this rain and slush."

"Well," said the "Tommy" who was escorting him, "what about me? I have to go back in it."

See also Marriage.

PUNS

"Have you a little fairy in your home?"

"No, but I have a little miss in my engine."

SMALL SCOUT—"Dad, what are the silent watches of the night?"

INDULGENT FATHER—"They are the ones which their owners forgot to wind, my son."

"Here, boy," said the man to the boy who was helping him drive a bunch of cattle, "hold this bull a minute, will you?"

"No," answered the boy, "I don't mind bein' a director in this company, but I'm darned if I want to be a stockholder."

MA—"You've been drinking. I smell it in your breath." PA—"Not a drop. I've been eating frog's legs. What you smell is the hops."

PROF.—"What happened to Babylon?"

FRESH.—"It fell."

PROF.—"What happened to Tyre?"

FRESH.—"It was punctured."

That was a good, though rather a severe pun, which was made by a student in one of our theological seminaries (and he was not one of the brightest of the class, either), when he asked, "Why is Professor —— the greatest revivalist of the age?" and on all "giving it up," said, "Because at the close of every sermon there is a 'Great Awakening.'"

PURGATORY

MARMADUKE ISOLATE (of Lonelyville).—"Pa, what is Purgatory?"

MR. ISOLATE (wearily).—"Purgatory? Why, Purgatory is a sort of suburb of Heaven."

QUAKERS

After a long essay on the Quakers, taken largely from the encyclopedia, a Western schoolboy finished off with this original thought. "Quakers never quarrel, never get into fights, and never scratch." Then, seeking for a demonstration of the fact and a final touch, he added: "Pa is a Quaker, but I kinda think that Ma isn't."

QUESTIONS

"You understand your duties thoroughly, don't you?" she said to the new footman.

"Yes, ma'am, certainly, ma'am."

"And you know your way to announce?"

"Well, ma'am, I shouldn't perhaps like to go quite so far as that, but I think I know my weight to a pound or so."

"Father, is the zebra a black animal with white stripes or a white animal with black stripes?"

"Has Jobkins any money?" asked Hickenlooper.

"Oh, he must have," said Garroway.

"Oh, we all must have—but have we?" said Hickenlooper.

There is an elevator boy in a New York office building, who is among a large number of public servants that resent needless questions.

One day there entered his car a rather fussy old lady, and garrulous as well.

"Don't you ever feel sick going up and down in this elevator all day?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," said the boy.

"Is it the motion going down?"

"No, ma'am."

"The motion going up?"

"No, ma'am."

"Is it the stopping that does it?"

"No, ma'am."

"Then what is it?"

"Answering questions, ma'am."

"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."

Owen Wister, the novelist, apropos of useless questions, once told of a man who stood before a mirror in his room, his face lathered and an open razor in his hand. His wife came in. She looked at him and said, "Are you shaving?" The man, a foe to surplusage, replied fiercely, "No; I am blacking the kitchen range. Where are you—out driving or at a four-o'clock tea?"

See also Curiosity.

RADICALS

A radical is a man without a sense of humor; a conservative is one without a sense of the ridiculous.

RAILROADS

"Where's the president of this railroad?" asked the man who called at the general offices.

"He's down in Washington, attendin' th' session o' some kind uv an investigatin' committee," replied the office boy.

"Where is the general manager?"

"He's appearin' before th' Interstate Commerce Commission."

"Well, where's the general superintendent?"

"He's at th' meetin" of th' legislature, fightin' some bum new law."

"Where is the head of the legal department?"

"He's in court, tryin' a suit."

"Then where is the general passenger agent?"

"He's explainin' t' th' commercial travelers why we can't reduce th' fare."

"Where is the general freight agent?"

"He's gone out in th' country t' attend a meeting o' th' grange an' tell th' farmers why we ain't got no freight-cars."

"Who's running the blame railroad, anyway?"

"The newspapers and th' legislatures."

An old Cornish woman who had never before traveled by rail went to a country station to catch a train. She sat herself down on a seat in the station, and after sitting there for about two hours, the station-master came up to her and asked where she was going. On her telling him, he said:

"Why, my good woman, the train has just gone, and there isn't another for a long time!"

"Why, lor'!" says the old lady, "I thought the whole consarn moved!"

"What good," asked the angry would-be passenger, "are the figures set down in these railway time-tables?"

"Why," patiently explained the genial agent, "if it weren't for them figures we'd have no way of findin' out how late the train is."

The American in the first-class carriage of an English train insisted on smoking. An angry Englishman protested, and when about to appeal to the guard the American got ahead of him with the remark: "Guard, I think you will find that that gentleman is traveling with a third-class ticket on him."

It proved to be true, and the sputtering Britisher was put out.

A spectator of the incident asked the American how he knew about the ticket.

"Well," explained the composed stranger, "it was sticking out of his pocket and I noticed that it was the same color as mine."

A new railroad through Louisiana strikes some of the towns about a mile from the business center, so it is necessary to run a bus line. A salesman stopping in one of the towns asked the old darky bus driver about it:

"Say, uncle, why have they got the depot way down here?"

After a moment's hesitation the old darky replied: "Ah dunno, boss, unless dey wanted to git it on de railroad."

Picking her way daintily through the locomotive plant, a young woman visitor viewed the huge operations with awe. Finally, she turned to a young man who was showing her through, and asked:

"What is that big thing over there?"

"That's a locomotive-boiler," he replied. She puckered her brows.

"And what do they boil locomotives for?"

"To make the locomotive tender," and the young man from the office never smiled.

"What kind of a plant is the Virginia creeper?"

"It isn't a plant; it's a railroad."

The president of a certain railway in Kentucky which is only ten miles long, was exchanging annual passes one year with officials of other railways.

He enclosed an annual pass on his railway to Stuyvesant Fish, then president of the Illinois Central Railway, for himself and family, with the request that Fish reciprocate.

It seems that Fish had never heard of the Kentucky road, so he instructed his secretary to look it up. As a result the pass was returned with the following curt letter:

DEAR SIR:

I find that your railroad is only ten miles long, while my road is eleven hundred miles long. I herewith return your pass made out in favor of myself and family.

Yours truly,
STUYVESANT FISH.

This was too much for the old Kentucky colonel, who made the following notation on Fish's letter and sent it back:

"You go to hell—*my railroad is as* WIDE *as yours*".

He received the Illinois Central pass by return mail.

"Conductor!" shouted a passenger on the back-country train.

"That was my station, sir! Why didn't you stop?"

"We don't stop there any longer," said the conductor. "You see, the engineer is mad with the station agent!"

"Now will this train reach its destination on time?"

"We hope so, but we don't guarantee it."

"You mean you sell me a ticket to get to a certain place by a certain time and then you give me no assurance I'll be there at that time?"

"That's about it."

"Well, I'll take the ticket. But I'll get even! I won't guarantee I'll be here when your darned old unguaranteed train is ready to start, so I won't!"

"We are twenty minutes late," remarked the passenger. "Will we make it up before we reach New York?"

"No, sah; no, sah," answered the porter. "No, sah. The engineer and fireman get time and a half for overtime."

READING

See Books and reading

REAL ESTATE

"It is very strange that no one has ever been able to find Captain Kidd's treasure."

"Oh, well, Captain Kidd isn't the only man who has put his money into real estate and couldn't get it out."

REAL ESTATE AGENTS

STEVE—"That Smith guy of the Meadow Bottom Development Company has got the fastest car in this neck of the country. He makes ninety miles an hour."

HANK—"Some car! What's he want of such a speed demon?"

STEVE—"He's gotta have it when he's advertising his development as being five minutes from the station."

A house-hunter, getting off a train at a suburban station, said to a boy standing near:

"My boy, I am looking for Mr. Smith's new block of semi-detached houses. How far are they from here?"

"About twenty minutes' walk," said the boy.

"Twenty minutes!" exclaimed the house-hunter. "Nonsense! The advertisement said five."

"Well," replied the boy, "yer kin believe me or the advertisement, whichever yer want. But I ain't tryin' to make no sale."

"Look here, you swindler!" roared the owner of the suburban property to the real-estate man. "When you sold me this house, didn't you say that in three months I wouldn't part with it for $10,000?"

"Certainly," said the real-estate dealer calmly, "and you haven't, have you?"

REALISM

Things that are what they appear to be are so rare that one cannot tell them when one sees them.

RECOMMENDATIONS

"Eh-yah! Young Doc. Purt is a pretty good doctor," admitted the landlord of the Petunia tavern, in reply to the inquiry of a guest who felt the need of a physician's advice. "In spite of all the money he's spent for electrical apparatus and the fact that he wears one of these 'ere three-cornered vanduct beards, there have been no unusually distressing deaths in our midst during the six months he has been with us."

The applicant for the job of office-boy presented his credentials in a manner that bespoke his entire confidence that the position would be his. The sour-looking old gentleman at the head of the establishment read the paper carefully and then surveyed the boy searchingly.

"It is certainly a very nice thing for you to have these recommendations from the minister of your church and your Sunday-school teacher," said he, "and I must admit that you look honest. All the same, I'd like to have a few words from someone that knows you on week-days."—*Harper's*.

"You say you have good references?"

"Yes, ma'am. I have over a 'undred splendid references."

"And how long have you been in domestic service?"

"Two years, ma'am."

A prominent New England educator tells of a Chinese cook in Manila who was innocently carrying about a reference,

written by a saturnine Englishman, with which he expected to secure a good position. The reference read as follows:

"This man cooked for me six months; it seemed much longer. He left on account of illness—my illness."

"Have you any references?" inquired the lady of the house.

"Yis, mum, lots of thim," answered the prospective maid.

"Then why did you not bring some of them with you?"

"Well, mum, to tell the troot, they're just loike my photygraphs. None of thim don't do me justice."

Here is a letter of recommendation given by a butcher to a former employee:

"Whomsoefer is de boss—

"Dear Sir—Dis is to testify dot Hans Snyder vorked for me von week. Ven he left I was perfectly satisfied."

RECRUITING

POLICEMAN (rounding up draft suspects)—"Have you got a card?"

THE SUSPECTED ONE (with suitcase)—"A whole case of 'em! Which do you want to see—draft, registration, meat, sugar, calling, milk, playing, or postal-card?"—*Judge*.

"Before I left the United States," said Col. George Harvey recently in London, "I agreed with a Columbia professor who said preponderant power in men and money was bound to win the war; but now I have a stronger argument—one which fell from the lips of a recruiting-sergeant in the Strand yesterday.

"'Don't you want to be on the winning side?' said the soldier to a group of civilians who he was suggesting should don khaki.

"'How do you know ours will be the winning side?' asked a prospective recruit.

"'Well, my lad,' said the sergeant, 'you know the Germans have been trying for more than a year and a half to win and have failed, don't you?"

"'Yes,' replied the questioner.

"'Well, then, we've been trying to lose during the same period and we couldn't.'"

United States Senator Howard Sutherland, of West Virginia, tells a story about a mountain youth who visited a recruiting-

office in the Senator's State for the purpose of enlisting in the regular Army. The examining physician found the young man as sound as a dollar, but that he had flat feet.

"I'm sorry," said the physician, "but I'll have to turn you down. You've got flat feet."

The mountaineer looked sorrowful. "No way for me to git in it, then?" he inquired.

"I guess not. With those flat feet of yours you wouldn't be able to march even five miles."

The youth from the mountains studied a moment. Finally he said: "I'll tell you why I hate this so darned bad. You see, I walked nigh on to one hundred and fifteen miles over the mountains to git here, and gosh, how I hate to walk back!"

RECRUITING OFFICER—"What's the good of coming here and saying you're only seventeen years old! Go and walk around that yard and come back and see if you're not nineteen."—*Punch*.

See also Conscription.

RED TAPE

America consumes more red dye than any other color. This, as you are aware, is the color chosen for government tape in Washington.

REGRETS

Who Am I?

I am frequently most potent in the morning, but I am willing to abide with you at any time.

I am what you feel if you get married or if you do not get married.

I am what the after-dinner speaker says he feels because he came unprepared, and what the listeners show they feel without saying it.

I come to you when youth leaves you.

I am yours when that sarcastic person drops a remark which you cannot fittingly answer, and I am doubled when you are later alone and think of just the brilliant retort you should have given.

I am what overwhelms you when you suffer an overwhelming financial loss.

I am the vainest of the vain.

I am regret!

MRS. EXE—"Here's an invitation from Mrs. Boreleigh to one of her tiresome dinners. I hate them."

EXE—"Why not plead that you have a previous engagement?"

MRS. EXE—"That would be a lie. Edith dear, write Mrs. Boreleigh that we accept with pleasure."

RELATIVES

"Have you any relatives living in the country?"

"No; whenever we take a vacation we have to pay our own board."

"Old Millyuns says that since he made his pile of money he feels like a neutral nation."

"Why is that?"

"Because he has so many diplomatic relations."—*Judge*.

RELIGIONS

Rowland Hill, when some persons entered his chapel to avoid the rain that was falling, quietly observed, "Many persons are to be blamed for making their religion a cloak, but I do not think those are much better who make it an umbrella."

A man in the threadbare coat and a week's beard came out of a downtown mission where he had signed the pledge and joined the church, only to be nabbed for theft a half hour later.

"Why did you make off with the pocketbook you saw this lady drop in the street?" demanded the Judge in court.

"It's all the minister's fault," declared the thief in deprecation. "I went to him discouraged and out of money, and he told me I must learn to take things as I found them."

Dr. Lyman P. Powell gives some examples of the lengths to which petty bitterness between sects will sometimes carry men. "A visitor in a certain town which had four churches and adequately supported none, asked a pillar of one poor dying church, 'How's your church getting on?' 'Not very well,' was the reply, 'but, thank the Lord, the others are not doing any better.'"

REMEDIES

A Chinaman was asked if there were good doctors in China.

"Good doctors!" he exclaimed, "China have best doctors in world. Hang Chang one good doctor; he great; save life, to me."

"You don't say so! How was that?"

"Me velly bad," he said. "Me callee Doctor Han Kon. Give some medicine. Get velly, velly ill. Me callee Doctor San Sing. Give more medicine. Me glow worse—go die. Blimebly callee Doctor Hang Chang. He got no time; no come. Save life."

The other day a negro went into a drug store and said:

"Ah wants one ob dem dere plasters you stick on yoah back."

"I understand," said the clerk, "You mean one of our porous plasters?"

"No, sab, I don't want none ob your porous plasters, I wants de bes' one you got."

A Swedish farmer, who lived on his wheat farm in Minnesota, was taken ill and his wife telephoned the doctor.

"If you have a thermometer," answered the physician, "take his temperature. I will be out and see him presently."

An hour or so later when the doctor drove up, the woman met him at the door.

"How is he?" asked the doctor.

"Veil," said she, "I bane put the barometer on him like you tell me, and it say 'Very dry,' so I give him a pitcher of water to drink, and now he ban gone back to vork."

BESSIE—"The doctor says mamma must take a constitutional every morning. What's that mean?"

BOBBY—"That means walking."

BESSIE—"Then why didn't he say walk?"

BOBBY—"I don't know, but I guess maybe if he called it that he couldn't charge for it."

REMINDERS

HE (to wife who is off for the beach)—"Now, don't forget me, dear."

SHE—"As if I could, Jack. The surf at night sounds just like you snoring."

The late Horace Hutton used to say that having to take a little trouble would impress a fact on any one's memory so that he would never be able to forget it. In illustration he would tell this story:

"Our waitress, Maggie, could never remember to put salt on the table, and time after time Mrs. Hutton would remind her to do it. One morning it was absent, as usual, and I said, 'Maggie, where is the stepladder?'

"'It's in the pantry, sir!'

"'Please bring it in, Maggie,' I said kindly.

"Maggie brought it in with a look of wonder on her face.

"'Put it right beside the table,' I commanded, and when she had done so I added: 'Now, I want you to climb up to the top of it, look all over the table and see if there is any salt there.'

"Maggie never forgot the salt again."

"What's that piece of cord tied around your finger for?"

"My wife put it there to remind me to post a letter."

"And did you post it?"

"No; she forgot to give it to me."

CONDUCTOR—"Do you mind if I put your bag out of the way, sir? People coming in are falling over it."

TRAVELER—"You leave it where it is. If nobody falls over it I shall forget it's there."

REPARTEE

"Pa, what is repartee?"

"Oh, merely an insult with its dress-suit on, my son."—*Puck*.

FIRST STUDENT—"The idea; my napkin is damp!"

SECOND STUDENT—"Perhaps that's because there is so much due on your board."

The big man with the I-know-it-all expression sneeringly watched the little man who was eating from a sack of peanuts.

"Down where I come from we use peanuts to fatten hogs," remarked the big man.

"That so?" asked the little man. "Here, have some."

EINSTEIN—"I hear you already, and I dinks you vas talking to yourself."

ROSENBERG—"You vas a liar and a scoundrel! Do you hear dot?"

"What would you say," began the voluble prophet, "if I were to tell you that in a very short space of time all the rivers will dry up?"

"I would say," replied the patient man, "go thou and do likewise."

"I'm tired of always being the goat!"

"Then, why don't you stop butting in?"

"Oh, say, who was here to see you last night?"

"Only Myrtle, father."

"Well, tell Myrtle that she left her pipe on the piano."

"Willie, your master's report of your work is very bad. Do you know that when Woodrow Wilson was your age he was head of the school?"

"Yes, pa; and when he was your age he was President of the United States."

"You are an angel."

"I guess that's right. An angel has but one gown and for her the styles never change."

A stern old preacher had issued to his people a command against dancing, believing it to be a device of the devil.

A few of the young people disobeyed and attended a dance given at a neighboring town. Finally it reached the ears of the preacher, and, meeting one of the culprits on the street one morning, he said in a stern voice:

"Good morning, child of the devil!"

"Good morning, father!" smilingly answered the pretty miss.

CUSTOMER—"The price of these shoes seems high. Wasn't there something said about a movement to have it reduced?"

CLERK—"Yes—but it's not on foot yet."

UNCLE SILAS (visiting city relatives who use electrical appliances for cooking at the table)—"Well, I swan! You make fun of us for eatin' in the kitchen. I don't see as it makes much difference whether you eat in the kitchen or cook in the dining-room."—*Life*.

There had been a quarrel. "You're no lidy," remarked the party of the first part "Ah!" replied the other. "If it wasn't that I *was* a lidy, p'raps I'd be able to tell *you* wot kind of a lidy *you* ain't."

FIRST TRAVELER (cheerily)—"Fine day, isn't it?"

SECOND DITTO (haughtily)—"Sir! You have the advantage of me. I don't know you."

FIRST DITTO—"Humph! I fail to see the advantage."

"We need brains in this business, sir."

"I know you do. The business shows it."

"Well! well!" exclaimed Mrs. Talker, looking up from the morning paper. "Boots and shoes should be getting much cheaper now. Here's a paragraph that states that they are being made from all sorts of skins, even rat skins"; and then, trying to be funny, she added, "I wonder what they do with banana and orange skins?"

"Oh, my dear," replied her husband, "they make slippers!"

The usual large crowd was gathered at the New York end of the Brooklyn Bridge waiting for trolley-cars. An elderly lady, red in the face, flustered and fussy, dug her elbows into convenient ribs irrespective of owners.

A fat man on her left was the recipient of a particularly vicious jab. She yelled at him, "Say!"

He winced slightly and moved to one side.

She, too, sidestepped and thumped him vigorously on the back.

"Say!" she persisted, "does it make any difference which of these cars I take to Greenwood Cemetery?"

"Not to me, madam," he answered, slipping through an opening in the crowd.

AUSTRALIAN SOLDIER (to American)—"You Yanks think you've done a lot, but you forget we Australians have been at the game for four years."

"Well, what have you done, anyway?"

"Done? We've been at Gallipoli, Mesopotamia, the plains of Bethlehem, and—"

"The plains of Bethlehem?"

"Yes; I slept a week there myself."

"Well, I guess that was a busy week for the shepherds watching their flocks!"

Once in a while the choirs do get back at the minister, as, for example, in a Connecticut church the other Sunday morning.

The minister announced, just after the choir had sung its anthem, as his text, "Now when the uproar had ceased." But the singers bided their time patiently, and when the sermon was over, rose and rendered in most melodious fashion another anthem beginning, "Now it is high time to awake after sleep."

REPORTING

A noted artist was recently visited by an interviewer, who fired at him from a question-sheet questions such as these:

"Were your parents artistic? Which of your paintings do you consider your best work? When, where, and why did you paint it? How much did it bring you in? Who is your favorite dead master? Favorite living master? What is your income from art? How much—"

But at this point the artist seized the interviewer by the arm and began in his turn:

"Just a moment, please. What is your name, age, and salary? Is journalism with you a life-work or merely a means to a higher literary end? How do you like your editor? State his faults and salary. What was the best interview you ever wrote? Give a brief summary of same. Have you ever been fired? How does it feel? Where—"

But here the interviewer, jerking his arm from the painter's grasp, fled from the studio, and the artist cheerfully resumed his work.

A "cub" reporter on a New York newspaper was sent to Paterson to write the story of the murder by thieves, of a rich manufacturer. He spread himself on the details and naively concluded his account with this sentence:

"Fortunately for the deceased, he had deposited all of his money in the bank the day before, so he lost practically nothing but his life."—*Harper's*.

See also Journalism; Newspapers.

REPUTATION

"So you come from New York," said an English lady to a traveling American. "I supposed, of course, you came from Boston."

"Why did you think that?" inquired the New York lady.

"Because I supposed all cultivated, intelligent Americans came from Boston."

"But what in the world made you think that?" was the natural question.

"Oh, I don't know, exactly. I think it was a Boston lady who told me."

Having heard a popular make of motor-car highly spoken of, he entered the depot with the idea of purchasing one. The selection was soon made, and the customer expressed himself ready to buy if he could have a trial trip. That, the salesman explained, was impossible; the cars were sold on their reputation only. The customer declined to buy without a trial, and was leaving the store when the chairman of the company entered, and the situation was explained to him.

The chairman agreed that the salesman's attitude was correct. "But," said he, "as I don't like turning money away, I'll take you for a run in the car myself." The selected car was brought out, the chairman took the driving wheel, the customer sat alongside him, and the run began.

For some time she ran beautifully. Then, halfway up a hill, there was a sudden stoppage, and, do what he would, the

driver could not induce the car to move.

Said the customer: "A jolly good thing I insisted on a trial."

Very red in the face, the chairman left the car, went to the front and lifted the bonnet to see what was the matter. "Holy smoke!" he exclaimed. "She's got no engine in her. She's run two miles on nothing but her reputation."

REST CURE

I wish I was a little rock
    On top of yonder hill
A doin' nothin' all day long
    But just a settin' still.

I wouldn't eat, I wouldn't sleep
    I wouldn't even wash
I'd set and set a thousand years
    And rest myself—*By Gosh!*

RESTAURANTS

A gentleman from the rural districts of Missouri recently made his first visit to New York. Shortly after his arrival he went into a restaurant and ordered what seemed to him like a rather meager meal. When the bill was presented it totaled $8.35. The Missourian looked at the amount twice to make sure his eyes were not deceiving him. Then he smiled. "Waiter," he called, "you've made a mistake. I've got more money than that!"

GUEST—"Look here! How long must I wait for the half-portion of duck I ordered?"

WAITER—"Till somebody orders the other half. We can't go out and kill half a duck."

Dr. C——, who was called to the far end of Long Island to extract an appendix, missed the last train back, stayed over night in a miserable hotel, and was waited on at breakfast by a sallow and cadaverous country girl. Said she:

"Boiled tongue, stewed kidneys, fried liver."

Said he:

"Hang your symptoms! Bring me something to eat!"

"What's yours?"

"Coffee and rolls, my girl."

One of those iron-heavy, quarter-inch, thick mugs of coffee was pushed over the counter. The fastidious person seemed dazed. He looked under the mug and over it.

"But where is the saucer?" he inquired.

"We don't give no saucers here. If we did some low-brow'd come pilin' in an' drink out of his saucer, an' we'd lose a lot of our swellest trade."

"Do you want a steak for a dollar or a dollar and a half?" demanded the waiter in the Central Park restaurant.

"What's the difference?" inquired the tourist.

"You get a sharp knife with the dollar and half steak," explained the waiter.

CUSTOMER—"By Jove, I am glad to see you back. Has the strike been settled?"

WAITER—"What strike, sir?"

CUSTOMER—"Oh, come, now. Where have you been since you took my order?"

AFFABLE WAITER—"How did you find that steak, sir?"

GUEST—"Oh, quite accidentally. I moved that piece of potato and there it was, underneath."

CHAUFFEUR—"Cup of coffee, doughnuts, and some griddle cakes."

WAITRESS—"Cylinder oil, couple of non-skid, and an order of blow-out patches."

RETALIATION

Even though the war was over, she decided to do her patriotic duty along the hospitality line. So she called the Army and Navy Club, and transmitted her invitation through a suave-voiced officer.

"I am Mrs. Humpfree McLeod, 33 First Avenue," she explained, "and I should like to have two of your men come to dinner with us Sunday at half-past one."

"Yes. Thank you, Mrs. McLeod."

"But wait—be sure, whatever you do, that they aren't Jews!"

The tone of her voice was emphatic.

Sunday came, bringing two chocolate-colored khaki-clad privates to the McLeod house. When Mrs. McLeod brushed into the drawing-room to greet her soldiers, all a-smile, she was surprised, to put it mildly.

"Why!" she stammered. "Why, who invited you here?"

"Our commanding officer," explained one, "Captain Cohen."

One morning Jorkins looked over his fence and said to his neighbor, Harkins:

"What are you burying in that hole?"

"Just replanting some of my seeds, that's all," was the answer.

"Seeds!" exclaimed Jorkins, angrily. "It looks more like one of my hens!"

"That's all right," said the other. "The seeds are inside."—*Harper's*.

"What's coming off out in front there?" asked the proprietor of the Tote Fair store in Tumlinville, Ark.

"A couple of fellers from Straddle Ridge swapped mules," replied the clerk, "and now each is accusing the other of skinning him."

"Well, then, why don't they trade back?"

"I reckon they are both afraid of getting skinned again."

MOTHER—"Joan, darling, run and call Fido, will you?"

JOAN—"I don't see how I can, mummy, 'cos I aren't speakin' to Fido since he broke my doll!"

"It was mighty nice of you to give up your seat to that stout old lady, Mr. Blinks. It is pleasant to see that there are still some polite men left in the world."

"Sorry, Mrs. Jabbers, but it wasn't politeness at all. The man who sat next to me was quarrelsome because he said I crowded him too much, and all I did was to use that stout old lady as a sort of retort courteous."—*Judge*. "All sorts and conditions of men have excellent explanations for their position in life," said the Senator. "A tramp, however, came under my observation who had no illusions about the cause of his own condition.

"A fine looking and fashionably dressed woman had just alighted from her limousine at the hotel entrance, and was suddenly approached by this shabbily dressed man who requested a dime.

"'No, I have no money to spare for you. I do not see why an able-bodied man like you should go about begging.'"

"'I s'ppose, ma'am,' replied the lazy tramp, 'it's fer about the same reason that a healthy woman like you boards at a hotel instead of keepin' house.'"—*Harper's*.

Apropos of foreign honesty, Dr. Nicholas Butler tells this story:

"On a foreign railroad," he said, "a commuter had a row with the conductor. At the end of the row the commuter turned to a friend and said:

"'Well, the P.D.R. will never see another cent of my money after this.'

"The conductor, who was departing, looked back and snarled:

"'What'll you do? Walk?'

"'Oh, no,' said the commuter, 'I'll stop buying tickets and pay my fare to you.'"

ROADS

"How are the roads in this section?" "Fine," replied Farmer Corntossel. "We've abolished bad roads." "Big job, wasn't it?" "Not at all. Wherever the going is 'specially hard we don't call it a 'road.' We call it a 'detour.'"

ROOSEVELT, THEODORE

"One beautiful autumn day," said the teacher, telling a story, "Little Red Riding Hood was walking along a path in the woods when she came to a sharp turn; and whom do you think she saw standing there, with a row of shining white teeth gleaming at her?"

Up went a little hand.

"Who was it, Willie?"

"Mister Roosevelt."

RUINS

An English nobleman was about to set out for India, and, fearing that in his absence vandals might destroy a picturesque ruin on his estate, he said to his steward: "I want you to build a wall here"—he drew a tiny furrow with his stick around the ruin—"a stone wall five feet high."

On his return home the nobleman started for the spot. When he reached it he rubbed his eyes in amazement. There was the new stone wall, but he could see nothing towering up inside of it. He turned excitedly to his steward:

"Look here, where's the ruin, man?"

"The ruin, my lord?" replied the steward. "Oh, that ould thing! Sure, I used it to build the wall with."

RUMMAGE SALES

"Oh, John," sobbed Mrs. John, "I've done something awful, and I'm almost afraid to tell you—but I must! I made a most awful mistake this morning and sent your new dress suit to the rummage sale instead of your old one, and when I found out what I had done and ran over to get it back, it had been sold."

"That's all right, Mabel, dear," said John amiably. "I stopped in at the sale myself and bought it back for thirty-five cents."

SACRIFICES

"George, where are your school-books?"

"When notices appeared that books were wanted for the wounded, I gave mine to them."

"But, my dear," said his wife, after he had complained about the food the new cook had brought in. "You know during these terrible times it is absolutely necessary that we make great sacrifices."

"Oh, of course, but what I object to is that cook's making hers in the form of a burnt offering."

SAFETY

Throughout the trial the Englishman, whose crimes had been many and black, bore himself with an air of complete indifference and received the sentence of the supreme penalty with a bored yawn. After he had been led on to the scaffold and just as the hood and noose were about to be placed over his head, the attendant priest, still persisting in his attempts to awaken penitence, in spite of the doomed man's deafness to his prayers, asked him again for a final statement.

The prisoner's gaze wandered to the noose and rested there meditatively. Suddenly he turned to the priest:

"See here, old chap," he demanded, "is this thing perfectly safe?"

Mark Twain once sat in the smoking room of a steamer and listened for an hour to some remarkable stories. Then he drawled, "Boys, these feats of yours that you've been telling about recall an adventure of my own in Hannibal. There was a fire in Hannibal one night, and Old Man Hankinson got caught in the fourth story of the burning house. It looked as if he was a goner. None of the ladders was long enough to reach him. The crowd stared at one another with awed eyes. Nobody could think of anything to do.

"Then all of a sudden, boys, an idea occurred to me. 'Fetch a rope!' I yelled.

"Somebody fetched a rope, and with great presence of mind I flung the end of it up to the old man. 'Tie her round your waist!' I yelled. Old Man Hankinson did so, and I pulled him down."

OLD LADY (to motorman on her first drive on an electric car)—"Would it be dangerous, conductor, if I was to put my foot on the rail?"

MOTORMAN (an Edison man)—"No, mum, not unless you was to put the other one on the overhead wire."

SALARIES

"And about the salary?" said the movie star.

"Well," said the manager after a moment's thought, "suppose we call it $5,000 a week?"

"All right."

"Of course, you understand that the $5,000 is merely what we call it—you will get $500."

Salary—something paid to you for what you do.

Income—something paid to you for what your father did.

"How do you know that Blinks has had a raise in salary?"

"He argues that the world is getting better; that the danger from monopolies has been greatly magnified, and that human nature isn't so bad, after all."

SALESMEN AND SALESMANSHIP

"Hey, what did you go and sell them apples fer?"

"Ain't they fer sale?"

"No. Them was the samples we take out to our automobile customers."

"Who," asked the officiating clergyman, formally but impressively, "gives this bride away?"

"I—I was to," stammered her father, "but I've been a retail salesman too long to give anything away. Let somebody else do it."

PROSPECTIVE SALESMAN (to sales-manager who has advertised for a salesman)—"I'm answering your ad in today's paper."

SALES MANAGER—"Had much experience?"

PROSPECTIVE SALESMAN (confidently)—"Yes, sir. I've sold most everything in my time."

SALES MANAGER—"Then try selling me your services!" Mr. Babcock was driving through the country, trying to buy a mule. He was directed to a colored man who had one for sale.

"Do you want to sell a mule?" asked Babcock.

"Yaas, sah," replied the owner. "May I ask whar yo' live, sah?"

"What has that got to do with it?" queried Babcock.

"Well," explained the negro, "I ain't gwine ter transfer dat mule to nobody dat lives less dan two hundred miles away from here. When I sells that mule I wants to git rid not only of de mule, but of all conversation appertainin' to him."

"Mr. Smith, I represent the Stygian Life Insurance Company. I know you don't want to talk to me or listen to me; I know you have all the insurance you feel able to pay for. I am not here to tell you your chances of dying tonight, or of being hit by an automobile on leaving this building; neither shall I try to convince you that my company can offer you anything more than any other well-managed, long-established concern. I shall not pretend that I am especially interested in your welfare and wish to do you a service. I am trying to make a living. Here is a blank application. You do not need to say any of the commonplaces. Good day, Mr. Smith.

"Ah, you have signed it. Permit me to insert the amount—say $25,000. Our doctor will call on you tomorrow at 12:01. Thank you, Mr. Smith. Yes; I am using a new method. The idea came from the Four Minute speakers. Haven't lost a prospect yet. But my time is up. I shall deliver your policy in person, but that takes only one minute under the new system. Good-bye."

"I don't think I'll buy the house, but I've enjoyed the ride out here. You run a good car."

"Yes, I'm agent for this make. Can I book your order?"

Keep hollering—
There's somebody
Somewhere that'll
Want what you've
Got sometime!

That clerk you all know died and approached the pearly gates.

"Give me a seat in the front row," he demanded of St. Peter.

"Sorry," said the hoary gatekeeper. "Heaven's all sold out, but I can give you something just as good."

Trade was bad. At the end of another blank day the discouraged salesman called on another prospective customer and asked to show his samples.

"No, there is nothing I want today," said the customer,

"But will you just examine my line of goods?" the salesman persisted.

The customer would not.

"Then," said the salesman meekly, "will you let me use a part of your counter to look at them myself, as I have not had the opportunity for some time?"

"I want a pair of the best gloves you have," said Mrs. Nuritch at the glove counter.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the polite salesman. "How long do you want them?"

"Don't git insultin', young man! I want to buy 'em, not hire 'em."

"How do you manage to sell so many fireless cookers?"

"It's due to my method of approach," said the smart salesman. "I begin my little talk by saying, 'Madam, I have called to enable you to spend every afternoon at the movies.'"

NEW MAN ON THE ROAD—"What is the best time for me to see the head of this firm I'm working for, boy?"

OFFICE BOY—"Between the time he gets your sales-account and the time he gets your expense-account."—*Puck*.

"Orders Is Orders"

One of the traveling salesmen breezed back from a short trip.

"How's business?" grunted the manufacturer.

"Fine," beamed the agent.

Manufacturer reached for the "good-business" cigars.

"How fine?"

"Got two good orders," the agent said.

"Ah-ha," grinned the boss. "Who were they from?"

"One," came the reply, "was from Mr. —— of —— & —— who ordered me to 'Get out,' and the other was from his partner who ordered me to 'Stay out.'"

See also Booksellers and bookselling; Mistakes.

SALVATION

An evangelist was exhorting his hearers to flee from the wrath to come. "I warn you," he thundered, "there will be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth."

At this point an old woman of the congregation stood up.

"Sir, I have no teeth."

"Madam," returned the preacher sternly, "teeth will be provided."

SAVING

SON—"Dad, what is a savings account?"

FATHER—"A savings account is that part of a man's income which the government takes after permitting him to pay for the necessities of life."

See also Economy; Thrift.

SCANDAL

"Yes, it cost me ten thousand dollars to have my family-tree looked up, and five thousand dollars more to have it hushed up."—*Life*.

Believe that story false that ought not to be true.—*Sheridan*.

Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend.

—*Pope*.

The scandal of the world is what makes the offence; it is not sinful to sin in silence.—*Molière*.

SCHOLARSHIP

"What's the matter? You look thoughtful."

"My six-year-old son brought home a list of questions to answer."

"What of that?"

"My average ranks me as a deficient kid."

"Is my son getting well grounded in the classics?" asked the millionaire.

"I would put it even stronger than that," replied the private tutor. "I may say that he is actually stranded on them."

"Tommy Tucker is the worst boy in school, Harry, and I want you to keep as far away from him as you possibly can."

"I do, mother. He stays at the head of the class most of the time."

See also College students.

SCHOOLS

A keen-eyed mountaineer led his overgrown son into a country schoolhouse. "This here boy's arter larnin'," he announced. "What's yer bill o'fare?"

"Our curriculum, sir," corrected the schoolmaster, "embraces geography, arithmetic, trigonometry—"

"That'll do," interrupted the father. "That'll do. Load him up well with triggernometry. He's the only poor shot in the family."

There is no real suffering in Mexico now, except that of the schoolboy who is trying to learn the dates of all the revolutions.

CRABSHAW—"Why do you wish to leave school and go to work when you're so young?"

WILLIE—"It's this way, dad. School is going to be a tough place for the next few years. We'll have a new map of Europe to study, and if we fall down on it the teacher is likely to give us the Constitution of the League of Nations to learn by heart."

MAMMA—"How do you feel this morning, Robert? Are you able to sit up?"

ROBERT—"I feel awful bad. Don't think I could stand on my feet."

MAMMA—"Well, I hope you will be able to go to school Monday. This is Saturday—"

ROBERT (jumping out of bed)—"Saturday! Gee! I thought it was Friday!"

SCIENTIFIC MANAGEMENT

EFFICIENCY EXPERT—"I am very gratified to see how many new men you have taken on since I installed my system."

"Yes, I hired 'em to take care of the system."—*Judge*.

SCOTCH, THE

An Englishman, Scotchman and Irishman were indulging in reminiscences of sporting occasions.

"The closest race I ever saw was a yacht race," deposed the Englishman, "in which one of the boats that had been recently painted won by the breadth of the coat of paint."

"The closest race I ever saw," declared the Scotchman, "was one in which a horse, stung by a bee, won by the eighth of the swelling of his nose."

"The closest race I ever saw," said the Irishman, "is the Scotch."

Some travellers returning to their hotel in Edinburgh one evening noticed an old Scotchman working anxiously over a penny-in-the-slot machine that refused to deliver his purchase or to return the penny. The next morning on passing the same spot they saw the poor man dead beside the slot machine.

Two old Scotsmen sat by the roadside, talking and puffing away merrily at their pipes.

"There's no muckle pleasure in smokin', Sandy," said Donald.

"Hoo dae ye mak' that oot?" questioned Sandy.

"Weel," said Donald, "ye see, if ye're smokin' yer ain bacca ye're thinkin' o' the awfu' expense, an' if ye're smokin' some ither body's, yer pipe's ramm't sae tight it winna draw."

A Scotchman had been presented with a pint flask of rare old Scotch whisky. He was walking briskly along the road toward home, when along came a Ford which he did not side-step quite in time. It threw him down and hurt his leg quite badly. He got up and limped down the road. Suddenly he noticed that something warm and wet was trickling down his leg.

"Oh, God," he groaned, "I hope that's blood!"

During the fighting a Highlander had the misfortune to get his head blown off.

A comrade communicated the sad news to another gallant Scot, who asked, anxiously:

"Where's his head? He was smoking ma pipe."

A Scottish emigrant on his arrival at Montreal, stopped for a moment to examine a coat hanging in front of a clothing store, when the proprietor asked him if he would not try on a coat.

"I dinna ken but I wad," responded the emigrant, consulting his watch; and he went in and set to work. No matter how often he found a fit, he tried on another and another till he tried on about thirty. Then, again looking at his watch, he resumed his own garment and walked off saying:

"Weel, I've lost time, nae doot, but hang the fellow that'll no' obleege anither when he can!"

Three Scotchmen were in church one Sunday morning when the minister made a strong appeal for some very worthy cause, hoping that every one in the congregation would give at least one dollar or more. The three Scots became very nervous as the collection plate neared them, when one of them fainted and the other two carried him out.

Scotchmen are proverbial for their caution.

Mr. MacTavish attended a christening where the hospitality of the host knew no bounds except the several capacities of the guests. In the midst of the celebration Mr. MacTavish rose up and made rounds of the company, bidding each a profound farewell.

"But, Sandy, man," objected the host, "ye're not going yet, with the evenin' just started?"

"Nay," said the prudent MacTavish. "I'm no' goin' yet. But I'm tellin' ye good-night while I know ye all."

A Scotchman was strolling through the market-place one day with his faithful collie at his heels. Attracted by a fine display of shell and other fish, the Scot stopped to admire, perhaps to purchase. The dog stood by gently wagging its tail while its master engaged the fishmonger in conversation.

Unfortunately for the dog, its tail dropped for a moment over a big basketful of fine live lobsters. Instantly one of the largest lobsters snapt its claws on the tail and the surprised collie dashed off through the market, yelping with pain, while the lobster hung on grimly, tho dashed violently from side to side. The fishmonger for a moment was speechless with indignation. Then turning to his prospective customer, he bawled:

"Mon, mon! whustle to yer dog! Whustle to yer dog!"

"Hoot, mon," returned the other, complacently, "whustle to yer lobster!"

SEASICKNESS

"My dear old fellow! What's the matter? The sea's like a duck-pond!"

"I know, old boy—but I've taken six—different—remedies."—*Punch*.

The Chief Justice while presiding over the Supreme Court at Washington took the several Justices of the Court for a run down Chesapeake Bay. A stiff wind sprang up, and Justice Gray was getting decidedly the worst of it. As he leaned over the rail in great distress the Chief Justice touched him on the shoulder and said in a tone of deepest sympathy:

"Is there anything I can do for you, Gray?"

"No, thank you," returned the sick Justice, "unless your Honor can overrule this motion."

An amateur sailor was making his first trip across the Atlantic, and was in the throes of the *mal de mer* when the ship's surgeon came across him.

"What's the matter?" was the doctor's callous query.

"O-o-oh!" was the only response as the young man rolled over in agony.

"Come, get up," derided the surgeon, grinning unfeelingly. "The ship's been torpedoed and will sink in ten minutes."

"Ten minutes?" the sick man protested feebly. "Can't you make it any sooner?"

"How was the trip over?" I asked one of our returning soldiers.

"Rough as thunder," was the reply.

"Did they feed you well?" I asked.

"Six meals a day," he said.

"Six?" I echoed.

"Yes," was the laughing reply; "three down and three up."

A New York man was crossing the Atlantic with an army officer who suffered greatly from sea-sickness.

On entering the stateroom one particularly rough day, he found the officer tossing in his berth, muttering in what at first appeared to be a sort of delirium.

Stooping over to catch his words, the friend heard him say: "Sergeant ... major ... sergeant ... major ... brigadier-general ... ugh, *lieutenant*-general ... a-a-ah!"

"What are you saying?" asked the friend in some alarm, as the sufferer looked piteously up at him after his last gasping "a-a-ah!"

"Assigning the waves their rank," said the military man, rolling toward the wall again. "There have been eight lieutenant-generals within the last twenty minutes."

CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST—"Nothing is ever lost! Everything in the universe is in its right place at the right time!"

MAN FROM MISSOURI—"Have you never been seasick?"

The ocean liner was rolling like a chip, but as usual in such instances one passenger was aggressively, disgustingly healthy.

"Sick, eh?" he remarked to a pale-green person who was leaning on the rail.

The pale-green person regarded the healthy one with all the scorn he could muster. "Sick nothing!" he snorted weakly. "I'm just hanging over the front of the boat to see how the captain cranks it!"

SECRETS

"Can you keep a secret, Peggy?"

"I can; but it's just my luck to tell things to other girls who can't."

ALICE—"I thought you could keep a secret."

MABEL—"Well, I kept it for a week. Do you think I'm a cold-storage plant?"

JACK—"Did you tell her that what you said was in strict confidence?"

ETHEL—"No; I don't want her to think it was important enough to repeat."

CRAWFORD—"I see that the Ku Klux are going to admit women members."

CRABSHAW—"Why, I thought it was a secret society."

It is said that an ancient Chinese sage who lived in the second century was offered a bribe. His silence being accepted as hesitation, he was assured that he was perfectly safe, as no one knew it. He replied:

"Heaven knows, it. Earth knows it. You know it. I know it. How can you say that no one knows it?"

SELF-MADE MEN

"Yes, sir," said the trust magnate, proudly, "I am the architect of my own fortune."

"Well," rejoined the friendly critic, "all I've got to say is that it's a lucky thing for you there were no building inspectors around when you were constructing it."

SENATE

FORWARDLOOKER—"The Senate has a plan to settle labor disputes."

CYNIC—"If labor would devise a plan for settling Senate disputes, we might have peace."

The more we read about the Senate the more we understand the word "jazz."

SENATORS

"What is your position on this great question?"

"My position," replied Senator Sorghum, "is somewhat like that of a tight-rope walker. I don't want to stop to argue or show off. What I want to do is to get across to solid ground."

"The interrogation 'Where did you get it?' causes me much less apprehension," confessed Senator Smugg, "than the feeling that some day the public may learn the answer to the question 'Where did you put it?'"—*Puck*.

SENSE OF HUMOR

SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT (cross-questioning the terrified class)—"And now I want you boys to tell me who wrote 'Hamlet.'"

FRIGHTENED BOY—"P-p-please, sir, it-it wasn't me."

That same evening the superintendent was talking to his host, the squire of the village. The superintendent said:

"Most amusing thing happened today. I was questioning the class over at the school, and I asked a boy who wrote 'Hamlet.' He answered tearfully, 'P-p-please, sir, it wasn't me.'"

After loud and prolonged laughter, the squire said:

"That's pretty good, and I suppose the little rascal had done it all the time!"

British and American Humor

Having observed in a London omnibus a notice warning passengers to be careful as they alight, which is couched in these terms: "Cinema actors risk their lives for pay! Don't do it for nothing!" a New York journalist remarks that "an American advertisement on that subject would be serious; the British are more flippant in their seriousness than the Americans."

It seems as if this critic (writes a correspondent of the Manchester Guardian) never saw the notices posted in the trains used for conveying American troops in France during the last six months of the war. Tho drawn up at American

headquarters, these notices are quite as "flippant in their seriousness" as the one he quotes. One of them ran:

THREE KINDS OF FOOLS

1. Fools.

2. Damned fools.

3. SOLDIERS WHO RIDE ON TOPS AND SIDES OF CARS.

A great many American soldiers have already been killed as a result of riding on tops of cars.

There is only six inches clearance between tops and sides of cars and tunnel arches.

There is only six inches clearance between tops and sides of cars and bridge superstructures.

There is only a slight clearance between sides of cars and signal-towers.

IF YOU EXPECT TO SEE THE NEXT BLOCK KEEP YOURS INSIDE.

There was another one worded as follows:

YOUR HEAD MAY BE HARD
But not so hard as Bridges and Tunnel Arches.

Railway company will hold you responsible for damages to bridges and tunnels and signal-towers—they are not insured.

KEEP YOUR BLOCK INSIDE

And yet another:

Huns are waiting.
Trenches ahead.
Speed up.

KEEP YOUR IVORY IN!

HEALTH OFFICER MOONEY—"Y'r Honor, Oi think that humorist should be prohibited from givin' his lecture in the opera house tomorrow night, sor!"

MAYOR OF TOWN—"Why so, Mooney? Is it immoral?"

HEALTH OFFICER MOONEY—"Not immoral, sor; but they say his humor is contagious!"

SENTRIES

See Armies.

SERMONS

See Preaching.

SERVANTS

MISTRESS—"Bridget, I'm tired of your carelessness. Only look at that dust on the furniture. It's six weeks old at the very least."

BRIDGET—"Shure, it's no fault av moine. Oi've been here only t'ree weeks."

While Willie and his mother were walking along the street, they passed an employment agency with this sign in the window: "Colored Help Supplied."

"Look, ma," said Willie. "Is that where we got our green cook?"

Cynthia, a young colored cook, who had recently given up her employment in order that she might try her luck at the easier profession of cateress, met her former mistress on the street.

"Good morning, Cynthia," said the lady. "Where are you working now?"

"I isn't workin' nowhere now, ma'am," replied Cynthia, coyly; "I'se capering for a congressman."

WIFE—"I wish I knew what to do with this skirt. It's good, but somewhat out of style."

HUSBAND—"Why don't you give it to the laundress?"

WIFE—"Don't be funny, George. She's a good laundress, and I wouldn't offend her for the world."

MRS. ECKS—"That's a shocking clumsy maid who served us. And Mrs. Wise said she had such a treasure."

MRS. WYE—"This maid is one she hired for the occasion. She has the treasure locked in her room for fear one of the guests might steal her."

MISTRESS—"Now, Ada, I want you to show us what you can do tonight. We have a few very special friends coming for a musical evening."

COOK—"Well, mum, I 'aven't done any singin' to speak of for years, but as you insists upon it you can put me down for 'The 'Oly City'!"

NEW MISTRESS—"How about the afternoon off?"

NORAH—"Sure, mum, take wan—I'm willin'."

MISTRESS (to newly installed cook)—"Matthews! What does this mean? How did this policeman get here?"

COOK (equal to the occasion)—"Dunno, mum. 'E must 'ave bin left over by the last cook."

"I hope you are habitually truthful, Norah."

"I am on me own account, mum. I only tells lies to the callers for the family."

"A great many of the neighbors have called to see us since we moved out here," said Mr. Crosslots.

"They didn't call to see us," replied his wife. "The report has gone out that we have a good cook and they are trying to get acquainted with her."

Mrs. Smith hired a Chinese servant, and tried to teach him how to receive calling-cards. She let herself out the front door, and when the new servant answered her ring she gave him her card.

The next day two ladies came to visit Mrs. Smith. When they presented their cards, the alert Chinaman hastily compared them with Mrs. Smith's card, and remarked as he closed the door:

"Tickets no good; you can't come in."

MISTRESS—"I shall be very lonely, Bridget, if you leave me."

BRIDGET—"Don't worry, mum. I'll not go until ye have a houseful of company."

Mrs. Wilson wanted to get Mrs. Johnson's cook away from her so badly that she actually went to Mrs. Johnson's house when she was away and offered the cook more money. The next time they met at a big dinner Mrs. Johnson did not notice her.

"Mrs. Johnson, you know Mrs. Wilson, do you not?" said the lady who sat between them.

"No, I believe not," said Mrs. Johnson, "but I understand that she calls on my cook."

MR. EXE—"Did you tell the cook that the beefsteak was burned?"

MRS. EXE—"Mercy, no! She would leave instantly. I told her it was just right, but that we preferred it a trifle underdone."

"Does your family have any trouble with servants?"

"No," replied Mr. Crosslots; "I don't believe any of them stay around the place long enough to become really troublesome."

Two nurse-maids were wheeling their infant charges in the park when one asked the other:

"Are you going to the dance tomorrow afternoon?"

"I am afraid not."

"What!" exclaimed the other. "And you so fond of dancing!"

"I'd love to go," explained the conscientious maid, "but to tell you the truth, I am afraid to leave the baby with its mother."

"A flirt, am I!" exclaimed Mary Ann, under notice to go. "Well, I know them as flirts more than I do, and with less hexcuse." She shot a spiteful look at her mistress and added: "I'm better looking than you. More 'andsome. 'Ow do I know? Your husband told me so."

"That will do," said her mistress, frigidly.

"But I ain't finished yet!" retorted Mary Ann. "I can give a better kiss than you! You want to know 'oo told me that, mum?"

"If you mean to suggest that my husband—"

"No, it wasn't your 'usband this time," said Mary Ann. "It was your chauffeur."

Mrs. Bliffkins met Mary Smith, whom she had recommended to a neighbor for a situation.

"How are you getting on at your new place?" asked Mrs. Bliffkins.

"Very well, thank you," was the reply.

"I am glad to hear it," remarked Mrs. Bliffkins. "Your employer is a very nice lady, and you cannot do too much for her."

"I don't mean to, ma'am," replied Mary.

MRS. SMYTHE DE WILLOUGHBY—"Was the grocer's boy impudent again this morning, Clara, when you telephoned the order?"

CLARA—"'E was, mum! But I didn't 'arf give 'im wot for. I sez, 'Who d'yer blinkin' well think you're a-talkin 'to? I'm Mrs. Smythe der Willoughby!'"—*Punch*.

MRS. GLABBERDEEN—"Of course you, too, must often change cooks?"

MRS. JALPERDILL—"Oh, don't speak of it! We suffer from such a continual going and coming that we've decided this winter to equip our kitchen with revolving doors."

VISITOR—"Why does your servant go about the house with her hat on?"

MISTRESS—"Oh, she's a new girl. She only came this morning, and hasn't yet made up her mind whether she'll

stay."—*Punch (London)*.

The new word for "servant" and the new hours have come, judging from this advertisement:

Household assistants (two) wanted in private family; eight hours daily; six days weekly; one from 8 to 5; another from 11 to 8; all off for lunch; no meals; sleep home; wages, $10. Apply—, etc.

HUSBAND (at dinner)—"By George, this is a regular banquet. Finest spread I've sat down to in an age. What's up? Do you expect company?"

WIFE—"No, but I think the cook does."

AGATHA-"Is your former cook happy since she inherited a fortune?"

AGNES-"No, she's all dressed up and no place to leave."

"Have you any cooks on hand?"

"Six in the anteroom."

"Ask 'em to look me over and see if there is anybody here I might suit."

THE NEW MAID—"In my last place I always took things fairly easy."

COOK—"Well, it's different here. They keep everything locked up."

Mrs. X. had lost her cook and had telephoned in vain for another. Dinner guests were expected and she was desperate. Finally, putting on her things, she went out, and she hadn't gone far when she met a neat-looking colored woman. She explained her dilemma and the colored woman listened in silence, then she said: "Where do yo' live, missus?"

Seeing a ray of hope joyfully, Mrs. X. gave her address, to be met with this reply:

"Well, yo 'jess go home an' look in yo' glass an' yo'll see yo' cook."

MISTRESS—"I want a maid who will be faithful and not a time-waster. Can you promise that?"

BRIDGET—"Indeed'n I can. I'm that scrup'lous, ma'am, about wastin' time that I make one job of prayin' and scrubbin'."

"Do you keep any servants?"

"No, of course, not."

"But I thought I saw one in your kitchen?"

"Oh, we have servants on the premises a day or two at a time; but we don't keep them."

FIRST MAID (bragging about a party given the day before by her mistress)—"And they all came in limousines, and had on the grandest clothes, and wore the biggest diamonds."

NEIGHBOR'S MAID—"And what did they talk about?"

FIRST MAID—"Us."

"I'm afraid I'll never be able to teach you anything, Maggie," was the despairing utterance of a Trenton woman to a new Irish domestic. "Don't you know that you should always hand me notes and cards on a salver?"

"Sure, mum, I knew," answered Maggie, "but I didn't know you did."

Bridget had been discharged. Extracting a five-dollar bill from her wage-roll, she threw it to Fido. Then the shocked mistress heard her exclaim: "Sure 'n' I niver fergit a frind; that's fer helpin' me wash the dishes."

See also Recommendations.

SERVICE

Payment

We pay too much with money, pay
   Our debts with gold, and only gold—
Bestow a purse and turn away,
   And think that song is bought and sold.
A queen paid Shakespeare for his wit,
And thought that was the end of it.

We pay too much with money, deem
   A dollar can discharge a debt,
Or buy a dress, or buy a dream,
   Perhaps a spray of mignonette.
The deft designer, what of her?
And who can pay a gardener?

We must pay money, and pay more—
The sustenance for daily need,
And then the larger payment for
The beauty dreamed, the planted seed—
With service pay for service, give
The larger things by which we live.

Each has his gift and each his art
That men for others must employ;
We must contribute each his part
To make the universal joy—
With service pay for service, pay
Each in his own, his destined, way.

—Douglas Malloch.

SERVICE STAR

The Gold Star

Little golden service star,
How I wonder who you are.
Does a sweetheart, or a wife,
Love you, little star of "Life?"
Or a mother, proud but sad,
Who gave all, her only lad?
When I first beheld you there
You were blue, born with a prayer.
Golden star and star of blue—
With one soul God gave to you—
Do you know how proud we are
Of the golden service star?

—*Beth Nichols*.

SHOPPING

CLERK—"Now see here little girl, I can't spend the whole day showing you penny toys. Do you want the earth with a little red fence around it for a cent?"

LITTLE GIRL—"Let me see it."

"How can you tell when a woman is only shopping?"

"When they intend to buy they ask to see something cheaper. When they're shopping they ask if you haven't something more expensive in stock."

In a busy department store, a lady asked to see blankets. After the clerk had emptied the shelves and piled the counters with blankets of every description and color, the lady thanked him and said: "I was just looking for a friend."

"Well, madam," said the obliging clerk, "if you think your friend is among these blankets, I'll look again."

"Was papa the first man who ever proposed to you, mama?"

"Yes; but why do you ask?"

"I was just thinking that you might have done better if you had shopped around a little more."

Here is a story of a lady who seemed to want a lot for her money. She rushed excitedly into the hardware department.

"Give me a mouse-trap!" she exclaimed. "Quickly, please, because I want to catch a train."

HUSBAND (discovering the hall full of packages) —"Heavens! You must have had a successful shopping day."

WIFE—"Yes, dear, and that isn't the best of it. I have actually got something that I am going to keep."—*Life*.

An old fellow who was noted through the town for his stuttering as well as for his shrewdness in making a bargain, stopped at a grocery and inquired:

"How m-m-many t-t-t-turkeys have you g-g-got?"

"Eight, sir," replied the grocer.

"T-t-t-tough or t-t-tender?"

"Some are tender and some tough," was the reply.

"I k-keep b-b-b-boarders," said the new customer. "P-pick out the four t-toughest t-t-turkeys, if you p-p-please."

The delighted grocer very willingly complied with the unusual request, and said in his politest tones:

"These are the tough ones, sir."

Upon which the customer coolly put his hand on the remaining four, and exclaimed:

"I'll t—t—take th—th—th—these!"

SIGHT SEEING

The motor-bus stopped, and the conductor looked earnestly up the steps, but no one descended, and at last he stalked up impatiently.

"'Ere, you," he said to a man on top, "don't you want Westminster Abbey?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well," retorted the conductor, "come down for it. I can't bring it on the bus for you."

SIGNS

Eva S——, twenty-four years old, a maid employed in Jersey City, was locked up last night in the West Thirtieth Street Police Station, charged with grand larceny. She is alleged to have stolen $160 worth of articles from a Sixth Avenue department-store.

The explanation she gave was that she saw a sign in the store which read: "Customers, please take small packages home."

"Why do you have an apple as your trade-mark?" asked a client of the cash tailor.

"Well, well," replied the man, rubbing his hands, "if it hadn't been for an apple where would the clothing business be today?"

In a large park in one of the Eastern cities there are seats about the bandstand with this notice posted on them:

"The seats in the vicinity of the bandstand are for the use of ladies. Gentlemen should make use of them only after the former are seated."

A farmer hitched his team to a telephone-pole.

"Here," exclaimed a policeman, "you can't hitch there!"

"Can't hitch!" shouted the irate farmer, "Well, why does the sign say, 'Fine for Hitching'?'"

You have heard perhaps, of the Englishman in the South Station, Boston, who read over a door "Inside Baggage," and chuckled with glee: "You Americans are so droll! Now we should say 'Refreshment Room.'"

Somebody ought to call attention to the public-library sign, "Only low talk is permitted here."

The small boy's parents had distinct ideas of discipline. The walls of the sitting-room were lined with tracts, and the cane was always kept behind "Love one another."

One day everything went wrong, and the little boy was whipped eight times.

After the eighth caning he said, between his sobs, "D-d-don't you think it's t-time to take the cane from behind 'L-love one another' and put it behind 'I n-n-need Thee every hour'?"

Little Jane had long desired a baby sister, and one day she came rushing home in high excitement.

"Oh, mother; come downtown quickly!" she exclaimed. "There are splendid bargains in babies and you can get one while they are cheap."

"What in the world are you talking about, my dear?" the mother asked in astonishment. "Somebody must have been playing a joke on you."

"Truly, truly!" the little girl declared, jumping up and down in her eagerness. "Great big sign about it, on the top of the skating rink. It says, 'This week only, children half price.'"

In Davenport: "We've given a service to our patrons that compels them to think of Crooks when there's any laundry

work to be done." On a parsonage door in Trinidad, Colo.: "The last man who tried to work me is in jail." On a tombstone in Batavia: "If we must part let us go together." On State Street: "Open all night. Latest moving pictures." In a Morton Park dance-hall: "Use checkroom. Absolutely no clothes allowed in this room." (Attention of Mayor Harrison.) On Franklin Street: "Reign Umbrella Co." In the Spencer Hotel, Marion, Ind.: "Discourteous treatment, by the waiters, if reported to the proprietor, will be greatly appreciated."

Out in New Mexico even public signs come direct to the point. They do not waste any time in wondering how the reader will feel about it.

In a garage at Albuquerque is posted:

"Don't smoke round the tank! If your life isn't worth anything, gasoline is!"

Another home problem is solved by a firm of cleaners in Grinnell, Iowa, which advertises: "Notice—ladies—why worry about your dirty kids when we clean them for fifteen cents?"

"Our readers," says the Boston Transcript, "often go into movie theaters to laugh, but did you ever realize that you can get many a good laugh by reading the funny wording of some of the signs out in front and in the lobby? We have noticed how audiences enjoy these funny signs which have been shown on the screen in The Literary Digest 'Topics of the Day.' Here are some of the most laughable ones mentioned:

"Movie theater sign:

"'Watch Your Wife'
Every Night This Week."

—*Albany Argus*.

"Sign in front of Harlem movie theater:

"'Mother, I Need You
for Three Days
Beginning Nov. 30'."

—*New York Globe*.

"Sign in front of movie house:

"'Geraldine Farrar, supported for the first time by her husband'."

—*Columbus (O.) Citizen*.

"This seems to be a very dangerous precipice," remarked the tourist. "I wonder that they have not put up a warning-board!"

"Yes," answered the guide, "it is dangerous. They kept a warning-board up for two years, but no one fell over, so it was taken down."

Mr. Roberts, a banker in a Western town, was very bald and was in the habit of wearing his hat in the bank during business hours. Every week a negro employee of the bank presented a check and drew his wages. One day, as he was putting the money in a worn and greasy wallet, the banker chanced to pass by, and asked, "Look here, John, why don't you let some of that money stay in the bank and keep an account with us?"

"Well, sah," replied the negro, leaning toward the banker and gazing curiously at the Panama hat he wore, "I'se always afeared. You see, sah, you look like you was always ready to start somewheres."

During revival meetings in a Western city placards giving notices of the various meetings, subjects, etc., were posted in conspicuous places. One day the following was displayed:

"Subject—'Hell: Its Location and Its Absolute Certainty.'

"Thomas Jones, barytone, will sing 'Tell Mother I'll Be There.'"

SILENCE

I think the first virtue is to restrain the tongue; he approaches nearest to the gods who knows how to be silent, even tho' he is in the right.—*Cato*.

Nothing at times is more expressive than silence.—*George Eliot*.

SIMPLIFIED SPELLING

See Spelling.

SIN

NEW CURATE—"What did you think of the sermon on Sunday, Mrs. Jones?"

PARISHIONER—"Very good indeed, sir. So instructive. We really didn't know what sin was till you came here."

Know'st thou not all germs of evil
In thy heart await their time?
Not thyself, but God's restraining,
Stays their growth of crime.

—*Whittier*.

'Tis fearful building upon any sin;
One mischief enter'd, brings another in:
The second pulls a third, the third draws more,
And they for all the rest set ope the door:
Till custom take away the judging sense,
That to offend we think it no offence.

—*Smith*.

See also Lies.

SINGERS

A quartette is where all four think the other three can't sing.

SKEPTICS

The heavy black clouds had massed in the east and west, the lightning was flashing fiercely between the heavy incessant rolling of the thunder.

Francis was terribly frightened, and his fond mother had gathered her young hopeful and tried logically to calm his fears.

"Don't be afraid, darling. There's nothing to fear. God sends the thunderstorm to clear the air, water the flowers, and make it cooler for us. Now, don't cry, dear; it won't harm you, and everything will be better when it's over."

The little fellow listened intently, and as his mother finished he looked up at her gravely and said: "No, no, mother; you talk exactly the way you did last week when you took me to the dentist to have the tooth pulled."

This a sacred rule we find
Among the nicest of mankind,—
To doubt of facts, however true,
Unless they know the causes too.

—*Churchill*.

SLANG

A Franklin professor says slang has its place, and he might have added that the place seems to be everywhere.

"Do Englishmen understand American slang?"

"Some of them do. Why?"

"My daughter is to be married in London, and the earl has cabled me to come across."

SMILES

Smile! Never let your face look like a funeral; look like a search warrant. The bud that cannot blossom dries up in the stock. Smile, if you have to force it.

When your voice sounds like a benediction, when your face looks like an old lemon, folks are sure to sidestep you.

What you give out you are reasonably sure to take in.

Look for a fight and someone will put a black circle round your left eye.

Remember this: The face is more legible than an open book. You can read the face at a distance and get it all at a glance. The book compels you to thumb the leaves.

Smile, you son-of-a-gun, smile!

If I Knew

If I knew the box where the smiles are kept,
No matter how large the key,
Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard
'Twould open, I know, for me.
Then over the land and sea, broadcast,
I'd scatter the smiles to play,
That the children's faces might hold them fast
For many and many a day.

If I knew a box that was large enough
To hold all the frowns I meet,
I would like to gather them, every one,

From nursery, school and street.
Then, folding and holding, I'd pack them in,
And, turning the monster key,
I'd hire a giant to drop the box
To the depths of the deep, deep sea.

"Can you tell me what a smile is?" asked a gentleman of a little girl.

"Yes, sir; it's the whisper of a laugh."

SMOKING

"Have a cigar?"

"No—don't smoke now."

"Sworn off?"

"Nope; stopped entirely."

"Your wife doesn't kick about your smoking up the curtains."

"Nope, she can't have both curtains and coupons."

It was on a passenger train. The conductor in passing through observed a man with a cigar in his mouth. "Hey, you can't smoke in here," he bawled out.

"I'm not smoking," quietly replied the passenger.

"Well, you've got a cigar in your face," shot back the conductor.

"Suppose I have," continued the other good naturedly. "I've got feet in my shoes and I'm not walking."

Mark Twain: A Pipe Dream

Well I recall how first I met
Mark Twain—an infant barely three
Rolling a tiny cigarette
While cooing on his nurse's knee.

Since then in every sort of place
I've met with Mark and heard him joke,
Yet how can I describe his face?
I never saw it for the smoke.

At school he won a smokership,
At Harvard College (Cambridge, Mass.)
His name was soon on every lip,
They made him "smoker" of his class.

Who will forget his smoking bout
With Mount Vesuvius—our cheers—
When Mount Vesuvius went out
And didn't smoke again for years?

The news was flashed to England's King,
Who begged Mark Twain to come and stay,
Offered his dukedoms—anything
To smoke the London fog away.

But Mark was firm. "I bow," said he,
"To no imperial command,
No ducal coronet for me,
My smoke is for my native land!"

For Mark there waits a brighter crown!
When Peter comes his card to read—
He'll take the sign "No smoking" down,
Then Heaven will be Heaven indeed.

—*Oliver Herford*.

SNOBBERY

A well-known society performer volunteered to entertain a roomful of patients of the Colney Hatch Lunatic Asylum, and made up a very successful little monologue show, entirely humorous. The audience in the main gave symptoms of being slightly bored, but one highly intelligent maniac saw the whole thing in the proper light, and, clapping the talented actor on the shoulder, said: "Glad you've come old fellow. You and I will get along fine. The other dippies here are so dashed dignified. What I say is if a man is mad, he needn't put on airs about it."

SOCIALISTS

"What's the difference between a socialist and a plutocrat?"

"There are many; but the leading one is that the former fights for his principle and the latter for his interest."

SOCIETY

"Dad, what's a social scale?"

"Well, generally speaking old man, it's a place where money is weighed."

REGULAR CUSTOMER—"I shall want a large quantity of flowers from you next week for my daughter's coming out."

FLOWER WOMAN—"Yes, mum. You shall 'ave the very best for 'er, pore dear. Wot were she put in for?"—*Punch*.

WILLIS—"What makes you think it is easier for a rich man to land in Society than for an immigrant to land in America?"

GILLIS—"In the former case the literacy test isn't as strict."

AUNT—"You'll be late for the party, won't you, dear?"

NIECE—"Oh, no, auntie. In our set nobody goes to a party until everybody else gets there."

Man it attracted to society by a desire to improve himself; and leaves it for the same reason.

SOCIOLOGY

Catalog Class: "300 is the number for sociology. Now what does that word mean to you, children?" One little girl stands up, smooths out her frock, straightens her bow, folds her hands, and, being properly adjusted to recite, exclaims: "Sociology is a science that teaches you how to sew."

SOLDIERS

Noah would have saved future soldiers a lot of trouble if he had swatted those two cooties when they marched up the gang plank of the ark.

SOUND

Sound travels at the rate of 400 yards per second.

Exceptions to this rule:

Scandal: 1,000 yards.

Flattery: 500 yards.

Truth: 2½ yards.

Alarm-clock:——?

SOUVENIRS

Secretary of State Lansing slipped out of the council chamber and went souvenir hunting in the palace. Luck was with him, he said, for he found a remarkable piece of antique wall-paper.

Next day a frantic Japanese stenographer was looking for his shorthand notes.

SPECULATION

"My wife watches the sugar market closely."

"Speculating?"

"In a small way. She borrows when it's high and pays back when it's low."

The old millionaire and his beautiful bride, after their quiet wedding, had a quiet wedding breakfast *a deux*. Astrakhan caviar, eggs pompadour, a truffled chicken, fresh California peas, champagne—so the quiet breakfast ran.

"My dear," said the old millionaire, as the fruit course, a superb Florida melon, came on, "tell me, dear"—and he laid his withered hand on her young one—"do you love me for what I am or for what I was?"

The beautiful girl smiled down from the window into the admiring eyes of a young clubman who was passing; then she bent her clear, considering gaze on the gray ruin opposite and replied:

"I love you, George, for what you will be."

HARPER—"Foozle has a great scheme and he invited me 'to get in on the ground floor.'"

CARPER—"Don't forget that that is where the trap-doors are."

HEWITT—"Don't you think I stand a good chance of making a fortune out of that mine?"

JEWITT—"Out of it, yes. In it, no."

SPEED

Spurr, the keeper of the livery stable, would never allow a horse out of his sight without giving the hirer strict injunctions not to drive fast.

One day a caller asked for a horse to attend a funeral.

"Certainly," said Spurr, and then, forgetting the solemn purpose for which his customer wanted the horse, he added, as usual, "Don't drive fast!"

"Look here, old man," was the reply, "I would like you to understand that I shall keep up with the procession if it kills the horse!"

INQUIRER (at South Station)—"Where does this train go?"

BRAKEMAN—"This train goes to New York in ten minutes."

INQUIRER—"Goodness! That's going some!"

With but three minutes to catch his train, the traveling salesman inquired of the street-car conductor, "Can't you go faster than this?"

"Yes," the bell-ringer replied, "but I have to stay with my car."

"I was out over the speedway today, and in thirty seconds I did a mile in four laps."

"That's nothing. I know a young lady who did thirty miles in one lap, and she would have done more if I hadn't got a cramp in my knees."—*Puck*.

A negro was on the stand in an Alabama courthouse testifying to the details of a shooting scrape. The witness told how the prisoner at the bar drew a revolver and began firing at one George Henry, and how Henry ran to save himself.

"You say Henry ran?" interjected the lawyer for the defense.

"Dat's whut I said."

"You are sure he ran?"

"Sho" is!"

"Well, did he run fast?"

"Did he run fa— Say, boss, ef dat nigger had o' had one feather in his hand he'd o' flew."

SPELLING

If an S and an I, and an O and a U,
    With an X at the end spell "su,"
And an E and a Y and an E spell I,
    Pray what is a speller to do?
Then if an S and an I and a G
    And an H E D spell "side,"
There's nothing much for a speller to do
    But go commit siouxeyesighed.

A Chicago man was walking through a foreign quarter of his city when, with an amused smile, he stopped in front of a small eating-place, on the window of which was painted in white, "Lam Stew."

Now the proprietor happened to be standing in the doorway, and when he saw the smile of the gentleman who had stopped in front of his place he asked to be favored with an explanation of the joke.

Whereupon the other explained about the missing "b" in "lamb," and the proprietor accepted the correction in good part, at the same time expressing his thanks.

When next the Chicago man passed that restaurant he found that the menu had been changed, but that the lesson in orthography had not been forgotten. The proprietor was now offering "Clamb Chowder."—*Harper's*.

"The spelling-book's all wrong, mama! It don't look right for a little thing like a kitten to have six letters and a big cat to only have three."

"What did you learn at the school?" the boss asked the fair young applicant for the stenographer's job.

"I learned," she replied, "that spelling is essential to a stenographer."

The boss chuckled,

"Good. Now let me hear you spell 'essential.'"

The fair girl hesitated for the fraction of a second.

"There are three ways," she replied. "Which do you prefer?"

And she got the job.

JONES—"'Ow is your 'ealth today, Mr. 'Arrison?"

HARRISON—"My name is not 'Arrison."

JONES—"Well, if a haitch, a hay, two hars, a hi, a hes, a ho and a hen don't spell 'Arrison, then what does it spell?"

A sailor was taken ill with a bad attack of rheumatism while mine-sweeping on a trawler.

The sick man was promptly ordered to hospital, but later on the doctor found out, quite by accident, that he was still on board ship.

Angrily he asked why his order had not been obeyed.

"Well," replied the captain, we tried to send him ashore, but a sergeant of police hailed us and said that on no account was he to be landed or we'd be fined £100, so we just kept him on board."

"But did you not signal to the depot, as I said."

"Yes, we did; but neither me nor the signalman knew how to spell rheumatism, so we called it smallpox."

O-U-G-H

A Fresh Hack at an Old Knot

I'm taught p-l-o-u-g-h
  S'all be pronounce "plow."
"Zat's easy w'en you know," I say,
  "Mon Anglais, I'll get through!"

My teacher say zat in zat case,
  O-u-g-h is "oo"
And zen I laugh and say to him,
  "Zees Anglaiz make me cough."

He say "Not coo," but in zat word,
  O-u-g-h is 'off'
Oh, Sacre bleu! such varied sounds
  Of words makes me hiccough!

He say "Again mon frien' ees wrong;
  O-u-g-h is 'up'
In hiccough." Zen I cry, "No more,
  You make my t'roat feel rough."

"Non, non!" he cry, "you are hot right;
  O-u-g-h is 'uff.'"
I say, "I try to spik your words,
  I cannot spik zem though!"

"In time you'll learn, but now you're wrong!
  O-u-g-h is 'owe.'"
"I'll try no more, I s'all go mad,
  I'll drown me in ze lough!"

"But ere you drown yourself," said he,
  "O-u-g-h is 'ock'."
He taught no more, I held him fast,

And killed him wiz a rough.

—*Charles Battell Loomis*.

"Pa, what's phonetic spelling?"

"It's a way of spelling that I often got whipped for when I was your age."

"I say, Hodge, why do you always put 'dictated' on your letters? You don't keep a stenographer."

"No; but to tell the truth, old chap, my spelling's exceedingly rocky."

"And what did my little son learn about this morning?"

"Oh, a mouse. Miss Wilcox told us all about mouses."

"That's the boy! Now, how do you spell 'mouse'?"

It was then that Arthur gave promise of being an artful dodger. He paused meditatively for a moment, then said:

"Father, I guess I was wrong. It wasn't a mouse teacher was telling us about. It was a rat."

What does Ghoughphteightteau spell? Give it up?

Well, "gh" stands for "p" as in "hiccough"; "ough" stands for "o" as in "dough"; "phth" stands for "t" as in "phthisis"; "eigh" stands for "a" as in "neigh"; "tte" stands for "t" as in "gusitte," and "eau" stands for "o" as in "beau." Put them together and you have "P-O-T-A-T-O."

Easy, isn't it?

SPINSTERS

"Helen," said the teacher, "can you tell me what a 'myth' is?" "Yeth, ma'am," lisped Helen; "it ith a woman that hath not got any huthband."

WILLIS—"Going to the party?"

GILLIS—"No. I haven't any lady."

WILLIS—"Come with me. I've got two extras."

GILLIS—"Who are they?"

WILLIS—"Miss Oldbud and Miss Passé."

GILLIS—"They're not extras. They're early editions."

"I'm glad Billy had the sense to marry an old maid," said grandma at the wedding.

"Why, grandma?" asked the son.

"Well, gals is highty-tighty, and widders is kinder overrulin' and upsettin'. But old maids is thankful and willin' to please."

CHARLES—"Girls wish they were men."

HERBERT—"Why do you say that?"

"Because spinsters like to call themselves 'bachelor girls,' but no bachelor ever calls himself an 'old-maid man.'"

There is nothing like a good definition, as the teacher thought when he explained the meaning of "old maid," as a woman who had been made a long time.

STAMMERING

They were going home from school.

"Teacher said that that that that that girl used was superfluous."

"Here's the first pupil for my stammering school," said the business man as he introduced himself.

STAMPS

At the post-office a little girl deposited a dime in front of the clerk and said: "Please, I forgot the name of the stamp mama told me to get, but it's the kind that makes a letter hurry up."

STATISTICS

"If a man had put a hundred dollars in a savings bank twenty years ago," said the statistician after dinner, "it would amount to over two hundred now, and he could buy almost as much for it now as he could have got for the original hundred at the time he began to save."

STENOGRAPHERS

"How many stenographers have you?"

"Two."

"I've seen only one of them."

"Well, I've got a worse looking one to show my wife."

"I met your husband today and he was telling me that he is in love with his work."

"Was he, indeed? I must take a look in at the office."

A Long-Merited Toast

I used to toast the royal queens
And queens of beauty rare;
I drained my glass to lovely lass
And to her eyes and hair;
But in these day of sober drinks
There's one whose health to me
Means vastly more than beauty or
The blood of royalty:

Here's to my stenographer!
Long faithful to her duty.
She'd win no prize for vampish eyes;
Her freckles mar her beauty.
Here's to her! Her specs! Her brain!
I pledge her health in water!
Cool, sober, staid, a precious maid;

I love her—like a daughter!

She keeps my creditors at bay,
Admitting only debtors;
Collects the rent when she is sent,
Or writes dry business letters;
She always puts her fingers on
The paper I require;
Sums I can't add she's always glad
To do, and doesn't tire.

Here's to her bonny, busy hands!
They never are erratic.
I hope that they will type away
For years, nor grow rheumatic!
Here's to her modest salary!
(I'd blush if I should tell it!)
But for her grit I'd have to quit
My business—couldn't sell it.

—*Stanley R. Hofflund*.

A Chicago banker dictating a letter to his stenographer. "Tell Mr. Soandso," he ordered, "that I will meet him in Schenectady."

"How do you spell Schenectady?" asked the stenographer.

"S-c, S-c—er—er—er—- Tell him I'll meet him in Albany."

Stenographers can nod sometimes, even with the accuracy of the dictating machine. Recently a merchant dictating into one of these machines said:

"The gentleman in question has sold our products in Hayti for a period of over two years, and we have always found him satisfactory in every detail."

All came out all right in the transcription except one word, and that word was the change from Hayti to Hades! And the

letter, being "dictated but not read," went!

"I seem to remember that girl. Who is she?"

"She was my typewriter last year."

"She's charming! Why did she leave you?"

"She was too conscientious for me. One day I proposed marriage to her, and what do you think she did? She took all that I said down in shorthand and brought it, nicely type-written, for me to sign!"

STOCK EXCHANGE

AUNT JANE (at the Stock Exchange)—"With seats selling at $60,000, no wonder they are all standing up."

FOOTLIGHT—"I see another seat at the Stock Exchange has been sold for $55,000."

Miss SUE BEETTE—"Wouldn't it be awful if the man who paid for it found it was right behind a post!"

STRATEGY

WILLIE WILLIS—"Pa, what's strategy?"

PAPA WILLIS—"Usually darn poor judgment that happens to work out all right."

A young lady took down the receiver and discovered that the telephone was in use. "I just put on a pan of beans for dinner," she heard one woman complacently informing another.

She hung up the receiver, and waited. Three times she waited, and then, exasperated, she broke into the conversation.

"Madam, I smell your beans burning," she announced crisply. A horrified scream greeted the remark, and the young lady was able to put in her call.

A lady entered a railroad-car and took a seat in front of a newly married couple. She was hardly seated before they began making remarks about her.

Her last year's bonnet and coat were fully criticised with more or less giggling on the bride's part, and there is no telling what might have come next if the lady had not put a sudden stop to the conversation by a bit of strategy.

She turned her head, noticed that the bride was considerably older than the groom, and, in the smoothest of tones, said:

"Madam, will you please ask your son to close the window?"

The "son" closed his mouth, and the bride no longer giggled.

"Fore!" shouted the golfer, ready to play.

But the woman on the course paid no attention.

"Fore!" he repeated, with not a bit more effect than the first time.

"Try her with 'Three ninety-eight,'" suggested his partner. "She may be one of those bargain-counter fiends."

Hans and Fritz, two small boys, had gone to the rink to skate. Hans's overcoat hampered him and he wanted to get rid of it. The German coat-room person does not check your coat unless you pay your fee. The fee was only a penny, but Hans did not have the penny. He was at a loss.

"Huh! it's dead easy," spoke up Fritz. "Give me your overcoat. I'll take it to the man at the checking place and say I found it. He'll put it away. When you are ready to go home you go to him and ask if anybody has turned a lost overcoat in to him. Then, of course, you'll get yours."

STREET-CARS

A very pretty but extremely slender girl entered a street car and managed to seat herself in a narrow space between two men. Presently a portly colored mammy entered the car, and the pretty miss, thinking to humiliate the men for lack of gallantry, arose.

"Aunty," she said, with a wave of her hand toward the place she had just vacated, "take my seat."

"Thank you, missy," replied the colored woman, smiling broadly, "but which gen'man's lap was you sittin' on?"

"Madam," said the man in the street-car, "I know I ought to get up and give you my seat, but unfortunately I've recently joined the Sit Still Club."

"That's all right, sir," replied the woman. "And you must excuse me for staring at you so hard: I am a member of the Stand and Stare Club."

She proved herself so active and conscientious a member that the man began to feel uncomfortable under her gaze. Finally he rose and said: "Take my seat, madam; I guess I'll resign from my club and join yours."

STRIKES

TEACHER—"Now, if I paid one man two dollars a day for seven days, another three dollars and fifty cents for ten days, and another four dollars and seventy-five cents for six days—"

REDDY BACKROW (whose father belongs to the union) —"You'd have the durndest strike on your hands you ever saw, teacher."

"Everybody's striking,"
Said the Old Clock on the shelf;
"It seems to be the fashion.
So I think I'll strike myself.

"But striking is my business—
Did you ever see such luck
I'll have to give up striking
Just to show folks that I've struck!"

THE LADY-"So you're really one of the strikers?"

THE LOAFER-"Yus, lidy. I'm wot they call one o' the pioneers o' the movement. I went on strike twenty-three years ago, lidy, and I ain't never give in yet."

A strike is not a "brake on industry." It's a displaced switch.

THE FATHER—"But have you enough money to marry my daughter?"

THE SUITOR—"Well, sir, at the moment I only get 300 francs a month, but by going on strike every other month for higher wages, I shall be getting 1,000 francs by the end of the year."

EMPLOYER—"There's a spirit of unrest among my men."

VISITOR—"What about?"

EMPLOYER—"Because they can not find any excuse to go out on a strike."—*Judge*.

SUBSTITUTES

Speaking of substitutes for gasoline, there is the street-car ticket.

"Neurasthenia," said Mrs. Biggums to her cook, "I think we will have some chicken croquettes today out of that leftover pork and calves' liver."

"Yes'm," said Neurasthenia, called Teeny for short. "An' we got a little bread dressin' what went wid the pork, mum. Shall I make some apple sauce out'n hit, mum?"

A very pretty young woman had been asked to dinner by the mother of a young man who admired her very much.

While waiting for dinner to be announced the four-year-old niece of the young man came into the room and climbed into the lap of her uncle, of whom she seemed very fond.

The young lady said coaxingly: "Come, Mary, give me a kiss"; but the child hid her face on her uncle's arm. The young woman urged the child to come to her, saying again: "Won't you give me a kiss?"

The little girl said: "No, I don't want to." Then she brightened up and said: "Uncle Fred, you do it."

"Your honor," said the prosecuting attorney, "your bull pup has went and chawed up the court Bible."

"Well," grumbled the Court, "make the witness kiss the pup; we can't adjourn court to get a new Bible."

MR. NEWLYWED—"Did you sew the button on my coat, darling?"

MRS. NEWLYWED—"No, love; I couldn't find the button, and so I just sewed up the buttonhole."—*Judge*.

TOURIST (in village notion-store)—"Whaddya got in the shape of automobile-tires?"

SALESLADY—"Funeral wreaths, life-preservers, invalid cushions, and doughnuts."—*Judge*.

SUBURBS

"Pa, what is a suburb, anyhow?"

"A place which has lost the joy of the country and lacks the feverish delight of the city."

SUBWAYS

"There's no danger in riding in these subways, is there?"

"I should say so. The last time I tried them I found myself in Brooklyn."

FIRST SUBWAY DIRECTOR—"We may have to provide more seats."

SECOND SUBWAY DIRECTOR-"Nonsense! Simply have 'The Star-Spangled Banner' played on all cars."—*Life*.

SUCCESS

Success in any line is no more an accident than the ball player's batting average is a streak of luck. It is putting the right hits in the right place and keeping the good work up—it's head work.

He Must Dig

He wanted a job, and, like every one else,
He wanted a good one, you know;
Where his clothes would not soil and his hands would keep clean,
And the salary must'nt be low.
He asked for a pen; but they gave him a spade,
And he half turned away with a shrug.
But he altered his mind, and seizing the spade—he dug.

He worked with a will that is bound to succeed,
And the months and the years went along.
The way it was rough and the labor was hard,
But his heart he kept filled with a song.
Some jeered him and sneered at the task; but he plugged
Just as hard as he ever could plug;
Their words never seemed to disturb him a bit—as he dug.

The day came at last when they called for the spade,
And gave him a pen in its place.
The joy of achievement was sweet to his taste,
And victory shone in his face.
We can't always get what we hope for at first—
Success cuts many queer jigs—
But one thing is sure, a boy will succeed—if he digs.

—*Pleasant Hours*.

There is no open door to the Temple of Success. Every man who enters forges his own key and cannot effect an entrance for anyone else. Not even his own children can pass this door. Remember that the key that will unlock your greatest opportunities must be forged by yourself. No outside Power, no help from friends or relations can do as much for you as you can do for yourself.

It's doing your job the best you can
And being just to your fellowman;
It's making money, but holding friends,
And staying true to your aims and ends;
It's figuring how and learning why,
And looking forward and thinking high,
And dreaming a little and doing much;
It's always keeping in closest touch,
With what is finest in word and deed;
It's being thorough, yet making speed;
It's struggling on with a will to win,
But taking loss with a cheerful grin;
It's sharing sorrow and work and mirth
And making better this good old earth;
It's serving, striving through strain and stress,
It's doing your noblest—that's Success.

Six Suggestions for Success

To forget the mistakes of the past and press on to the greater achievement of the future.

To wear a cheerful countenance at all times, and to have a smile for every living creature you meet.

To give so much time to the improvement of yourself that you will have no time to criticize others.

To be too big for worry, too noble for anger and too strong for fear.

To think well of your self and to proclaim this fact to the world
—not in loud words, but in great deeds.

To live in the faith that the world is on your side so long as you are true to the best that is in you.

The world knows but little of failures, and cares less. The world only watches the successes.

Stop worrying over things that can't be helped and go and do things that can be done.

Few people care a continental for your failure. Few, if any, will help.

You may sit and magnify your mistakes, mourn and go mad over your blunders, but men will only smile that cynical smile and say of you, "He's no good."

Self-pity, sympathy soliciting, wishing and wailing will only let you down lower. Brace up. Brush up. Think up. And you will get up. Think down. Look down. Act down. And you will stay down.

Paint your face with a smile. Advertise that you are a success. Then think and work for it.

Whatever you think you are is the price they will pay.

In every contest of life, remember the shell must fit the gun.

It Couldn't Be Done

Somebody said that it couldn't be done,
But he with a chuckle replied
That "maybe it couldn't," but he would be one
Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried.
So he buckled right in, with a trace of a grin

On his face. If he worried he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done—and he did it.

Somebody scoffed: "Oh, you'll never do that—
At least, no one ever has done it";
But he took off his coat, and he took off his hat,
And the first thing we knew he'd begun it.
With a lift of his chin and a bit of a grin,
Without any doubting or quiddit,
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done—and he did it.

There are thousands who'll tell you it cannot be done,
There are thousands who prophecy failure;
There are thousands to point out to you, one by one,
The dangers that wait to assail you.
But just buckle in with a bit of a grin,
Then take off your coat and go to it.
Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing
That "cannot be done"—and you'll do it.

—Edgar A. Guest.

A sea captain was talking about the English admiral, Lord Fisher.

"I once asked Lord Fisher," he said, "what he attributed his rapid rise to.

"'To power of initiative,' Lord Fisher answered promptly.

"'Power of initiative, my lord?' And I scratched my head. 'How would you define power of initiative?"

"'Disobeying orders,' said Lord Fisher."

It has been well said if you are doing anything exceptionally well, "though you build your home in the heart of the forest the world will make a beaten track to your door."

While you are flirting with success
And making plans to nab it,
Some other chap, who fusses less,
May rush right up and grab it.

The two keys to success are luck and pluck—luck in finding some one to pluck.—*Life*.

"The road to success is apt to be a long, hard one, my boy."

"Are there no short cuts, father?"

"Yes, my son. Our penitentiaries are full of men who took the short cuts."

"How is your little brother, Johnny?"

"Sick abed. He hurt himself."

"That's too bad. How did he do it?"

"We were playing who could lean furthest out of the window, and he won."

See also Determination.

SUITORS

The one who brings candy and eats most of it himself.

The nice beau with the little automobile.

The not-so-nice one with the big automobile.

The handsome suitor who talks about himself.

The man who likes theaters and tea.

The man who would make a better uncle than husband.

The one who means well.

The right man.

"My dear," said the proud father, "I can not understand your objection to young Prudely as a suitor for your hand. I am sure that he is a model young man."

"There is no question about his being a model," replied the bewitching beauty; "but, father, dear, the trouble is that he is a 1912 model."

HER MOTHER—"My daughter sings, plays the piano, paints, understands botany, zoology, French, Italian—in fact is accomplished in every way. And you, sir?"

PROSPECTIVE SON-IN-LAW—"Well, in an emergency I suppose I could cook a little and mend the socks."

SUMMER RESORTS

"We are taking in boarders this summer."

"Have they found it out yet?"

SUNDAY

The solemn Sabbath air was wracked by strident cries from "de gang," engaged in a game of one-eyed cat. Finally the good lady of the house ventured a protest and suggestion.

"Boys," she said, "don't you know that it is Sunday and you mustn't play ball in the front-yard? Go in the back-yard and play, if you must."

"Hey, youse!" yelled the leader to his followers. "Come on in the back-yard. It ain't Sunday there."

Sunday the Thirteenth

Must the new morn
Be a Blue morn?
Must we backward turn to find
The kind of day
To while away
The stalwart modern mind?

Must the Sun day
Be the one day
When the sun is banned to all?
Must our play day
Be a gray day
Locked behind a prison wall?

Must the rest day
Be a pest day?
Must we bore ourselves to death
By boding ill
From sitting still

To curb each merry breath?

Must the feast day
Be the least day,
Robbed of all the things we'd seek?
Must our proud day
Be a shroud day
With rehearsals once a week?

—*Mabel Haughton Collyer*.

Keeping Calm

I have my share of grief and care,
Beyond the slightest doubt;
I have enough of dreadful stuff
Each day to fret about.
So when I see prepared for me
A line of stuff like this:
"The Sabbath gang now want to hang
The man who steals a kiss!
They'd kill the joy of man and boy,
Who'd spend the Sabbath day
By motoring where song birds sing,
And put all fun away!"
I do not fret and get upset,
And let that frighten me;
Let others storm—that's one reform
That's never going to be!

—*Edgar A. Guest*.

Recent clerical utterances against Sunday amusements raise the question of whether a clergyman, with six days for outdoor recreation, is the one best qualified to pass on a Sabbath schedule of toilers who work from sun to sun six days a week.

LADY (to small boy who is fishing)—"I wonder what your father would say if he caught you fishing on Sunday?"

BOY—"I don't know. You'd better ask him. That's him a little farther up the stream."

FOND MOTHER—"Oh, Reginald! Reginald! I thought I told you not to play with your soldiers on Sunday."

REGINALD—"But I call them the Salvation Army on Sunday."

"Helen, I really cannot permit you to read novels on the Sabbath."

"But, grandma, this one is all right; it tells about a girl who was engaged to three Episcopal clergymen all at once."

Enforcement of the blue laws would make Sunday not a day of resting but of arresting.

When the New York National League ball club was playing in Boston, a local clergyman called at the hotel where the players were stopping one Sunday to congratulate Mathewson on his stand against playing on the Sabbath.

The clerk made a few mysterious inquiries and then said: "Sorry, sir, but Mr. Mathewson is out playing golf."—*Everybody's*.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS

"Ef yo' had your choice, Liza, which would yo' rather do—live, or die an' go to heaven?"

"Ah'd rather live."

"Why, Liza White, yo' scan'lous chile! Sunday-school hain't done yo' no good'tall!"—*Life*.

JIMMIE AND BOBBIE—"Mother I don't mind going to Sunday school any other day, but it just spoils Sunday."

Little Raymond returned home from Sunday school in a very joyous mood. "Oh, mother," he exclaimed as he entered the house, "the superintendent said something awfully nice about me in his prayer this morning!"

"Isn't that lovely! What did he say, pet?" questioned the mother.

"He said, 'O Lord, we thank thee for our food and Raymond.'"

SUPERSTITION

MRS. WIGGS—"Is Billy sick, Mrs. Skinner?"

MRS. SKINNER—"Well, 'e ain't exactly sick, but no stummick can stand thirteen buns! It's an unlucky number."-*Puck*.

"And you wouldn't begin a journey on Friday?"

"Not I."

"I can't understand how you can have faith in such a silly superstition."

"No superstition about it. Saturday's my pay day."

SURPRISE

"Do you think Gladys was surprised when I proposed to her?" inquired the happy youth.

"About as surprised," answered Miss Cayenne, "as a candidate who has received formal notification that he has been nominated."

Boss entering his factory caught two of his employees shooting craps during working hours. "Oh! what is the matter with you?"

"Well boss, I can't help it, you see you got rubber heels."

SYMPATHY

BEGGAR—"I haven't tasted food for a month."

DYSPEPTIC—"You ain't missing much. It's the same old taste."

Every seat was occupied, when a group of women got in. The conductor noticed a man who he thought was asleep.

"Wake up!" shouted the conductor.

"I wasn't asleep," said the passenger.

"Not asleep! Then what did you have your eyes closed for?"

"It was because of the crowded condition of the car," explained the passenger. "I hate to see the women standing."

SYNONYMS

TEACHER—"Hawkins, what is a synonym?"

HAWKINS—"Please, sir, it's a word you use in place of another when you cannot spell the other one."

TACT

"I must say these are fine biscuits!" exclaimed the young husband.

"How could you say those are fine biscuits?" inquired the young wife's mother, in a private interview.

"I didn't say they were fine. I merely said I must say so."

Johnny liked ice-cream, but he drew the line at turning the freezer. One day when his mother returned home she was agreeably surprized to find him working away at the crank as tho his life depended on it. "I don't see how you got him to turn the freezer," she said to her husband; "I offered him a dime to do it."

"You didn't go at it in the right way, my dear," replied the husband. "I bet him a nickel he couldn't turn it for half an hour."

MRS. X.—"Bothered with time-wasting callers, are you? Why don't you try my plan?"

MRS. Y.—"What is your plan?"

MRS. X.—"Why, when the bell rings, I put on my hat and gloves before I press the button. If it proves to be some one I don't want to see, I simply say 'So sorry, but I'm just going out.'"

MRS. Y.—"But suppose it's some one you want to see?"

MRS. X.—"Oh, then I say, 'So fortunate, I've just come in.'"

WIFE—"But, 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."

Little Charlotte accompanied her mother to the home of an acquaintance, where a dinner-dance was being given. When the dessert-course was reached the little girl was brought down and given a place next to her mother at the table.

The hostess was a woman much given to talking, and, in relating some interesting incidents, quite forgot to give little Charlotte anything to eat.

After some time had elapsed, Charlotte could bear it no longer. With the sobs rising in her throat, she held up her plate as high as she could and said:

"Does anybody want a clean plate?"

A Tommy on furlough entered a jeweler's shop and, placing a much-battered gold watch on the counter, said, "I want this 'ere mended."

After a careful survey the watchmaker said, "I'm afraid, sir, the cost of repairing will be double what you gave for it."

"I don't mind that," said the soldier. "Will you mend it?"

"Yes," said the jeweler, "at the price."

"Well," remarked Tommy, smiling, "I gave a German a punch on the nose for it, and I'm quite ready to give you two if you'll mend it."

An old lady who had been introduced to a doctor who was also a professor in a university, felt somewhat puzzled as to how she would address the great man.

"Shall I call you 'doctor' or 'professor'?" she asked.

"Oh! just as you wish," was the reply; "as a matter of fact, some people call me an old idiot."

"Indeed," she said, sweetly, "but then, they are people that know you."

The hostess had trouble in getting Mr. Harper to sing. After the song had been given, she came up with a smiling face to her guest, and made the ambiguous remark:

"Now, Mr. Harper, you must never tell me again that you can not sing—I know now!"

THE HOST—"It's beginning to rain; you'd better stay to dinner."

THE GUEST—"Oh, thanks very much; but it's not bad enough for that."

TALKERS

Words are like leaves, and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

—*Pope*.

"I have just heard of a woman who went to a hotel unaccompanied and discovered that the acoustic properties of her room were such that every time she spoke aloud there was an echo. She then made a bold attempt to get in a last word, and in so doing talked herself to death."

"A whole lot o' de talk dat goes 'round," said Uncle Eben, "ain' no mo' real help in movin' forward dan de squeak in an axle."

The school-teacher had punished Tommy so often for talking during school hours, and the punishment had been apparently without effect, that, as a last resort, she decided to notify Tommy's father of his son's fault. So, following the deportment word in his next report were these words, "Tommy talks a great deal."

In due time the report was returned with these words after the father's signature, "You ought to hear his mother."

Just Suppose

If all that we say
In a single day,
With never a word left out,
Were printed each night

In clear black and white,
'Twould prove queer reading, no doubt.

And then just suppose
Ere one's eyes he could close.
He must read the day's record through,
Then wouldn't one sigh,
And wouldn't he try
A great deal less talking to do?

And I more than half think
That many a kink
Would be smoother in life's tangled thread,
If one-half that we say
In a single day
Were left forever unsaid.

Mrs. Jenkins, a regular visitor in the doctor's consulting room, started on the long story of her troubles. The doctor endured it patiently and gave her another bottle. At last she started out, and the doctor was congratulating himself, when she stopped and exclaimed: "Why, doctor, you didn't look to see if my tongue was coated."

"I know it isn't," wearily replied the medical man. "You don't find grass on a race track."

Another one of our patrons finds her husband a trifle too studious. She called for a volume of Blackstone he had ordered and when she saw the ominous size of the volume sighed deeply, "That means I'll have to go out nights. He says I talk too much!"

See also Wives; Woman.

TARDINESS

MR. PECK—"Would you mind compelling me to move on, officer? I've been waiting on this corner three hours for my wife!"—*Puck*.

"Why is it you never get to the office on time in the morning?" demanded the boss angrily.

"It's like this, boss," explained the tardy one, "you kept telling me not to watch the clock during office hours, and I got so I didn't watch it at home either."

"This is the fourth morning you've been late, Rufus," said the man to his colored chauffeur.

"Yes, sah," replied Rufus. "I did oversleep myself, sah."

"Where is that clock I gave you?"

"In my room, sah."

"Don't you wind it up?"

"Oh, yes, sah. I winds it up, sah."

"And do you set the alarm?"

"Ev'ry night, sah, I set de alarm, sah."

"But don't you hear the alarm in the morning, Rufus?"

"No, sah, dere's de trouble, sah. Yer see de blame thing goes off while I'm asleep, sah."

Professor Copeland, of Harvard, as the story goes, reproved his students for coming late to class.

"This is a class in English composition," he remarked with sarcasm, "not an afternoon tea."

At the next meeting one girl was twenty minutes late. Professor Copeland waited until she had taken her seat. Then he remarked bitingly:

"How will you have your tea, Miss Brown?"

"Without the lemon, please," Miss Brown answered quite gently.

TAX

The most successful statesman is going to be the statesman who can devise a tax nobody will be able to detect.

MACPHERSON (at the box office)—"Will ye kindly return me the amount I paid for amusement tax?"

CLERK—"Why, sir?"

MACPHERSON—"We wasna amused."

The man who ran the elevator of the sky-scraper was talking to a passenger.

"The judge certainly did soak him," he said. "He sentenced him to three years and ten days. Now I understand the three years all right; but what the ten days were for I'd like to know?"

"That was the war-tax," said a quiet citizen who got abroad at the tenth floor.

MRS. CASEY—"An' phwat are yez doin' wid thot incoom-tax paper, Casey?"

CASEY—"Oi'm thryin' to figger out how much money Oi save by not havin' anny."—*Life*.

The Tax? No wonder Men abhor it!

You raise a Crop, they fine you for it!

TEACHERS

FATHER (meaningly)—"Who is the laziest member of your class, Tommy?"

TOMMY—"I don't know, pa."

FATHER—"I should think you should know. When all the others are industriously studying or writing their lessons, who is it sits idly in his seat and watches the rest, instead of working himself?"

TOMMY—"The teacher."

The Literary Digest offers each week a prize of fifty dollars for the best argument in compact form for better salaries for teachers. The editor of The Reporter humbly submits to the editor of The Digest this bit of pathos:

"What shape, madam, was the pocketbook you lost?"

"Flat. I'm a teacher."

The kindergarten had been studying the wind all week—its power, effects, etc.—until the subject had been pretty well exhausted. To stimulate interest, the kindergartner said, in her most enthusiastic manner: "Children, as I came to school today in the trolley-car, the door opened and something came softly in and kissed me on the cheek. What do you think it was?"

And the children joyfully answered, "The conductor!"—*Harper's*.

"We have just learned of a teacher who started poor twenty years ago and has retired with the comfortable fortune of fifty thousand dollars. This was acquired through industry, economy, conscientious effort, indomitable perseverance, and the death of an uncle who left her an estate valued at $49,999.50."

"Pa," inquired a seven-year-old seeker after the truth, "is it true that school-teachers get paid?"

"Certainly it is," said the father.

"Well, then," said the youth indignantly, "that ain't right. Why should the teachers get paid when us kids do all the work?"

While the school teacher was away at the annual meeting of the state association she sent all of her little pupils a postcard greeting. Little Edgar replied in kind and on his card wrote: "I hope you are enjoying our vacation."

See also Fords.

TEACHING

About the most hopeful element in any human being's character I should reckon to be teachableness.

Wherever you meet a man who knows—and knows he knows—and wards off any proof of reasoning of yours with the impenetrable shield of a superior smile or the dull hostility of a determined eye, you feel that between you and him there can be no real dealings.

The wisest minds I find are the most teachable. The wider one's experience, the more thorough his study, the braver his heart, and the stronger his intelligence, the more willing he is to hear what you or any man may have to offer.

Stubbornness is usually the instinctive self-defense of conscious weakness. When one can do nothing else to show his strength he imitates the mule—the most despised of animals.

Spinoza's maxim was that the two great banes of humanity are self-conceit and the laziness coming from self-conceit.—*Dr. Frank Crane*.

TEARS

See Woman.

TELEGRAPH

"Why did you strike the telegraph operator?" asked the magistrate of the man who was summoned for assault.

"Well, sir, I gives him a telegram to send to my gal, and he starts readin' it. So, of course, I ups and gives him one."

"Pap," said the colored youth, "Ah'd like you to expatiate on de way dat de telegraph works."

"Dat's easy 'nuf, Rastus," said the old man. "Hit am like dis. Ef dere was a dawg big 'nuf so his head could be in Bosting an' his tail in New Yo'k, den ef you tromp on his tail in New Yo'k he'd bark in Bosting. Understan', Rastus?"

"Yes, pap! But how am de wireless telegraph?"

For a moment the old man was stumped. Then he answered easily: "Jess prezactly de same, Rastus, wid de exception dat de dawg am 'maginary."

An Irishman and a Scot were arguing as to the merits of their respective countries.

"Ah, weel," said Sandy, "they tore down an auld castle in Scotland and found many wires under it, which shows that the telegraph was knoon there hoondreds o' years ago."

"Well," said Pat, "they tore down an ould castle in Oireland, and there was no wires found undher it, which shows that they knew all about wireless telegraphy in Oireland hundreds av years ago."

Soon after the instalment of the telegraph in Fredericksburg, Virginia, a little darky, the son of my father's mammy, saw a piece of newspaper that had blown up on one of the telegraph wires and caught there. Running to my grandmother in a great state of excitement, he cried, "Miss Liza, come quick! Dem wires done buss and done let all the news out!"

TELEPHONE

The editor of The Japan Times says the telephone service in Japan is utterly bad. He wonders "what Job would have done had he lived in Tokyo and wanted to telephone to the specialist on boils." He concludes with the following incident: "A lady in Karuiwaza called up her house in Tokyo, left by the next train, got the call, and talked to herself in Karuiwaza six hours after she arrived in Tokyo."

A suburban housewife relates overhearing this conversation between her Cape girl and the one next door:

"How are you, Katje?"

"I'm well; I like my yob. We got cremated cellar, cemetery plumbing, elastic lights and a hoosit."

"What's a 'hoosit,' Katje?"

"Oh, a bell rings. You put a thing to your ear and say 'Hello,' and then some one says 'Hello,' and you say 'Hoosit.'"

"There's a story in this paper of a woman that used a telephone for the first time in eighty-three years."

"She must be on a party line."

The girl at the exchange, after you have waited fully ten minutes:

"They don't answer. What number was it you wanted?"

EXCITABLE PARTY (at telephone)—"Hello? Who is this? Who is this, I say?"

MAN AT OTHER END—"Haven't got time to guess riddles. Tell me yourself who you are."

"I believe," said the impatient man, as he put aside the telephone, "that I'll go fishing."

"Didn't know you cared for fishing."

"I don't ordinarily. But it's the only chance I have of finding myself at the end of a line that isn't busy."

"Has the line been busy?" asked the man with a nickel poised between his thumb and forefinger.

"No," answered the precise operator. "The line wasn't busy. I was."

"What name are you calling?" asked the telephone-girl over the wire.

"McCohan," the customer answered.

"I beg pardon?" asked the girl.

The man repeated it.

The wire was silent for a moment, then the girl said: "Wait a moment, please. I think the wires are crossed."

"I once knew an eccentric man," stated old Festus Pester, "who when he had got the desired number on the telephone did not demand fiercely, 'Whizz ziss?' Instead he invariably said civilly, 'This is John J. Poppendick, wishing to speak to Mr.

Buckover.' His funeral was the largest ever held in the neighborhood where he had resided, and thereat strong men broke down and wept like children, being convinced that they would never again see his like."—*Judge*.

Pat walked into the post-office. After getting into the telephone-box he called a wrong number. As there was no such number, the switch-attendant did not answer him. Pat shouted again, but received no answer.

The lady of the post-office opened the door and told him to shout a little louder, which he did, but still no answer.

Again she said he would have to speak louder.

Pat got angry at this, and turning to the lady said:

"Begorra, if I could shout any louder I wouldn't use your bloomin' ould telephone at all!"

See also Strategy.

TEMPER

Little Molly had been very trying all day. That evening, when her grown-up sister was putting her to bed, she said she hoped the child would be a better girl tomorrow, and not make everybody unhappy with her naughty temper.

Molly listened in silence, thought hard for a few moments, and then said, wisely:

"Yes, when it's me it's temper; when it's you it's nerves."

TEMPERANCE

THE MAN (to a New York waiter)—"—and a glass of good beer!"

THE WAITER—"Sorry, sir. We only serve temperance beverages."

THE MAN—"Why, I got beer in Rhode Island."

THE WAITER—"Maybe you did, sir. But that was only by an act of Providence."

A temperance lecturer was enthusiastically denouncing the use of all intoxicants.

"I wish all the beer, all the wine, all the whiskey in the world was at the bottom of the ocean," he said.

Hastily Pat arose to his feet.

"Sure, and so do I, sor," he shouted. "I wish every bit of it was at the bottom of the sea."

As they were leaving the hall the lecturer encountered Pat.

"I certainly am proud of you," he said. "It was a brave thing for you to rise and say what you did. Are you a teetotaler?"

"No, indade, sor," answered Pat. "I'm a diver."

Mayor Fitzgerald of Boston, at a recent temperance banquet was discussing a drink cure of little efficacy.

"When I think of this cure." he said "I recall a poor old man with a red nose, who entered a magistrate's office and said:

"I'd like to take the pledge if you please."

"Very good," said the polite clerk, "and how long did you wish to take it for?"

"In the past," said the old man, "I've always took it for life."

TEMPTATION

Most of us keep at least one eye on the temptation we pray not to be led into.

TEN COMMANDMENTS

The Ten Commandments seem to be off on a vacation. Or have they gone in search of the Fourteen Points?

THEATER

Reynold Wolf tells this one of Nora Bayes:

Once Miss Bayes was appearing in a breakfast scene where eggs were being served, and a child sitting in a box made manifest his interest in the food. Stepping down to the footlights she tendered the youngster an egg, but his mother drew back her child with a sign of annoyance.

"You should let the young man take it," said Miss Bayes, quietly. "It is unique for eggs to be passed from this side of the footlights."

A big fat man at the theater sat on his overcoat. Thus the little man behind him could not see at all.

"I can't see anything, mister," said the little man plaintively, touching the big man on the shoulder.

"Can't see anything, hey?"

"No, sir, I can't see a thing."

"Well, then, I'll fix you up. Just keep your eye on me, and laugh when I do."

A vast and determined-looking woman wore a very large hat one evening at the theater.

"Madam," said the attendant politely, "I must request you to remove your hat. It is annoying this gentleman behind you."

The massive lady turned and haughtily surveyed the complainant. "Do you mean that little weedy, undersized creature?" she asked.

"This gentleman behind you," the attendant corrected her.

The lady settled herself down in her place. "You will find it easier and pleasanter," she said, decisively, "to remove him!"

A Clergyman once wrote to Edwin Booth, the famous tragedian, asking if he might be admitted to Booth's theater by a private door, because, though he very much wished to see Booth act, he didn't like the idea of being seen entering a theater. Booth wrote back, "Sir, there is no door into my theater through which God can not see."

AUNT MARY (visiting in the city)—"I want to hear at least one of your famous grand-opera singers and then see some of your leading actors."

NEPHEW (to office boy)—"Jimmy, get us some tickets for the vaudeville and movies."—*Life*.

THERMOMETER

Hotel men cannot be niggardly. They must not imitate old Cornelius Husk. Old Corn Husk, you know, saw his boy the other day carrying the thermometer from the kitchen out into the yard.

"Watcha doin' wi' thet thar thermometer, boy?" he asked.

"I wanter git the difference in temperacher, pop, betwixt inside and outside," the son answered.

"Wall, quit it," snapped old Corn Husk, "Keepin' the mercury runnin' up and down the tube like that, fust thing ye know the durn thing'll be worn out, and long'll go twenty-five cents for another thermometer."

THIEVES

He was a very small boy, and the apples he was eyeing were very large. He eyed them for ten minutes, longingly and furtively, while the greengrocer bustled about serving customers. Now he edged near the tempting basket. Now he edged away again. And at last the greengrocer thought it time to intervene.

"Now then, Tommy," he exclaimed, "what are you doing?"

"Nothin'," replied the small boy.

"Nothin', eh?" said the greengrocer. "Well, it looks to me as though you are trying to steal those apples."

"You're wrong!" retorted the nipper, "I'm trying not to."

A carpenter, sent to make some repairs in a private house entered the apartment of the lady of the house with his apprentice and began to work.

"Mary," the lady said to her maid, "see that my jewel-case is locked up at once!"

The carpenter understood. He removed his watch and chain from his vest in a significant manner and handed them to his apprentice.

"John," said he, "take these right back to the shop. It seems that this house isn't safe."—*Harper's*.

In the office of the prison warden at Canon City, Colorado, a clever and notorious swindler was being divested of the contents of his pockets. As each article was removed, it was carefully examined, listed and then placed temporarily on a nearby desk. Among the articles was a badly tarnished silver dollar, barely distinguishable as money.

At the conclusion of the search, the prisoner pointed to the dull-looking coin and in a suppliant tone asked the warden:

"Would you mind letting me keep that with me?"

"Why?" asked the warden.

"Oh, just a little sentiment, I suppose," the prisoner explained. "You know, it's the first dollar I ever stole."

See also Chicken stealing; Lawyers.

THRIFT

Mr. Benson went to New York to business, but lived in Brooklyn. Often he was not able to get home in time for dinner at night. He told his wife that he would phone her every day as to whether he could leave the office or not.

Mrs. Benson was of a very thrifty disposition, and the following was her solution of the problem: "Sam, if you find that you can't be home for dinner, phone me at exactly six o'clock. If the telephone rings at that hour, I'll know it is you and that you are not coming for dinner. I won't answer it, and you'll get your nickel back."

Saving is a habit; extravagance, an art.

Secretary of War Baker tells a story of a country youth who was driving to the county fair with his sweetheart when they passed a booth where fresh popcorn was for sale.

"My! Abner, ain't that nice?" said the girl.

"Ain't what nice?" asked Abner.

"Why, the popcorn; it smells so awfully good," replied the girl.

"It does smell kind o' fine," drawled the youth. "I'll jest drive a little closer so you can get a better smell."

BUTTONS—"Get up! Get up! The hotel's afire!"

SCOTTISH GENTLEMAN—"Richt, laddie; but if I do, mind ye, I'll no pay for the bed."

SETTLEMENT WORKER (visiting tenements)—"And your father is working now and getting two pounds a week? That's splendid! And how much does he put away every Saturday night, my dear?"

LITTLE GIRL—"Never less than three quarts, ma'am!"

HE—"I am a poor man, you know."

SHE—"When we are married I can learn to cook, dear."

HE—"Hadn't you better practise while your father is supplying the raw materials?"

See also Economy; Scotch, The.

TIDES

The destroyer Sharkey, which arrived in New York Harbor some days ago, dropped anchor near the Statue of Liberty on the starboard side, but during the night the tide shifted it about to the portside.

This transformation was most perplexing to a rookie gob, who finally confided his problem to a C.P.O.

"Well, you see, it's like this," the oldtimer informed him, "New York and Brooklyn both claim the statue, so to stop the argument the Government lets New York have it one day and then moves it over to the Brooklyn side the next."

TIME

Time's Prisoner

I am content with Now, whate'er befall,
Whether I will or no, Today is all;
No matter whether swift or slow my tread
I find tomorrow still a day ahead;
I cannot overtake eternity—
It turns to time and slips away from me,
And in like wise I go upon my way
Only a day ahead of yesterday!

—*Harry Kemp*.

One Hoyt was fishing from the banks of a stream when there approached him an individual named Gates, who remarked, with a yawn: "Time ain't very valuable to you, brother, that's plain. Here I been a-watchin' you three hours and you ain't had a bite."

"Well," drawled the fisherman, "my time's too valuable, anyhow, to waste three hours of it watchin' a feller fish that ain't gettin' a bite."

Uncle Lige bought a clock, so tall that it was almost impossible to get it into the house. The old man was extremely proud of it, and found it very good company. He would lie awake nights to hear it tick. One night the clock got out of order, and began to strike.

The old man awoke and counted one hundred and two. He promptly sat up in bed, and calling to his wife said, "Cynthy, get up, get up. It's later than I've ever knowed it to be."

PROF (in geology)—"The geologist thinks nothing of a thousand years."

SOPH—"Great guns! And I loaned a geologist ten dollars yesterday!"

"Paw, what's the longest period of time?"

"From one pay-day to the next."

CALLER—"Is your mother at home, Elsie?"

CHILD OF BUSY WAR WORKER—"Goodness, no! She won't be at home today until about Saturday. Why, she hasn't got home yesterday yet."—*Life*.

FIRST LOAFER—"I 'ear all the men 'ave gone on strike."

SECOND LOAFER—"Wat 'ave they struck for?"

FIRST LOAFER—"Shorter hours."

SECOND LOAFER—"I always said as 'ow sixty minutes was too long for an hour."

"Time is precious," said the parson.

"It is, indeed," rejoined the business man, "and I've wasted an awful lot of it."

"By indulging in foolish pleasures, I suppose?" suggested the good man.

"Not exactly," replied the other. "I wasted most of it by being punctual in keeping my appointments with others."

See also Daylight saving.

TIPS

The sailor had been showing the lady visitor over the ship. In thanking him she said:

"I see that by the rules of your ship tips are forbidden."

"Lor' bless yer 'eart, ma'am," replied Jack, "so were the apples in the Garden of Eden."

Tipping is said to be due to public weakness and it is also due to the desire to have luncheon served in time for dinner.

LUNCHER—"Look here, waiter, I'm very sorry, but I've only just sufficient money with me to pay the bill, and nothing left for a tip for you."

WAITER (confidently)—"Would you mind just letting me 'ave another look at the bill, sir?"

He was dining alone and had much time to puzzle over an unusual phenomenon he had noted.

"Why is it, Sam," he said, addressing the waiter, "that poor men usually give larger tips than rich men?"

"Well, suh," rejoined the woolly-headed knight of the napkins meditatively, "looks to me like de po' man don't want nobody to find out he's po' an' de rich man don't want nobody to find out he's rich."

"What's the difference between valor and discretion?"

"Well, to go to a swell restaurant without tipping the waiter would be valor."

"I see. And discretion?"

"That would be to dine at a different restaurant the next day."

TOURISTS

See Travelers.

TRADE

When they beat their swords into plowshares, the next move is to beat their competitors into foreign markets.

TRADE MARKS

Most of the wrinkles in a business man's face are trademarks.

TRADE UNIONS

TEACHER—"If a man gets four dollars for working eight hours a day, what would he get if he worked ten hours a day?"

JOHNNY—"Ten hours a day? He'd get a call-down from de union."

"What are you doin' of, James?"

"Sharpenin' a bit o' pencil."

"You'll 'ave the Union after you, me lad. That's a carpenter's job,"

TRAMPS

TRAMP—"Madam, I was at the front—"

KIND-HEARTED LADY—"My poor man. Another victim of that terrible war. Here's a dollar. Tell me how you got into these straits."

TRAMP-"I was going to say that I was at the front door an' nobody answered, so I came around to the back. Thankee, mum."

MRS. SUBBUBS (to tramp)—"Out of work, are you? Then you're just in time. I've a cord of wood to be cut up and I was just going to send for a man to do it."

TRAMP—"That so, mum? Where does he live? I'll go and get him."

BOXCAR HARRY—"Beg pardon, ma'am, but do you happen to have some pie or cake that you could spare an unfortunate wanderer?"

LADY OF THE HOUSE—"No, I'm afraid not. Wouldn't some bread and butter do?"

BOXCAR HARRY—"As a general rule it would, ma'am; but, you see, this is my birthday."

TRAVELERS

A party of tourists were going through a small town, having the time of their lives, laughing and joking. One of them thought she would have some fun, and called to a little girl standing near, "Are there any shows in town?" To which the little girl answered, "Only the one you people are making."

The value of travel oftentimes depends upon who travels.

Mrs. Williams, who had recently returned from abroad, was attending an afternoon tea given in her honor.

"And did you actually go to Rome?" asked the hostess.

"I really don't know, my dear," replied Mrs. Williams. "You see, my husband always bought the tickets."

See also Americans; Destination.

TREES

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's most flowing breast.

A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

—*Joyce Kilmer*.

TRENCHES

CHEERFUL ONE (to newcomer, on being asked what the trenches are like)—"If yer stands up yer get sniped; if yer keeps down yer gets drowned; if yer moves about yer gets shelled; and if yer stands still yer gets court-martialed for frost-bite."—*Punch*.

TROUBLE

The cheery caller tried to persuade old Aunt Martha not to dwell upon her troubles, telling her she would feel happier if she ignored them. "Well, honey," said the old lady, "I dunno 'bout dat. I allus 'lowed when de Lord send me tribulation he done spec' me to tribulate."

TRUTH

Many truths expressed are never claimed at their destination.

Truth is elastic. Don't stretch it unless you want it to fly back and sting you.

FIRST STUDENT (wearily)—"I suppose I'll be up all night tonight; I have to make out my expense account."

SECOND (more hopefully)—"Why don't you tell the truth and get a good night's rest?"

The two village trouble-makers had gotten into a row and the matter was up in court. Uncle Wash, an old gentleman of color, was a witness.

"Now, uncle," said the lawyer, "tell me just what conversation occurred."

"I kain't jes' remember it all," replied the candid Wash, "excep' dat each one was callin' de other what dey is."

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again" said the hopeful person.

"Yes," replied the cynic; "but it's liable to have to go with a crutch for some time after."

UMBRELLAS

"It says here that a Missouri man boasts that he has an umbrella that has been in his possession for twenty years," said Smith.

"Well," replied Jones, "that's long enough. He ought to return it."

FIRST ARTIST—"The umbrella you lent me? I have lent it to a friend."

SECOND ARTIST—"That is very awkward. The man who lent it to my friend tells him that the owner wants it."

"Little girl, why aren't you provided with an umbrella?" "Because father hasn't been to church this year."—*Puck*.

"Young man," said the fond father, "in giving you my daughter, I have entrusted you with the dearest treasure of my life."

The young man was duly impressed and made no endeavor to conceal his emotion and his gratitude. Then, during the few moments of impressive silence that followed, he heard the patter, patter of rain against the window.

"Goodness me!" he exclaimed, "it's raining and I haven't my umbrella! May I borrow yours, sir, to keep me dry while I run to the station?"

"Young man," said the fond parent, "I do not trust anyone with my umbrella!"

UNEXPECTED

"It is the unexpected that always happens," observed the Sage.

"Well," commented the Fool, "if this is true, why don't we learn to expect it?"

UNITED STATES

After the janitor had tacked a new map on the wall, Umson said to Amley:

"By golly, the United States is getting to be a great place, ain't it?"

"Yes," said Amley, "if it gets to be much bigger I'll have to move my desk."

VACATIONS

Our unfortunate experience is that a day off is generally followed by an off day.

A vocation is something you do for a living, an avocation something you do for a while, a vacation something you couldn't stick at very long without being dead broke and dead tired.

JUDGE—"Six months!"

COS COB CON—"Ah, wot a relief! Now I kin stop worrying about where I'm going ter spend de summer."

VALUE

There, little dollar, don't you cry;
You *may* buy something by and by.

A Pennsylvania farmer was the owner of a good Alderney cow. A stranger, having admired the animal, asked the farmer: "What will you take for your cow?"

The farmer scratched his head for a moment, and then said: "Look a-here, be you the tax assessor or has she been killed by the railroad?"

CALLER—"It's a good thing to teach your boy the value of money, as you are doing."

HOST—"Well, I don't know. He used to behave for ten cents, but now he demands a quarter."

FOOTPAD—"Your money or your life!"

MRS. TIGHTLY—"That's reasonable enough, Jake! You've got only 50 cents."

VANITY

Little Beryl, aged ten, was a very pretty and intelligent girl, but she had one fault—she was inclined to be vain. At every available opportunity she gazed at herself complacently in the looking-glass. Her fond papa noticed that the habit was growing upon her and took upon himself the duty of correcting it.

"Why do you always look in the glass?" he asked.

"I was just thinking how nice I looked," answered Beryl.

"You mustn't be so vain, child. Remember we are all as nature made us."

"Did nature make you, papa?"

"Yes."

"Then," said Beryl, looking at him and then at her reflection in the mirror, "don't you think nature is turning out better work than she used to?"

VEGETARIANS

"Ever bothered with tramps out your way?"

"No; I have a sign on the gate reading: 'We are vegetarians, but our dog isn't.'"

Ordering a copy of Tennyson's poems, a customer wrote to an English bookseller, "Please do not send me one bound in calf, as I am a vegetarian."

Mother gave the children an apple each. In little Marion's there was a worm hole that obviously had a tenant. "You take this one, Tommy," she said; "I'se a vegetarian."

VENTILATION

American people have a very high appreciation of the humor of Englishmen, and have been specially tickled by a story Colonel Cody used to tell. He said that some years ago an Englishman who had never been in the West before was his guest. They were riding through a Rocky-Mountain canon one day, when suddenly a tremendous gust of wind came swooping down upon them and actually carried the Englishman clean off the wagon-seat. After he had been picked up, he combed the sand and gravel out of his whiskers and said:

"I say! I think you overdo ventilation in this country!"

The street-car conductor examined the transfer thoughtfully and said meekly, "This here transfer expired an hour ago, lady." The lady, digging into her purse after a coin, replied, "No wonder, with not a single ventilator open in the whole car!"

VOICE

Speech was given to man to disguise his thoughts.—*Talleyrand*.

VOTING

PAT—"Sure, I voted th' Raypublican ticket!"

MIKE—"Would ye trust such a party as thot?"

PAT—"They didn't ask me to—they paid me cash."

In St. Louis there is one ward that is full of breweries. In a recent election the local option question was up. After the election the clerks were counting the votes. One was calling off and another taking down the option votes. The first clerk, running rapidly through the ballots, said: "Wet, wet, wet, wet." Suddenly he stopped. "Mein Gott!" he cried. "Dry!" Then he went on: "Wet, wet, wet, wet." Presently he stopped again and mopped his brow. "Himmel!" he said. "The son-of-a-gun repeated."

DORA-"How did you vote?"

FLORA-"In my brown suit and squirrel toque."

"I do hope that when I am able to vote," said the pretty young wife, "I will be as influential in politics as my husband."

"How is that?" asked her friend.

"Why, he has voted in two Presidential elections, and both times his choice was elected."

WAGES

The hours you spend with me, dear "Mon,"
Are very few, it seems to me;
I count you over, every dime apart,
MY SALARY. My salary!

Ten cents a dime, ten dimes a "plunk."
To earn them is an awful grind;
I count each dime unto the end, and there—
A "dun" I find.

Oh toil, that is so poorly paid!
Oh salary, spent before we greet!
I kiss each dime, and try to find a way
To make ends meet—
Ye gods! To make ends meet!

—*Anne Alfreda Mellish*.

Sign on butcher shop reads, "Tongue 48 cents, Brains 33 cents." Some one remarks that this proportion of payment is quite often the case.

A downtown merchant, while engaged in the office the other morning, discovered that he had left his pocket knife at home and, as he needed one urgently, he asked the different clerks, but none of them happened to have one. Finally the errand boy hustled in and the merchant called him, asking if he was able to produce the desired article. Jimmy handed over his "pigsticker."

"How is it, Jimmy, that you alone out of my entire staff seem to have a pocketknife with you?" smiled the proprietor, eyeing Jimmy with undisguised admiration.

"Dunno, sir," replied the youth, "unless it's because my wages are so low that I can't afford more'n one pair of pants."

FIRST LABORING MAN—"Wot's a minimum wage, Albert?"

SECOND DITTO—"Wot yer gets for goin' to yer work. If yer wants ter make a bit more yer does a bit o' work for it."—*Punch*.

The workman was busily employed by the roadside, and the wayfarer paused to inquire, "What are you digging for?" The workman looked up.

"Money,"' he replied.

"Money! And when do you expect to strike it, my good man?"

"On Saturday!" replied the other, and resumed operations.

WAR

Some nations were fighting fiercely.

"Why are you fighting so?" inquired the bystanders, moved at length to curiosity.

"To save civilization!" replied the nations severally.

Here a draggled figure rose from the mire under the feet of the combatants and limped lamely away.

"And who are you?" asked the bystanders, with a disposition to get to the bottom of the matter.

"Don't speak to me—I'm civilization!" the figure made answer, somewhat pettishly.

"What if we loses this blinkin' war after all, Bill?"

"Well, all I can say is—them what finds it is quite welcome to keep it."

If we must have wars, let's adopt the pay-as-you-enter plan.

The war left the world so flat that Voliva may be excused for denying that it is round.

VISITOR—"It's a terrible war, this, young man—a terrible war."

MIKE (badly wounded)—"'Tis that, sor—a tirrible warr. But 'tis better than no warr at all."—*Punch*.

See also European War.

WEALTH

BENNETT—"My, Storer must be rich."

JONES—"How so?"

BENNETT—"He was cleaning his mother's windows with gold dust in the water."

WEATHER

A Salina man tells this as happening to him. Early in the morning one winter's day, came a wire from a friend in Chicago: "How's the weather today out there?"

"The sun is shining," the Salina man wired.

An hour later friend wired again: "Could not interpret message. Did you say sun was or was not shining?"

And the Salina man, looking out of the window, sent this: "Snowing to beat the band now."

And came another wire in mid-afternoon: "How much snow there now?"

To which the Salina man replied: "Bright sun out, has melted all the snow away again."

Indian Summer

November days are here again
With chilly eve and morn—
Dame Nature's voice in warning raised
That Winter's blasts are born.

But ere the snow its cov'ring spreads
And Earth to sleep beguiles,
Old Summer lifts her sun-lit face,
Looks back at us and smiles.

One broiling August day an aged "cullud gemman," who was pushing a barrow of bricks, paused to dash the sweat from his dusky brow; then, shaking his fist at the sun, he apostrophized it thus:

"Fo' the Lawd's sake, war wuz yuh last Janooary?"

"Have you been touching the barometer, Jane?"

"Yes'm. It's my night out, so I set it for 'fine'."

What is it moulds the life of man?
The Weather!
What makes some black and others tan?
The Weather!
What makes the Zulu live in trees,
And Congo natives dress in leaves,
While others go in fur and freeze?
The Weather!

What makes the summer warm and fair?
The Weather!
What causes winter underwear?
The Weather!
What makes us rush and build a fire,
And shiver near the glowing pyre—
And then on other days perspire?
The Weather!

What makes the Cost of Living high?
The Weather!
What makes the Libyan Desert dry?
The Weather!
What is it men in ev'ry clime,
Will talk about till end of time?
What drove our honest pen to rhyme?
The Weather!

Kansas—When the sun sets in the West at night the wind will blow for three days.

I remember, I remember,
Ere my childhood flitted by,
It was cold then in December,
And was warmer in July.
In the winter there were freezings—
In the summer there were thaws;
But the weather isn't now at all
Like what it used to was!

WEDDINGS

Gr-rr-r-h! The train drew up with a mighty crash and shock between stations.

"Is it an accident? What happened?" inquired a worried-looking individual of the conductor.

"Some one pulled the bell-cord!" shouted the conductor. "The express knocked our last car off the track! Take us four hours before the track is clear!"

"Great Scott! Four hours! I am supposed to be married to-day!" groaned the passenger.

The conductor, a bigoted bachelor, raised his eyebrows suspiciously.

"Look here!" he demanded. "I suppose you ain't the chap that pulled the cord?"

Tony, the office-janitor, had been working faithfully at his job for several years, when he surprised his employer one day by asking for a vacation.

"We can't get along very well without you," said the boss. "You don't need a vacation. You'll only blow in your money and come back broke."

"I like to have vacation," persisted Tony. "I get married, and I kinda like to be there."

WELSH

Admittedly this may be an old story, but it has the distinction of possessing a new twist at the end.

A person died. He willed all his earthly possessions to be divided among an Englishman, an Irishman and a Scotchman. But the will was conditional; each of the legatees was to place five pounds in the testator's coffin. On the day appointed (by Fate) the Englishman placed a five-pound note, as willed; the Irishman collected a number of coins somehow—shillings, sixpences and coppers—and made up his contribution of five pounds, which he placed on the Englishman's fiver. The Scotchman then made out a cheque for fifteen pounds and, pocketing the ten pounds already deposited, threw in his cheque with the remark, "That's easier."

A month later, when the Scotchman perused his pass-book, he was surprised to find that his cheque had been cashed.

The undertaker was a Welshman.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

It is a platitude that different people get peculiarly different impressions from viewing the same sights. A Suffolk girl, who had been staying in London for a short holiday, was asked on her return if she had been in Westminster Abbey. "Yes," she replied, "I went in and sat down, but I didn't stay long, as I prefer open-air cemeteries."

WHISKY

A Rhondda man went into a public-house and called for a glass of whisky and water. Having tasted it, he exclaimed:

"Which did you put in first, the whisky or the water?"

"The whisky, of course," the publican replied.

"Ah, well," said the Rhondda man, "perhaps I'll come to it by and by."

See also Drinking.

WIDOWS

"If you want to be really popular with men," says Mr. Arthur Pendenys, "become a widow." This of course, may be all right, but few husbands can really learn to love a wife who makes a practise of this sort of thing.—*Punch*.

Dinah's husband had just been killed on the Railroad while discharging his duties as a brakeman. An agent of the road promptly settled her claim by the payment of a thousand dollars. Her friends consoled her with the thought that with so much money she would be the most sought after woman in Darktown. She stoutly maintained that she would not marry again and that she "had no plans" but finally said between her sobs "But if ah evah do marry I shuah am gwine to marry a railroad man."

WINDOWS

Without windows there would be no fresh-air fiends. A single window may make or mar a whole household. Used occasionally by burglars, small boys and lovers, the singular power of the window to control our destiny has not hitherto been recognized. Without windows there would be no ghost stories, for how could the rain beat on the pane, or the wind come in short gusts through the cracks? Neither would there be melodrama, for how could the heroine crouch on the floor if there were no sudden flashes of lighting or falling snow to gaze at through the window? What poems have been written by just looking through a window; and as for literature in general, who does not remember the window in Thrums? The first thing we look at upon entering a room is the windows. At night the window is the last thing we adjust, and in the morning the first we gaze out of. The first window was the beginning of civilization. Consider the window of a cell, how symbolic it is of a dwarfed and misdirected life. The composite health of any community can almost be predicated upon the number of its windows that are kept open at night.

Then there are the windows of the soul, without which no best seller would be worth the price of admission.

WISDOM

"Father, have you cut all four of your wisdom teeth?"

"Yes, son. I have purchased a used car, accepted a nomination, been chairman of a local reception committee, and married your mother."

True wisdom laboring to expound,
  Heareth others readily;
Fake wisdom, sturdy to deny, closeth
  Up her mind to argument.

—*Tupper*.

WISHES

MABEL—"Oh, but I wish I had a nice big car, with blue plush upholstering and all the modern appliances."

ALICE—"You'd take me out with you, if you had, wouldn't you?"

"No."

"Well, why not?"

"Why, you're perfectly capable of doing your own wishing, aren't you?"

HE—"But, Alice, you don't want that!"

SHE—"How will I know until I get it?"

WITNESSES

The day was drawing to a close. Judge, jurors, witnesses, and lawyers all were growing weary. Counsel for the prosecution was cross-examining the defendant.

"Exactly how far is it between the two towns?" he asked at length.

For some time Paddy stood thinking, then, "About four miles as the cry flows," came the answer.

"You mean 'as the flow cries!'" corrected the man of law.

The judge leaned forward. "No," he remarked suavely, "he means 'as the fly crows.'"

And they all looked at one another, feeling that something was wrong somewhere.

A lawyer was examining a Scottish farmer. "You'll affirm that when this happened you were going home to a meal. Let us be quite certain on this point, because it is a very important one. Be good enough to tell me, sir, with as little prevarication as possible, what meal it was you were going home to."

"You would like to know what meal it was?" said the Scotsman.

"Yes, sir; I should like to know," replied the counsel, sternly and impressively. "Be sure you tell the truth."

"Well, then, it was just oatmeal."

A boy of eight entered the witness-box in tremendous boots, long trousers rolled up so that the baggy knees were at the ankles, and a swallow-tail coat that swept the floor.

"Why are you dressed like that?" asked the judge, both amazed and amused.

The boy took from his pocket the summons and pointed solemnly to the words: "To appear in his father's suit."

The prosecuting attorney had encountered a somewhat difficult witness. Finally he asked the man if he was acquainted with any of the men on the jury.

"Yes, sir," announced the witness, "more than half of them."

"Are you willing to swear that you know more than half of them?" demanded the lawyer.

"Why, if it comes to that, I'm willing to swear that I know more than all of them put together."

"Do you understand what you are to swear to?" asked the court as a not over-intelligent looking negro took the witness stand.

"Yes, sah, Ah does. Ah'm to sweah to tell de truf."

"Yes," said the Judge; "and what will happen if you do not tell the truth?"

"Well, sah," was the hesitating answer, "Ah expects ouah side'll win de case, sah."

PRISON VISITOR—"What terrible crime has this man committed?"

JAILER—"He has done nothing. He merely happened to be passing when Tough Jim tried to kill a man, and he is held as a witness."

"Where is Tough Jim?"

"He is out on bail."

WIVES

"Are you the captain of your soul?"

"Sort of a second lieutenant," ventured Mr. Henpeck dubiously.

"Come, come," said Tom's father, "at your time of life,
There's no longer excuse for thus playing the rake.
It is time you should think, boy, of taking a wife."
"Why, so it is, father,—whose wife shall I take?"

—*Thomas Moore*.

The younger man had been complaining that he could not get his wife to mend his clothes.

"I asked her to sew a button on this vest last night and she hasn't touched it," he said. At this the older man assumed the air of a patriarch.

"Never ask a woman to mend anything," he said. "You haven't been married very long and I think I can give you some serviceable suggestions. When I want a shirt mended I take it to my wife and flourish it around a little and say, 'Where's that rag-bag?'

"'What do you want of the rag-bag?' asks the wife. Her suspicions are aroused at once.

"'I want to throw this shirt away. It's worn out,' I say, with a few more flourishes.

"'Let me see that shirt,' my wife says, then, 'Now, John, hand it to me at once.'

"Of course, I pass it over and she examines it.

"'Why, it only needs—'; and then she mends it."

"Why are you so pensive?" he asked.

"I'm not pensive," she replied.

"But you haven't said a word for twenty minutes."

"Well, I didn't have anything to say."

"Don't you ever say anything when you have nothing to say?"

"No."

"Will you be my wife?"

"What's Blinks going to do with his new noiseless typewriter?"

"If he takes my advice he'll marry her."—*Life*.

MRS. KNAGG—"Did the doctor ask to see your tongue?"

HUSBAND—"No; I told him about yours and he ordered me away for a rest."

"This is a very sad case, very sad indeed," said the doctor. "I much regret to tell you that your wife's mind is gone—completely gone."

"I am not a bit surprised" answered the husband. "She has been giving me a piece of it every day for the last fifteen

years."

A sheik was speaking to a crowd of men in a mosque and said, "All of you who are afraid of your wives stand up." All stood up except one man. Afterwards the sheik went to this man and said, "Evidently you are not afraid of your wife." The man responded: "She gave me such a beating this morning that I was too lame to stand up."

A well-to-do Scottish woman one day said to her gardener:

"Man Tammas, I wonder you don't get married. You've a nice house, and all you want to complete it is a wife. You know the first gardener that ever lived had a wife."

"Quite right, missus, quite right," said Thomas, "but he didna keep his job long after he gat the wife."

CREWE—"Good heavens, how it rains! I feel awfully anxious about my wife. She's gone out without an umbrella."

DREW—"Oh, she'll be all right. She'll take shelter in some shop."

CREWE—"Exactly. That's what makes me so anxious."

Mrs. Clarke came running hurriedly into her husband's office one morning.

"Oh, Dick," she cried, as she gasped for breath. "I dropped my diamond ring off my finger, and I can't find it anywhere."

"It's all right, Bess," replied Mr. Clarke. "I came across it in my trousers pocket."

And Then Some

MAN expects his wife to be:
Perpetuator of the Race.
Domestic Science Expert.
Trained Kindergartner.
Social Diplomat.
Purchasing Agent.
Superintendent of Operating.
Accountant.
Social Secretary.
General Counsel.
Manager Lost and Found Department.
Advertising Agent.
Intelligence Bureau.
Family Statistician.
Mistress of the Exchequer.
Playground Supervisor.
Judge of Juvenile Court.
Valet.
Nurse.
Employer of Labor.
Artist in the Art of Living.
WOMAN is seeking an even larger sphere.

MRS. A.—"Does your husband consider you a necessity or a luxury?"

MRS. B.—"It depends, my dear, on whether I am cooking his dinner or asking for a new dress."

There are certain family privileges which we all guard jealously:

An attorney was consulted by a woman desirous of bringing action against her husband for a divorce. She related a harrowing tale of the ill-treatment she had received at his hands. So impressive was her recital that the lawyer, for a moment, was startled out of his usual professional composure.

"From what you say this man must be a brute of the worst type," he exclaimed.

The applicant for divorce arose and, with severe dignity, announced: "Sir, I shall consult another lawyer. I came here to get advice as to a divorce, not to hear my husband abused!"

See also Domestic finance; Marriage; Woman

WOMAN

The reason we never hear of a self-made woman is because she changes the plans so frequently that the job is never finished.

If They Meant All They Said

Charm is a woman's strongest arm;
My charwoman is full of charm;
I chose her, not for strength of arm
But for her strange, elusive charm.

And how tears heighten woman's powers!
My typist weeps for hours and hours:
I took her for her weeping powers—
They so delight my business hours.

A woman lives by intuition.
Though my accountant shuns addition
She has the rarest intuition.
(And I myself can do addition.)

Timidity in girls is nice.
My cook is so afraid of mice.
Now you'll admit it's very nice
To feel your cook's afraid of mice.

—*A.D. Miller*.

"De little girl," said Uncle Eben, "dat's allus takin' her dolly and dishes an' sayin' she won't play, grows up to be de lady dat says unless she's de chairman dar ain' g'ineter be no meetin'."

"Brown acknowledges that he knows nothing about women."

"What an immense experience with them he must have had."

"Does your wife neglect her home in making speeches?"

"Not a bit of it," replied Mr. Meekton. "She always lets me hear the speeches first."

A lady was sitting in the garden with the family stocking basket beside her, and was examining the holes in her little boy's socks, when the old gardener came by with his wheelbarrow. "What beats me," he remarked, "is you ladies. Always lookin' for what you don't want to find!"

"Hello! Is this a party wire?"

"My dear sir, it's worse. It's a woman's party wire."

A red-haired, freckle-faced boy of fourteen, weighed down with the responsibility of his first essay, walked into a city library the other day. He approached the reference librarian rather timidly, standing on one foot, then on the other, and finally said:

"Say, boss, I've gotta write an essay on 'Woman.' Where'll I begin?"

"I was outspoken in my sentiments at the club today," said Mrs. Garrulous to her husband the other evening. With a look of astonishment he replied:

"I can't believe it, my dear. Who outspoke you?"

A party of Americans were dining in Paris with Premier Clemenceau, when one of the Americans was heard to say: "I'll bet she will—"

"I wouldn't do that," interposed Clemenceau—"bet on anything that she will do. You can never tell what a woman will do."

"Ah," said the American, "but you interrupted me too soon, monsieur. I was going to say that I would bet that she would do the unexpected."

"Ah, but don't do that, either," cautioned Clemenceau. "Even that is not a safe bet."

The most consoling thing about going to the cinemas is seeing so many women in the pictures opening their mouths and not saying a word you can hear.

When lovely woman wants a favor,
And finds, too late, that man won't bend,
What earthly circumstance can save her
From disappointment in the end?

The only way to bring him over,
The last experiment to try,
Whether a husband or a lover,
If he have feeling is—to cry.

—*Poebe Cary*.

During the flu epidemic in San Francisco, when all public meeting-places were closed, and the entire population was compelled to wear masks to prevent the spread of the disease, a drunken man was overheard muttering:

"Well, I'm an old man, but I have lived my time and am ready to quit. I have lived to see four great things come to pass

—the end of the war, the churches closed, saloons left open, and the women muzzled."—*Judge*.

A crabbed old misogynist said to Ethel Barrymore at a dinner in Bar Harbor:

"Woman! Feminism! Suffrage! Bah! Why, there isn't a woman alive who wouldn't rather be beautiful than intelligent."

"That's because," said Miss Barrymore calmly, "so many men are stupid while so few are blind."

HE—"When I proposed to Flossie she asked me for a little time to make up her mind."

SHE (the hated rival)—"Oh! So she makes that up too, does she?"

Woman is certainly coming into her own. Even in tender romance she is exerting an influence.

The young man had just been accepted. In his rapture he exclaimed, "But do you think, my love, I am good enough for you?"

His strong-minded fiancée looked sternly at him for a moment and replied, "Good enough for me? You've got to be!"—*Judge*.

ONE—"Yes, in a battle of tongues a woman can always hold her own."

THE OTHER—"Perhaps she can. But why doesn't she?"

Young Arthur was wrestling with a lesson in grammar. "Father," said he, thoughtfully, "what part of speech is woman?"

"Woman, my boy, is not part of speech; she is all of it," returned father.

During the recess period several teachers became engaged in a heated argument over that old theme, "Man *versus* Woman."

"Well, anyway," concluded the dyspeptic male teacher of Latin, "women are more finicky than men."

"Recite an instance, please," put in the dainty little teacher of domestic science.

"If a woman loses a stitch, she'll unravel a ball of yarn trying to find it."

"That's nothing, compared with what a man will do," she came back quickly. "If a man loses a quarter in a card game, he'll spend $10 trying to win it back."

Woman—A Mistress of Arts, who robs a bachelor of his degree, and forces him to study philosophy by means of curtain lectures.

See also Age; Clothing; Epitaphs; Fashion; Talkers; Wives; Woman suffrage; Worry.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE

"It seems so silly to me," she said scornfully, as she threw down the newspaper after a casual glance at the headlines.

"What seems silly?"

"All this talk about candidates for the presidency. There can't but one be elected, can there?"

"Of course not."

"Well, why should a dozen or so be trying for it? Why doesn't just the man who is going to be elected be a candidate, and all the rest go on about their business, as all this talk and running around isn't going to do them any good after all?"

"That young politician is paying you marked attention, girlie."

"Um, yes. Another problem added to our girlish troubles."

"Eh, what?"

"Is he after me or my vote?"

WARD HEELER—"Are women trying to reform politics?"

DISTRICT LEADER—"Reform nothing! They've started in to grab the jobs."

FIRST LADY—"Did you vote with all those vile people?"

SECOND LADY—"I certainly did. I was curious to know how it felt."

"Wimmin voters this year."

"Yes, and these short skirts make a lot of wimmen look like little girls."

"That's right. You gotta be careful who you try to pat on the head."

"Well, Maria," said Jiggles after the Town Election, "for whom did you vote this morning?"

"I crossed off the names of all the candidates," returned Mrs. Jiggles, "and wrote out my principles on the back of my ballot. This is no time to consider individuals and their little personal ambitions."

There are compensations in all things. When women get the suffrage they won't want to be moving all the time, for fear of losing their votes.—*Puck*.

"What are your reasons for wanting a divorce, madam?" inquired the judge.

"Failure to support."

"But you live in apparent luxury."

"He failed to support me for a nomination that I wanted."

"Another of our masculine pleasures is about to become a thing of the past, thanks to woman suffrage."

"What do you have reference to?"

"Taking the straw vote. Who would venture to predict a woman's ballot twenty-four hours before election?"

WOMAN'S RIGHTS

Why We Oppose Pockets For Women

1. Because pockets are not a natural right.

2. Because the great majority of women do not want pockets. If they did, they would have them.

3. Because whenever women have had pockets they have not used them.

4. Because women are expected to carry enough things as it is without the additional burden of pockets.

5. Because it would make dissension between husband and wife as to whose pockets were to be filled.

6. Because it would destroy man's chivalry toward woman if he did not have to carry all her things in his pockets.

7. Because men are men and women are women. We must not fly in the face of nature.

8. Because pockets have been used by men to carry tobacco, pipes, whisky flasks, chewing-gum, and compromising letters, we see no reason to suppose that women would use them more wisely.

WORK

Oh, would that working I might shun,
   From labour my connection sever,
That I might do a bit or none
   Whatever!

That I might wander over hills,
   Establish friendship with a daisy,
O'er pretty things like daffodils
   Go crazy!

That I might at the heavens gaze,
   Concern myself with nothing weighty,
Loaf, at a stretch, for seven days—
   Or eighty.

Why can't I cease a slave to be,
   And taste existence beatific
On some fair island hid in the
   Pacific?

Instead of sitting at a desk
   'Mid undone labours, grimly lurking—
Oh, say, what is there picturesque
   In working?

But no!—to loaf were misery!—
   I love to work! Hang isles of coral!
(To end this otherwise would be Immoral!)

—Thomas R. Ybarra.

Labor is man's great function, He is nothing, he can do nothing, he can achieve nothing, fulfill nothing without

working.—*Dewey*.

If you are poor—work. If you are rich—continue to work. If you are burdened with seemingly unfair responsibilities—work. If you are happy—keep right on working. Idleness gives room for doubts and fears. If disappointments come—work. If sorrow overwhelms you and loved ones seem not true—work. If health is threatened—work. When faith falters and reason fails—just work. When dreams are shattered and hope seems dead—work. Work as if your life were in peril. It really is. No matter what ails you—work. Work faithfully—work with faith. Work is the greatest remedy available for both mental and physical afflictions.—*Korsaren*.

I believe in the stuff I am handing out, in the firm I am working for; and in my ability to get results. I believe that honest stuff can be passed out to honest men by honest methods. I believe in working, not weeping; in boosting not knocking; and in the pleasure of my job. I believe that a man gets what he goes after, that one deed done today is worth two deeds tomorrow, and that no man is down and out until he has lost faith in himself. I believe in today and the work I am doing, in tomorrow and the work I hope to do, and in the sure reward which the future holds. I believe in courtesy, in kindness, in generosity, in good cheer, in friendship and in honest competition. I believe there is something doing, somewhere for every man ready to do it. I believe I'm ready—RIGHT NOW!—*Elbert Hubbard*.

I ask no odds of any man,
  I am not one that follies sway,
I am the source of my rewards,
  I do my work each day.

It matters not if rich or poor,
  This is the future's great command,
Who does not work shall cease to eat;

Upon this rock I stand.

The fruit of trees, the grain of fields,
Wherever use and beauty lurk—
The good of all the world belongs
To him who does the work.

—*Max Ehrtnan*.

Are you trying to climb where the chosen are,
Where the feet of men are few?
Do you long for "a job that is worth one's while?"
Well here's a thought for you:

The pots of gold at the rainbow's end
Are sought by the teeming mob,
But the fairies who guard them choose as friend
The man that loves his job.

No matter what grip of hand he has—
How poor or strong his brain,
There's always a place for the man who loves
His work with might and main.

Does he dig in a ditch, or blaze a trail,
Where the dreams of men may run?
No clod of earth shall shoulder him
From his place out in the sun.

It isn't the kick, It's not the pull,
That brings the strong man out;
But it's long-time work, and it's all-time will,
And cheerful heart and shout,

Have you faith in yourself? Do you want to win?
Is your heart for success athrob?
There's just one thing that can bring you in
With the winners—love your job.

—*Stewart Lishear*.

Work Makes Men

"Work," as Henry Drummond said on the death of his friend John Ewing, of Melbourne, "is given man, not only, nor so much, perhaps, because the world needs it, but because the workmen need it. Men make work; but work makes men. An office is not merely a place for making money; it is a place for making men. A workshop is not a place for making machinery only; it is a place for making souls, for filling in the working virtues of one's life; for turning out honest, modest and good-natured men."

FIRST NAVVY—"Ye know, it's hard lines on Joe, 'im bein' so short-sighted."

SECOND NAVVY—"Why? Yer don't need good eyesight for our job!"

FIRST NAVVY—"No, but 'e can't see when the foreman ain't lookin', so he has to keep on workin' all the time."

A youth was being scored by his father for his flighty notions, his habit of shirking and general unreliability. "Hard work never killed anybody," the old man added.

"That's just the trouble, dad," returned the youngster. "I want to engage in something that has a spice of danger in it."

"Why don't you get out and hustle? Hard work never killed anybody," remarked the philosophical gentleman to whom Rastus applied for a little charity.

"You're mistaken dar, boss," replied Rastus; "I'se lost fouh wives dat way."

For whether he's wielding a scepter or swab,
I have faith in the man who's in love with his job.

—*Shorey*.

WORRY

"Didn't you use to belong to a Don't Worry Club years ago?"

"Yes," replied the patient yet firm woman. "I had to resign. Nobody worried about who was going to fix up the sandwiches and salad and freeze the ice cream, but me. So I decided I was just a born worrier and was out of my class."

YOUTH

Arthur T. Hadley, president of Yale, said of youth at a tea in New Haven:

"I find youth modest, almost over-modest. I don't agree with the accepted idea of youth that is epitomized in the anecdote.

"According to this anecdote, an old man said to a youth:

"'My boy, when I was your age I thought, like you, that I knew it all, but now I have reached the conclusion that I know nothing.'

"The youth, lighting a cigaret, answered carelessly:

"'Hm! I reached that conclusion about you years ago.'"

ZONES

While inspecting examination papers recently, a teacher found various humorous answers to questions. A class of boys, averaging twelve years of age, had been examined in geography. The previous day had been devoted to grammar. Among the geographical questions was the following:

"Name the zones."

One promising youth, who had mixed the two subjects, wrote: "There are two zones, masculine and feminine. The masculine is either temperate or intemperate; the feminine is either torrid or frigid!" either torrid or frigid!"

Transcriber's note: The Table of Contents was added to this e-book by the transcriber.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK MORE TOASTS: JOKES, STORIES AND QUOTATIONS ***

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