

JOHN HARVEY KELLOGG (1852-1943)

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DR. J. H. KELLOGG, BATTLE CREEK, MICH.,
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MRS. J. H. KELLOGG.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.,

General Secretary Child Culture Circles.

MRS. ELLA EATON KELLOGG was born in Alfred Center, N. Y., and is of Puritan ancestry; her father, the late Joseph Eaton, tracing his direct descent from John Eaton, a sturdy English pioneer who, with Abigail, his wife, came to this country from England in 1635, and settled in Dedham, Mass. She was educated at Alfred University, being continually in school, with the exception of one term of teaching, until her graduation at the age of nineteen.

During an epidemic of typhoid fever, which occurred in the neighborhood where she was visiting, the number of patients being so great that trained nurses could not be obtained for them, she volunteered her services and carried safely through the disease several of the most critical cases.

This experience led her to become interested in sanitary and hygienic subjects, and in the following year she entered the Sanitarium School of Hygiene, in Battle Creek, Mich., in which she obtained a knowledge of anatomy, physiology, hygiene, and the practical care of the sick.

The principal of the School of Hygiene, who was also the editor of *Good Health*, then and still a prominent health journal in this country, soon discovered her unusual capabilities, natural and acquired, and engaged her services as an editorial assistant, and a few months later Miss Eaton was united in marriage to J. H. Kellogg, M. D., the president and superintendent of the Battle Creek Sanitarium, and henceforth two self-forgetting hearts and two fertile brains were together to plan the details of a united life, which has since been crowded to a marvelous degree with works of usefulness and philanthropy.

At the national convention of the W. C. T. U., in Detroit, in 1882, Mrs. Kellogg was elected national superintendent of the department of Hygiene, a position involving, among other onerous duties, that of preparing and publishing a syllabus of lessons, together with the holding, from time to time, of numerous "health institutes" in different portions of the country.

Four years later (1886), Mrs. Kellogg became the associate superintendent of the Social Purity department of the National W. C. T. U., in connection with Miss Frances E. Willard. Her special charge was the department of Mothers' Meetings, and to her fell the task of arranging the plans of work and the preparing of topics for study.

When Dr. Wood-Allen was made National Purity superintendent, in 1892, she recognized a most valuable assistant in Mrs. Kellogg, and retained her as general secretary of Mothers' Meetings, until 1896, when she was given the secretaryship of the Child-Culture circles. For this work she is most eminently well fitted; for while having no children of her own, she has always in her home a large group of adopted children, to whom she gives her motherly care and training. A houseful of not less than thirteen boys and girls of different parentage, varying nationalities, all ages from infancy to adolescence, to be clothed, fed, trained, and educated with love and conscientious care, will give a wider range of experience than falls to the lot of most women. Surely she can help the busy, care-worn mothers in the solution of problems with which this heterogeneous brood have made her entirely familiar. One who has seen the happy home-life says that these "are the very happiest children in all the world." No wonder, then, that this great mother heart can turn with a loving, helpful word in behalf of universal childhood.

CHILD-CULTURE CIRCLES.

BY MRS. J. H. KELLOGG,

General Secretary.

QUITE recently there has begun an awakening of interest to study the child in our midst; and various organizations for educators and teachers, and meetings for mothers have been the result. This is indeed a grand step forward in the right direction; but fathers, as well as mothers and teachers, need to study the child. Co-operation of parents in the training of their children is the divine ordering, and to this end their coeducation in principles and methods of child-culture is essential.

Every child is an individual problem to be solved on its own merit. There is no infallible line of action which parents may pursue in their training. If they would faithfully do their duty, they must study the child and learn to understand his real inward life, his tastes and tendencies, his ambitions, his temptations, just as they seek to know his bodily necessities, and adapt their training to his nature and his needs.

Many and frequent perplexing problems will arise, some of which might be solved by a knowledge of the experience of others, while some will require the deepest investigation and study. As "in the multitude of counselors there is safety," so there is value in concerted study and organized effort.

It is hoped that the Child-Culture circles, which have been, and are being, organized as a branch of the Purity department work, may serve as a helpful means whereby parents may obtain added light respecting their duties, opportunities, and responsibilities, and learn to know and understand their children. These circles are founded upon the belief that prevention is better than cure, that it is easier and wiser to form character right than to re-form it. It is hoped that they may be the means not only of encouragement and help to parents already anxiously seeking for wisdom, but that they may become a power for good for arousing such as are indifferent or careless concerning their solemn responsibilities and privileges.

Some six months ago a devoted White Ribboner, a teacher in a small Western town, whose heart had been stirred by the seeming indifference of many of her patrons toward the moral welfare of their children, determined to make an effort toward reform by enlisting the parents in a study of child-culture. She organized a circle with six members, which met weekly, and has steadily grown till it now numbers one hundred and six interested members. The tangible results are: the establishment of a kindergarten, a curfew ordinance, and such a warfare against the saloons as bids fair to wipe them out of existence, to say nothing of the uplifted, newly enthused thought which is making the homes better and the parents and children united in their struggles against sin and unrighteousness.

Mrs. Dr. KELLOGG, National Superintendent of the Department of Hygiene on his return from abroad, has been spending a short time in Western New York, but will soon be at her home in Battle Creek, whence the orders of the department will shortly go forth. Dr. Kellogg will be one of the speakers and visitors at Lake Bluff this year at last. The many friends he made there will receive him with a warm welcome. 1892

THE MOTHER'S PRIVILEGE.

BY MRS. J. H. KELLOGG.

[Read at World's Social Purity Congress.]

One of the foremost philanthropists of the age was wont to say: "It is worth a life effort to lift a man from degradation; to prevent his fall is better." This work of prevention is in the highest sense the mother's privilege. She it is to whom is given the first opportunity of influencing the man or woman that is to be; the privilege of laying the foundation stones of their future life structure. To her is entrusted, in a great measure, the working out of God's ideal for each child in her care, and upon her will it largely depend whether characters shall be rounded in the fullness of a noble manhood or womanhood, or dwarfed by neglect and deformed by sin. It is a great and blessed privilege to *start aright* the one just entering upon the perilous journey of life. The hope of the world lies not so much in reformation as in right formation.

The minds of noble and earnest men and women, the world over, are engrossed with the problem how to elevate purity and root out its antagonist, evil; but that problem would largely solve itself for future generations did the

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mothers of *this* generation appreciate to the full their privilege, and with consecration of heart and life seek enlightenment and fitness for their God-given work, beginning at the very outset of the lives of their children to help them to become in their childhood and youth what they ought to be as men and women.

It is the misfortune of many mothers that they fail to awaken to their responsibilities at a sufficiently early period in the lives of their children. They think, as they watch their little ones in their cradles, as they hold them in their arms or guide their footsteps, "When my child grows older, I will endeavor to train him wisely." If for the present his physical needs are well supplied and the enjoyment of his waking hours assured, that is considered all sufficient. But in this the mother is mistaken. Her golden opportunity lies, as did that of Jochebed, in the earliest years of her child's existence.

One of the most universal sources from which arises the stream of impurity is the lack of proper training of the appetite, in that its gratification is not made subservient to right and reasonable ends. The appetite, like all natural instincts, is susceptible of education, both in a right and a wrong direction. This fact is often unrecognized, and the child's appetite left to a chance development, which far more frequently than otherwise leaves him subject to it rather than ruler of it. Depraved appetites are often inherited, but are *as often created* through lack of proper care and training, sometimes at the very beginning of life. Picture, if you will, the first epoch of the life of the average child. Eating is the first, and for sometime the chief activity of his babyhood. During this period of helplessness he is fed in *season and out of season*, without thought or regulation. Expressions of pain and discomfort are habitually met with proffers of food, until the gustatory sense, habitually gratified to appease the demands of all the other senses, becomes the regnant propensity. The immediate result of this treatment is the inauguration, at the very outset of life, of a disordered digestion and a morbid condition of the stomach, which creates a constant craving for the pleasurable sensation produced by eating and drinking. The ultimate outcome of such management is that it teaches the child to crave animal sensations, and establishes a dominance of appetite, a love to gratify the senses for the sake of the sensation, which, indulged in one direction, will be hard to restrain in others, and which will cast its influence over his entire life. The abnormal appetite created by deranged digestive functions opens a door, through which, if unguarded, the whole train of evils, gluttony, intemperance and impurity, may enter later on in life.

Purity of heart is a condition quite incompatible with sensual pleasuring of the appetite. How hardly, then, shall the soul that has through years of wrong education in childhood been in bondage to the appetites and propensities, arise and shake off its shackles, and bring the body under when the years of youth and maturity are reached! Wrong tendencies, as well as right ones, are continuously strengthened by exercise. The desire to gratify inclination and satisfy the taste does not lessen with the increase of years. As has been aptly said, "Impressions, inclinations, appetites, which a child may have derived from his food, the turn it may have given to his senses, and even to his life as a whole, can only be set aside with difficulty, when the age of self-dependence has been reached. They are one with his whole physical life, therefore intimately connected with his spiritual life."

The child who is taught to respect his own body as the temple of the Holy Spirit, lent him for his temporal use to be returned pure and undefiled to its Creator, will find it far easier to exercise control in the use of it. Self-reliance, early taught, will aid in making the child capable of self-entertainment in wholesome and profitable ways. The boy or girl who is wholly dependent upon some one else for entertainment and happiness, who does not know how to spend a leisure hour profitably, is in great danger. Such an one is easily led into pernicious associations, and may, only because of favoring circumstances, escape the path to ruin. Each good trait of character, like each single block in a granite wall, fills a special purpose in making the structure strong to antagonize vice.

It must be remembered that all effective preventive work must be twofold. It is not enough that we guard the outer approaches of character, seeking immunity from evil by efforts to keep it out of sight and knowledge of the young. We must instill into their hearts high ideals and purposes, and fill their minds with pure and noble principles. *Something will fill the mind, something will leave its impress; if it be not good it will be evil.* As was forcibly illustrated by the young man condemned to death, whose mother, visiting him in prison, exclaimed, "Oh, my boy! What has brought you to this awful end?" The young man sternly replied, "Mother, you are the cause." Bursting into tears she sobbed, "Why! what wrong have I ever taught you?" To which the son made the sad reply, "You taught me no wrong, but you neglected to teach me any good, and, as I knew no better I have sunk lower and lower, until I am here."

It is the mother's privilege to walk so closely side by side with her children, starting with them upon their own level, and so united in heart and sympathy that she may possess through life their fullest confidence, thus forming around them one of the surest and most lasting safeguards against vice which it is possible for human love and wisdom to construct. Said a mother of growing sons, when asked how she managed to keep her boys so firmly attached to home and so willing to spend their evenings there, "I live with them and try to be, not only a faithful mother, but an agreeable companion." If mothers could only be made to realize what a tower of strength such a living with their children may become, no effort would be considered too great to be spent in cultivating this sympathetic relation, for it *must be cultivated* if it is to be continuous. It must grow with the children; it must broaden with their years, and take in their play, their playmates, their studies, their reading, their work as well as their pleasures, their joys and sorrows and their deepest yearnings. Like a thread of gold interwoven through all the years of life, it will form a bond of union between the mother and her child which will enable them to work together to overcome evil and build up a life, the beauty and symmetry of which will bear the light of Heaven.

Battle Creek, Mich.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.,
Sept. 8, 1882.

"SANITARIUM."

ED. ENTERPRISE.—Well, Bunker, the world still moves, and so does the "ENTERPRISE" and this "Sanitarium." Our Evansville delegation seems to be quite well satisfied with the treatment administered and the progress being made in the straight and narrow path, that leads to health. While the great mass of humanity away from "Water Cures" and "Sanitariums", are seeking after wealth, we still remain seeking a greater boon, and one not fully appreciated until lost. We have made up our minds that we are too old to ever expect to be wealthy, and have concluded to use the little energy spared us, in trying to be fairly, if not vigorously healthy. A much greater effort is being made constantly, every day, to obtain money than health, and money is frequently procured at the expense of health but all are destined sooner or later to realize that health is the greater blessing, although so frequently bartered away as was the blessing belonging to Esau, for a mess of Red Potage or something of even less importance. I am well aware that the question of the restoration and preservation of health, is like the temperance question, a much hackneyed subject, but health being the legitimate offspring of temperance, will still bear attention and discussion. And while we feel we would like to be at home among our friends, enjoying their society, and looking a little after business, still we are willing to forego that pleasure for a season that we may be in better condition, physically and mentally to enjoy the benign influence of the home circle and appreciate to a greater extent the sacredness of the family tie. But enough on the subject of health for this time. And now for a few words in regard to how we pass away our time when not needed in the building for treatment. One day last week we called to see an old negro lady, of whom we had read many years ago, by the name of Sojourner Truth. No doubt you have heard of her many times. She resides in this City with her daughter, and is one hundred and seven years old; tall and straight, quite intelligent, and can converse on many subjects that young people consider rather ancient, in a clear and interesting manner. We bought her photograph and will let you see it when we reach home. Last Saturday we took a stroll out into the country, about one mile, and called

Mr. Hubbard, a brother of the late Jeddediah Hubbard of our town. We found them quite well, very pleasant and agreeable in conversation, and enjoyed our call exceedingly well. Mr. Hubbard has what is considered here a good farm. The soil seems to be composed largely of sand and gravel mixed with a redish loam and he says produces well. He holds it at \$100 per acre. If it is worth that, Watt Hubbard's farm (location and everything else being equal excepting soil) is worth \$500 an acre.

Last Tuesday we took a ride through the principal streets of the city, and then out of the city, about two and a half miles to Lake Gognac. This is a nice sheet of very clear water; about one mile wide, by two miles long; surrounded with rather bold dry shores, covered mostly with timber and is said to abound in fish. They have two pretty good steamers (for the use of picnic parties, which are an almost daily occurrence when the weather is favorable) the largest of which we boarded and took a sail around the lake, stopping for a few minutes at the picnic grounds to take on and off passengers. We returned to the Sanitarium about 5 o'clock, greatly refreshed by the ride.

Wednesday evening another meeting was called by Dr. Kellogg for the relation of experience, by the patients in the great struggle for health. The meeting was well attended and many freely expressed themselves upon the subject under consideration. Many confessions were made in regard to abuses and foolish indulgences; and as usual the free use of tobacco came in for its share of the blame, and evils that have slowly but surely been visited upon the heads of its votaries. The meeting was an interesting and profitable one, and I think all felt, as they retired to their rooms, that under such influence we may become wiser and better men and women.

The two little cigars mentioned in my last communication, still remain unsmoked in my dressing case drawer, where I keep my stationery and trinkets. I see them almost every day, as I have occasion to open the drawer. But they have no further charms for me. The tempter's power is broken, and instead of being enslaved by them they are henceforth my captives. The spirit of the old "Poetic Muse" mentioned in my last, is again upon me, inspiring me to write four additional stanzas, in memory of *The Last Fragment Harvest*.

'Tis the last fine Havana left lying alone,
 All its fragrant companions are smoked up and
 gone;
 No cigar of its kindred, or meerschaum is nigh,
 To regale the lone smoker, or on the shelf lie,
 I'll not leave thee thou ~~one~~ ~~one~~, so lie there
 alone;
 Since thy mates are all perished a companion
 has come,
 To always stay with thee in this thy Bazar
 To lie at thy footstool a cheaper cigar.
 The two last of a series of different grades,
 That have tempted the smoker, in twilight's
 mild shades,
 No more will your fragrance allure him away,
 And all thy companions will be kept at bay.
 Thou art held here as prisoners for all coming
 time,
 No more to be worshipped at the smoker's low
 shrine;
 The spell is now broken, your captive is free,
 And this is the dawning of a great jubilee.
 The habit of smoking is foolish and vain;
 The habit of snuffing is nearly the same;
 The habit of chewing is filthy and mean;
 The habit of dipping will come in between.

The man who can conquer his own foolish ways
 And forsake all his vices is entitled to praise;
 He is more of a hero than the man who can take
 A City or Kingdom, like Peter the Great.

Yours Truly,
 L. T. PULLEN.



Mrs. L. N. Kellogg,
 Battle Creek, Mich.

DEVOTED TO CHILDREN.

**Mrs. Ella E. Kellogg, Secretary of
 the Child Culture Circle.**

Child culture, a science cultivated for
 many discouraging years by a few en-
 thusiastic professors, has of late been dis-
 tributing its beneficent lessons among
 thousands of women the members of
 mothers' clubs. An influential leader in
 so introducing to the world at large a
 new science has been Mrs. Ella Eaton
 Kellogg of Battle Creek, Mich. Mrs. Kel-
 logg is the general secretary of child cul-
 ture circles in the W. C. T. U.

Mrs. Kellogg was born in Alfred Cen-
 ter, N. Y., of Puritan ancestry. She was
 educated at the Alfred university and at
 the Battle Creek sanitarium school of Hy-

giene. Soon after completing her studies
 she married J. H. Kellogg, superintendent
 of the Battle Creek sanitarium.

For years Mrs. Kellogg has been a dis-
 tinguished worker of the W. C. T. U.
 So far back as 1882 she was chosen na-
 tional superintendent of the department
 of hygiene. Four years later she became
 assistant superintendent of the social
 purity department in the national orga-
 nization. Her subsequent responsibilities
 were those of the general secretary of
 mothers' meetings work. She assumed
 charge more recently of the child culture
 circles. Mrs. Kellogg will doubtless ad-
 dress the conference.

SAINT PAUL PIONEER PRESS:
THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1893.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S RESPONSIBILITY.

A VERY great responsibility, seldom realized, devolves upon every manager of the household, for in a great measure upon her depends the health and happiness of its inmates. No one questions the importance of health, but few comprehend the magnitude of the relations between the selection and preparation of food and the well-being of the individual who partakes of it—between the process of digestion and mental conditions; we might add, between food and virtue.

Persons caring for criminals and lunatics have experimented with the different kinds of food on the moral and spiritual states of their patients, with very conclusive results. In one example, related by the *Farmer's Journal*, a child which was entirely unmanageable by his parents, was placed under the care of an eminent physician, and in six months he grew to be a general favorite of the household, ceased to swear, and became docile and affectionate. "This result was obtained without one word of correction or reproof; merely by changing his diet. When he came he would eat nothing but animal food, and had become animal in character. By depriving him of that which rendered him cross, irritable, and excitable, and substituting a diet of fruit, grain, and vegetables, plainly cooked but nourishing, he became entirely changed in disposition and appearance."

The simple fact that a person's temper, and accordingly a large proportion of his conduct, depends upon such an alternative as, whether his stomach is in a healthy, vigorous condition, whether the food he eats is properly converted into healthy material suitable for the continuous work of rebuilding brain and muscle, or whether unhealthy products constantly pollute the system, demonstrates the great responsibility resting upon every housekeeper, and shows to what an extent

she has the power to exert a beneficial influence over her family by leading them into plain, healthy habits of eating and drinking.

With care, food can be made plain and wholesome and at the same time palatable. A strong, vigorous person will relish food without any assistance from condiments and stimulants, and a weak stomach can be restored to strength by an avoidance of those things which tend to weaken it. If one-half the time now spent in concocting elaborate, indigestible, and unhealthy dishes, were spent in obtaining knowledge as to the laws which govern our being and the means of retaining and promoting health, a large share of the crime, misery, and sickness would be avoided. This is a study which ought to engage the attention and employ the best energies of every wife and mother in our land. E. S. K.

Diet and Its Relation to Human Welfare and Progress.

The subject of food is one that might well attract the attention of a great majority of mankind three times a day for about 365 days. The result should be of great physical and mental, as well as economic, benefit to the entire human race.

That interest in the subject of scientific selection and preparation of food is on the increase is evidenced by the readiness with which the masses study and criticize every new work upon the subject, and also by the thousands of questions asked of writers and educators in this line. Every intelligent effort which has been put forth has met with substantial success. It is a singular and lamentable fact, the evil consequences of which are far-reaching, that the selection and preparation of food material has been left in a great measure to ignorant and thoughtless domestic servants, who care as little as they know whether the food be wholesome and nutritious, or whether it merely tickles the appetite of their employers and does not require an extra amount of exertion on their part. Consequently, although this branch of economy should be foremost in the progress of the race, as it involves both chemical and physical processes, it has advanced less rapidly than any other branch of human industry. As I have said before, an abundance of wealth simply means an abundance of food and clothing, and the tremendous rush for wealth is the same kind of activity which is displayed by the gay squirrel when he stores up large quantities of nuts during the fall. Is it not strange, therefore, that men thoughtlessly strive and bend all of their energies to secure that wherewith to buy food and then are content to remain in ignorance in regard to the food problem itself?

One great publisher says:

"Iron mining, glass making, even the homely art of brick making, and many of the operations of the farm and dairy have been advantageously modified by the results of the fruitful labors of modern scientific investigators. But the art of cookery is at least a century behind in the march of scientific progress. The mistress of the kitchen is still groping her way amid the uncertainties of medieval methods, and dally homing the old results of the 'rule of thumb.' The

chemistry of cookery is as little known to the average housewife as were the results of modern chemistry to the old alchemists, and the attempt to make wholesome, palatable, and nourishing food by the methods commonly employed is rarely more successful than that of those misguided alchemists in transmuting lead and copper into silver and gold."

Mrs. E. E. Kellogg says: "No one thing over which we have control exerts so marked an influence upon our physical prosperity as the food we eat, and it is no exaggeration to say that well-selected and scientifically prepared food renders the partaker whose digestion permits of its being well assimilated superior to his fellow mortals in those qualities which will enable him to cope most successfully with life's difficulties, and to fulfill the purpose of existence in the best and truest manner."

There are not many women who are in a better position to know the effect of diet upon people than Mrs. Kellogg, but among those who have made a deep study of the subject and given to the world the practical results of their investigations besides herself are Dr. Alice B. Stockham, Mrs. E. H. Richards, Dr. Gilman Thompson, Dr. A. J. Billows, Webster Edgerly, Dr. L. H. Anderson, and many others whose names are well known to scores of our readers.

It is a peculiar fact well worthy of deep consideration that most thinkers, writers, and experimenters upon the subject of alimentation ultimately become strong advocates of a meatless diet. First from the standpoint of humanity, second health, third economy. The points are all well taken; flesh eating, like the mutilating of the person for the purpose of personal adornment, is a relic of barbarism; not many of our women in modern civilization but would be horrified at the suggestion that they wear rings in their noses, and yet they mutilate their beautiful ears for the purpose of adornment. Civilized man is equally horrified at the thought of eating human flesh and yet he is only a step removed from it, and contents himself with animal flesh.

The subject is almost a limitless one, and I might go on giving extracts from the greatest authorities living, and they would all be interesting and instructive. My aim, however, is to get the readers of this column to thinking for themselves and putting into practice three times daily the results of their study. Let the housewives consider the matter of proper food combinations, what materials should be served to the active, growing school children, and what should be served to the aged and infirm. I should like to receive a thousand letters from the thoughtful ones within the next month, asking questions upon this important subject. If I can by this method learn upon what subject of dietetics the most information is needed I will try to supply it. I will try to answer all letters that contain stamps for reply; if I find I cannot do this I will answer through this column.

DAVID H. REEDER, M. D., Ph. D.

*Chicago Inter Ocean
Oct 18, 98.*

DR. KELLOGG'S LIBRARY

The Most Complete of its Kind in
the United States.

RICH AND RARE VOLUMES.

A Perfect and Accurate System of
Classification.

At Dr. J. H. Kellogg's beautiful residence on Manchester street, is a collection of books the extent of which combined with their rare worth and the perfect system of their organization, form a library that is of credit to the possessor.

As one enters the spacious rooms and lobbys that lie on either side of the large hall and reception rooms, the eye catches sight of walls lined with beautiful sycamore cases in which are the choicest of books.

Scattered systematically, in this way, over the many rooms, the appearance of a large library or stock room is avoided, and thousands of volumes are always conveniently at hand.

The books, pamphlets and periodicals are all uniformly classed and arranged on the shelves according to the Dewey system.

Miss Jordan, who has for over a year been organizing the library, has especially prepared herself for her work and enters heart and soul into it. Subsequent to taking a college training Miss Jordan took a course in library science in the Technical College of Armour Institute, Chicago, and as a classifier and cataloguer and a library organizer, she excels.

Her work in this library has not been confined to the English language but embraces the French, German, Spanish and Italian.

Miss Jordan was invited to read a paper before the Michigan State Teachers' Association, in December, taking for her subject "School Room Libraries."

Dr. Kellogg has been collecting his library for over 30 years. At present the library contains over 20,000 volumes including 7,000 books, 3,000 bound periodicals, 10,000 pamphlets and 2,000 manuscripts.

The library receives currently 40 English and American and 50 foreign periodicals, coming from all parts of the world and in a great number of

There was one little Russian magazine in quaint hieroglyphics which the Doctor confessed that nobody reads.

There are periodicals from India, from South America, from Australia and from Mexico; but the larger part of the periodicals are French which the Doctor devours with avidity.

This large collection of periodicals by no means remain unused. They are read currently by the Doctor himself or by his co-workers and assistant editors.

The four periodicals edited by the Doctor and the large amount of library work done by him requires the constant use of all parts of his library. The books are freely used by the doctors and nurses at the Sanitarium and the medical students. Aside from a large number of medical and general books, the library contains special collections in Cookery, Domestic Economy, Child Study, Vegetarianism, Food, Gymnastics, Dress, Health and Hygiene.

There is also a collection of several hundred foreign books including, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Chinese and the Scandinavian languages.

In a small cabinet in one corner of the library is a collection of rare medical books, first editions and colophon of which only a few copies remain in existence.

These books the Doctor has picked up here and there in his trips through England and on the continent. Some of the books are made still more precious by marginal annotations or by the autographs of celebrated men of the period in which they were published.

One of the most interesting is *Regimen Sanitatis Salerni*, or "The Schools of Salerno Regiment of Health," published in London, in 1634. It is printed in the Guttenburg type with the old English "s" and the nouns capitalized as the Germans still do. The paragraphs are illuminated. The spelling is quaint indeed.

The book is published by H. Alsop and T. Fawcett dwelling in Grab-street neere the Tower Pumps. Surgery is spelled similar to the present French spelling, chyrurgery, Diet is Dyet and their, theyr.

Another book published in 1814 is "The Secrets of Maister Alexis, of Bledonck, by William Ward." It is quite as quaint as the previously described volume.

There is a little volume of Webster's Primitive English

in 1776, "Anatomy of the Human Body," published in 1741. This is finely illustrated by wood cuts, developed from pen pictures. These old volumes are printed on an excellent quality of hand pressed paper and the type is as clear as when first it came from the press.

One of the most interesting of the rare books in this collection is the first edition 1833 of Beaumont's experiments on the Stomach and Digestion of Alexis St. Martin, the French Canadian who was accidentally wounded, making an aperture into the stomach by the discharge of a musket. The book gives the experiments and observations on the stomach of Alexis St. Martin made by Dr. Beaumont.

These old volumes give one a marked impression of the progress in medicine.

The classification used is the Dewey system and the books stand on the shelves accurately arranged by subject.

The catalogue is a work of art. The cards, beautifully written in the library hand, are readable at a glance and are arranged in dictionary order to bring out the authors, subjects and titles of the books.

The catalogue is as quickly and easily consulted as is Webster's dictionary, and to find a book on the shelves by the use of the catalogue is but a moment's work.

All pamphlet material is classified and stands in pamphlet cases on the shelves with the subject. The unique system used catalogues, the pamphlets by subject, thus cataloguing on one card all the pamphlets on any subject. The Doctor's manuscripts are classified and catalogued in a similar manner.

To have all this material so ready at hand adds greatly to the value of the library and much enhances its worth.

The collection of so fine a library and the accomplishment of this excellent piece of library organization is a matter of special delight to the Doctor, and his face beamed with added brilliancy as he showed through the treasures of his library which in some respects is the most complete in the United States.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1881

B. C. Moore,

LIVING LEADERS.



LXII DR. J. H. KELLOGG.

PERFORMS PRODIGIES OF HARD WORK.

HOW DR. J. H. KELLOGG LABORS DAY AND NIGHT TO ADVANCE CHRIST'S KINGDOM—THE SECRET OF HIS POWER.

ment I make out mentally my schedule of work for the day. Jumping up, I take a cold sponge bath, dress rapidly, and eat a very light breakfast of fruit and grains.

"Am in my office soon after 7 o'clock, where I find awaiting me, a pile of letters over a foot high, and a secretary and stenographer. I read one letter, and at the same time my secretary reads another, while in the odd seconds and minutes, I dictate replies. This task is completed in about an hour. The remainder of the forenoon is spent in the consultation and

operating room. I perform more than a thousand operations yearly, and personally examine three-fourths of the patients that come to Battle Creek. I find that today I can perform an operation in five minutes, that twenty years ago occupied an hour and a half."

And let me add that a professor in one of our greatest universities told me that Dr. Kellogg performs an operation in fifteen minutes that would keep almost any other surgeon busy for an hour. And to examine three-fourths of the patients coming to the sanitarium, is no light task when it is remembered that fifty to one hundred people arrive there daily.

I RECENTLY had a delightful hour's conversation with one of the most interesting men in America—Dr. J. H. Kellogg. Few persons in the world work harder than he. He reminds you of the German Emperor in his inexhaustible energy and lightning-like speed of activity. The amount of labor he performs seems incredible. It appears utterly impossible that one man could do so many things in a day, as he does. His story smacks of magic, of fairyland, of romance, but it is absolutely true, and is another case of truth being stranger than fiction.

Here are some of the lines of work Dr. Kellogg has charge of: he is superintendent of the Battle Creek Sanitarium, which is the largest in the world. He is president of a sanitarium organization which operates a dozen or so of these institutions in different parts of the globe. He is president of a missionary association which has hundreds of heralds of the gospel preaching in far off continents, isles of the sea and the slums of our great cities. He is editor of half a dozen weekly, monthly and quarterly periodicals. He is the author of nearly a score of popular and scientific books on medical subjects.

But the enumeration of these facts fail to give one a clear conception of his tremendous working capacity. Let us follow him through a single day, and see some of his working ways. In answer to my questions, he said:

"I generally awake at 6 o'clock a. m. Instantly, on opening my eyes, a torrent of ideas comes surging through my mind. I lie in bed for fifteen minutes, preparing for the two or more lectures I will have to deliver during the day. Then in a mo-

At 1 o'clock p. m., Dr. Kellogg delivers his first lecture and spends the remainder of the afternoon in overseeing the various departments of the institution, intermingled with more examining, more operating, more dictating, etc., etc.

At 7 o'clock p. m., he delivers another lecture, and gets back to his home at, possibly, 10 o'clock. Is his work now finished? Hardly. He dictates more letters. He dictates articles for his various publications. In fact, Dr. Kellogg dictates all his ideas. To write with a pen would be too slow, and take too much energy. He has six personal stenographers; two for correspondence, two for articles, and two for books which he is constantly writing. Some of these stenographers work with him during the day, others at night. Pacing up and down the floor in his medical or literary library or his study, he dictates until 12 or 1 or 2 or 3 o'clock. Then, dismissing his helpers, he heaps on his bed a pile of periodicals in English, German, French and Italian and reads until he can no longer hold his eyes open.

It is one of Dr. Kellogg's central principles to work every atom in his body to its utmost, every day. If he has had only an hour or two of sleep the night previous, he will take minute naps at intervals during the day as he sits in his chair.

Dr. Kellogg gets his vacations by doing what other men would call the hardest kind of work. He jumps aboard a train and visits a distant sanitarium, or the missionary college in Chicago, or delivers a lecture at a social, religious, medical or philanthropic conference. He takes a stenographer along, and crams his valise full of the latest literature.

After sitting for nearly an hour enchanted by his narrative, I exclaimed:

"Dr. Kellogg, tell our readers how on earth you manage to do so much! What is the secret of it? Give them the key that will unlock the mystery!"

In answer, he said: "When I was ten years old, I was weak in mind and body. My parents did not think it worth while to give me an education. First, I determined I would gain health. I early decided that from an ethical standpoint, flesh-eating is wrong, and later verified my conclusion by the most careful scientific research. I obeyed God's laws of health, yet until twenty I was hardly ever free from pain. Today, at forty-six, I haven't an ache or pain in the world. My muscles are like steel. I attribute it largely to eating fruits, grains, and nuts; and to working until I am worked out, seven days in the week, and three hundred and sixty-five days in the year."

TO HELP THE FALLEN.

A New Departure Opened by Dr. J. M. Kellogg in Chicago.

The latest addition to Chicago's philanthropic centers has just been opened by Dr. Kellogg of this city.

The building in which this new institution opened has been known for the last forty years as the Home for the Friendless.

There are several institutions operated under the same management—the Workingmen's Home and Medical Mission, the Medical Missionary College settlement, the American Medical Missionary College, the Rescue Home and "The Star of Hope" Mission. The one just opened will be a Training School, where students may get a medical education at a small cost. A free dispensary for the benefit of the sick poor will be a feature. The school is endorsed by the Illinois state board of health, will provide a four year course, with thorough scientific training both in medical and missionary work and will be up to the standard of all colleges. Missionary students recommended by any missionary board will be given their education and enabled to pay for it in work or fee. The college dispensary will be in charge of Dr. Bayard Holmes, one of the gentlemen who took part in the late conference. Clinics in the different branches of medicine will be regularly conducted. A corps of self-supporting trained nurses will be stationed there, from whence will be conducted free medical and visiting work among the destitute classes.

At present there are about sixty-five workers. More will be added from time to time, who, while undergoing training, will spend a large part of their time in different lines of philanthropic work with newsboys, girls and women, conducting street meetings, etc.

All the workers are self-supporting as far as possible, getting no salaries, and all they make is enough to eat. There is a small printing department in connection, to do the printing, and an industrial department where will be manufactured rugs out of old carpets; also brooms will be manufactured. These industries enable the needy ones to repay in a measure for the care and accommodations received.

The uttermost doubt and clearest opponent cannot but acknowledge that Dr. Kellogg and his assistants are

powerful force, working for the betterment of the nation; and while some sit with folded hands wondering what they can do this man is quietly laboring in the Master's vineyard. As was said by one gentleman during the late conference, "Instead of singing 'O, to be There,' let us sing, 'O, to be Here,' and make our presence felt now."

The Battle Creek Daily Moon

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1897.

The XIX Century Club at the Sanitarium

"We have planned to have a summer holiday together," wrote a member of the XIX Century Club recently to Dr. Kellogg of the Battle Creek Sanitarium, "and some of our number are anxious that it should be given to seeing your institution in Battle Creek, and learning something more about what it stands for as a force for rational treatment of disease and the spread of the gospel of hygienic living in the world. Would twenty-five or thirty of us at one time be an intrusion, and, if not, could you provide us with bath room treatments and a one o'clock dinner, and what will be the expense of the same to each person?"

In two days this cordial reply came:

"Yours of the 23d is at hand. We shall be delighted to have you and your friends with us, and could provide the hospitality you suggest any day, if you will give us two or three days notice. There will be no charge whatever for dinner or a bath. We are glad to reciprocate in this manner the many courtesies and evidences of appreciation of our work which you have shown us. Am sorry Mrs. Kellogg is away. She has been away the entire summer. I shall be at home for the next two weeks. If you come during that time I shall be pleased to meet you.

Very sincerely yours,
J. H. KELLOGG."

This generous offer of hospitality was the forerunner of a series of surprises which awaited the club on August 3, the date chosen for the visit. A telegram came the evening before, announcing that carriages would be in waiting at the station and a reception committee would welcome the club as they stepped from the train. Mr. Harry Farnsworth and Misses Lillian Eshleman, Amelia Zixf, Ettie Kirby, Nettie Armstrong and Mae Hall, all medical students, composed the committee, and most thoughtful and constant were they in their kindness until they saw us upon the train at 8:30 in the evening.

At the door of the Sanitarium we were welcomed by Mrs. S. M. I. Henry and her daughter, Mrs. Mary Henry Rossiter, both of whom are well-known to the readers of *Good Health*. Mrs. Henry was for years a co-worker with Miss Willard in the national W. C. T. U. and her new book, "Studies in Child Culture," is receiving much attention and has already been adopted as a text book in Madison and other educational institu-

tions. Mrs. Henry and Mrs. Rossiter joined with the committee in making the day a delightful and memorable one.

The gymnasium was the first place visited as it was the hour for practice. It is one of the roomiest, best lighted, ventilated and equipped gymnasiums in the state and it was taxed to its fullest capacity, as indeed is the whole institution, there being fourteen hundred people there, including the family, which is about equal in number with the patients. Every available place is used for cots and dining tables, and inquiries are coming all the time from people who would pay almost any price for rooms. Among the distinguished patients there now are Ex-Governor and Mrs. Altgeld.

The furnishings and service are as perfect as in the finest hotels. There are plenty of people who demand and who are able to pay for these things. There are more who are not and their needs are met in less expensive appointments in cottages or at the hospital. There are also a number of endowed beds. The institution is truly philanthropic and thousands of dollars are expended each year in free service to those unable to provide it for themselves. The earnings of the institution are used in this way and in enlarging the work.

The grounds are beautiful with grass, flower beds, palms, shrubbery and potted plants and no one is required to keep off the grass. Upper verandas are fringed with boxes of blossoming plants and vines. The large plate glass windows in the grand parlor from which draperies are entirely drawn back, look out upon beautiful lawn pictures.

From the gymnasium we went to the bath rooms, the company dividing into parties of six so as not to be in one another's way and to give all chance to hear explanations. I could give all my space to the bath rooms alone, such an institution it is in itself and so many and varied are the treatments given. There are rooms equipped with the most modern improvements for more kinds of baths than I know the names of. There are dressing rooms and massage rooms by the score, douche rooms, enema rooms, waiting rooms, resting rooms, and hallways leading everywhere. It is easy for one unaccustomed to the place to lose her bearings, as more than one of our number can testify who found some difficulty in locating their own dressing rooms after their baths. Each was permitted to choose the treatment she would take, and all who

availed themselves of the privilege were delighted with the experience.

Such attendants and nurses as are developed in the Battle Creek Sanitarium and its branch institutions cannot fail to renew and exalt one's faith in humanity and belief in human goodness. I have sometimes said: "To find Christianity pure and undefiled one needs but to know the inner and everyday life of the great kindergarten." I think I can remember

service, which is God's service, in these beneficent institutions, which now almost belt the world and spread not only the gospel of hygienic living, but that higher gospel which Dr. Drummond has called 'the greatest thing in the world,' and which always finds expression in ministration. There is surely something in the training given here which not only develops skilled professional ability, but which is alive with the spirit of love. There was that light which shines in the face only where love abides in the heart, in the countenances of our coterie of medical students, and I said, "They have found it too." It is the greatest thing in the world and no one is truly happy till his life is tuned to its key.

But to go back to our party. We go down to the fine large swimming pool where daily lessons are given in this art, and where those who have already attained it can enjoy the pleasure. From here we are taken to carriages and are soon on our way to the Haskell Home where more than one hundred orphan children are being educated and fitted for usefulness in the world. It is a memorial institution and the story of how it came to be is a good illustration of the contagious nature of this spirit of doing something for somebody else which is in the very air of this place. A woman of wealth, while a patient here, became inspired with a desire to share in the work of service and the Haskell home was established as a memorial to a promoted member of her household. On the way to the Home we pass the James G. White Memorial Home for old people. The building for mental patients, set in beautiful and quiet surroundings, was pointed out to us from an upper window at the Haskell Home. I am always learning of departments and branches of work under the auspices of this institution which I had not known about before, though I have followed its development for a score of years and have made Dr. Kellogg's "Home Hand Book" my guide to medical treatment in my own home for more than three-fourths of that time. The Haskell Home is equipped and carried on in accordance with the most advanced ideas of the time, the family plan being in use and the kindergarten and manual training having prominent places.

On the return drive we stop for an hour at the beautiful home of Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Kellogg and their twenty-two adopted children, and are welcomed by Dr. Kellogg and the young lady members of the household who are in charge of home affairs during the absence of Mrs. Kellogg in Staten Island for the summer, with seven or eight of the children. Dr. Kellogg entertains in a rarely interesting and delightful way and perhaps no experience of the day was so deeply valuable as the hour in this home, where object lessons in practical Christianity, child training, including the kindergarten and manual training, and in domestic science as well, were interspersed with bright thoughts and intensely interesting stories from his

own experience.

Every child which shares that home has a history and the story of the conditions under which many of them were found and taken into the family life will bring tears to the eyes of those who listen. A few years ago Dr. Kellogg chanced to read in a Chicago daily of two little children who were found in a tenement house with their dead mother, alone and in a starving condition. His heart was touched. He telegraphed to Chicago and made arrangements to have someone go after the children. In less than a week they were members of his family. Today they are a credit and an honor to him and the system of education in operation in his home. The young people of the family have a fully equipped printing office and they edit and publish a paper. They have a subscription list and keep books in a systematic way. We were shown the subscription book. It is a model of neatness and good penmanship. The books are kept by the little girl who was found eating the bit of candle beside the dead body of her mother in the Chicago tenement house. The boy is the editor-in-chief. They can use cabinet makers' tools and do difficult cabinet work with skill. This is true of every member of the family who has passed the age of twelve years. The girl is also skilled in domestic science and in all that goes to make a capable and beautifully developing girl. What is true in her development is true in varying degrees according to the age of the child, of every member of the household. There is no hired servant in that home. The work is done by the family and every one, with the possible exception of the baby, which is less than two years old, has a regular share in the work. There is a separate bed for each. Those who are above four years of age make their own beds and do it beautifully. Little Robert, three-and-a-half, was asked what he did. "I dust and take care of the closet," said he, and he took us to the room which he kept in order. Each has his own place for his own belongings and looks after keeping them there. They have many animal pets and take entire care of them. The only helper employed in any capacity in the place is a man who takes care of the grounds which cover ten acres, much of which is a grove. An ideal place it seems for children to grow up and have good times in. Corporal punishment is unknown. Said Dr. Kellogg: "I have never inflicted pain on any child." They are as happy as the birds, because they grow up in a free, natural and happily employed way. Mrs. Kellogg makes out a plan of activities for each member of the family. Dr. Kellogg ex-

cepted, for each day, and all runs smoothly. Among the animals are a number of deer, several Shetland ponies, two parrots, and an Australian cockatoo. This latter caused much interest and amusement from the way in which it understood Dr. Kellogg and would do many remarkable things. We visited the printing office in the basement.

the Cricket, the home paper, which is published monthly and is twenty-five cents a year, and spent an interesting season in the museum where articles of wearing apparel and the made products of every country on the globe were displayed. It is a large and valuable collection and is made use of by the children in studying geography.

The nursery and sleeping rooms are on the third floor and here we found the younger members happily employed at play around a low table. Some of the older ones were enjoying it with them. At Dr. Kellogg's suggestion they all went down to the music room and joined in singing a song, the words, written by Dr. Kellogg, setting forth the delights and advantages of a vegetarian diet. Here are three of the fifteen verses:

List and hear these creatures all,
Mighty beasts as well as small,
With a thousand, thousand voices loud
and long repeat,
"We beseech you, let us live,
Take not life you cannot give,
Only kill ferocious creatures, never slay
to eat."

It was God's appointed plan,
Given long ago to man,
That no creature of another creature's
flesh should eat,
But that all alike should dine
On the fruit of tree and vine
And the toothsome grains that Heaven
has given man for meat.

Better far it is to be
A vegetarian, don't you see?
As thus we take our daily food direct
from Heaven's own hand,
When we eat another's flesh,
We're not taking food that's fresh,
But are living on a diet that is second-
hand.

Not one of the children has tasted meat since coming into the family, and they are as robust and beautiful children as can be found anywhere. No meat was ever cooked in the house. Every child but the baby, which sat on top of the upright piano, assisted in the singing. Robert, three-and-a-half years old, standing on a chair and beating time, as unconscious of self in any undesirable way as a kitten at play. Dr. Kellogg presided at the piano.

The dining room table made me think of the long family dining table at Hull House. To one unaccustomed to so large a family it might suggest a dinner party. Here we are served to lemonade. We visit the kitchen with its numerous large windows looking out upon beautiful grove and landscape pictures, perfect in all its appointments, and are delighted with everything.

I go out from that home more than ever impressed with the possibilities for usefulness of just two consecrated strong lives awake to using and making opportunities and thankful that it has been permitted me to know so much of Dr. and Mrs. Kellogg and the beautiful service they are rendering their kind.

Such a wholesome, nourishing, bountiful, appetizing and delicately prepared and served dinner awaited us at the Sanitari-

um, was in itself an answer to every possible argument for the need of a meat diet to satisfy the demands of the body or the pleasures of the palate. I would like well to go into detail describing the various dishes and giving recipes for a number of them but it must be deferred. Sample packages of the various nut and grain preparations were given each member, also a copy of that most valuable magazine, *Good Health*, which would save many times the cost every year in any home in helps to hygienic living and rational treatment of disease.

A couple of hours are spent after dinner in visiting laboratories, manual Swedish movement rooms, hospital, cooking school, kitchen, and many other interesting places, and learning so much of the common sense principles upon which every prescription is based, whether of diet, exercise, bath room or other treatment, that I more than ever pin my faith to the drugless methods of this beneficent place, which must continue to be a growing educational force in the world, for it is founded on the eternal laws of health.

The announcement is made at four o'clock that a street car ride to Gouguac is to come next, where a ride on the steamer and a lunch await us. The Sanitarium Company own a beautiful villa overlooking the lake, where a number of the patients, who desire quiet, are spending the summer. In the commodious parlor here Mrs. Rossiter and Miss Eschleman, by request, give short talks on rational dress, as a substitute for the visit to the dress department of the Sanitarium, which we did not have time to take, and President H. J. Johnson, in behalf of the club, expresses, as well as it is possible to do in words, appreciation of the many fine courtesies and more than royal entertainment of the day, to which the club responds by a rising vote of thanks, to Dr. Kellogg, the Sanitarium Company, the committee, and all who contributed to the rare interest and pleasure of the day. Lunch was served while the talks were being given. A delightful seven miles steamer ride was taken at sunset. The twenty minutes of waiting at the station was improved in sociability and it was hard to realize that our new friends were but acquaintances of a day and I more than ever agree with Lillian Whiting that friends are discovered, not made.

B. M. P.

Charlotte Torburn

Aug. 1898.

Dr. J. H. Kellogg was surrounded by a crowd of people at the conclusion of his lecture on "The Gospel of Health" yesterday afternoon, eager with questions. All the Walk and Talk man had to do was to stand still and listen. "Where do you live, doctor?" said one. "I scarcely know," he replied, "we have nineteen sanitariums but my headquarters are at Battle Creek, Mich." "Don't you believe in eating cheese at all?" demanded a tall woman. "Only in its original state, Madame, in peas and beans—not after it is putrefied." "Well, but Doctor," said a stout lady, "Don't you think we ought to eat meat, *ever*?" "I haven't eaten meat in thirty-three years, and you see me," was the reply, "we have twenty-four people in our house, and never a bit of meat or a drop of milk." "Well, what do you eat?" exclaimed the tall woman. "Nuts," replied the doctor, "boiled peanuts for instance—they should be boiled twelve hours and then they are a most nutritious and delicious food." The women stood aghast.

CHAUTAQUA ASSEMBLY HERALD.
AUGUST 17, 1898.

...ic text-book.

What can a local union do to arouse the interest of its members in the question of health?

I suppose this question properly belongs to the superintendent of the department of health, but personally I know of nothing so likely to arouse an intelligent interest in this subject as to cooperate with Dr. J. H. Kellogg, in his plans for health schools. The General Officers at the last Convention requested Dr. Kellogg, so far as possible, to lay his plans before the local unions and invite their cooperation. He and his coadjutors are very willing to do this and now if a corresponding willingness can but be aroused in white-ribboners themselves something will surely be brought to pass in this direction. It is quite time that an interest should be aroused in this subject. Our workers are falling out by the way here and there, some through overwork, but most because they have never learned the laws under which work should be done. A letter addressed to Dr. J. H. Kellogg, Battle Creek, Mich., will give you all needful instruction concerning these schools.

From the *Syracuse Herald*.

It was a great relief to leave the hot, dusty cars and drive two miles from the station over a macadamized road to the little village of Alfred, nestled amongst the Allegany hills. And what a restful sleep I had that night, such as no doctor can find the secret of. Is there anything in this world a greater relief to a brain racked by the noises of a city, than the quiet of a country night? No rasping, grinding of a trolley-car; nor screeching of a steam whistle, as a heavy train goes by; no street-cleaning apparatus, with their swearing drivers, at two o'clock at night; no ice wagons; nor coal carts; nor milk carts; no grating of lawn mow-

ers at six o'clock in the morning; nothing to be heard here, but the twittering of birds.

All the first colonists to this country stamped their settlements with their peculiar character; that character still shows itself, unless a state or town becomes so cosmopolitan it lacks all distinctive character. This town of Alfred was settled about 1807 by people from Berlin, Rensselaer County, who were the descendants of the "Independent Thinkers," who, with Roger Williams were driven out of Massachusetts. They claimed the right to worship God according to the Bible, and their own consciences, not by the rule of a church. They were Seventh-day Baptists. Most of the present inhabitants of Alfred belong to that denomination, Sabbatharians they call themselves. They keep the seventh day holy according to the Commandment, which they say, was never altered by Divine ordinance. This change of days, produces a most singular confusion in the mind of a "Sunday person," as we are called.

AN IDEAL VILLAGE.

Alfred is an ideal little village of 700 or 800 inhabitants, "swung like

1,800 feet above sea level. The valley in which the town was built is only one mile by two in length. The hills that rise on all sides are beautiful to behold. It is a typical American town; not a family of foreign birth here; it reminds me of descriptions of the quiet old cathedral towns of England, although it can surpass them in some respects. No license has been granted for the sale of intoxicating liquors for more than fifty years. I heard one man say: "We are six miles from a drink of beer." The town enjoys an almost entire immunity from drunkenness, insanity, pauperism and crime. There is neither a town hall, billiard or pool table in the whole place. There is so little litigation that no lawyer has ever been able to make a living here. There is a Justice of the Peace office and a Notary Public, but it does not look as if there was a great rush of business there.

Judge McLennan, of Syracuse, graduated at Alfred University, as did also his three brothers and a sister. He is an honored son, one of whom they are proud, but he would get no chance here to grant or dissolve injunctions; order grasping companies to replace pavements pulled up in the night, or rails torn up to the great inconvenience of the public. There are only three or four doctors, and these have time to attend to their patients and help them; their fees are so small that it is fortunate the expenses of living are ridiculously cheap in Alfred. There seems to be no excuse for anyone being ill, in this pure, delightful air, but some persons would miss their pet ailments and doctors in heaven.

There are two good brick blocks on the main street, the streets are well graded, sewered and macadamized; the sidewalks are of flag stone, and there are several pretty little bridges of iron and cut stone. This is a famous dairy country, cheese and butter, but the largest business carried on in town is that of the Celadon Terra-Cotta Company. About 1887, Prof. J. J. Merrill, of the Art department of the University, discovered in the country near a very fine modeling clay. It proved to be superior for brick and terra cotta. Tiles for roofing are the principal articles manufactured now.

THE FIREMEN'S HALL.

What would our firemen think of

It is a brick metal-roofed building. On the first floor at the right, is the engine room. Back of the entrance hall are a parlor and dining-room with a spacious, well stocked kitchen opening off. On this floor is also a small room used by the city fathers as a council chamber. On the second floor is an audience-room, which will seat about 600 people. In this building is held the Firemen's fair, an annual event given in December, calling out the whole community. The fire company is a volunteer organization.

As there is but one church in this town, the people work more unitedly than in most communities. There is a Ladies' Aid society, a Woman's Evangelical society, a Christian Temperance Union, a Senior and Junior Society of Christian Endeavor. There is a Grand Army post and a Woman's Relief corps. Several thousand dollars a year is spent in relief work for the country around.

UNIVERSITY THE PRIDE OF ALFRED.

But the heart and pride of Alfred is its university, which is the logical result of the academy established more than thirty years ago by those sturdy New Englanders, who always built a church and a school house as soon as their log cabins were ready to shelter them.

The academy was attended from the very first by about thirty young men and women, who were the brothers and sisters of about half that number of families. From that day to this, the sister by an unquestionable right shared her brother's daily intellectual studies, upon absolutely equal terms, as far as she chose to go; she also shared his honors. Alfred has always been a pioneer in the recognition of the equal right of women to the advantages of the highest education; she is also the mother of many schools that have done likewise. It has been proven by her experience of all these sixty odd years, that a woman is not made less womanly, by co education in the higher range of studies, nor men less manly, for there is one glory of womanhood, and another of manhood, and each grows brighter and better in the light of the other.

President Allen said: "I don't believe the creator ever intended that men alone should advance the race; it must remain practically



Grammar School.

Memorial Hall.

Ladies Hall.

Steinbohm.

Mrs. Allen's Home.

Gothic.

Chapel.

Residence.

BIRDSEYE VIEW OF UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS. (Taken from the hill side south-west of the village.)

savage till the spiritual forces of woman's soul shall equally share with man in the lifting up of humanity into the higher plain of moral and spiritual living."

The faculty at Alfred has always been composed of men and women of strong character, and the women have been recognized by the public as doing as efficient work as men.

In 1849 the Alfred Academy was preparing young men and women to enter with advanced standing into colleges. The State reports give it the credit of sending out more and a higher grade of teachers than any other similar institution in the State—more than a hundred young men and women going out as teachers each year. A member of the Legislature said: "Allegany county and all Southwestern New York owe more for their high standing in intellectual and moral reforms to William C. Kenyon and his co-workers of Alfred academy than all other influences combined."

Alfred has been, and is, pre-eminently the college for the poor boy and girl, who will work for an education. Two or three hundred dollars a year will suffice, and some have lived on less. There are boys who have driven a cow to Alfred, hired a pasture and paid most of their expenses by selling the extra milk. One girl was here for three years. She wore the same dress and shawl all that time, but was graduated at the head of her class. There are boys here now working their way through. One bright looking one told me of his hopes and plans. I could not help comparing him with some dandy young students I have known. It is almost certain that, in this country, where the ability to work is the test of success, the boy or girl who begins when young to depend upon self, is better fitted to succeed and more certain to than the boys who are supported by their fathers until they are twenty years old, and who have acquired expensive tastes and a habit of dependence.

There are interesting stories of Indian students, who have studied at Alfred. At one time the chief of the Seneca Indians, himself a Christian, came to Alfred to secure homes for some of the girls of his tribe. Besides book learning he wished them to be taught all things that go to make Christian homes. He said: "It is useless to educate the young men only of one tribe, for when they come back and marry heathen wives

the future families will be scarcely above the old standard unless the girls are educated."

Fifteen Indian girls were educated at Alfred at one time. Some of them became mothers of pleasant homes, while others were teachers and missionaries among their people.

OLD LITERARY SOCIETIES.

The Alfred academy had a literary society called the Franklin lyceum, which trained many men who afterwards became famous public speakers. The women professors and scholars were invited to listen to them but were not asked to take part, though they shared all their studies.

The women determined to have a society of their own, which was organized in October, 1846, fifty-two years ago, and given the name of Adelpian (Sisterhood); the motto was:

Ever turning, ever changing,
Ever through new beauties ranging.

If I am not mistaken, this is the oldest, and first literary society organized by women in the United States, which has kept up an unbroken existence until this day. All reform movements, especially those connected with women's position, were discussed. Mrs. Oakes Smith, one of the very first women in this country to give public addresses, was invited to Alfred by the Adelpians in the spring of 1847. There was no railroad then, and she traveled from Binghamton to Alfred by stage. She gave the annual address to the whole college, and was surprised to find such interest and advanced thought in such a small Western town.

The Adelpian was, after some years, merged into the Ladies' Literary society, which afterwards took the name of the Alfredian, which is a flourishing organization to-day—grandmothers, mothers, daughters, having grown up in it and all belonging to it together.

From its earlier days Alfred has always been known as a progressive, advanced center of liberal thought.

Such speakers as Greeley, Beecher, Bayard Rustin, Lucy Stone, Miss Stanton, Mrs. Howe, Miss Anthony, Mrs. Livermore and many more coming here to a congenial home.

There are several other literary societies and a theological school with about equal numbers of young men and women in the class. It is not sectarian.

There have been women on the school board of the town for more

than twelve years; the fact is, the women of Alfred seem to have quietly taken and held many of the things for which the rest of us women are only now struggling.

In 1856 the trustees of Alfred Academy applied at Albany for a college charter. By the advice of the State authorities a university charter was taken. It offers the usual courses of study; classical, scientific, philosophical, also departments of music and art, and a well-equipped hall of physics, where a post-graduate course can be taken. The university has an excellent library of 12,000 volumes; it is a circulating and reference library.

But the most interesting place on the campus to a visitor is the Steinheim (stone home). This is a lasting embodiment of the ideals and labors of President Allen. He used to say "it grew." It was his design to have the exterior of the building an exponent of the geological formation of this region. There are between 7,000 and 8,000 samples of the rocks, chiefly taken from "the drift" within three miles of the university. The interior is finished in native woods, several hundreds. It is a labyrinth of rooms of every form, with vaulted ceilings, galleries, staircases and show cases fitted into every niche. It contains one of the most complete and rare collections in the departments of archaeology, paleontology, and many other subjects of interest to the student of nature and history.

Three or four generations of men and women in Alfred have had all of these advantages of education around them from their youth. They show the result in true refinement, in their dignified, simple lives—no effort at display, no silly fol-

lowing after foreign fashions, but a true life, with a high standard of intellectual attainment. They are not behind any place in patriotism to-day. About one man in every seventy-five of the population has gone to war, and the women are organizing.

SARAH SUMNER TRALL.

EARLY SETTLERS IN ALFRED.

To the Editors of the ALFRED SUN:

From Dea. Wm. H. Langworthy's farm easterly to the west line of the town of Hartsville, which, about 1842, was set off from the town of Hor-

sellville. Thomas Benjamin settled on the James Langworthy farm. He had three children, Thomas, Silas and Sarah. Mr. Benjamin died, and later his widow married Benjamin Collins, then a resident of Alfred, but later sold and moved to Wisconsin. Silas is now one of our esteemed citizens of this place. Jared Stillman bought this farm. He married Miss Ellis. They had six children, Silas, David, Calferna, Clinton and two younger. About 1847 he sold to James Langworthy and moved to Yorks Corners in the town of Willing. James Langworthy married Martha Stillman. They had two sons, Albert and Orra. The next farm is the Gridley farm. Elishue Babcock settled on this farm about 1828. He had six sons, John, Dow, Silas, Elijah, Ira and Lewis. His brother Ichabod settled on part of the same farm. He never married. Silas Benjamin, Sen. first settled the Cartwright farm. He had four sons, John, Charles, Thomas and Silas. His son Charles settled on the west side of the road from his father's farm. He had four children, Samuel, Hannah, Cynthia and Clarissa. Later he sold out, and still later Dr. John R. Hartshorn bought the place. John and Silas Benjamin settled the farms adjoining, north of their father's. Oliver Babcock settled on the Edward Emerson, or more recently the Woodruff farm. He had two children, Joseph and Roswell. He sold to Edward Emerson, who married a Miss Burdick, by whom he had six children, George, Orlow, Olin, Charlotte, Charles and James. His wife died and he married Miss Martha Satterlee. They had six children, Cynthia, William, Mary, DeForest, Castello and Clark. Mr. Emerson sold to William Woodruff, who now owns the farm. Oliver Babcock settled the farm southwest from the Gridley farm, land now owned by Remington Shaw. He had two children, Joseph and Roswell.

This completes the early settlers of the town, to the best recollection and information at the time of writing, but might be corrected in some minor points, which I would be pleased to have done, if anything of special importance is noticed, as the object is to publish things as they were.

W. H. S.

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No.

Price

BEN FRANKLIN ON MARRIAGE.

A New York correspondent of the *Pittsburg Dispatch* says: A leading member of Sorosis is preparing a paper on the mental attractiveness of old women, and in seeking new materials she applied to a Washington Government official, who has sent to her a hitherto unpublished letter by Benjamin Franklin. The document is authentic, and is included in the Franklin correspondence bought for \$30,000 by the Congress several years ago. It is as follows:

"My Dear Friend: Marriage is the most natural state of man, and therefore the state in which you are most likely to find solid happiness. Your reasons against entering it at present appear to me not well founded. The circumstantial advantages you have in view by postponing it are not only uncertain but they are small in comparison with that of the thing itself—the being married and settled. It is the man and woman united that complete human being. She wants his force of body and strength of reason; he, her softness, sensibility and acute discernment. Together they are more likely to succeed in the world. A single man has not nearly the value he would have in that state of union. He is an incomplete animal; he resembles the odd half of a pair of scissors. If you get a prudent healthy wife, your industry in your profession, with her good economy, will be a fortune sufficient.

"But if you will not take this counsel, and persist in bachelorhood, then I repeat my former advice that in all your friendships you should prefer old women to young ones. You call this a paradox, and demand my reasons. They are these:

"First—Because, as they have more knowledge of the world, and their minds are better stored with observations, their conversation is more improving and more lastingly agreeable.

"Second—When women cease to be handsome they study to be good. To maintain their influence over men they supply the diminution of beauty by an augmentation of utility. They learn to do a thousand services, small and great, and are the most tender and useful of all friends when you are sick. Thus they continue amiable, and hence there is hardly such a thing to be found as an old woman who is not a good woman.

"Because there is no hazard of increased family cares.

"Because through more experience they are more prudent and discreet in

conducting an intrigue to prevent suspicion. The falling in love with them is safer with regard to your reputation; and with regard to this, if the affair should happen to be known, considerate people might be inclined to excuse an old woman who would kindly take care of a young man, form his manners by her good counsel and prevent his ruining his fortune among mercenary adventuresses.

"Fifth—Because in every animal that walks upright the deficiency in the fluid that fills the muscles appears first in the highest part. The face soonest grows wrinkled and lank. Therefore, the age that shows in the visage is not necessarily proof of mental or physical decrepitude. [The quaintly philosophical Franklin proceeds with this argument in a manner that will not bear repetition.]

"Sixth—Because the sin of jilting an old woman is less than with a sentimental girl, whose whole life might be made unhappy by it. The making of a young girl miserable may give you frequent bitter reflections, none of which can attend the making of an old woman unhappy.

"Seventh—And lastly, they are so grateful.

"Thus much for my paradox. But still I advise you to marry directly, being sincerely your affectionate friend,
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN."



Joseph Cook

Joseph Cook.

MARY ALLEN WEST.

Some of God's children live lily lives, so hidden that fragrance alone betrays their existence; others dwell upon the mountain top and partake of the granite's strong nature. Such an one is Joseph Cook, for "the strength of the hills is his also." . . .

His parents are as well worthy our study as is their illustrious son. His mother still lives with him at Cliff Seat, and every evening leads the family devotions in reading the Scripture lesson. His father has passed into the skies, but he lived to see his son more than fulfilling his brightest anticipations.

Joseph Cook was born January 26, 1838, at Ticonderoga, New York. There is no more beautiful spot in America; it is just such a spot as God often chooses for the birth-place of those for whom He has a great work. Here his boyhood was passed amid inspiring natural surroundings, and in close companionship with parents whose whole influence tended toward the right development of his nature. Equally fortunate was he in his early teachers, the first of whom, Rev. Samuel H. Taylor, laid deep and broad foundations of learning upon which Mr. Cook has ever since been building. Love of nature and love of books divided, without contesting, supremacy in the boy's heart. In both of these passions his father sympathized; indeed, the comradeship between these two was beautiful to see. So thoroughly were his early advantages improved that the boy was ready to enter Yale College when he was twenty. Here the unbounded opportunities for study and for reading proved too strong a temptation for him, leading him into excess of study and neglect of hygienic law, which even his magnificent physique could not stand. His health broke down, and he was obliged to leave college. Two years at home recuperated his health and taught him how to take care of it. These two years were helpful to him in many ways, for in them he learned how to concentrate his powers and focus them upon one point; they gave definiteness to his aim, and taught him to bring all his studies to bear upon

before the people the relations of religion to science and philosophy. The intellectual world, especially in Europe, was seething with atheistic thought; scientists were striving to philosophize God out of His own universe, and prove from nature that there was no nature's God. This aroused the reverent nature of young Cook, and in the end led him to the line of study which has prepared him to be the unconquerable champion of Bible truth.

Again, these were the early years of our Civil War, when the nation's pulse beat at fever heat, and the young man's heart throbbed in unison with it. Thus was developed the burning patriotism which distinguished him, a patriotism which does not expend itself in fire-cracker scintillations, but stands like a rock for those principles of righteousness, justice, purity, temperance, on which alone our country's prosperity can be safely based.

In 1863 he returned to college, this time going to Harvard, where he graduated with honor in 1865. He then took a three years' theological course at Andover, to which he added a fourth for special ex-

amination of advanced religious and philosophical thought. Thus was he providentially fitted to successfully grapple with the problems of the "New Theology." He was ordained to preach, but never installed in any particular charge; God destined the world for his parish.

Not satisfied with the most thorough preparation America could give, he went to Germany in 1871, to attend the lectures of specialists in various departments. He thus gained a knowledge of

theories and of books such as could be gained only in those great centres of intellectual life. Following this was an extensive tour through the Continent adding the knowledge of men to his acquaintance with books. He was now thoroughly prepared for his life work, and it was ready for him. In 1874 he made his first appearance in the Monday Lecture Course, at Tremont Temple, Boston, and ever since this has been his favorite pulpit. His work there is *sui generis*, it is bringing to the people who have not the time, the talent or the opportunity

for exhaustive study, the ripest fruits of research in fields of momentous importance. Besides this, he discusses the living issues in a manly, impartial and masterful way. His success was immediate and startling. Conservative Boston was stirred as it never had been before; this cool, cynical, caviling Athens was roused to the white heat of religious enthusiasm. His audiences were of the kind exceptionally hard to please and unflinching; learned professors, critical ministers, questioning lawyers, materialistic doctors, thoughtful men and women, and those who came because Joseph Cook was "the rage," all shades of thought and opinion crowded Tremont Temple, and he held the attention and compelled the assent of all. This not for a week or a month or a season, but year after year, and next year's course is looked forward to with more eagerness than the first.

No other man has ever made such a record. How has Joseph Cook accomplished it? First by thorough preparation; he has mastered the themes on which he speaks by deepest research, and by opening his mind to the illumination of God's Spirit. . . . His lecture on "The Certainties of Religion," seems to me most typical of the man and of his work. "I know" is the key-note, and through it sounds the deep, strong bass of his irresistible logic; the soprano flights of eloquence, the keen, incisive tenor of irony and the unapproachable pathos of alto.

The ten volumes of these lectures published in England and America, show the broad scope of his thought and investigation: Biology, of which sixteen editions have been published; Transcendentalism, Orthodoxy, Conscience, Heredity, Marriage, Labor, Socialism, Occident and Orient.

His grasp of practical topics is demonstrated by the precludes on Current Events that accompany his Monday Lectures. Polygamy, divorces, strikes, relation of capital and labor, temperance, the Indian question—indeed, every question which vitally affects the well-being of community, has, in turn, received attention in these precludes. The most advanced philanthropic thought—if it be in the line of God's thought—finds in him a champion. He often makes these

precludes the occasion of setting his seal of approval upon the work of women in various philanthropic fields. . . .

Mr. Cook believes most thoroughly in all the reforms personified in these elect ladies. This is but a showing forth of one secret of his power, which is his intense conviction on every subject he discusses. He feels every word he speaks, hence his speech is with power. Nor does opposition daunt him; it rather seems to make him bolder. . . .

The thronging thousands of Tremont Temple are by no means his only audience. His lectures there are reported and published verbatim in the papers of Boston, New York and London, thus reach-

ing thousands, and, in the aggregate, millions. This year they are published in magazine form, convenient for preservation and reference. Nor are his Monday lectures all of his work in this line. Each year finds him lecturing in the chief cities of the continent; in one year alone he traveled twelve thousand and five hundred miles, including two trips across the continent, delivering an hundred and sixty lectures. Everywhere crowded houses await him. . . . He speaks entirely without notes, so rapidly that close attention is required to follow him; lays down his propositions in short, solid utterances, symmetrical as balls, which lodge themselves in memory. . . .

The ocean is not broad enough to confine the fame of such a lecturer to one continent, it spread to England, the continent, even to Asia and Africa. Urgent invitations came from all quarters, and in 1880 he started on a lecturing tour around the world, accompanied by his wife, his true yoke-fellow. The trip occupied over two years, and was a constant ovation. In Great Britain he spoke an hundred and thirty-five times, everywhere greeted with such enthusiasm that no halls could be found large enough to accommodate the crowds desirous of hearing him. . . .

From England he went to Germany, thence to Italy, Greece, Palestine and Egypt. But Probably the most profound impression was made in India, where in the Brahmins and Pundits he met

the power of Oriental, ~~Christless~~ culture. Reading the account of his lectures there, as it came to us in missionary letters, it seems as though his whole life had been a training for that supreme hour when he brought the certainties of Christ face to face with the speculations of Hindu philosophy. He lectured to Europeans and to educated Hindus, both often alike skeptical in regard to Christianity, with such power that a revolution of thought was inaugurated, whose beneficent influence is felt in our missions there to-day. In eighty-four consecutive days he made forty-two public addresses in India and Ceylon, and everywhere such crowds thronged to hear him that often the halls were packed an hour before time for the lecture to begin. From India, Mr. and Mrs. Cook went to China, Japan, Australia, New Zealand and the Sandwich Islands, Mrs. Leavitt's route in reverse order. In Japan he gave six lectures through an interpreter—the one, by the way, who afterward interpreted for Mrs. Leavitt—to Japanese students, teachers and public men. Everywhere his clear, philosophical presentation of the Christian religion commanded the respect of his learned hearers, heathen though many of them were, and led many thoughtful ones to such a study of Christianity as resulted in its acceptance. Mr. Cook returned even more than ever impressed with both the necessity and the efficacy of Christian missions.

A GLIMPSE AT SOUTHAMPTON, ENGLAND.

BY REV. NEWMAN HALL, D. D.

Let us begin our ramble at the ponderous Bar or gateway tower which once formed the principal entrance, though it is now in the center of the town. It completely fills the wide street. The walls are of great thickness, surmounted by massive machicolations. Up a narrow stair we enter the large court-room above the arch. Here the Mayor and magistrates hold their sessions, and culprits are tried as in the old time when "the gate-house" was a name of terror not only to felons but to innocent victims of oppression. Passing down the street we observe a fine old timbered house with several gables, and a ponderous oak door, well-guarded with big headed nails, and enormous lock. Inside we notice the panels and ceilings of dark oak.

In this house King Philip of Spain slept on the night of his landing, whence he went next day to Winchester to wed Queen Mary. Here, also, Queen Elizabeth, when princess, was entertained. A walk of a few minutes brings us upon a broad terrace, from which we have a grand view of the Southampton water and the shore beyond, with New Forest of King William Rufus in the distance; and the larger estuary of the Solent toward the east, separating the Isle of Wight from the mainland. Behind us, on elevated ground, once stood the castle. Looking toward our right we see some ruined round towers, flanking the wall, one of them constituting the northwest angle.

Descending a long flight of steps we are on the quay. Formerly the water at high tide and the mud at low, came up to the walls. Observe these walls. They are strengthened here and there with buttresses and projecting towers. Now we come to a very picturesque row of arches built up close to the wall, leaving a space at the top from which molten lead and other missiles might greet the uninvited visitor of old. Entering an opening in the wall we are now in a sort of open-air workshop and stable-yard. Look up at the lofty ancient wall enclosing it. Yonder you see a fire-place with Norman arch and supporting columns, where King John used to warm himself. This was a palace of his. Going forward and entering a narrow alley, we see two other Norman arches associated with the name of King Stephen.

A little further along this western wall we enter a small court and find "God's House" now called the French church. It is the oldest ecclesiastical foundation in the town, a restoration of the ancient Saxon church which once stood here. It is a small building with seats for about fifty people. French service is celebrated every Sunday. I was curious to read the inscription on an old tablet, and learned from it that the bodies of the Earl of Cambridge, Lord Scroop and Sir Thomas Grey, who conspired to murder Henry V., were here interred. The detection of the conspiracy is described in the first act of Shakespeare's drama. From the quay close by, the king with his army embarked in 1415, for Harfleur and afterwards fought at Agincourt. The Puritan citizens love to narrate how the Pilgrim Fathers lingered here and during six days spent £600 in tools and other articles, sailing away finally as they thought, but were obliged to put into Plymouth and named their first port in the New World from their last in the Old.

Now we are at the southeast angle. Here is a large massive tower with gateway, opening upon the old harbor. It is partially cov-

ered with iron, which hangs in ruinous apertures, once prison-windows. Tradition says that a young mother with her babe used to be seen sitting opposite one of these, watching intently a captive who, within the bars, was intently watching her. The babe was Isaac Watts, the prisoner his father, shut up there two years for the crime of worshipping God according to his conscience, by warrant of that "most religious and gracious king" Charles II. who was openly reveling with his titled harlots, and defying every law of God and every decency of social life. Two years afterwards when the elder Watts was about to be released, tradition says that his little boy stood under the window holding up some flowers, and that this circumstance was in the poet's mind when he wrote the couplet:

A flower when offered in the bud,
Is no mean sacrifice.

No doubt he thought of his father's imprisonment when he wrote:

Let Cæsar's rights be duly paid
To Cæsar and his throne;
But consciences and souls were made
To be the Lord's alone.

I was shown a large and somewhat imposing house, having projecting wings with quadrangle. Here the poet's father, who was a man of substance and learning, kept a boarding-school. I was taken into a large and lofty room now crowded with merchandise, where Isaac Watts was born in 1674. I delivered a temperance lecture in the "Watts Memorial Hall" attached to the "Above Bar Chapel." This large church is on the site of the original meeting-house where the poet's father acted as deacon. During 200 years it had only four pastors.

When quite a lad, young Watts expressed his regret that better hymns were not sung. The hymnology of that day, if we may judge from old Sternhold and Hopkins, might be criticised, even by a boy, without the charge of presumption. He was told in reply to try and do better himself. The next Lord's Day he brought a manuscript of a hymn, which was then and there sung. Doubtless the congregation must have been both surprised and delighted when they lifted up their voices in a strain the like of which they had never yet heard:

Behold the glories of the Lamb
Amidst his Father's throne;
Prepare new honors for his name
And songs before unknown.

Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with Thee.

From this time he brought a new hymn every week, and thus began the "Collection of Watts' Psalms and Hymns."

A statue of Watts was recently erected by public subscription, and inaugurated by Lord

Shaftesbury. It represents him as poet, philosopher, pastor and preacher. The figure, heroic in size, of white marble, exhibits him in the act of preaching. A bas-relief on one side represents the youthful poet, looking up with ecstasy. Beneath are his words, "To Heaven I lift my waiting eyes." On the other side is the philosopher, with Johnson's eulogium, "He taught the art of reasoning and the science of the stars." In front is the pastor, surrounded by a group of little children, for whom he loved to compose catechism and hymns. The face looks toward a landscape more frequently, though unconsciously, celebrated in song than any other. A small river from the northwest opens into an arm of the sea just above the town, dividing it from the opposite shore which gradually rises from the water, with cultivated fields and verdant pastures. Day and night the ocean-tide swells in and out of an estuary which may accurately be termed a "narrow sea." Very beautiful appear those "sweet fields" when the sun lights up their slopes, and irresistible is the desire the sight awakens to escape from the turmoil of the town, and crossing that "swelling flood," to wander over those fair regions "clothed in living green," and pluck their vernal, though "withering flowers." The statue stands where the poet loved to stroll, or to sit musing as he contemplated the scene which was in his mind's eye and his heart's core, as he sang of "A land of pure delight," and of the "Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood."

A visitor to Southampton will scarcely fail to stop a few hours on his way to visit the neighboring city of Winchester, so long the capital of Britain where, among other antiquarian memorabilia, he may see in the old Norman cathedral the antique chest containing the bones of eminent Saxon kings, Kenulph, 714 A. D.; Edmund, son of Alfred; Egbert, 837, founder of the English monarchy; together with those of Canute and his Queen, and of William Rufus.

London.

CLARA BARTON'S OLD HOME

The Founder of the Red Cross Society
Was Born in Oxford, Mass.

SCHOOL TEACHER AND FACTORY GIRL

At a Very Early Age She Developed the Traits of Character That Have Since Made Her Famous.

BOSTON, Feb. 8.—In the little village of Oxford, Mass., are many reminders of the brave woman who in the name of America is carrying the Red Cross of mercy into the realm of the crescent and the cimeter. Here, amid the low hills of Worcester County, is the birthplace of Clara Barton, while at every turn one is confronted with objects connected with her life. For she left her stamp so indelibly upon this little community before she went out into the world, over fifty years ago, that the town-folk are still talking about her, not as the head of the Red Cross, nor yet as the army nurse known among the soldiers' homes throughout this land, but as the village school teacher, the leading spirit in local affairs.

THE NEW-YORK TIMES correspondent went to her native place a few days ago to visit the picturesque scenes of her youth and to ascertain something about that unwritten part of her career. Singularly enough, Oxford is the same town that has given to the Nation its present Secretary of State, and



Where Clara Barton Was Born.
North Oxford, Mass.

on the banks of the same mountain stream Richard Olney passed his early years while Clara Barton, his senior by nearly eighteen years, was budding into womanhood. But the two simple homes of future greatness were separated by three miles of winding river and intervening hills, so that it is not surprising that the two families had no acquaintance or intercourse. The inhabitants of the township make quite a difference, in fact, between the two localities, the part where Mr. Olney lived being called Hawthorn's Mills, Oxford, while the place where the old Barton homestead stands is North Oxford Mills.

But the surroundings are much the same. Both are in the narrow valley of the French River, which, flowing southward, opens up a pretty vista clear to the Connecticut Hills, while on either side are wooded hills that rise to considerable heights in places, and again slope down to flat or rolling tops.

On such an elevation there stands the house in which Clara Barton was born. It is a low rambling frame house, built in 1815 by her father, six years before her



Old Barton Homestead,
North Oxford, Mass. Built in 1815.

birth. Though he moved away and sold it soon after Clara, his fourth child, was born, it has been in good hands ever since, and is one of the best preserved old houses in the county. But now the sign of "For Sale" is placarded upon it and its fate is uncertain.

A mile to the eastward, over the hills which Clara Barton as a girl walked to and from school, across the river, and down the single street of the village, past the old mill, is the old Barton homestead where she passed much of her early life. It is a venerable two-story house, which was one of the first buildings erected by the Huguenot settlers, in 1718. This house is now the oldest building in the town. It passed out of the Barton ownership forty-five years ago, but it is still inhabited and in a fair state of repair.

Among the other buildings of Clara Barton are two other buildings, the old cotton mill where she worked as spinner tender, and the district schoolhouse in which she taught. This latter building is so rejuvenated by a coat of fresh green paint as to appear like a new building on the outside. The interior is divided up by a division into several rooms, and it was once one large

very studious and had a remarkable memory. She took to teaching as natural as could be when she got through the district school. She taught in several places about here, one place being the big school up the road. Wherever she went she suited so well that they always set her up as an example for the teachers of the other schools. She had such a happy way with her that she won everybody over to her side and made the pupils obey her perfectly. There are lots of people in the town now who went to school to her, and they all say there has never been any such school kept here since she left.

The elderly Postmistress's statements were fully borne out by other townspeople.

"Why, I went to school to Clara Barton," said one old gentleman who was asked about her. "It was right over the river, in that green schoolhouse that you see now, and, I declare, I believe it was the best school ever held there, even if they have divided it up into three rooms and graded it now."

"When Miss Barton had it all the scholars were in one big room, over a hundred of them, and she never had a bit of trouble



Miss Martha Eivens Stone,
Cousin of Clara Barton and Oldest Postmistress in the United States.

with them. The way she managed them, from the big boys down to the babies, was wonderful. Besides the order she kept, she was a good teacher, because she knew all about what she was teaching. Nobody could trip her up. Oh, we've never had no such teaching since Clara Barton gave up the school, nigh fifty years ago." This testimony to Miss Barton's ability as a teacher is the more remarkable when it is considered that she was only sixteen to twenty years old when she was doing this work.

Miss Barton returns to Oxford every few years to revisit the scenes of her youth and keep alive old friendships. The last time she came was last September, and the previous visit was two years before. At such times she stays with her nephew, Samuel R. Barton, a prominent business man of Worcester, who has a residence at North Oxford. Miss Barton usually stays but a few days. On such occasions she is usually given a reception by the village people. She, in turn, welcomes the old friends and neighbors who call upon her in a steady procession. When she showed them her jewels two years ago there was great admiration and wonder. For no such royal gems had even been seen before in this simple New-England town. There was the great jewel presented to her by the Duchess of Baden, a magnificent pearly-pearl amethyst, said to be the largest and finest stone of the kind in this country. Then there was a magnificent decoration of gems from the Queen of Servia, a medal and jewels from the Empress of Germany, and the Iron Cross of Merit presented by the old Emperor William. Besides these royal trophies, bestowed in recognition of her services in the Franco-Prussian War, there was a beautiful brooch and pendant of diamonds given as a loving tribute by the people of Johnstown for her assistance in their time of need. These and many other treasures that might well fill a Queen's casket were exhibited with such simple, unassuming grace by this daughter of the village that the town-folk marvelled at her goodness and goodness rather than envied her.

ered with iron, which hangs ~~in~~ ruinous apertures, once prison-windows. Tradition says that a young mother with her babe used to be seen sitting opposite one of these, watching intently a captive who, within the bars, was intently watching her. The babe was Isaac Watts, the prisoner his father, shut up there two years for the crime of worshipping God according to his conscience, by warrant of that "most religious and gracious king" Charles II. who was openly reveling with his titled harlots, and defying every law of God and every decency of social life. Two years afterwards when the elder Watts was about to be released, tradition says that his little boy stood under the window holding up some flowers, and that this circumstance was in the poet's mind when he wrote the couplet:

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To be the Lord's alone.

I was shown a large and somewhat imposing house, having projecting wings with quadrangle. Here the poet's father, who was a man of substance and learning, kept a boarding-school. I was taken into a large and lofty room now crowded with merchandise, where Isaac Watts was born in 1674. I delivered a temperance lecture in the "Watts Memorial Hall" attached to the "Above Bar Chapel." This large church is on the site of the original meeting-house where the poet's father acted as deacon. During 200 years it had only four pastors.

When quite a lad, young Watts expressed his regret that better hymns were not sung. The hymnology of that day, if we may judge from old Sternhold and Hopkins, might be criticised, even by a boy, without the charge of presumption. He was told in reply to try and do better himself. The next Lord's Day he brought a manuscript of a hymn, which was then and there sung. Doubtless the congregation must have been both surprised and delighted when they lifted up their voices in a strain the like of which they had never yet heard:

Behold the glories of the Lamb
Amidst his Father's throne;
Prepare new honors for his name
And songs before unknown.

Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with Thee.

From this time he brought a new hymn every week, and thus began the "Collection of Watts' Psalms and Hymns."

A statue of Watts was recently erected by public subscription, and inaugurated by Lord

Shaftesbury. It represents him as poet, philosopher, pastor and preacher. The figure, heroic in size, of white marble, exhibits him in the act of preaching. A bas-relief on one side represents the youthful poet, looking up with ecstasy. Beneath are his words, "To Heaven I lift my waiting eyes." On the other side is the philosopher, with Johnson's eulogium, "He taught the art of reasoning and the science of the stars." In front is the pastor, surrounded by a group of little children, for whom he loved to compose catechism and hymns. The face looks toward a landscape more frequently, though unconsciously, celebrated in song than any other. A small river from the northwest opens into an arm of the sea just above the town, dividing it from the opposite shore which gradually rises from the water, with cultivated fields and verdant pastures. Day and night the ocean-tide swells in and out of an estuary which may accurately be termed a "narrow sea." Very beautiful appear those "sweet fields" when the sun lights up their slopes, and irresistible is the desire the sight awakens to escape from the turmoil of the town, and crossing that "swelling flood," "Go wander over those fair regions "clothed in living green," and pluck their vernal, though "withering flowers." The statue stands where the poet loved to stroll, or to sit musing as he contemplated the scene which was in his mind's eye and his heart's core, as he sang of "A land of pure delight," and of the "Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood."

A visitor to Southampton will scarcely fail to stop a few hours on his way to visit the neighboring city of Winchester, so long the capital of Britain where, among other antiquarian memorabilia, he may see in the old Norman cathedral the antique chest containing the bones of eminent Saxon kings, Kenulph, 714 A. D.; Edmund, son of Alfred; Egbert, 837, founder of the English monarchy; together with those of Canute and his Queen, and of William Rufus.

London.

CLARA BARTON'S OLD HOME

now the oldest building in the town. It passed out of the Barton ownership about five years ago, but it is still inhabited and in a fair state of repair.

Perhaps even more interesting than these early homes of Clara Barton are two other buildings, the old cotton mill where she worked as spooler tender, and the district schoolhouse in which she taught. This latter building is so rejuvenated by a coat of fresh green paint as to appear like a new building on the outside. The interior is changed, too, by a division into several rooms, where it was once one large apartment. The old cotton mill, too, has been changed on the inside, having been converted into a woolen factory, but the weather-worn brown exterior shows every



District School, North Oxford, Mass., Where Clara Barton Taught.

year of its more than half century of existence. The fact that the bright-eyed, sprightly, and gracious Clara Barton of twenty once worked here is known only to the older inhabitants. Her duties there were to tend the machines that wound the spools of cotton thread. This mill work, however, was not to be compared with the factory drudgery of to-day. There was no foreign element employed in the mill then and some of the best girls in the town worked in them. Miss Barton worked as spooling girl less than a year altogether, and this was done mostly in vacations between her terms of school teaching.

It has often been said that Clara Barton was not obliged to work, as her father was a man of property. But this is true only in a measure, for her father was a plain farmer, who owned only his home. When Clara had advanced well in her teens she no longer wanted to be dependent. So she stepped out into the world and helped herself. Daughter of a poor farmer though she was, and left to work her own way upward through homely village occupations, she was even then recognized as a leading spirit.

The person who knows Miss Barton best in a local way is her cousin, Miss Martha Elvira Stone, who has the distinction of being the oldest "Postmaster" in the United States, having had charge of the North Oxford office for just forty years. Sitting in the front room of her home at her official desk, over which is set the rack with two score pigeon holes constituting the sole fixtures of this post office, Miss Stone, who is in her eightieth year, vividly recalled the incidents of Miss Barton's youth.

"They call her Clara Barton in the newspapers," said Miss Stone, "but her real name is Clarissa Harlowe Barton, and she was born on Dec. 25, 1821, not in 1830, as is usually said. Here in the village we always called her Clary or Aunt Tot. Never heard of that nickname? Well, this is how that came about: One of her brothers was going home from school on Dec. 25, 1821—that was before Christmas was a holiday in New-England—and some one on the road says to him: 'You better hurry up; there's a little tot at your house.' So after that she was always called Tot as a child, and as she grew up and had such a care over everybody's children she was called Aunt Tot, and her nephews and nieces call her that to this day.

"I went to school with Clary. She was

very studious and had a remarkable memory. She took to teaching as natural as breathing, and she should be when she got through the district school. She taught in several places about the town, one place being the big school up the hill. Wherever she went she suited so well that they always set her up as an example to the teachers of the other schools. She was such a happy way with her that she made everybody over to her side and made her pupils obey her perfectly. There are a great number of people in the town now who went to school to her, and they all say there never has been any such school kept here since she left."

An elderly Postmistress's statements are fully borne out by other townspeople. "Why, I went to school to Clara Barton," said one old gentleman who was asked about her. "It was right over the top of that green schoolhouse that you know, and, I declare, I believe it was the best school ever held there, even if they divided it up into three rooms and so on now."

When Miss Barton had it all the scholars were in one big room, over a hundred feet long, and the school collection in prayer. In the same collection the boys strike them to announce the hour. Front of Buddhist temples, and the priests' temple drums were put up in the temple drums of all with all rosters of the world of the Alps. There are two Japanese more vague than the religions in the world for charms, but there is nothing in the world for charms, but there is nothing in the world. These sticks are used in white curts pendant shavings fall down in white curts. Whittled nearly to the top, from which These are two wands of white wood. is by means of two "worship sticks." One mode of worship. One mode of worship. We wear their hair long and are low in the Almos are a remarkably primitive people. The Almos are a remarkably primitive people. religious articles from among the Almos, side of these shrines there is a collection of ed a mirror, the symbol of creation. Along but a wooden frame, upon which is mounted country to the other, and contain nothing mikoshs are carried from one part of the rarely carved models. There is also a museum collection contains several elaborate shrines are called yashitos, and the to their divinity.

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Wonderfully decorated effect, if

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore.

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Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low.

Thus thought I as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp—

The wounded from the battle plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

Lo, in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see,
Pass through the glimmering gloom
And lit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow as it falls
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Garrison and Wendell Philips sat on the platform watching the scene with streaming eyes. I never heard Mrs. Livermore talk as she talked that night. Her words were fairly vital with earnest meaning.

After the meeting was over an impromptu reception was held. The people crowded all around her, but her eyes, her thoughts, were all for "her boys." Wives and mothers and children were brought to shake her hand, the hand of the woman who had done so much for the husband, the son and the father.

This is only one of the hundreds of similar scenes in which she has been the central figure. The soldiers of the Northwest hold her name in special reverence, for it was chiefly among them that she labored; but all over the country she is known and loved.

And Boston claims Mary Livermore as one of her most honored daughters. For she was born in the old North

End, when to be a North Bostoner



IN the entire list of famous American women there is no one who stands precisely for what Mrs. Mary A. Livermore represents, and no one whose

name causes such an outburst of enthusiasm as does hers, when mentioned in the presence of any of the war veterans who came under her influence and care during the Civil War.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES PAGE 14.

SQUARE WORD CHAIRS.

YEARS = EATEN = DAY
 RHA ATONE AFE
 MAX RENEW YES
 SNEW

DEVIL'S WAYS.

1. Perpendicularity.
2. Incumbency.
3. Disproportionate.
4. Incontrovertible.

REVEREND PROGRAM.

"Happy is the man that understandeth wisdom."

One of the members of the family, who is clever with his pen, illustrates many of the sayings in black and white while listening to the reading. In spare moments, while waiting, the contents of the basket are often picked up and fastened in the memory.

At the end of the year, if the chips were all of a size and unsoiled, they could be tied with ribbon, put inside a pretty cover of suede leather or water-color paper, painted in some pretty design, and passed on to some familiar friend who had kindred tastes.

For the past fifteen years the Century, Harper's, Scribner's, and, later, the Cosmopolitan, New England, and English Illustrated Magazines have been rich in articles by the best writers, and illustrated by the wood-cuts upon every subject pertaining to the domain of Art. All of these periodicals can be bought at the second-hand book stores, often at libraries, for a third of their original price after their circulation has been superseded by later issues. Often, too, one's friends and neighbors are glad to give them away to make room for the newer ones.

Many of these art papers are of permanent value. The beautiful series of English Calendars in the Century, by Mrs. Van Rensselaer, articles on Contemporary French, Spanish, Russian and American Art by the late gifted writer, Theodore Child, in Harper's Monthly; biographies of artists and sculptors, with portfolios of their works, of which latter class, the series on the Old Masters, by Stillman, with exquisite engravings on wood by Timothy Cole, which for the past three years have appeared in the Century, are choice and valuable for a collection.

The modern photography and process prints are fast superseding wood engraving for purposes of illustration on account of their cheapness, but are greatly inferior to the line work

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Wherever the ambulance would go she went. She served as faithfully as any



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practically available. Howe was ungen-
erously the first inventor who elabo-
rated a sewing machine, through all its
stages of progress, until it became a
labor-saving instrument in the particular
department of industry to which it re-
lates.
American journalists record that dur-
ing the war Elias Howe raised and
equipped a regiment in Connecticut, and
presented every officer in it with a horse.
He was elected its colonel; but being the
most unwarlike of men, and totally ig-
norant of military affairs, he had the
good sense to decline this honor; he en-
listed in the regiment as a private, and
served in this capacity till his health
failed. Nothing prevented his serving
to the end but the certainty that he
could not stand the exposure and fa-
tigue. By way of amusing himself in a
camp near Baltimore he volunteered to
be the postmaster of his regiment, and
rode to Baltimore and back every day
with the mail.
Meanwhile the sewing machine was
passing through a history of its own in
England, though of less exciting and
grandiose character. The patent and the

From 1845 to 1850 were years of pov-
erty for his ingenuity.
passed before the inventor became much
although many sorrowing days were
of the sewing machine commenced,
by the machine. From that time the era
of showing that tailoring could be done
himself—perhaps the best of all modes
garments seamed and stitched by Howe
colleague arrayed themselves in suits of
In June, 1845, the inventor and his
an effective and practical issue.
for real sewing and stitching brought to
doubt that Howe's was the first machine
tury; but there seems no reason to
traced back for something like a cen-
of patented inventions which can be
These were only a few among the scores
twinning one thread round the other.
some very beautiful appliances for en-
thread, a shuttle to carry another, and
net and lace, had a bobbin to carry one
A fifth for embroidering patterns on
each way alternately.
thread and mechanical fingers to pull it
a double pointed needle to carry the
was a machine for sewing leather, with
the threads through them. A fourth
chine punctured holes and dragged up

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore.

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Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low.

Thus thought I as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead;
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp—

The wounded from the battle plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
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Lo, in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see,
Pass through the glimmering gloom
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And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow as it falls
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name causes such an outburst of enthusiasm as does hers, when mentioned in the presence of any of the war veterans who came under her influence and care during the Civil War.

The writer knows this from having witnessed her reception in one of the Vermont towns, where she had gone in company with Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and Mrs. Lucy Stone to attend a large public meeting. As she came forward to speak she was greeted with most rapturous applause. While all the other speakers had been accorded a hearty welcome, there was nevertheless a touch of new quality in this reception to Mrs. Livermore. It would subside almost entirely, then suddenly break out most overwhelmingly and continue for several seconds.

Several times Mrs. Livermore essayed to speak, but each time she was interrupted. The tears came into her eyes, and she looked surprised and half confused.

Suddenly a man arose to his feet. One empty coat sleeve hung by his side, with his one remaining arm he waved his hat, the soft felt hat with the gilt cord about it that was so familiar in the days just after the war, and called out "Boys, three cheers for Mary Livermore—God bless her!"

And such a cheer as went up. Men and women rose to their feet as if impelled by some invisible power. Men shouted and waved their hats and women cried and waved their handkerchiefs, and when at last the tumult was still, Mrs. Livermore spoke, but there was a tremor in her voice, and her eyes were more than misty.

What was it all about?

During the war many of the wounded men were sent to a hospital in Chicago. Among them were many Vermont men. She was a constant hospital visitor, and more than a visitor, for she was one of the most active workers in the Sanitary Commission, as well as one of its earnest promoters. She treated these sick fellows as though they were her own boys, she wrote their letters home; she held their hands while they were undergoing the most painful operations; she stood face to face with death with them; her voice gave them courage while their feet stood on the brink of the dark river. She made recovery easy for those who did survive, and ever and always the door of her home stood open to them when

they were able to leave the hospital for a little outing.

When the boys went away from Chicago, they carried her memory as one of their best possessions. And it was the survivors of one of the regiments, who hearing that she was to speak, had come in a body to do her honor. It touched her deeply and it thrilled everyone who witnessed the scene.

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This is only one of the hundreds of similar scenes in which she has been the central figure. The soldiers of the Northwest hold her name in special reverence, for it was chiefly among them that she labored; but all over the country she is known and loved.

And Boston claims Mary Livermore as one of her most honored daughters. For she was born in the old North End, when to be a North Ender was a real distinction. She was a clever girl, very popular with her schoolmates, and a leader in all their sports, as well as in their school work.

She was educated in the public school of the city, and graduated at the age of fourteen. There was no high school for girls in those days.

But the daughter of Timothy Rice and Zekiah Ashton was not to be satisfied with what the public schools could give her in the way of educational advantages and she rebelled loudly and long at the injustice which gave her brothers the education she so longed for.

Her parents sympathized with her and did what they could for her by sending her to one of the best schools in the vicinity, the then famous Female Seminary in Charlestown, Massachusetts. She did four years' work in two here, and when she graduated she remained in the school as a teacher of French and Latin, studying Greek in the meantime with a tutor.

At the end of that time she went South as a governess in a Virginia family, where she remained three years. She taught a little while on her return North, then she married the Rev. Daniel P. Livermore. From that time until the breaking out of the war her work lay along the same lines with her husband.

In 1857 Mr. and Mrs. Livermore moved to Chicago, where Mr. Livermore became editor of a denominational paper. Mrs. Livermore was a busy woman, even in those days, with her work as assistant editor on the paper, her interest in local charities and the care of her home and her children, for she was a devoted mother as well as a helpmate to her husband.

But her time of real activity came with the opening of the Civil War. The great uprising of the men had its parallel only in a similar uprising of the women of the country. The men, formed into regiments, marched away to the front; the women stayed behind to work, and in a few months there were hundreds of organizations formed throughout the North for the relief of the sick and wounded soldiers and the care of the soldiers' families.

It was out of these organizations that

the United States Sanitary Commission was formed. For a long time the work was vague, results did not seem to be reached, everything was chaotic in the extreme.

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Wherever the ambulance would go she went. She served as faithfully as any soldier of them all, and only the Father above knows what is all the result of her labor.

All of us who know her as the wonderfully gifted orator have probably never dreamed of a time when she was unacquainted with the platform, and yet it was during the darkest days of the war, when it looked as though everything must fail, and the belief of final victory was in the hearts of only the most hopeful, that she made her first speech. She had just come up from Grant's camp in front of Vicksburg, bringing with her letters and messages from the men who had sat grimly down in front of the seemingly impregnable fortress, determined to win it or die.

She had seen the needs of the men; she had felt the horrors of the situation, and she came up to the North with a heart full of compassion, and with also a firm belief in their ultimate victory.

She had been ordered to stop at Dubuque, Iowa, and meet the Ladies' Aid Association of that city, to give them an idea of what were the needs of the Iowa men. As she came opposite the city a heavy rain was falling; there was no way of getting across the river except by a small boat; she was urged to give up the idea of crossing for that night at least, but she was too good a soldier to stop for a rain and a little ice in the river. Her boys at the front were in need; her duty was to help them. So she crossed the rushing, seething water in the deepening twilight of an early spring evening, while men stood breathless on the banks expecting every moment to see the frail bark dashed in pieces. But she felt sure that such work as hers would not be allowed to suffer by any accident to the worker, and she had no feeling of fear as she was carried along. She arrived safely, and was soon at the house of the friend where the Aid Society was to meet.

What was her consternation when her friend told her that the interest in her visit was so great that parlors would not accommodate the people, and that the largest church in the city had been engaged, and that she had been announced to speak.

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"That doesn't matter," was the reply; "just tell to the audience what you would have told to us."

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She began to talk, and for an hour and a half she held that audience spell-bound.

To this day she says she has no coherent idea of what she said. The words came pouring out of her mouth, but from her heart. The result she soon knew. Iowa was awake from border to border, and in a few weeks a fair was held that netted a large sum of money for the Commission.

The need of clothing, food, hospital appliances and everything of the sort at the front increased as the war went on, and it was difficult to get the money to purchase them. Finally Mrs. Livermore proposed a mammoth fair to be held in Chicago, to which the whole country should contribute. Her plan



With his one remaining arm he waved his hat.

at first met with the most determined opposition. It seemed too gigantic an affair to be undertaken. But Mrs. Livermore was even more determined than the opposition, and she threw herself, heart and soul, into the work. She wrote letters and circulars; she addressed meetings all through the Northwest; she begged; she interviewed prominent people, and the fair was held—the largest ever attempted—and thousands of dollars were raised to carry on the Sanitary Commission work. Nearly everybody contributed, from President Lincoln down to the humblest working-woman.

After the war Mrs. Livermore came East again, drawn by a power she could not withstand, back to her early home. A beautiful home-like place was purchased in Melrose, on the banks of the pretty Crystal Lake, and there, ever since 1870, the family have had their home.

The house is filled with souvenirs of great value—letters from all the prominent people of the war, photographs, relics, and a day spent beneath the hospitable roof is a delight. She has two daughters, one an invalid, the other married to one of Boston's best-known educators.

It is hard, in the limit of a magazine article, to give anything like an adequate

A Hearty Welcome

TO THE
NURSES OF NINETY-SIX.

By the Class of Ninety-Five.

WE, who'r one year your predecessors,
In nursing's gentle arts,
Extend to our worthy successors
Warm hands from friendly hearts.

We hail with joy your disposition
To join our enterprise,
And hope that every high ambition,
You'll fully realize.

We've met our welcome to express
To you who're coming on,
Whose feet the very footprints press
Where we've so lately gone.

We know it will not make you mad
To give you some instruction;
For *we've* felt that *we'd liked* to've had
A civil introduction.

Yes, we've from distant homes once came,
And dear friends left behind;
And longed although 't were not the same,
Warm, faithful friends to find.

'T was thus we fully understood
That sentiment so true,
"Do unto others as you would
That they should do to you."

And so, we 'll introduce you straight
To trials that hang o'er you
By telling you the common fate
Of those who 've gone before you.

We 've had a pretty thorough drill
In San. domestic work,
But find that in its mysteries still
Most useful lessons lurk

By patient toil we boys have learned
To cook, and dishes clean ;
Although the girls our efforts spurned
As though they thought us green.

The girls, too, came in for their share
Of junior nurse reverses,
When they must get what they would wear,
With only junior purses.

'T is good, economy to teach,
And how to save your goods ;—
Still, we feel better when we reach
The limit of the woods.

Our class-work has been pleasure true.
We 've had the *best* of teachers,
Who taught us what we ought to do
For suff'ring fellow-creatures

The work *she's* done is so sublime
I need not pen her name ;
For you have read it, many a time,
Upon the page of fame.

She 'll pin you down to answer straight
The very thing she asks,
And teach you not to underrate
Th' importance of your tasks.

So, if she brings you right to time,
With native, keen sarcasm,
Don't wait, proud wisdom's heights to climb,
But sing out, "*Protoplasm*"!

And if she asks about membranes,
Questions that you do n't — really — um —
Quite understand; do n't rack your brains,
But *quick*, say, "*EPITHELIUM*"!

And if, in quiz on septic cases,
You get mixed up on terms,
Don't sit there dumb, with "do n't-know faces,"
But *shout the password*, "*GERMS*."

But, on this line, these passwords three,
Must for this time suffice.
I trust that you'll find them to be
Most practical advice.

Our Cooking School's a pleasant place;
And Mrs. Fitch, its teacher,
Shows on her earnest, cheerful face,
Kindness, in every feature.

She's just as thorough in her part.
As Dr. L.— in hers;
And says that we must gain *this* art
Whatever else occurs.

She's rather fond of making "*sticks*;"
With "*whips*" is well supplied;
But "*whips*," she uses, dough to mix;
And not to tan your hide.

We're learning here with patience true,
How healthfully to cook,
Food element's relations, too,
From Mrs. Kellogg's book.

Of our *Gymnasium* we are proud,
In which Miss Burleigh sees
How nearly she can make *our* crowd
Resemble Hercules.

She leads us round and round the "gym.,"
With orders military;
Inspires us with her earnest vim,
And manner, exemplary.

By many systematic plans,
She reaches every muscle;
And, when obeying her commands,
You'll find you'll have to hustle.

In teaching Hydropathy's ken,
The girls ascribe their garland
To good Miss Webster; while the men
Give honor to McFarland.

There's Dr. Kress, on Hygiene:
We know, and love him dearly,
But in his classes we've not yet been,
So can't describe it clearly.

Now friends, we've given you a brief
But civil introduction
To those who're like to be the chief
In giving you instruction.

Our Managers, so true and kind,
We've heard misrepresented,
But those who know them best, you'll find,
Are those who're best contented.

And now we bid you all Godspeed,
We know you will be blest.
Work earnestly for those in need,
And heav'n shall be your rest.

ALBERT S. WRIGHT.

Monday evening, Nov. 26, 1894.

Compliments of the author.

Presented to Dr. Kellogg
Sanitarium News

1931 to June 1, 1938 inclusive.



Have a Smile

DIDN'T SEE IT.

"What happened, dear?" she asked her husband as he was getting out to investigate.

"Puncture," he said briefly.

"You ought to have been on the lookout for this," was the helpful remark. "You remember the guide warned you that there was a fork in the road."



Shortly after Lipton had returned to England following his first attempt to "lift" the cup, Mr. Blumenfeld met him strolling in Hyde park. Discussing the races, Sir Thomas remarked that the "Shamrock" had been "hoodooed" by the Americans.

"They put something in the water so that I could not win," he said.

"What was it, please?" asked R. D. B., scenting a good story.

"The Columbia," answered Sir "Tommy." (The "Columbia," of course, was the American yacht).—W. Orton Tewson.



VERY DISCRIMINATING

Mrs. Smith hired a Chinese servant, and tried to teach him how to receive calling cards. She let herself out of 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: "Tickees no good; can't come in."



THE BETTER WAY

Some of the white persons who entertain notions of despondency to escape from troubles would do well to imitate the colored people.

"Why is it, Sam, that one never hears of a negro committing suicide?" asked Sam's white employer.

"Well, you see, sar, it's dis way," replied Sam. "When a white pusson has any trouble he sits down and gits a-studyin' an' a-worryin' an' a-worryin'. Then, bang! He's done it. But when a nigger sits down to think 'bout his troubles, why, he jes' nacherly goes to sleep."



"I have heard of only one man who was not spoilt by being lionized," remarked a wit.

"And who was he?" asked the "goat."

"The prophet Daniel, sir," was the response.



Have a Smile

SCIENTIFIC BETTING

The late Arthur Brisbane believed that betting on the winner could be scientific with previous X-ray examinations. He asked Hugh Fullerton to have the horses X-rayed, saying:

"Get the pictures from every possible angle on each horse, and bring the plates to me. We'll show those fellows! Why, it's simple. You can tell a winner by his heart."

Fullerton knew that the owners of the race horses wouldn't permit an X-ray machine to come anywhere near them. But orders were orders. An old friend of Fullerton's, to whom he explained his predicament, came to his rescue. He had an old broken down horse and told Fullerton to take all the X-ray pictures he wanted.

Fullerton brought the X-ray technician out to the stable where he shot pictures of the broken down horse's heart and lungs from all angles. This was done so cleverly that each picture looked different. Fullerton chuckled at the hoax as he listed the name of a Derby started on each plate.

These were then brought to the great editor. Brisbane rubbed his hands in glee, "Now, Hugh," he said, "we'll show 'em something," as he studied each plate intently. Finally he picked one. "Here's your winner," he beamed proudly.

The following day Brisbane used two whole paragraphs to describe the new "scientific" method of picking race horse winners. He named the horse that the X-ray pictures revealed had the largest and strongest heart. "That horse," wrote Brisbane, "was a cinch."

"I laughed till I cried," said Fullerton, "but what do you think happened? The horse he picked won the race!"—W. Orton Tewson.

DISCOVERED!

Excitement flushed little Hector's countenance as he pointed his fork at the wriggly little worm in his salad.

"Oh, Mother; I see a vitamin!"

"My husband is so careless of his appearance. It seems like he just can't keep buttons on his clothes."

"Are you sure it's carelessness? Perhaps they are — uh — well, sewed on improperly."

"Maybe you're right. He is terribly careless with his sewing."



Have a Smile

A doctor attended an old lady from Scotland who had caught a severe cold.

"Did your teeth chatter when you felt the chill coming over you?" asked the doctor.

"I dinna ken, Doctor; they were lying on the table!" was the pleasant reply.—Boston Transcript.



Lord Macaulay, famous essayist and most brilliant talker of his time — a time of brilliant talkers, too — was a poor listener, while his witty contemporary, Sydney Smith, was a good listener as well as a good talker. Smith got off one of his brightest sayings when he remarked:

"Macaulay is improved! Macaulay improves! I have observed in him of late, brilliant flashes of silence."—W. Orton Tewson.



A REAL SCOTCHMAN

A Scotchman told his wife he probably would not be home to dinner that evening, and if he were not coming he would phone her at exactly five o'clock, then admonished: "But when you hear the bell don't answer it; you'll know what it means and I'll get my nickel back."—Exchange.



GOOD SENSE!

Teacher: What lesson do we learn from the busy bee?

Smart Boy: Not to get stung.

"John, I'm sure I heard a mouse squeak!"

"Well, what do you want me to do? Get up and grease it?"



A popular comedian was once a witness in a suit for slander and the opposing counsel in the courtroom said: "You are an actor are you not?"

"Yes" replied the comedian.

"Is not that a low calling?"

"Well, I don't know; at least it's so much better than my father's that I am rather proud of it."

"What was your father's calling, may I ask?"

"He was a lawyer," said the comedian.

Lady: "I sent my little boy for two pounds of plums and you only sent a pound and half."

Storekeeper: "My scales are all right, madam. Have you weighed your little boy?"



Have a Smile

"Can you come out to our house right away, doctor?" telephoned little Billy.

"Yes, but who is sick at your home," answered the doctor. "Everyone but me," replied Billy. "Dad got some mushrooms down in the pasture, and I was naughty so he wouldn't let me eat any."



When Mark Twain reached Jericho he said:

"I am where my grandmother has wished me many a time."

The origin of "Go to Jericho!" is wrapped in mystery. One explanation is that the neighborhood of Jericho is barren, mountainous and full of strait passes abounding with robbers in these days as in Biblical days, and going to Jericho was, and is, a hazardous ordeal.—W. Orton Tewson.



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"How many people would you say pass by your offices in a day?" "Oh, about ten or eleven hundred." "And how many of them, would you say, possess what we term a healthy, sane, reasonable mind?" "At most, one hundred." "Exactly! And here we have the answer to the puzzle: those hundred people are your customers — the others — mine!"—Münchener Illustrierte Presse.



THE NEED WAS GREAT

A professor from one of the well-known colleges was invited to address a club meeting and he chose as his subject, "The Need of Education."

The following day the leading newspaper of the city carried a bold black headline reporting "Professor's Speech Shows the Need of Education."



Have a Smile

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If a man thinks he's Napoleon and nobody agrees with him, he becomes an inmate of the bughouse; if the masses agree with him, he becomes a dictator.—Thomaston (Ga.) Times.



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"Why in the world did you ever write a policy on a man ninety-eight years old?" asked the indignant insurance inspector.

"Well," explained the new agent, "I looked in the census report and found that only a few people of that age die each year."



The following statements about America are quoted from the famous English writer, G. K. Chesterton:

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Americans select rocking chairs so that even when they are sitting down they need not be sitting still.

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Teacher: "Can any one tell me the meaning of the word collision? No one knows? Well, it is when two things come together unexpectedly. Now, can anyone give me an example? All right, Johnny, what is it?"

Johnny: "Twins."



Mrs. Gordon came into the house in a state of great alarm.

"Tammias, Tammias, there's a cow in the garden!"

"Dinna stand there wasting valuable time," replied Tammias, "get back and milk it before it gets oot."

"What became of that portable garage of yours?"

"I tied the dog to it the other day and a cat came along."



"How do you feel, dear? What did the doctor say?" he questioned his wife as she lay on the couch, her eyes half closed.

"Oh, he asked me to put out my tongue," she murmured.

"Yes?"

"And after looking at it he said, 'Over-worked.'"

"I have perfect faith in the doctor, Mabel," said he firmly. "You will have to give it a rest."



Careful nursing is about the worst thing you can do for a grouch.—Arkansas Gazette.

Prison Guard: "Ten prisoners have broken out."

Warden: "Have you sounded the alarm?"

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Doctor: "How often does the pain come on?"

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Doctor: "And lasts—"

Patient: "Well, a quarter of an hour, at least."

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"My ancestors," he exclaimed with a theatrical gesture, "have had the right to bear arms for the last three hundred years."

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Have a Smile

Daniel Webster went shooting one fall along the Scusset marshes, and when it grew dark the inn where he was stopping seemed very far away. He walked for miles—cold and hungry—until he came to a farmhouse. It was a raw night and the family had gone to bed. Webster pounded on the door, and at last a window was raised, and a man's voice asked, "What do you want?"

"I want to stay here all night."

"All right—stay there." And down went the window. The farmer's mirth was inaudible and invisible, and the joke was on Webster.

Eleanor Early in

"And This is Cape Cod."



"Beg your pardon, but what is your name, sir?" the hotel clerk asked.

"Name!" echoed the indignant guest, who had just signed the register, "don't you see my signature there?"

"Of course," answered the clerk. "That's what aroused my curiosity."



The children, aged 4 and 5, were being put to bed. "We do love you, mummy," said the younger one, hugging her.

"Why do you love me, darling?"

"'Cos we like your face."

"But it isn't much of a face," said mother.

That was a bit of a poser. The boy thought a moment. "But we've got used to it," he said.



A negro sought a lawyer to obtain a divorce, and the following conversation ensued:

"That woman talks too much—she just talks, talks, talks all the time and I can't stand it no longer."

"Well, what does she talk about?"

"Why, she doan say."



INFORMATION

The conductor came through the car collecting fares.

"He's only five years old," remarked the mother when the conductor looked at her son.

When the conductor reached the far end of the car, it occurred to the child that an important bit of information had been overlooked, so he shouted: "Mother is thirty-six years old!"



Have a Smile EFFICIENCY PLUS

The determined-looking old lady was trying to fill out a money order application blank with the pen furnished by the post office. She made several trials, but finally gave up in disgust. She went to the man behind the grilled window, and trying to freeze him with a cold glare, she demanded: "Is this the pen John Hancock used when signing the Declaration of Independence?"

Uncle Sam's efficient clerk courteously replied: "Information at the next window to your right, please."



NEVER FAILS

The teacher was greatly surprised to see Tommy still outside the school door thirty minutes after school was dismissed.

"What's the trouble, Tommy?" she asked.

"I'm afraid to go home. We have a new baby at our house and I know my father will scold me. I always get blamed for everything."



PARADISE

While two women were talking on the street one said to the other: "Where would the men be today if it wasn't for the women?"

A man passing by remarked grimly: "In the garden of Eden."



MAGIC POWER

"Is she as sour as she looks?"

"Sour? Why if that woman gazed aloft on a starry night, she'd curdle the milky way."



APRIL FOOL

The girl, young and pretty, was about to take her first train journey alone. She had been warned by her mother to be very careful and not talk to strange men. At the station the porter asked: "Where are you going, Miss?"

"To Los Angeles," she replied.

So the porter put her on the train bound for Los Angeles. As it pulled out of the station, she sank back in the seat with a smile. "Well, I fooled him that time. I'm going to Boston."

Teacher—Now, Tom, hold your head up and shoulders back—you'd like to have a fine carriage when you're a man, wouldn't you?

Tom—Well, I'd rather have an airplane.



Have a Smile ANCIENT AIR

The editor of "Everyman's Library," Ernest Rhys, tells of the following experience in the British Museum:

"In winter the atmosphere of the Reading Room was very trying. There was a queer fusty odor that seemed to come partly from the old calf bindings of the books on the reference shelves and I am afraid from the human bindings of the habitues of the room, some of whom, poor things, could not afford hot baths. One day Laurence Binyon met me in the lobby outside, and I complained of the miasma.

"'Ah well,' he said, 'you see it is eighteenth-century air, it has never been moved since then.' This went pretty near the truth.

"After an hour or two spent in the room inhaling the human miasma, and if it was a dark day, suffering from the glare of the lamps, one felt a desperate need to go out, walk up and down under the portico, and swallow some fresh air. Otherwise one would have been asphyxiated."



"'Avin' no wish to quarrel, Mrs. R., I'll say no more abaht yer, but you're welcome to read me thoughts."—Punch, London.



LIFE IS A MAIZE

Baby Ear of Corn: "Mama, where did I come from?"

Mama Ear of Corn: "Hush, dear; the stalk brought you."—Penn State Froth.



FATAL

Here lies a young salesman named Phipps,

Who married on one of his trips,
A widow named Block,

Then died of the shock,
When he saw there were six little chips.

Exchange.

Old Gentleman: "You're an honest lad, but it was a \$10 bill I lost, not ten ones."

Small boy: "I know, mister, it was a \$10 bill I picked up. But last time I found one, the man didn't have any change."



Officer: "Hey! Pull over to the curb, lady. Do you know you were doing seventy-five?"

Cute She: "Isn't it marvelous! — And I just learned to drive yesterday."



Have a Smile

Horace Greeley, editor of the New York Tribune, was notoriously absent-minded. The Tribune office had no heating system, but warm air was coaxed up through wooden boxes from the boiler room in the basement. One cold Sunday the editor came in after church, and, pulling off his boots, thrust his stockinged feet into the opening in the floor, and was soon immersed in the Sunday paper. The day foreman, prowling about, observed, "There's no heat coming up from downstairs, Mr. Greeley. The boiler is being fixed."

"You big fool," stormed Greeley, "what did you tell me that for? I was just getting nice and warm."—Don C. Seitz.



The captain of a ship once wrote in his log, "Mate was drunk today." When the mate became normal, he was terribly chagrined and angry; he pleaded with the captain to strike out the record; he declared that he had never been drunk before, that he would never drink again. But the captain said, "In this log we write the exact truth."

The next week the mate kept the log, and in it he wrote, "Captain was sober today."—William Lyon Phelps, "Adventures and Confessions."



AGREEMENT

A colored maid answered the phone. "Yas'm," her mistress heard her say. "Yas'm," said the maid, a second time. Then she added, "It sho' am," and hung up.

The telephone rang again, and the girl made the same replies.

"What kind of conversation was that, Lucy? What did they want?" asked the mistress.

"Well," answered the maid, "dey asked if dis was de Jones' house and I say 'Yas'm,' an' dey ask if Mrs. Jones am home, and I tol' 'em 'yas'm.' Den dey say, 'Long distance from Washington,' and I say, 'It sho' am.'"



NOT PROFANE

It was moving time at the parsonage, and just as the driver was putting the last box in the van, it slipped and fell on his foot. The air was blue for a minute with the driver's oaths. As the preacher came out of his home, he asked: "Why waste your breath? You might have just said, 'Boulder.'"

"Why should I say 'Boulder'?"

"Well, Boulder is the biggest dam in the world."



Have a Smile

A QUAKER PROPOSAL

"Mary," said a New Bedford friend who wished to be more than that to a certain lady, "it has been revealed to me that I should marry thee."

"Abner," she said, "when it has been revealed to me I will tell thee."



One of Capt. Trapman's stories is about the dog named Max which belonged to Mrs. T. P. O'Connor — wife of the famous "Tay Pay." She had to take Max to the veterinary surgeon on account of an injury to his leg. Many months later, Max, on one of his walks abroad, met a poor mongrel dog whose leg was broken. He escorted his newly-found friend to the same veterinary surgeon and drew the "Vet's" attention to the patient he had brought with him. Mrs. O'Connor only heard of the incident later from the "Vet."—W. Orton Tewson.



NEXT BEST THING

"Did they take an X-ray photo of your wife's jaw at the hospital?"

"They tried to, but they could only get a moving picture."—Los Angeles Times.

UNANIMOUS ACCLAIM

Verdict.—Professor — "Now, if I were to be flogged, what would that be?"

Class (in unison)—"That would be corporal punishment."

Professor—"But if I were to be beheaded?"

Class (still in unison) — "Oh, that would be capital." — Growler.



One of two girls in the bus was reading a newspaper.

"I see," she remarked to her companion, "that Mr. So-and-So, the octogenarian, is dead. Now what on earth is an octogenarian?"

"I'm sure I haven't the faintest idea," replied the other girl. "But they're a sickly lot. You never hear of one but he's dying."



PLAYING SAFE

Two college juniors yawned, and one said, "What shall we do tonight?"

"Let's toss up a coin to decide," replied the other. "If it's heads we'll go to the movies; if it's tails we'll call on Rosie and Susie; and if it stands on edge we'll study."



Have a Smile

TO THE END

Preacher: "Yes, usually my audiences are glued to their seats."

Friend: "What a quaint way of keeping them there."—Edinburgh Dispatch.



"My papa's a book-keeper," said little Albert proudly.

"Yes, I know he is," replied his play-

mate. "He borrowed one from my papa."—Neumode.



COME, OR ELSE!

A colored couple sent out the following invitation to their friends and acquaintances:

"You are invited to the marriage of Mr. Henry ——— and Miss Josephine ——— at the house of the bride's mother. All who cannot come may send."

TENT!

A large gentleman was one of a party of tourists visiting Palestine. At a hotel he was puzzled to find in his laundry account a charge made for "one tent."

On inquiry he discovered that what the Arab laundry believed to be a tent was one of his nightshirts.—Edinburgh Dispatch.



Driver: "I wasn't going forty miles an hour, nor thirty, nor even twenty."

Judge: "Here, steady now, or you'll be backing into something."



"You say you cannot get along with your husband. People must learn to bear and forbear. Did you ever try heaping coals of fire on his head?"

"No; I don't know as I ever did. But I've tried hot water!"

Harry Lauder sends an old comrade at the Players this one:

Scotch golfer—"My lad, are you my caddie?"

"Yessir."

"How good are you at finding lost balls?"

"Very good."

"Well look around and find one so we can start."

THE SOFT ANSWER

An irate subscriber bellowed to the operator, "Am I crazy or are you?"

In her nicest institutional voice the young lady replied, "I am sorry, sir, but we do not have that information."



Have a Smile

A BISMARCK STORY

Lord Howard of Penrith gives the following story in his memoirs, "Theater of Life." It seems that Bismarck "always used to converse with Sir Edward Malet (British Ambassador at Berlin) in English, and his English, though very fluent and perfectly clear, was something rather quaint in its pronunciation."

"One day Lord Howard — who was private secretary to Sir Edward Malet at the time — came back from one of these interviews much amused and said that he had not, for a long time, been able to understand what Bismarck had meant, because the great man had kept on repeating to him: 'Why can't we let bigg'uns be bigg'uns?'"

"This completely puzzled Malet, and he did not know what to say. It was only after two or three minutes that he discovered that the chancellor's meaning was 'by-gones be by-gones.'"



THREE TYPES OF PEOPLE

In answering the question, "Name three kinds of people in the world," a boy wrote:

"There are three kinds of people in the world — ladies who have husbands, ladies who want husbands, and ladies whose husbands are dead."



John Ruskin once wrote to a friend expressing the hope that a furious criticism which he had offered would make no difference in their friendship. The friend replied:

"Dear Ruskin:—Next time I meet you I shall knock you down; but I hope it will make no difference to our friendship."



A COMPANIONATE HOME

A recent writer has told a story of a modern girl who said to a real estate agent when he wanted to sell her a house, "A home? Why do I need a home? I was born in a hospital, educated in a college, courted in an automobile, and married in a church; I live out of the delicatessen and paper bags; I spend my mornings on the golf course, my afternoons at the bridge table, and my evenings at the movies, and when I die, I am going to be buried at the undertaker's. All I need is a garage."—Evelyn A. Cummins.



Have a Smile

A LINCOLN STORY

"I remember a delightful story that Sir Edward Malet told me about Lord Lyons" (British minister at Washington during the American Civil War) says Lord Howard. "President Lincoln once asked him to go down and see him at the Front, somewhere in Virginia, possibly at the time of what is called, 'The Battle of the Wilderness.' They stayed at a little country shanty together and, in the early morning, Lord Lyons went out into what in houses in the Southern states is called the 'piazza' and there found the President busy polishing his boots. Lord Lyons, who was a stickler for etiquette, held up his hands in horror, and said:

"'Mr. President, do you think it right that the President of the United States should polish his own boots?'"

"Lincoln looked at him, with his curious humorous twinkle in his eyes, and said:

"'Mr. Minister, if he doesn't polish his own boots, whose boots, in the name of all that's holy, should he polish?'"



ALWAYS WRONG

She was the kind of woman who could be relied upon to say the wrong thing wherever she was. At a recent dinner she turned to her neighbor and said:

"Doctor, can you tell me who that horrible-looking man is over there?"

"I can," replied the medical man. "That is my brother."

There was an awkward pause while the woman racked her brains for something to say. The doctor was enjoying her discomfiture.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," she stammered, blushing.

"How silly of me not to have seen the resemblance!"



Ann, a five-year-old child of a Baptist missionary in Japan, once made the following prayer:

"Dear God,—please make the good people nice and make the nice people good. Amen."



NO ESCAPE

A lark will rise to the height of six thousand feet. Considering the number of bad poems that are addressed to it in the spring we can hardly blame it.—Toronto Mail and Empire.



Have a Smile

When Wordsworth said to Lamb "I believe I could write like Shakespeare, if I had a mind to try it," "Yes, n-nothing is w-wanting but the m-mind," came Lamb's answer as swiftly as the stutter would allow.—Ariadne Gilbert.



When the German Emperor visited Pope Leo XIII, Count Bismarck tried to follow into the audience chamber. A gentleman of the Papal Court motioned him to stand back, as there must be no third person at the interview. "I am Count Herbert Bismarck," shouted the German, as he struggled to follow his master.

"That," replied the Roman with calm dignity, "accounts for, but does not excuse, your conduct."



The Duke of Wellington, at the height of his fame, was walking down Piccadilly when a gentleman came up, took off his hat, and said: "Mr. Brown, I believe?"

The Duke's answer was simple and direct. It was: "Sir, if you believe that you'll believe anything."—Time.



WASTING GAS

Little George, the garage mascot, was visiting his aunt. He found the cat in a sunny window purring cheerfully.

"Oh, Auntie, come quick," said little George, "The cat has gone to sleep and left his engine running."



A LITTLE HOARSE

Aunt Prudence: "Keep away from the loudspeaker, Denny. The announcer sounds as if he had a cold."

THE REASON

A servant asked her mistress if she would be good enough to advance her a few dollars out of her next month's wages, and gave the reason as follows:

"You see, our minister is leaving and we are collecting money so that we can give him a little 'momentum'."



AN ORIGINAL DIAGNOSIS

Children sometimes get curious ideas. Answering the question, "Put the word phlebotomy into a sentence," a child wrote:

"My aunt had a phlebotomy and the doctors came and cut it off."

"The modern girl adores spinning wheels, but she wants four of them and a spare."



Have a Smile

David was a little boy of eight who lived in Japan. He had been given a new ball and was most anxious to go out and play with it in the morning. To his usual prayer he added the following:

"Please God, don't let it rain tomorrow for I want to go out and play with my new ball. . . . Thank you, Jesus."

The mother asked David why there was such a long silence before the "Amen." He answered saying:

"Jesus said that if it doesn't rain the flowers won't grow so beautiful and that I mustn't be a selfish boy."



"The Irishman was taken to see the tomb of Daniel Webster. On the tomb were these words: 'I still live.'"

"'Hmnn,' he remarked, 'you'd think he would have enough sense to know he was dead.'"



A very nice old lady had a few words to say to her granddaughter. "My dear," said the old lady, "I wish you would do something for me. I wish you would promise me never to use two words. One is swell and the other is lousy. Would you promise me that?"

"Why sure, Granny," said the girl. "What are the words?"



Hard-Boiled Grocer: "No sir; no checks. I wouldn't cash a check for my own brother."

Disappointed Customer: "Well, of course, you know your family better than I do."



"Life has a way of evening up things. For every woman who makes a fool out of some man there's another who makes a man out of some fool."

You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt, as young as your self confidence, as old as your fear, as young as your hope and as old as your despair.—Marie Charlotte de Goliere Davenport.

"Life begins for me today!
New worlds before me lie!
The yesterdays have passed away,
No more to cause a sigh.
Before me lies the bright today,
All blessings in its hold;
And I rejoice to find it gay,
And sing its joys untold."



Have a Smile

CHECKING UP

A little colored boy stepped into a drug store telephone booth, leaving the door open, and the drug clerk heard him say, after getting the desired number: "Hello, is this Mr. Brown? Well, I'se a little boy looking for work an' I thought mebber you all had a job for me. What's 'at, you all has a little colored boy now? Well, is he satisfactory? You say he is. That sure is too bad, 'cause I need a job. Goodbye."

When the boy came out of the booth, the clerk told him he was sorry he didn't get the job and said he would try to find something for him.

"That's all right, boss," he answered, "I'se the boy that works for Mr. Brown. I was just 'checking up' on myself."



A FORWARD PASS

The story is going around about a football player in a small college who was unusually dumb. To the surprise of everyone he passed all of his work, including a special examination in chemistry. The chemistry professor was asked about it, and he said, "I decided that I would let him pass if he answered 50 per cent of the questions correctly."

"I asked him two questions—one he answered wrong—one he answered right. Therefore, I let him pass."

"The first question was, 'What color is blue vitriol?' He answered 'Pink.' That time he was wrong."

"The other question was 'How do you make sulphuric acid?' He answered that he didn't know. That time he was right."



PAL

"Have you ever speculated on why you are so popular in your neighborhood?"

"No, except that I told my neighbors that I always played the saxophone when I got lonely."

—Ottawa Citizen.



STILL GREEN

Boss—"You are twenty minutes late again. Don't you know what time we start work at this factory?"

New Employee—"No, sir, they're always at it when I get here."

—Boys' Life.



Washington should be referred to as The City Bureauful.

—Manchester Union.



Have a Smile

ACCUMULATED WISDOM

The president of one of our leading colleges was asked to account for the wisdom which the institution had gathered. He replied:

"The Freshmen bring a little wisdom into the college and the Seniors never take any out. So we accumulate from year to year."



PROOF

"Do you think the dead can communicate with us?"

"I know they can't. Once I managed to borrow a dollar from a Scotsman. A week later he died. I haven't heard a word since."—Medicine Hat News.



ALWAYS PRESENT

"Well, George," said a country clergyman to an old man who sat by the wayside breaking stones, "that pile does not seem to get any less."

"No, Vicar," replied the old man, "them stones be like the Ten Commandments — ye can go on breaking 'em, but ye can't get rid of 'em!"—Montreal Gazette.



BAD TO WORSE

Little Willie: "Mom, you said the baby had your eyes and daddy's nose, didn't you?"

Mom: "Yes, darling."

Willie: "Well, you'd better keep yer eye on him. He's got grandpop's teeth now."—Farmers' Advocate.



NO REWARD WANTED

A naval officer fell overboard. He was rescued by a deck hand. The officer asked his preserver how he could reward him.

"The best way, sir," said Jack, "is to say nothing about it. If the other fellows knew I'd pulled you out, they'd chuck me in."—London Free Press.



THE TELL-TALE

When Mrs. Borden-Lodge arrived in this country after a short visit abroad she was asked the usual question by the customs official: "Anything to declare, madam?"

"No," she replied, sweetly, "nothing."

"Then, madam," said the official, "am I to take it that the fur tail I see hanging down under your coat is your own?"—Winnipeg Tribune.



Have a Smile

WHISTLER'S POODLE

Whistler's French poodle was seized with an affection of the throat and he had the audacity to send for the great throat specialist, Sir Morell Mackenzie. The latter, when he discovered that he had been called to treat a dog, didn't like it much. But he said nothing. He prescribed, pocketed a big fee and drove away.

The next day Dr. Mackenzie sent post-haste for Whistler, who, thinking he was summoned in some matter connected with his beloved dog, dropped his work and rushed like the wind to the Mackenzie home. On his arrival Sir Morell said, gravely:

"How do you do Mr. Whistler? I wanted to see you about having my front door painted!"—W. Orton Tewson in Springfield Republican.



Mrs. Brown: "The average woman has a vocabulary of only 500 words."

Druggist: "It's a small stock, but think of the turnover."



KEEPING UP WITH JONESES

Funny man! He labors one hour to get what he needs and nine hours to get what the neighbors think he should have.—Nashua Telegraph.



EXCLUSIVE

"Yes," said the boastful young man, "my family can trace its ancestry back to William the Conqueror."

"I suppose," remarked his friend, "you'll be telling us that your ancestors were in the Ark with Noah?"

"Certainly not," said the other. "My people had a boat of their own."—Tid-Bits.



ANOTHER PROBLEM

A farmer visited his son's college. Watching students in a chemistry class, he was told they were looking for a universal solvent.

"What's that?" asked the farmer.

"A liquid that will dissolve anything."

"That's a great idea," agreed the farmer. "When you find it, what are you going to keep it in?"—Everybody's Weekly (London).



STRATEGY

"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."—Boston Evening Transcript.



Have a Smile

While walking across Trafalgar Square, London, in a drenching rain storm, a friend remarked to the famous John Ruskin:

"I'm afraid, Mr. Ruskin, we're in for some bad weather."

"Bad weather!" thundered Ruskin. "There's no such thing as bad weather. There are different sorts of good weather."



A MARK TWAIN ANECDOTE

"Mark Twain did not believe in long sermons. Once he was present at a charity service conducted by an eloquent preacher. The appeal for funds touched everybody's heart. Mark, himself, was so moved that he itched for the plate to come around, that he might give the \$400 he had in his pocket. But the preacher went on and on, the air grew hotter, he grew sleepier and his enthusiasm went down, \$100 at a time, until at last, when the plate reached him, he took a nickel from it."



WEIGHING THE EVIDENCE

"I sent my little boy for two pounds of plums and you only sent a pound and a half."

"My scales are all right, madam. Have you weighed your little boy?"—Fort William (Ont.) Times-Journal.



EXPERT DIAGNOSIS

A woman went to see a doctor. "Doctor," she exclaimed loudly, bouncing into the room, "I want you to say frankly what's wrong with me."

He surveyed her from head to foot. "Madam," he said at length, "I've just three things to tell you. First, your weight wants reducing by nearly fifty pounds. Secondly, your beauty would be improved by freer use of soap and water. And, thirdly, I'm an artist; the doctor lives on the next floor."—Montreal Star.



"The only reason a great many American families don't own an elephant is that they have never been offered an elephant for a dollar down and easy weekly payments."



A little girl went into a large business establishment and had her first ride in an elevator. "How did you like it?" asked her father.

"Why, it was so funny," answered the child. "We went into a little house, and the upstairs came down."



Have a Smile

NO HURRY

Meek voice over the telephone: "Doctor, this is Mr. Henpeck. My wife just dislocated her jaw. If you're out this way next week or the week after, you might drop in and see her."—The Nor'west Farmer.



While the diagnosis of the patient who had eaten rather generously, was proceeding, the sick man said, "Doctor, do you think the trouble is in the appendix?"

"Oh, no," said the doctor, "not at all. The trouble is with your table of contents."—Canadian Doctor.



LINCOLN UNDER SUSPICION

To think that "Honest Abe" ever could be under suspicion seems impossible, but here is the story told by Mr. George Washington Trowbridge, Senior Elder of the First Presbyterian Church of Washington and now a guest of the Sanitarium.

"On a Thursday evening in the mid-winter of 1865, a tall, lank man stepped from his home into a two inch fresh fall of snow and walked down Pennsylvania Avenue, turned into Fifteenth Street over to New York Avenue to the First Presbyterian Church where he entered a side room. After partially opening the door of the Sunday School room where prayer meeting was conducted, he sat down and listened to the service. At the close of the service he left by the same door and walked home.

"Soon two passing policemen noticed the foot-steps leading into the side door of the church, and, apprehending that some theft had been committed, went in but found nothing wrong. Still apprehensive on leaving the church, they said, 'We will follow him and see where he belongs.' So they followed the large footprints which finally led them to the White House.

Although Lincoln did not affiliate with any church, it was his custom to attend divine service regularly at what has long been known as the "Church of the Presidents." To this day his pew is pointed out to visitors, and the room he occupied prayer meeting nights, has since been called "The Lincoln Room."



Have a Smile

THE SPADE A SPADE

Henry arrived home late, and his wife was giving him a piece of her mind. He protested in strong terms against her accusations.

"I mean exactly what I say," he asserted. "I'm a man who calls a spade a spade."

His wife nodded. "Maybe, Henry," she said, with biting sarcasm, "but you don't call a club a club; you call that working late at the office."



DID YOU BILL THE AUTHOR?

"Why did you tear the back part out of that new book?" asked the long-suffering wife of the absent-minded doctor.

"Excuse me, dear," said the famous surgeon, "the part you speak of was labelled 'Appendix' and I took it out without thinking." — London Standard.



A NEW COMPLICATION

Foreman (to small son of working man who had met with an accident): "When will your dad be fit to work again?"

Small Boy: "Can't say for certain, but it won't be for a long time."

Foreman: "What makes you think that? He wasn't seriously injured."

Small Boy: "'Cause compensation's set in."



A dietitian calls mince-pie a polysachrid carbohydrate of high caloric efficiency. That is what puts the buck in nightmares.—Wichita Eagle.

A California scientist says that freezing a person will kill all disease germs he may be harboring. It is also understood that decapitation will permanently cure dandruff.—Grand Rapids Press.



OLD HAND

Truck Farmer: "Have you had any experience at gardening?"

Applicant: "Sure thing. I was a waiter in a city roof-garden for a whole month."—Kansas City Star.

The Rudder

Mrs. Freda M. Polk

Back of each deed is a thought,

Back of each thought a feeling.

Surrender to God the will,

And then you will have healing.

Self-control is the rudder

By which a man's bark is steered,

With God guiding the rudder,

There is nothing to be feared.



Have a Smile

MEOW!

"Did your wife really mean it when she called that woman next door an old cat?"

"Oh yes, she said it with great feline."



A canvass of the New Year's resolutions of popular celebrities was recently conducted by Vanity Fair. Among the contributors, Beatrice Little reported:

"For 1936, I am resolved to:

Get over on the alkaline side.

Keep kool.

Refuse substitutes.

Start the day right.

Look for the date on the can.

Taste the difference.

Lose that fat.

Be kind to my throat.

See my dentist twice a year.

Get rid of that tired feeling.

Ask the man who owns one.

Guard the danger line.

See my grocer tomorrow.

Tune in again next week, same time, same station."



HE FORGOT

He brushed his teeth twice a day with a nationally advertised tooth paste.

The doctor examined him twice a year.

He wore rubbers when it rained.

He slept with the windows open.

He stuck to a diet with plenty of fresh vegetables.

He relinquished his tonsils and traded in several worn-out glands.

He golfed — but never more than eighteen holes.

He got at least eight hours sleep every night.

He never smoked, drank or lost his temper.

He did his daily dozen, — daily.

He was all set to live to be a hundred.

The funeral will be held next Wednesday. He is survived by eighteen specialists, four health institutes, six gymnasiums and numerous manufacturers of health foods and anti-septics.

He had forgotten about trains at grade crossings.—Bulletin Mo. State Highway Patrol.



Have a Smile

WHY THEY CRIED

Two Irishmen, unused to the ways of a big city, visited Dublin, and took their dinner in a restaurant. One of them saw the little bottle of pepper sauce on the table and, thinking it must be very good to be put into so small a bottle, put a liberal dose on his meat. Naturally, it burned him so that tears came to his eyes.

"What are you crying about, Terence?" asked his companion.

"Sure, I just happened to be thinkin' about my poor dead grandmother," said Terence.

In a few minutes the other man did the same thing. "And what are you crying about?" asked Terence.

"I'm crying because you did not die before your grandmother was born," said the second man.



Little Johnny proved himself a diplomat of high order yesterday. He came running to his mother with a bruised knee.

"How did it happen?" she asked.

"I was climbing up on the pantry shelf and it broke."

"What on earth were you doing up there?"

"I was trying to get the glue so I could fix the big vase."

"Oh, dear! Did you break that?"

"Well, when the golf ball broke the mantel mirror it bounced and broke the vase too."

"Johnny! Were you playing golf in the house?"

"No'm. I was outside and it went through the big bay window. And now, will you fix my knee?"

—Am. Mutual Mag.



TWO TICKETS FOR A TWAIN RIDE

Mark Twain met a friend at the races one day in England who said, "I'm broke, I wish you would buy me a ticket back to London."

"Well," Mark said, "I'm nearly broke myself, but I will tell you what I'll do. You can hide under my seat and I'll hide you with my legs."

The friend agreed to this.

Then Mark Twain went down to the ticket office and bought two tickets. When the train pulled out his friend was safely under the seat. The inspector came around for the tickets. Mark gave him two. The inspector said, "Where is the other one?"

Tapping his head the humorist said in a loud voice, "That is my friend's ticket! He is a little eccentric and likes to ride under the seat."

—Mark Twain Wit and Wisdom



Have a Smile

Scotchman: "Doctor, what can I do to prevent seasickness?"

Doctor: "Have you a dime?"

Scotchman: "Yes, sir."

Doctor: "Well, hold it between your teeth."—Bee Hive.



A New Yorker lost his car license and \$50 for running over a dog. One should be careful to run over nothing but pedestrians.—Robert Quillen.

"I've admitted I was wrong," exclaimed the exasperated man. "What else can I do?"

"Admit I was right," replied his wife.



A star football player was unusually dumb. To the surprise of his classmates, he passed his work, including a special examination in chemistry.

Asked about it, the professor said:

"I decided to let him pass if he answered 50 per cent of the questions correctly. I asked him only two. The first was, 'What color is blue vitriol?' He answered 'Pink.' That was wrong. The other question was, 'How do you make sulphuric acid?' He answered that he didn't know. That time he was right, so I passed him."



MODERN CONVENIENCES

Farmer Corntassel had just retired and moved to Louisville. In the morning after spending the first night in the new home, his wife said: "Well, Paw, hain't it about time you was gettin' up to build the fire?"

"No, siree," replied the old gentleman. "I'll call the fire department. We might as well get used to these city conveniences right now."



Examiner: "If a man can do one-fourth of a piece of work in three days, how long will it take him to finish it?"

Student: "Is the man working for himself or is it a government job?"



Have a Smile

A WITTY REJOINER

Perhaps the most withering and wittiest rejoinder ever made on a political platform, says Sir Ian Malcolm, an old parliamentarian (in "Trodden Ways"), was that made by Joseph H. Choate, famous lawyer and diplomat, during an election campaign in New York. Following a speech by "Boss" Croker — who rarely spoke in public — in which he had "completely given away his case," in the judgment of his opponents, Mr. Choate gravely said:

"Now, consider the case of Balaam's ass; before it spoke all men regarded it as quite an ordinary quadruped; but after it had spoken they discovered what an extraordinary ass it was."—W. Orton Tewson, in Springfield Republican.



NOT A FOUL

McNutt: "I met that impossible Billswiggle today."

His Wife: "Yes, and I suppose you argued with him until you were black in the face."

McNutt: "No, just around one eye."



HAVE IT YOUR WAY

"What is the shape of the earth?" asked the teacher, calling suddenly on Wee Wullie.

"Round," said Wee Wullie.

"How do you know it is round?" asked the teacher.

"Well," says Wullie, "it's square then; I dinna want any argument about it."—Dundee Star.

Are you the barber who cut my hair the last time?

No, I have worked here only a year.



The director of the zoo was away on a short vacation when he received the following note from the chief assistant: "Everything all right except that the chimpanzee seems to be pining for a companion. What shall we do until you return?"

Judge in the court room: "I've lost my hat."

A lawyer: "That's nothing, I lost a suit here yesterday."



A city man crawled over a fence, only to find himself in a pasture with a vicious-looking bull.

"Hey, there," he called to the farmer, "is this bull safe?"

"Well," replied the farmer, "he's much safer than you are."



Have a Smile

INNOCENT

The Sunday school teacher asked in rather severe tones:

"Who killed Abel?"

A timid boy raised his hand and said:

"Not me."



"PLAIN SILLY"

A lecturer, giving an address before the Rotarians, was interrupted by a man who stood up and, pointing his finger at him said, "You are silly."

The speaker was somewhat embarrassed and made a new attempt, but he was again interrupted by the same man who repeated, pointing his finger, "You're plain silly."

"And you are drunk," said the lecturer.

"Yes," answered the tipsy heckler, "I am drunk but tomorrow I'll be sober and you will still be silly."



In the midst of a recent rehearsal, Hans Richter, the Viennese conductor was startled by an unplanned blast from the bass-trombone. "What do you mean by blowing that note when there is nothing to blow?" he barked. The musician was all mystified innocence. "It's here," he protested, "The note is right here in my score!" Richter reached over to take the sheet of music, when suddenly the note disappeared. "My goodness!" said the trombonist, "I've played a fly!"



When a Hollywood druggist closed his store recently, he inserted a window card bearing an eloquent valedictory. It read:

Jack is closing this place. The following services which he has been putting out may be had at the places mentioned:

1. Ice water — at the fountain across the street.
2. General information — from cop on beat.
3. Charity — at county farm.
4. Change — at Bank across the street.
5. Petty loans — also at Bank.
6. Rest rooms — at home.
7. Daily papers — from newsboy.
8. Street car information — at depot.
9. Matches — from passers-by.
10. Loafing — in the street.



Have a Smile

A BRET HARTE STORY

W. Orton Tewson in the Springfield Republican recalls this story by Bret Harte showing that the effect of humor could be obtained by understatement as well as by exaggeration:

An accident had occurred and a quiet, reticent man in the observation car of an American train saw it. To him the other passengers ran, crying:

"Did you see what happened? Did you see what occurred? Apparently the cow stumbled on the track, and the engine caught it and flung it aside. It staggered on again and was cut into a thousand pieces."

The quiet man nodded.

"But," they argued, "can't you tell us something about the incident? You were the only one who saw it properly. How did the poor animal look?"

"Look?" said the quiet man. "It looked discouraged!"

GO AND DO LIKEWISE

Temperance Advocate: "I strongly object to the custom of christening ships with champagne."

The Other Man: "I don't; I think there's a temperance lesson in it."

Temperance Advocate: "How can that be?"

The Other Man: "Well, directly after her first taste of wine the ship takes to water and sticks to it."

CONFIDENCE IN THE DOCTOR

Pat became very ill and the doctor was called. After examining the patient, the doctor seated himself on the side of the bed, holding Pat's right hand with his fingers on the pulse. Pat's wife, on the other side of the bed, held his left hand. At length, silently and very gently, the doctor placed Pat's hand on the bed and said:

"Pat is dead."

When the doctor arose to go, Pat sat up in bed and said:

"Pat is not dead."

But Pat's faithful wife pushed him gently back on his pillow and said:

"Lie down, Pat. The doctor knows best."

Man in elevator: "Fourth floor, please."

Operator: "Here you are, son."

Man in elevator: "How dare you call me son?"

Operator: "Well, I brought you up, didn't I?"



Have a Smile

IRISH WIT

The readiness of Irish wit is exemplified in the story about some passengers who traveled in the same compartment from Liverpool to London. One of them missed his handkerchief—it was no ordinary handkerchief, but a colorful, expensive affair—and bluntly accused his right-hand neighbor, an Irishman, with having picked his pocket.

Rising to leave the compartment, the man found the handkerchief—on which he had been sitting. A third passenger suggested that the accuser apologize. But the Irishman said:

"Oh, there is no occasion for an apology. There was a mutual mistake. He took me for a thief, and I took him for a gentleman."—W. Orton Tewson in Springfield Republican.

Mother: "How would you like to go to the country for a while this summer, Johnnie?"

Johnnie: "I don't want to go where they've got thrashing machines. It's bad enough to be thrashed by hand."

Neddie: "Does your wife ever claim to have made a man of you?"

Freddie: "She doesn't go that far but I have heard her say that she has tried her level best."

Doctor: "Let me look at your tongue."

Patient: "It's no use, doctor. No tongue could tell how badly I feel."

Mother was instructing little Gertrude in regard to her manners, as she was being dressed to return her friend's call. "If they ask you to dine, say, 'No, I thank you; I have dined.'"

But the conversation turned out differently from what she had anticipated.

"Come along, Gertrude," invited her little friend's father, "have a bite with us."

"No, thank you," was Gertrude's dignified reply, "I've already bitten."

Reporter: "To what do you attribute your great age?"

Grandpa: "To the fact that I was born so long ago."

Relief Agent: "They tell me you have a model husband."

Woman: "Yes, but he ain't a work-in' model. He's just a blue-print."



Have a Smile

Boaster: "Yes, when I was in Africa a lion ran across my path. I had no gun in my hand so I took a pail of water and poured it over his head and he ran away."

Bored Listener: "I can vouch for that. I was in Africa at the time and the lion ran into me and when I stroked his mane, it was still quite damp."

IRISH ELOQUENCE

Two young men were on trial at the Munster (Ireland) assizes charged with the manslaughter of their father. Presiding, was Justice William O'Brien. The lads were defended by Dick Adams, noted lawyer and wit. Called upon to plead the younger said, "Not guilty." The elder said nothing. Again and again he was asked to plead guilty or not guilty. At last he raised his head and said:

"My Lord, I am told there is very little evidence against me, but that if I say 'Not guilty,' this boy beside me may be convicted. He is innocent. I am guilty. I won't risk his life's happiness to let myself escape."

There was a long silence.

Following this the crown prosecutor, much against his judgment, was bullied by the judge into entering a Nolle Prosequi in the case of the younger prisoner. Then Justice O'Brien spread himself. If the prisoner had slain a father in a moment of rage, he had saved a brother's life by the deliberate sacrifice of noble compunction (and so on and so forth). The sentence of the court would be imprisonment for six months.

Dick Adams dined with the judges that night (relates Sergeant A. M. Sullivan in "Old Ireland: Reminiscences of an Irish K. C." — King's Counsel), and over the port Justice O'Brien discoursed on the natural and unsophisticated genius of the Munster peasant.

"I was never so struck by it," said he, "as when today I listened to the simple and untutored eloquence that that young man poured forth without the smallest effort."

"I wish," said Adams, "You knew the effort it cost me to teach him that speech in the cells last night."—W. Orton Tewson in Springfield Republican.



Have a Smile

At last I am forty
And ready to start
To live as I should
If I don't fall apart.
Marian Bates

Although not of military age, Mr. McAdoo's youngest son, Robert H. McAdoo, joined the navy as an ordinary seaman after the United States entered the World War. One day he was ordered to report to a petty officer on shore at Norfolk, Va. When he presented his orders (chuckles the proud father), the petty officer, who was something of a roughneck, said gruffly:

"McAdoo! McAdoo! Any kin to the secretary of the treasury?"

"Yes," replied Robert, "he is my father."

"Aw, come off, young feller. Don't gimme any guff. If your father was secretary, you'd be an admiral."—Springfield Republican.



THE BEAUTY

"Her face was lifted only twice, her skin bleached once, her hair dyed thrice; reducing by a new device she cut her figure to a slice, and now she's resting—in Paradise."



An Irishman, accused of being drunk, protested that he was sober, whereat his companion retorted: "If ye was sober, ye'd have the sinse to know ye was dhrunk."—W. H. Hudson, Land's End.



Mrs. Newwed (at dinner table): "I was going to have some sponge cake as a surprise for you, dear, but I confess it was a failure."

Mr. N.: "What was the matter?"

Mrs. N.: "I don't know for sure, but I think the store sent me the wrong kind of sponges."



"Mark Twain said that when he was a boy of 14 his father was so ignorant he could hardly stand to have the old man around; but when he got to be 21 he was astonished at how much the old man had learned in seven years."



Have a Smile

Insane Asylum Attendant: "A man outside wants to know if we have lost any male inmates."

Doctor: "Why?"

Attendant: "He says someone has run off with his wife."



An English gentleman, lately arrived in China, sent for his native cook to congratulate him upon an exceptionally tasty dinner.

"I hope, Kong Ho, you did not kill one of those dogs to provide the soup," he laughingly remarked, referring to China's pariah dogs.

Kong Ho made a solemn gesture of dissent.

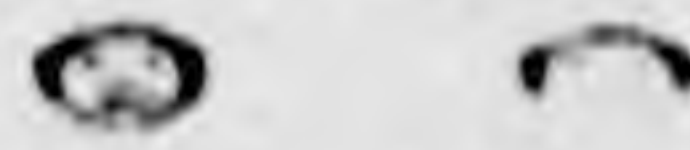
"Me no kill dog, master," he declared. "Him all dead when I pick him up."



JOY

The Negro washerwoman singing over her tub, when a lady commented, somewhat in surprise, upon her evident cheerfulness, replied:

"Yas'm, I'se joyful 'cause I'se got sich happifying job. You see, every rub makes things cleaner and brighter for somebody and that makes me feel like singin'."



"Many were the quips and humorous sayings of Bret Harte," recalls "Forbie" (in his memoirs, "A Player Under Three Reigns"). "For example: 'What is a belted earl? Is he an earl who doesn't wear braces?'"

"Upon one talking much about his ancestors, Bret Harte said, 'You remind me of a potato, the best part of you is underground.'"—Springfield Republican.



A guest at a banquet took pains to make himself agreeable to a Chinaman sitting next to him. Somewhat at a loss for small talk he ventured, after the first course, to inquire, "Likee soupee?"

There was no reply except a genial beam. After the next course he followed up his first opening with "Likee fishee?" This evoked a still more genial beam.

Later in the evening the visitor from the Far East responded to a toast in perfect English.

On resuming his seat he asked his neighbor, "Likee speechee?"



Have a Smile

"A colored 'Auntie' had been bitten by a dog belonging to a man who owned a number of dogs. But there was some trouble in deciding which of them had attacked her. 'Which dog bit you?' she was asked. 'Was it Nero, Demon or Neptune?' 'I don't know,' she groaned. 'The name ain't bothered me none. It was jis de teeth'."



DID HIS BEST

Once when Mark Twain was returning to his country home from a visit to New York he got the expressman to carry into the house a large trunk. That worthy, recalls Clara Clemens (in "My Father: Mark Twain") had reached the top of a winding staircase safely, and then dropped the trunk over the banister down on to a newel post supporting a high lamp. Of course, the lamp was smashed to pieces and parts of the beautifully carved post were wrecked.

"What on earth have you done?" exclaimed Mark, as he viewed the wreck.

"I done my best," said the expressman.

"You certainly have," agreed Mark.—Springfield Republican.

POLITENESS AND TACT

The colored plumber was telling of the awkwardness of opening a bathroom door, revealing a woman in the tub. He said, "I backed out quick and I says, 'Scuse me, sir,' and shet de do.' Now dat 'scuse me', dat was politeness, but dat 'sir,' dat was tact."—Margery Wilson.

In the early days of the war a company of somewhat unruly Australians were attached to the command of an English officer who wore a monocle—the first one they had ever seen in real life. On their first morning in camp they caricatured their new commander by appearing on parade with the lids of their blacking tins solemnly stuck into their left eyes.

The Englishman took a long, silent look at them. Then he flipped his monocle into the air and deftly caught it in his eye. "Do that, you blighters!" he barked at them, and turned on his heel and walked away—accompanied by a whole-hearted cheer from his new command.—Clair Price in N. Y. Times Magazine.



Have a Smile

OBEDIENCE

The present King of England, known as "Bertie," was lunching with King Edward the Seventh and other members of the family. The little boy stammeringly attempted to attract his grandfather's attention; but King Edward, busily talking, chided him for interrupting:

"Don't talk, lad, until we've finished luncheon."

Obediently, "Bertie" lapsed into silence. Luncheon ended, the king said: "Now, then, what is it you wanted to say to me?"

"Bertie" gulped. "It d-doesn't matter now, Grandpapa," he said glumly. "I was only g-going to tell you there was a c-c-caterpillar in your salad, but you've eaten it n-now."



Student: What is a colon irrigation?

Professor: A colon irrigation is a plain enema with a college education.

When I was working about eighteen hours a day my little nephew came into my office and stayed with me some time. Then somebody at home said that I was working hard. He said, "Oh, Uncle Charlie doesn't work. I have been to his office and he does nothing but talk." — Charles M. Schwab.



Patient: "My wife tells me that I talk in my sleep, doctor. What should I do?"

Doctor: Nothing that you shouldn't."

"My wife is suffering untold agony."

"I am sorry; what is the matter with her?"

"She has an inflamed throat and can not talk about it."



"Your methods of cultivation are hopelessly out of date," said the youthful agricultural college student to the old farmer. "Why, I'd be astonished if you got even ten pounds of apples from that tree."

"So would I," replied the farmer. "It's a pear tree."



"There's an old clothes man at the door."

"Tell him I've got all I need."



Have a Smile

The best place to have a boil is on the other fellow.—Mark Twain.

Doctor: "The thing for you to do is to stop thinking about yourself — to bury yourself in your work."

Nervous Wreck: "What! And me a concrete mixer."—The Pacific Coaster.



SMOKING OUT THE TRUTH

"No, no, no," exclaimed Giovanni Martinelli, the opera star. "The pipe, the cigar, the cigarettes!"

Reporters who had come to interview the famous singer hastily extinguished the three evils, when he explained that the smoke made his throat sore.

"But didn't you endorse a cigarette once?" asked a reporter.

"Si, si," admitted the smiling tenor. "But remember what I said. I said: 'These cigarettes never make my throat sore.' And that is true. They never do."

"Because," a reporter suggested, "you never smoke them?"

"Si, si," laughed Martinelli. "I never smoke them. I never smoked anything in my life."—Quoted in Cleveland Plain Dealer.



Guide: "Why didn't you shoot at that tiger?"

Timid Soul: "Er, er, he didn't have the right kind of expression on his face for a rug."

Teacher: "Willie, what is an adult?"

Willie: "One that has stopped growing except in the middle."



"Why do you think your husband is the cause of your indigestion?"

"He doesn't agree with me."

Maid (to young man caller): "I'm sorry, but she said to tell you she isn't at home."

Young man: "Well, tell her I'm glad I didn't call."



A gentleman slipped on the stair of the subway and started gliding to the bottom. Half way down he collided with a lady, knocking her off her feet, and the two continued the journey together. After they had reached the bottom, the lady, still dazed, continued to sit on the gentleman's chest. Looking up at her politely, he said: "Madam, I'm sorry, but this is as far as I go."



Have a Smile

A LINCOLN STORY

In his "Life of Lincoln" Emil Ludwig gives the following interesting story of the great Emancipator.

"When we lived in Indiana once in a while my mother used to make some gingerbread. One day I smelled the gingerbread and came into the house to get my share while it was still hot. My mother had baked me three gingerbread men. I took them out under a hickory tree to eat them.

"There was a family near us poorer than we were, and their little boy came along as I sat down.

"'Abe,' he said, 'gimmie a man!'"

"I gave him one. He crammed it into his mouth in two bites, and looked at me while I was biting the legs off my first one.

"'Abe,' he said, 'gimmie that other'n.'"

"I wanted it myself, but I gave it to him, and it followed the first. I said to him:

"'You seem to like gingerbread.'"

"'Abe,' he said, 'I don't s'pose anybody on earth likes gingerbread better'n I do — and gets less'n I do.'"—Springfield Republican.



DOWN EAST YANKEE SPEECH

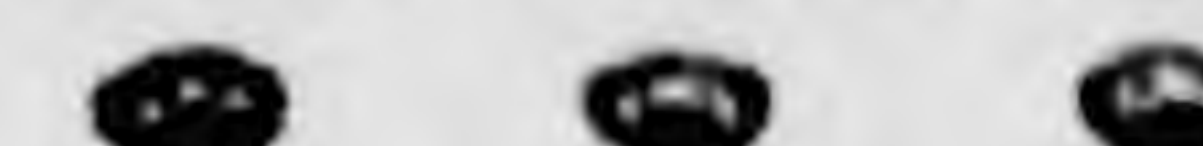
"Knew a feller once't 'at pizened hissself eatin' tainted salmon out of one of these here tin cans out of a store. Leastwise, they said ez haow 'twuz tainted." Pause. "Eatin' it didn't dew him no real good, ez you might say." Pause. "They figgered that eatin' it wuz enough, just by itself, to make him die." Pause. "Fact is, I don't know but whut he did die." Long pause. "I wuz to the funeral."—Irvin S. Cobb.



Physician: "I would advise you, Madam, to take very frequent warm baths, get as much fresh air as possible, and dress in cool clothes."

Patient's Husband (one hour later): "What did the doctor say?"

Wife: "He said I ought to go to Palm Beach for a while and then to the mountains, and that I will have to get some new light gowns at once."



Wife: "I can't find my last year's bathing suit."

Husband: "Probably a moth ate it."



Have a Smile

OFF TO A FINE START

An antique dealer had advertised for an assistant.

Dealer (to applicant): Now, here is a twisted old hour hand from a cheap cuckoo clock. What does it represent to you?

Applicant. A toothpick which belonged to the Marquise de Pompadour.

Dealer: Good, You are engaged.—
Wochenschau, Essen.



"What is the rod of affliction?" the teacher asked. "Goldenrod," shouted the little girl with hay fever.



George: "Why hasn't Daddy got much hair?"

Mother: "Because he thinks a lot, dear."

George: "Then why have you got so much hair?"

Mother: "Go on and eat your breakfast."



Small Hopeful: "Mother, we've had the best time playing postman. We gave a letter to everybody in the block."

Mother: "But where did you get the letters?"

Small Hopeful: "Oh, we found them in your trunk in the attic, all tied up with blue ribbon."



"See here, Mr. Casey," said Pat to the tax assessor, "shure and ye know the goat isn't worth \$8.00."

"O'm sorry," responded Casey, "but that is the law."

Producing a book, he read the following passage: "All property abutting on Front Street should be taxed at the rate of \$2.00 per foot."

They borrow books, they will not buy,
They have no ethics nor religions.

I wish some kind Burbankian guy
Would cross my books with homing pigeons.

—Carolyn Wells.



Jack Grigsby of Oklahoma City soon unpicketed his butcher shop when striking employees stationed a man in front of it with a placard telling their troubles. He hired a Negro mammy, full of years and ample of beam, and had her walk alongside the picketer with a sign reading: "Just Married."—United Press.



Have a Smile

PRICE OF SILENCE

One day while Opie Read was striving to work on his memoirs, "I Remember," the Negro who looks after his apartment in a Florida hotel was in the bathroom humming a hymn. Opening the door Mr. Read said to him:—

"Here's a 25 cent piece. Give me a quarter's worth of silence."

George took the coin, looked at it, and turning to the donor with an inquiring look, remarked:—

"Boss, about how much silence is you in de habit o' gitting fur er quartah?"—Springfield Republican.



Housewife: "Look here, old man, why do you always come back to my house and beg?"

Tramp: "Doctor's orders, ma'am. He told me when I found the food that agreed with me I should continue it."



"Hey, Boss!" shouted the office boy, rushing into his employer's office. "How about gettin' off this afternoon to go to a ball game?"

"William," said the boss, "that is no way to ask. Sit here at my desk and I will show you how."

He closed the door behind him; then he knocked and entered with his hat in his hand, saying, "Please, Mr. Smith, may I go to the ball game this afternoon?"

"Sure!" said Billy, quickly. "Go ahead. Here's fifty cents for the ticket."



"When I was a boy," said a gray-haired physician, who was in a reminiscent mood, "I wanted to be a soldier, but my parents persuaded me to study medicine."

"Oh, well," consoled his sympathetic neighbor, "such is life. Many a man with wholesale ambitions has to content himself with a retail business."—
American Legion Monthly.



Uncomfortably crowded once in a London bus, Edmund Gosse said to his companion, W. M. Rossetti, "I understand you are an anarchist." "I am an atheist," replied Rossetti in a loud voice. "My daughter is an anarchist." A sufficient number of people left the bus indignantly to make Gosse and Rossetti comfortable.—
Harry Emerson Fosdick.



Have a Smile

Most artists and poets are not lacking in self confidence and self esteem. The famous painter, Whistler, said in reply to a lady who remarked in his presence that the two names sacred in the history of art were Whistler and Velasquez:

"True, dear lady, but why drag in Velasquez?"

There is a similar story about the Italian poet, d'Annunzio. When he was living in France a letter was sent him inscribed only "To Italy's Greatest Poet."

The letter reached him but he refused to receive it. He was not Italy's Greatest Poet: He was the World's Greatest Poet!



He had been fishing, without any luck. So he went to the fish market and called to the dealer:

"Throw me five of those biggest trout."

"Throw 'em? What for?"

"I want to tell the family I caught 'em. I'm a rotten fisherman, but I'm no liar."



Doctor: "I think I will give you a local anesthetic."

Railroad Man: "Well, Doc, if it's going to hurt I reckon you had better cut out the local and run me through on a sleeper."



The boy was probably mentally deficient, and an examination was indicated.

"How many ears has a cat?" queried the psychologist.

"Two," replied the lad instantly.

"And how many eyes has a cat?"

"Two."

"And how many legs has a cat?"

"Say, Doc," asked the boy, "didn't you ever see a cat?"



Mother — "You were a good girl not to throw your banana skins down in the train. Did you put them in your bag?"

Jean — "No, I put them in the pocket of the gentleman who was sitting next to me."



"Dad, what is politeness?"

"Politeness is not letting people know what you think about them."



Have a Smile

A charming anecdote about Princess Ileana, daughter of Queen Marie of Roumania, is related by Sisley Huddleston (in "Paris Salons, Cafes, Studios"). As a girl of seven Princess Ileana went with her mother to stay at Buckingham palace.

"Why do you eat so many bananas?" asked King George one day.

"Because we had none at all at Jassy," answered the child.

"What did you do at Jassy?" inquired the king.

"Carried thermos bottles of hot tea, just as mamma did, to the soldiers who lay freezing and dying in the streets," replied Ileana. But she went busily on eating bananas.

"Will you never have had enough bananas?" asked the king.

"Never," said the child, "while you have any left."—Springfield Republican.



Have a Smile

GOOD FRIEND WILLIAM OSLER

One of the most picturesque stories of Sir William Osler when he was a young physician is told by his cousin, Marian Osborne. "One day we were walking down the street together (in Montreal). An old and very seedy looking man accosted us and asked for money. Uncle Bill looked at him with his penetrating brown eyes and said with a laugh, 'You old rascal, why should I give you money to drink yourself to death? There is only one thing of value about you; that is your hob-nailed liver.'

"I'll give it to you, sir, I'll give it to you."

"Dr. Osler laughed and putting his hand in his pocket drew out some silver which he gave to the old man, saying, 'Now Jehoshaphat, promise me you'll get some soup before you start in on the gin.'

"The old fellow eagerly agreed and went away with infirmity in his step. The doctor looked after him with a thoughtful expression. 'Pretty cold for that poor fellow,' he murmured, and then I found we were running after the beggar. 'Here, take this, I have a father of my own,' said the doctor, pulling off his overcoat and putting it on the astonished old man. 'You may drink yourself to death and undoubtedly will, but I cannot let you freeze to death.'

"Tell me your name, sir."

"William Osler, and don't forget to leave me that liver.' Virtue was rewarded two weeks later. The old man, before he died in the hospital, made his last will and testament, leaving his hob-nailed liver and his overcoat to his good friend, William Osler. It was well, for his 'good friend' would have had to save many months before he could have got the wherewithal to buy another coat, and after it was thoroughly disinfected it was as good as new."



A Houston road-sign painter suggests the following signs for railroad crossings:

"Come ahead. You're unimportant."

"Try our engines. They satisfy."

"Don't stop. Nobody will miss you."

"Take a chance. You can get hit by a train only once."



Lady: "Will my false teeth look natural?"

Dentist: "Lady, I make 'em so natural they ache."



Have a Smile

After leaving a solemn religious service, little Princess Margaret Rose, second daughter of the English King made this remark about her elder sister:

"Elizabeth is so bad that we have to pray for her in public." And she added proudly. "But I am so good that nobody needs to pray for me!"—Voila, Paris.



The colored preacher, after talking to his congregation about free salvation, asked Brother Smith to take up the collection. A parishioner got to his feet and protested: "Parson, I thought you said salvation was free — free as the water we drink."

"Salvation is free, Brother," replied the minister. "It's free and water is free, but when we pipes it to you, you have to pay for the piping."—Wall Street Journal.



A Union Pacific shopman, drawn for jury service, asked the judge to excuse him. "We are very busy at the shops," said he, "and I ought to be there."

"So you are one of those men who think the Union Pacific couldn't get along without them," remarked the judge.

"No, Your Honor," replied the shopman, "I know it could get along without me, but I don't want it to find out."

"Excused," said the judge.—Topeka Capital.



Asked to write a brief essay on the life of Benjamin Franklin, a little girl wrote this gem of a paragraph:

"He was born in Boston, traveled to Philadelphia, met a lady on the street, she laughed at him, he married her, and discovered electricity."

In the old stage coach days, a passenger by his admiration encouraged the driver to demonstrate his adept use of the whip, flicking a horsefly into oblivion from a horse's rump and neatly dispatching a mud-dauber on a fence.

"Can't you knock off that thing hanging from that branch up there?" asked the passenger.

"Well, I could," drawled the driver, "but it don't seem best. You see, son, a horsefly is just a horsefly, and one mud-dauber is one mud-dauber, but a hornet's nest — well, that's an organization."



Have a Smile

General (Stonewall) Jackson went to a fashionable tailor by the name of Ballard to have a pair of trousers made. Tailor Ballard was a very vain chap, fond of being recognized in public by the great men who patronized him.

Shortly after he had delivered his handiwork he came upon the general standing before a hotel in conversation with several gentlemen. He smiled amiably as he stopped before the group, but unfortunately the General failed to recognize him. He seemed to be supposed to, and in a whisper, inquired his name.

"I made your breeches, General," the tailor whispered back.

"To be sure, to be sure," said Jackson. "Gentlemen, meet Major Breeches." This name Ballard bore from that day until his death.—*Christian Science Monitor.*



"The first New Dealer was Christopher Columbus. He didn't know where he was going and when he got there he had no idea where he was. And he did it on other people's money."



"This tonic is no good."

"What's the matter?"

"All the directions it gives are for adults, and I never had them."



Patient (nervously): "And will the operation be dangerous, doctor?"

Doctor: "Nonsense. You couldn't buy a dangerous operation for forty dollars."

"To speed is human; to get caught is fine."



"How did the explosion occur?"

"The engineer was full, and the boiler was empty."

"One night out may mean many years in."



"Habits get the best of us. Many a man who worked his own way through college is now working his son's way through."

"Young people today are alike in many disrespects."



Have a Smile

Dr. Elwood Worcester tells the following interesting story of his friend, the late Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, famous Philadelphia physician and author:

"One day a wealthy man came to consult him in regard to his health. As he was about to depart he said, 'Doctor, what do I owe you?' Dr. Mitchell replied, 'One hundred dollars.' 'Really doctor,' the man continued, 'I've been in your office only half an hour and I don't know that anything you've told me is worth one hundred dollars to me.' 'That's my price,' said Dr. Mitchell, courteously, 'but give what you please.'

"The man took out a ten dollar bill and placed it on the table. Dr. Mitchell touched the bell and his colored boy appeared. 'Take that, John,' said the doctor, pointing to the offending note, and leave the room.' The patient turned to him instantly and said with an air of elaborate politeness, 'Excuse me, doctor, I was not aware that you had a partner. If I'd known that I should have given you something too.'



Granpappy Morgan, a hillbilly of the Ozarks, had wandered off to the woods and had failed to return for supper, so young Tolliver was sent to look for him. He found him standing in the bushes.

"Gettin' dark, Grandpap," the tot ventured.

"Yep."

"Suppertime, Grandpap."

"Yep."

"Ain't ye hungry?"

"Yep."

"Wal, air ye comin' home?"

"Nope."

"Why ain't ye?"

"Can't."

"Why can't ye?"

"Standin' in a b'ar trap."



An English woman in Australia had an Australian servant whom she wanted to take back with her to London. The girl said she would like to go but was sure that her grandmother would not consent. So the lady went to try to persuade the grandmother.

"Oh, no," said the old woman, "I would never let our Lily go to England. Why, that's where them convicts come from."—*Springfield Republican.*



Have a Smile

ENVIABLE

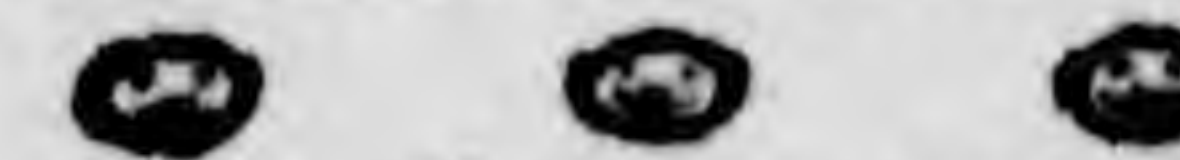
"I envy the man who sang the tenor solo."

"Really? I thought he had a very poor voice."

"So did I, but just think of his nerve."—*Border Cities Star.*



Three natives of Aberdeen, while on holiday and walking in a strange town, noticed the sign, "No Charge for Admittance" on a building where there was a social gathering with music, speeches and tea. These Aberdonians said to each other, "That's the very place for us, let's go in." They went in and enjoyed the music and especially the tea. Later on when the chairman announced a collection one of them fainted, and, of course, his friends were obliged to carry h'm out, but none of the party returned in time for the collection.



European railways cater to three classes of passengers. In the earlier days a story is told about the train that came to a full stop when something went wrong with the works. The conductor went up and down the length of the train shouting:

"First class passengers, keep your seat! Second class passengers, get out and walk! Third class passengers, get out and shove!"—*Springfield Republican.*



Visitor (speaking of little boy): "He has his mother's eyes."

Mother: "And his father's mouth."

Child: "And his brother's trousers."



NOT A FOUL

McNutt: "I met that impossible Billswiggle today."

His Wife: "Yes, and I suppose you argued with him until you were black in the face."

McNutt: "No, just around one eye."



Have a Smile

HUMOR VERSUS WORRY

The famous late Chauncey Depew, who attained to the fine age of 94, when he suffered an attack of pneumonia which was beyond his capacity to deal with, once made the following statement:

"My grandmother died of worry, and my father died of worry. I was dying of worry when I decided to take up humor — to see the genial and amusing side of life. It was humor that saved my life."



A SHAW STORY

When George Bernard Shaw was called upon for a speech after the conclusion of his drama, "Arms and the Man," just as he was about to commence some one of the gallery let out a "boo." Shaw introduced his talk with the following tactful preface:

"I assure the gentleman in the gallery, that he and I are exactly of the same opinion, but what can we do against a whole house who are of a contrary opinion?"



Don't worry about our present problems. They will either solve themselves or seem trivial compared with old ones.



A nagging wife need not be a liability. You are in better shape to fight the world if you have a sparring partner.

The fact that man is made of dust is no reason why other men should plaster him with mud.



"So you want to marry my daughter, yet? Vell could you lend me \$1,000 for a year midout interest?"

"Most certainly I could, but I von't."

"Good for you, take her, mine son."

The Scotch patient was fumbling in his pocket.

"You don't need to pay me in advance," said the dentist.

"I'm no going to," was the reply. "I'm only counting ma money before you give me the gas."



Talkative lady: "A big man like you might be better occupied than cruelly catching little fish."

Angler: "Perhaps you are right. But if this fish had kept his mouth shut he wouldn't be here."



Have a Smile

Asked by S. J. Woolf, well-known artist, what he considered the best formula for success in life, Prof. Einstein smiled, thought a moment, and then replied:

"If A is success in life, I should say the formula is: A equals X plus Y plus Z, X being work and Y being play."

"And what," Mr. Woolf asked, "is Z?"

"That," answered Einstein, "is keeping your mouth shut."—W. Orton Tewson.



"You can tell who a dog's owner is by the characteristics of the dog.

"I went hunting once with three bird dogs, one a merchant's, one a banker's, one a farmer's dog.

"The merchant's dog got right down to business and sighted the bird each time so I could shoot. The banker's dog then ran ahead and devoured it. But the farmer's dog just sat back on its haunches and howled!"—Clarence Darrow.



Teacher: "Do you know, Tommy, that a fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer?"

Tommy: "Is that why I failed in my examination, Sir?"



A little girl, sitting near the front of the class, sniffed incessantly. The teacher became annoyed, called the child to her and said, "Have you a handkerchief, my dear?"

"Yes, teacher," replied the child, "but mother doesn't like me to lend it to anybody."



A boy was about to purchase a seat for a movie in the afternoon. The box office man asked: "Why aren't you in school?"

"Oh, it's all right, sir," replied the boy. "I've got the measles."



A COOLIDGE STORY

When the late Calvin Coolidge was President of the Massachusetts Senate, a certain senator was told by another one to go to the hot place. In anger he asked the presiding officer:

"Did you hear what he said to me a moment ago?"

With a long, sober face Coolidge replied, "Yes, but I have looked up the law, and you don't have to go."

The Senator's anger was appeased when he began to laugh.



Have a Smile

Meeting a boy coming from the scene of an accident a lady said:

"What was the cause of the accident?"

The boy: "Two motorists after the same pedestrian."—Punch.



INSOMNIA

Lady in doctor's office after being advised to try to rest and relax said:

"I DO try to relax and make my mind a blank, doctor, but I can't help wondering what I am not thinking about."—Punch.



"Paint is a preservative. Perhaps that's why women live longer than men."

Waiter: "Here, what are you doing with those teaspoons in your pocket?"

Customer: "Doctor's orders."

Waiter: "What do you mean — doctor's orders?"

"He told me to take two teaspoons after every meal."



"Many a man who is told by his doctor that he must change his habits, changes his doctor instead."

This is what I dictated to my blonde stenographer: "In conformity with our recent conversation, we have booked you today for 100 drums of linseed oil."

And this is what she wrote: "In conformity with our recent conversation, we have hooked you today for 100 drums of linseed oil."

I have a brunette stenographer now.



Doctor (inquiring after a boy who had swallowed a half dollar): "How is the boy today?"

Nurse: "No change yet."

A patient in a hospital awoke after an operation and found the blinds of the room drawn.

"Why are those blinds down?" he asked.

"Well," said the physician, "There is a fire burning across the alley and I didn't want you to wake up and think the operation had been a failure."



Country Constable: "Pardon, miss, but swimming is not allowed in this lake."

City Flapper: "Why didn't you tell me before I undressed?"

Country Constable: "Well, there ain't no law against undressin'."



Have a Smile

SUCCESS

"Do you think those cookery classes accomplish anything?"

"Sure I do. I haven't seen a tramp around the place since they started."

—Christian Science Monitor.



CURSE

"Drink," said the Irish preacher, "is the greatest curse of the country. It makes yer quarrel with yer neighbors. It makes yer shoot at yer landlord, and it makes yer miss him."

—Detroit Free Press.



—AND A DOLLAR

Teacher—"Tommy, if your father could save a dollar a week for four weeks, what would he have?"

Tommy—"A radio, a new suit, and a set of furniture."

—The Chicago Tribune.



Old Lady (on platform)—"Which platform for the Boston train?"

Porter—"Turn to the left and you'll be right."

Lady—"Don't be impertinent, young man!"

Porter—"All right, then, turn to your right and you'll be left."



HONK! HONK!

"Don't you enjoy listening to the honk of the wild goose?"

"No, not when it comes from behind the steering wheel of a car."



LATIN, PLEASE

Andrew Jackson, before he became President, was once making a stump speech in a small village. Just as he was finishing, a friend who sat near him whispered: "Tip 'em a little Latin, General; they won't be contented without it." The man of the iron will instantly thought upon the few phrases he knew, and in a voice of thunder wound up with "E pluribus unum, sine qua non, ne plus ultra, multum in parvo." The effect was tremendous, and the shouts of the Hoosiers could be heard for miles.

—Humors of Bench and Bar.

"For a pessimist, you are quite cheerful."

"I'm what is known as an optimistic pessimist."

Visitor—"Does the giraffe get a sore throat when it gets its feet wet?"

Keeper—"Not until the week after."



Have a Smile

A COCKNEY HECKLER

According to Mr. Edward Newton, an English temperance lecturer in a public speech said:

"I have lived in this town all my life. There are 50 pubs (saloons) in it, and I have never been in one of them."

From the back of the room a heckler inquired:

"Which one have you missed?"

"I have learned by years of experience," adds Mr. Newton, "never to attempt to match wits with a cockney."—Springfield Republican.



DEPRIVATION TEMPERED

It doesn't hurt any of us to have to go without things, if the people we have been trying to get ahead of have to go without them, too.

—Concordia Blade.



ODD DISEASES

"Doctor, I want to consult you about my stomach."

"But, madam, you are mistaken—I am a doctor of philosophy."

"Doctor of philosophy? What strange diseases there are nowadays."

—Vart Hem, Stockholm.



STILL BETTER

Small Boy (bragging)—My daddy is traffic commissioner, and when he drives his car he doesn't have to pay any attention to traffic rules.

His Friend—That's nothing! My father is a truck driver!

—Chelsea Record.



THE VENDETTA

First Woman—Well, I must be off. I've got an appointment with mother.

Second Woman (giving an astonished laugh)—My dear, is it possible that you have a mother living?

First Woman (laughing in her turn)—Yes, oh yes. And do you know, I don't believe she looks a day older than you.—London News.



WORKS BOTH WAYS

"My doctor says you can cure insomnia by sleeping outdoors."

"Huh! That's nothing; you can cure it by sleeping indoors too."

Mrs. Hardtack—Why are you leaving us, James?

The Butler—Well, mum, my reasons are unselfish wans. I want to give some other man a chance at the joy of living with yez.



Have a Smile

POWER OF SUGGESTION

A popular speaker on one of the Southern lyceum routes has a lecture on the power of suggestion. Before he begins he takes a bottle from his pocket and sprinkles liquid on the platform. "I have just sprinkled a bit of perfume," he said. "It will be of help to me if you will raise your hands as soon as the scent reaches you. We can then tell how rapidly it travels." He launches into his address. First on the front rows, later on the middle rows, and finally all the way back, hands are raised. Meanwhile the speaker nods thanks to each person who raises his hand and when the last hand is up, says: "You may recall that I am speaking on the power of suggestion. What I sprinkled here on the platform was not perfume but plain hydrant water, as you can see for yourself if you come forward and whiff the bottle."—Reader's Digest.



"John, I had a funny dream last night." "Well, what did you dream?" Said his wife: "I dreamt that I went into a store where they sold husbanda, and they had a lot of handsome men in glass cases, and they asked fabulous sums for those handsome men, but the counters were thronged with handsome women buying those handsome men." "Well, did you see any there like me?" "Oh, yes!" she said; "I saw a whole lot like you lying on the remnant counter."—Elwin Lincoln House.



The two friends were discussing motoring as they sat in the club. "I was once buying a second-hand car from a garage owner," said one. "Of course, he praised it up, as I was a novice. But I found a way of discovering absolutely all its faults."

"How?" asked the other.

"Why," went on the first, "I had it on trial, and took it to another motor dealer and asked him to buy it."

—Montreal Star.



THEY WEREN'T PLAYING

Dentist—Have you seen any small boys ring my bell and run away?

Policeman—They weren't small boys—they were grown-ups!

—Humorist.



Apartment Owner (a stout gentleman)—This is one of our latest style kitchenette apartments.

Prospective Tenant—Well, come out a minute and let me inside."



Have a Smile

A MORGAN STORY

In his autobiography, "From Then Till Now," James Barnes tells a delightful story about the late John Pierpont Morgan. Receiving an urgent call from Wall Street, he wired the president of the railroad, asking that the 10.24 train be stopped at the station nearest his camp. Arriving at the station he spoke to the station master, who was industriously engaged.

Approaching him, with no question in his voice, Mr. Morgan said:

"You got your orders to flag the 10.24."

"No; I didn't get no orders to flag no train this morning," said the station master, going on with his work.

"You mean to say you're not going to flag this train?"

"Nope, not without orders."

The great man was almost bewildered. Then he hurried into the waiting room, looked around, and emerged carrying a red flag. A whistle was heard up the track. Mr. Morgan flourished the red flag. The train came to a halt. Mr. Morgan was ready to go aboard.

"You'll hear from this," he said, tossing the flag to one side.

"Don't get excited, don't get excited," said the station master, "the 10.24 allus stops."

There were no complaints.



COLOR FOR A NUT

Architect: "Have you any suggestions for the study, Mr. Quickrich?"

Quickrich: "Only that it must be brown. Great thinkers, I understand, are generally found in a brown study."
—Watchman-Examiner.



COMPARATIVELY SPEAKING

"Iceland," said the teacher, "is about as large as Siam."

"Iceland," wrote Jack afterwards, "is about as large as teacher."



IN A NEW YORK BLIZZARD

The best story of the recent blizzard comes from Bertha Benedict, who says that toward morning a business man waded from a stalled train through the drifts to the station and sent this telegram to his office: "Won't be in today. Not home yesterday yet."
—New York Sun.



Have a Smile

PLAYING SAFE

Teacher—"Johnny, why does Missouri stand at the head in mule raising in the United States?"

Johnny—"Because the other end is dangerous."—Mueller Record.



A DIONNE QUINTUPLET GAG

"It is very fortunate that the quintuplets were born in Canada or two of them would have been plowed under."



HOW HE WON THE MEDALS

Charles M. Schwab, the famous steel manufacturer, told of a sergeant-major in France who during the war had his chest adorned by medals.

"What did you do to earn all those medals?" asked a friend.

The soldier answered:

"Well, you see, that one I got by mistake, and all the others I got because I had that one."



The celebrated historian, Lord Macaulay, was an exceptionally precocious child. At the age of three while suffering from an attack of toothache, a lady visitor asked him if he was feeling better. He replied with great dignity:

"I thank you, madam; the agony is abated."



Two women were discussing a mutual acquaintance. "She has a very magnetic personality," said one.

"She ought to have," said the other, "everything she has is charged."



Mark Twain's habit of swearing was revolting to his wife, who tried her best to cure him of it. One day while shaving he cut himself. He recited his entire vocabulary and when he was finished, his wife repeated every word he said. Mark Twain stunned her by saying calmly: "You have the words, dear, but you lack the tune."
—Readers Digest.

A minister wanted to get some copies of Farrar's book, "Seekers After God," and sent an order for them to a New York bookseller. The dealer could not get them in either of his firms, so he sent this telegram to the minister:

"No 'Seekers After God' in New York or Chicago stop try Philadelphia."



Have a Smile

AN AUTOGRAPH BY MARK TWAIN

"A place for everything and everything in some other place. This is not advice; it is custom."—Mark Twain.



A LEITER STORY

According to Mrs. Chanler, the late Mrs. L. Z. Leiter (mother of the late Lady Curzon) was something of a Mrs. Malaprop. "Though a kind and well-born woman," she was a little too conscious of her wealth, which the following quotations from her clearly indicate:

"Let my third footman take your coat, Mr. Lodge." "Now help yourself well Mr. Roosevelt, you don't get anything like this at home." "Mr. Leiter is going to the fancy ball in the garbage of a monk." "What a pity dear Sally Loring is so obscene" (meaning obese — Miss Loring was very stout, but entirely respectable.)



Teacher—"What is meant by Hobson's choice?"

Bright Pupils—"Mrs. Hobson, sir."
—Boston Evening Transcript.



A SAD VARIETY OF HAPPINESS

"Happiness," declaimed the philosopher, "is the pursuit of something, not the catching of it."

"Have you ever," interrupted the plain citizen, "chased the last car on a rainy night?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.



GET AMBITIOUS

"Where's old Bill been lately? I haven't seen him for months."

"What? Haven't you heard? He's got three years for stealin' a car."

"What did he want to steal a car for? Why didn't he buy one an' not pay for it, like a gentleman?"
—Stray Bits.



As there had been a number of earthquakes in the vicinity of Johnny's home, he was sent to his uncle for safety.

A week later Johnny was sent back to his parents with the following note: "Am returning Johnny, please send the earthquake."

Fond Mother: "I hope my little girl has been as good as gold all day."

Nurse: "No ma'am, she went off the gold standard about tea-time."

Doctor: "You cough easier this morning."

Patient: "I ought to, I've been practicing all night."



Have a Smile

"What's your idea of civilization?" the Prince of Wales was asked.

"It's a good idea," replied the Prince. "Somebody ought to start it."
—Reader's Digest.



Mother (from staircase): "Tommy, for goodness sake, turn off that loud-speaker. That horrible woman's voice is giving me a splitting headache."

Tommy: "But, Mother, that isn't the radio—it's Mrs. Brown come to visit you."



"NOT IN THE SAME PLACE"

In his childhood days we are told that Mark Twain occasionally tasted his father's cane. Once, according to the record, Father Clemens endeavored to soften the punishment by saying:

"Believe me, Sam, when you are bad and I have to cane you, it hurts me more than it does you."

"Yes," sobbed poor Sam, "but not in the same place."



THE FOOLISH BUFFALO

A story is told about an "efficiency expert" who was being tucked in his sleigh with a buffalo robe by the driver.

"Don't you know," he asked the driver, "that if you put that robe over me hair-side down, it would be 30% warmer?"

But the driver only chuckled.

"I was just thinking," he said, "what a big fool that buffalo was."



SH-H!

A Union Pacific shopman had been drawn on a Federal grand jury and didn't want to serve. When his name was called, he asked Judge Pollock to excuse him. "We are very busy at the shops," said he, "and I ought to be there."

"So, you are one of those men who think the Union Pacific couldn't get along without you," remarked the judge.

"No, your Honor," said the shopman. "I know it could get along without me, but I don't want it to find it out."

"Excused," said the judge.

—Topeka Capital.



THE CHEERFUL DOCTOR

Lady Patient: "Oh, doctor, I shall never get relief until I am in the grave."

Cheerful Doctor: "All right, don't worry, I am doing what I can for you."



Have a Smile

SUITABILITY

"Aren't some of the hats women wear absurd?"

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne, "and yet when some people put them on they do look so appropriate."—Washington Evening Star.



Teacher (to boy walking to school with a skinny mongrel pup): "What kind of a dog is that?"

"He is a police dog."

"He doesn't look like a police dog to me."

"No, but he is in the secret service."



An Italian fruit dealer had trouble with fruit spoiling because people would pick it up and press it to see if it was ripe. He decided to have a sign printed, and worded it as unoffensively as possible. It read: "IF YOU MUST PINCHA DE FRUIT PINCHA DE COCOANUT."



CRIMINAL AND WITNESS

"What terrible crime has this man committed?"

"He has done nothing. He was merely an innocent bystander when Tough Jim tried to kill a man, and we are holding him as a witness."

"And where's Tough Jim?"

"He's out on bail."—Boston Transcript.



LAST STAND

The father was reading the school report which had just been handed to him by his hopeful son. His brow was wrathful as he read: "English, poor; French, weak; mathematics, fair"; and he gave a glance of disgust at the quaking lad.

"Well, Dad," said the son, "it is not as good as it might be, but have you seen that?" And he pointed to the next line, which read:

"Health, excellent."—American Boy.



QUIET!

"I want a shave," said the disgruntled Sergeant as he climbed into the barber's chair. "No haircut, no shampoo, no rum, witch-hazel, hair tonic, hot towels or face massage. I don't want the manicurist to hold my hand, nor the bootblack to handle my feet. I don't want to be brushed off, and I'll put on my coat myself. I just want a plain shave, with no trimmings. Understand that?"

"Yes, sir," said the barber quietly. "Lather, sir?"—Army and Navy Journal.



Have a Smile

PLAY THE GAME

Notice in a church: "Worshippers who intend to put buttons in the collection are requested to give their own and not pull them off the hassocks."

—Christian Science Monitor.



OH, OH!

Professor: "And whatever on earth made you write a paragraph like that?"

Student: "I quoted it, sir, from Dickens."

Professor: "Beautiful lines, aren't they?"—Syracuse Orange Peel.



GO AHEAD!

Mistress (to new maid): "Now, Nora, I always take my bath at 9 every morning."

Nora: "'S'all right, ma'am, it won't interfere with me a bit. I'm never ready for mine b'fore 10."

—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.



POSSIBLY

"What a boy you are for asking questions," said the father. "I'd like to know what would have happened if I'd asked as many questions when I was a boy."

"Perhaps," suggested the young hopeful, "you'd have been able to answer some of mine."—Hudson Star.



Each day the British House of Commons opens with prayer, to which only the members are admitted—a custom of long standing. On one occasion William E. Gladstone took his granddaughter over to the House and the little girl asked: "Why do they have prayers, Grandpa?"

Gladstone replied: "The Speaker looks at the members and prays for the country."—Reader's Digest.



A California authoress sent a manuscript to Ambrose Bierce with the request that he give her a "criticism in one sentence and drop further comment." Something was heard to drop up and down the Pacific Coast when he replied: "The covers of your book are too far apart."

This brings to mind a deft acknowledgement of William Makepeace Thackeray upon receiving a book from a notorious hack: "Your volume has arrived. I shall lose no time reading it."—Cumberland (Md.) Daily News.



Have a Smile

THAT'S IT

Woman Learning to Drive—"But I don't know what to do!"

Her Husband—"Just imagine that I'm driving."—Chelsea Record.



NO LUCK

"Jessie, I have told you again and again not to speak when older persons are talking, but wait until they stop."

"I've tried that, mummy, but they never do stop."—Illinois Guardsman.



PATIENCE

"Does this village boast of a choral society?" inquired the new resident.

"Well," said the postmaster, "I can't just say that we boast of it. We just suffer in silence like."—Christian Science Monitor.



DON'T LIKE THE TYPE

Mrs. Brown: "Do you know, dear, I was reading the other day that an ostrich can see very little, and can digest anything."

Mrs. Smith: "What an ideal husband!"—Boston Evening Transcript.



SANDY AGAIN

The Scotch patient was fumbling in his pocket.

"You don't need to pay me in advance," said the dentist.

"I'm not going to," was the reply. "I'm only counting my money before you give me the gas."—Troy Times-Record.



CLIMATIC BENEFITS

Some years ago the state line of Virginia was altered to include a patch of territory formerly belonging to North Carolina. In this section dwelt an aged Negro woman in a tumble-down cabin. A friendly neighbor called to see how the change affected this old woman and asked:—

"How's the rheumatism, Auntie?"

"Bettah, praise de Lawd."

"And the neuralgia?"

"Done gone. Clean depahted."

"And the stiff knee?"

"Frisky as a li'l colt."

"Why, Auntie, how on earth do you happen to be so much better all of a sudden?"

"Well, Miss," replied Auntie, proudly, "Ah always done heah dat Virginnny climate's a heap healthiah 'n de climate of No'th Ca'liny. Ah reckon dat sho' counts fo' ma change fo' de bettah."



Have a Smile

Among the things that seem to grow by leaps and bounds are the children in the apartment overhead.—Judge.



Tom—"Why are you so small, Roy?"

Roy—"My mother fed me canned milk and now I'm condensed."



Many a woman who goes on a diet finds that she is a poor loser.

—Duluth News-Tribune.



Dora—"The doctor says these spots are caused by biting insects. What shall I do?"

Dumb—"Stop biting insects!"



An orator in the House of Commons, after denouncing all the public abuses he could think of, sat down on his hat. An Irishman immediately arose, full of the whole wealth of Irish humor, and said, "Should I be in order, Sir, in congratulating the honorable gentleman on the fact that when he sat down on his hat his head was not in it?"—G. K. Chesterton.



HEAVEN FORFEND!

Gene—"Has the depression hit you yet?"

Bill—"I'll say it has! First, I lost my job and went back to the Old Man's to live; sent my children to the orphans' home; my wife went back to her mother, and I shot my dog."

Gene—"That's bad."

Bill—"Yes, sir, if times get any worse, I'm afraid I'll have to give up my car."—Safe Driver.

When Samuel Johnson went over to "pop" the question to his sweetheart, he was told by his mother to say nothing of the uncle that was hung, when he should be called upon to relate his ancestry. Coming to the point, Samuel became somewhat embarrassed, and before he was aware of it had called out the name of his uncle. Hesitating, the young lady asked him: "Well! what about him?" And Samuel told the truth: "He was hung." Coming home the first question his mother asked him was not whether he was successful, but, "Did you say anything about that uncle that was hung?" "I hold her, before I was aware of it," he said. "What in the world did she say?" asked the mother. "She said she had no uncles that were hung, but she had some that ought to have been," was the rejoinder.

—Elwin Lincoln House.



Have a Smile

"What's the matter up at Tom's house?"

"They're taking 'im away in the ambulance for beatin' 'is missus."

—Pearson's Weekly (London).



HELP!

"Where is Jimmy this afternoon?"

"If he knows as much about canoes as he thinks he does, he is out canoeing, but if he doesn't know any more about it than I think he does, he's swimming."—Grit.



CRIMINAL AND WITNESS

"What terrible crime has this man committed?"

"He has done nothing. He was merely an innocent bystander when Tough Jim tried to kill a man, and we are holding him as a witness."

"And where's Tough Jim?"

"He's out on bail."—Boston Transcript.



PICK AND SHOVEL

A man from Kansas was looking into the depths of the Grand Canyon. "Do you know," said the guide, "it took millions of years for this great abyss to be carved out?"

The man from Kansas was tremendously impressed. "You don't tell me," he commented. "Why, I didn't know this was a government job."

—Service Magazine.



MEET THE ROOSEVELTS

When the late Col. Roosevelt was traveling to Europe in 1909 he hung on the walls of his cabin large photographs of the children. To a friend he introduced them with much pride as follows:

"This," he said, pointing to a picture of a pleasant faced, smiling youngster, "is my son Archie, a boy with a wooden head and a golden heart."

"This, is my eldest son, Theodore, a plug-ugly refined by Harvard. He should have been a prize fighter by profession."

"And this," halting before a photograph of a slim young woman in the puffed sleeves and enormous hat of the period, "is my daughter Alice, a delightful girl, but a great problem."

"I have heard it said in Washington," I ventured, "that you once remarked that you could run the nation alone, but that you couldn't run them both together."

"I may have said it," he replied, chuckling, "if I didn't I should have."



Have a Smile

A VICTIM OF SUPERSTITION

"My good man," said the visitor to a prisoner, "how did you come to this sad place?"

"Well, ma'am," replied the convict, "you see in me an unhappy victim of the unlucky number 13."

"Indeed!" said the visitor. "How was that?"

"Twelve jurymen and one Judge, ma'am."



AN IRISH WARNING

Near a little Irish village there is a stream which can usually be crossed with safety, but which is dangerous in high water. The villagers know this, but they think it is necessary to warn strangers and wayfarers. So they have painted on a stone in the middle of the stream the following warning:

"Notice: When this sign is out of sight it is unsafe to cross this river."



AN ADVANTAGE

"To what do you attribute your remarkable health?"

"Well," replied the very old gentleman, "I reckon I got a good start on most people by bein' born before germs was discovered, thereby havin' less to worry about."—Washington Evening Star.



BUT THAT WAS 'WAY BACK

Doctor: "What was the most you ever weighed?"

Patient: "154 pounds."

Doctor: "And what was the least you ever weighed?"

Patient: "84 pounds."—Grit.



"Fifty years of happy married life! How have you managed it?"

"Well, for one thing, son, I've always admitted I was wrong."



Only a fool is certain about anything," declares a college professor. Are you certain about this, doctor?—Mobile Register.

GUERDON OF LABOR

Arthur: "I think she's as pretty as she can be."

Jean: "Most girls are."

Now they're debunking cod-liver oil. Is nothing sacred?—Cincinnati Enquirer.



Have a Smile

WHY THEY CRIED

"Two Irishmen, unused to the ways of a big city, visited Dublin, and took their dinner in a restaurant. One of them saw the little bottle of pepper sauce on the table and, thinking it must be very good to be put into so small a bottle, put a liberal dose on his meat. Naturally, it burned him so that tears came to his eyes.

"What are you crying about, Terence?" asked his companion.

"Sure, I just happened to be thinkin' about my poor dead grandmother," said Terence.

"In a few minutes the other man did the same thing. 'And what are you crying about?' asked Terence.

"I'm crying because you did not die before your grandmother was born," said the second man."



TIMELY THOUGHT

"We got \$500 damages after the railway accident, but only because I 'ad the presence of mind to drop somebody's trunk on 'Enery's 'ead during the excitement."—Everybody's Weekly, London.



WELL POSTED

"Did the palmist tell you the truth about yourself?"

"Yes, but shucks! My wife has been doing that for years."

—Boston Transcript.



"I dreamed last night that I had invented a new type of breakfast food, and was sampling it when—"

"Yes, yes, go on."

"I woke up and found a corner of the mattress gone."



KNOWS HIS EMMA

"A woman's idea of perfect-fitting shoes are those that she'll kick off as soon as she gets in the house and then go limping upstairs in her stocking feet."



Maud: "So Jack said that I had a skin one loves to touch."

Marie: "Not exactly, dear; he said you had a skin you love to retouch."

"Fifty years of happy married life! How have you managed it?"

"Well, for one thing, son, I've always admitted I was wrong."



"Whom do you think the baby really resembles?"

"Every other infant I've ever seen."



Have a Smile

IT'S HANUARY NOW IN SAN HOSAY

New Resident: "I stopped over in San Juan and—"

Old Resident: "Pardon me, but you should say San Huan. In California we pronounce our j's like h's."

New Resident: "Well, you'll have to give me time. You see, I've been in the State only through Hune and Huly."—El Padre (San Jose, Calif.)



USE A RUBBER MOP

The home service department of a large electrical concern received this note from a woman customer: "I have a pet dog which insists on chewing the electric lamp cords. If he ever bites through a cord and any of the juice leaks out, will I get a shock if I mop it up?"



"TOKENS"

We should not be hasty in condemning "token" payments on the war debt accounts, in the circumstances. Still, Europe might occasionally consider what might have happened if in 1918 we had sent over only a "token" expeditionary force.

—Worcester Telegram.



NOT SURE SIGNS

Because a business man is polite to callers is no sign that he is not busy, as most people have been trained to think. And because a man growls at callers is no sign that he is a big business man, as some have been trained to believe.

—Montgomery Advertiser.



Smith: "You seem to have a bad cold, Old Man. What are you doing for it?"

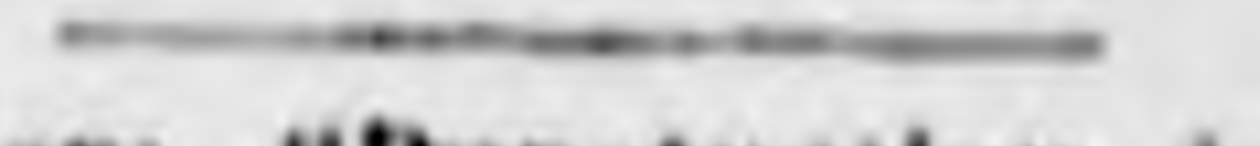
Brown: "Today I'm doing what Craig told me to do. It's Jones' day tomorrow, and the next is Hildenheimer's. If I'm not better by Sunday, and if I'm alive, I will try your remedy. Will you please put it on this memo pad?"



Caruso was once motoring on Long Island when his car broke down. A farmer who came along asked him his name.

"Caruso," said the singer.

"My gosh!" said the Farmer. "Robinson Caruso, the great traveler? Will you shake hands, Robinson?"



Employer: "Punctuation is highly important."

New Stenographer: "Oh, I always get to work on time."



Have a Smile

A MATHEMATICAL GENIUS

A student of mathematics was asked this question by his professor: "If the Pacific Ocean is 5,000 miles wide and the Washington Monument is 800 feet tall, how old am I?" The student promptly replied, "44." Said the professor: "You are correct, but how in the world did you figure it?" "Well, Professor, I have a brother at home who is half crazy, and he is 22."

—Norton (Kan.) Champion.



BEYOND HER KEN

A physician attended an old lady from Scotland who had caught a severe cold.

"Did your teeth chatter when you felt the chill coming over you?" asked the doctor.

"I dinna ken, doctor; they were lying on the table!" was the pleasant reply.—Labor.



A Negro went to court to get a divorce from his wife. The judge asked him what his grounds were. He answered:

"She's too extravagant, jedge. H'its a dollar here, and two dollars dar, an' five dollars 'nuther time, 'n I just can't 'ford it no longah."

"What does she do with all that money?" asked the judge.

"I duuno, sah; I ain't give her nun yit."



A certain motor car manufacturer advertised that he had put a car together in seven minutes. The next evening he was called on the phone at dinner time and asked if it were so.

"Yes," was the reply. "Why?"

"Oh, nothing. But I believe I've got the car."



"American humor is characterized by sudden and terse conclusions. For instance: 'William Jones loaded and fired a cannon yesterday. The funeral will be held tomorrow.'"



IN LINE OF DUTY

"Is the plumber at home?"

"I think you'll find him in the garden over at the onion patch."

"Looking for leeks, I suppose."

"What Is Modern Transportation Aiming At?" queries a head-line in a traffic bulletin. As to that, we can't say exactly, but we suspect it's pedestrians.—Boston Herald.



Have a Smile

As the train moved into the Kansas City station, the porter approached Herman Netter and said with a smile, "Shall I brush you off, Sir?"

"No," replied Herman, "I prefer to get off in the usual manner."



Zoo Guard—It's against the rules, sir, to feed the stork.

Visitor—Why so? You let us feed the other birds.

Guard—Well, this country is overpopulated already.



Doctor: "Have you taken every precaution to prevent spread of contagion in the family?"

Rastus: "Abs-lutely doctah; we've eben bought a sanitary cup an' we all drink from it!"



"Mother," asked little Jack, "is it correct to say that you 'water a horse' when he is thirsty?"

"Yes, dear," replied his mother.

"Well, then," said Jack, picking up a saucer, "I'm going to milk the cat."



LOST AND FOUND

"See here, waiter, I found a collar button in this pie."

"Didn't see nothin' of an umbrella, did yo' boss? Dah was one los' heah last night."



NICE FELLOW

Sunday School Teacher—Can you tell something about Good Friday, James?

James—Yes'm; he was the fellow that did the housework for Robinson Crusoe.—Pathfinder.

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"You hain't?" responded the sister. "All las' week you was done prayin' foh loose livahs."—Bul. Fla. Dent. Soc.



A LONG SHOT

A jockey was suddenly taken ill, and the trainer advised him to visit a doctor in the town.

"He'll put you right in a jiffy," he said.

The same evening he found Benjamin lying curled up in the stables, kicking his legs in agony.

"Hello, Benny! Haven't you been to the doctor?"

"Yes."

"Well, didn't he do you any good?"

"I didn't go in. When I got to his house there was a brass plate on his door—'Dr. Kurem. Ten to one'—I wasn't going to monkey with a long shot like that!"—Pharmacal Advance.



HARK! THE ANGELS

The latest type of motor-horn, we are told, reproduces the notes of a harp. This is a really subtle method of warning pedestrians to get out of the way.—The Humorist.



A man had been waiting patiently in the post office, but could not attract the attention of either of the girls behind the counter.

"The evening cloak," explained one of the girls to her companion, "was a Redingote design in gorgeous brocade, with fox fur and wide pagoda sleeves."

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"Yes, sir."

"Well, it's had a relapse."

—Blue Bucket.



BABY OUT OF LUCK

"Ouch, Mummie, I hurt my toe!" cried small Jancy, who was playing out in the garden.

"Which toe, dear?" I inquired, as I examined her foot.

"My youngest one," sobbed Jancy.

—Parent's Magazine.



A physician received six pairs of socks from an eastern mail-order house with the following letter:

"Dear Doctor: We are taking the liberty of sending you six pairs of exceptionally fine hose. Because these hose have the approval of thousands of discriminating buyers, we know you will like them. Please send \$2.00."

The doctor replied:

"Gentlemen: I am taking the liberty of sending you \$2.00 worth of extra fine pills. These pills have helped thousands and I know you will like them. Accept them therefore in payment of the hose."



FAIR TO ALL

Pharmacist: "That's a bad cold you have, old man. What are you doing for it?"

Father: "Today I'm doing what my wife told me to do. It's my daughter's day tomorrow, and Saturday is my son's day. If I'm not better by Sunday, and if I'm still alive, I shall try your remedy. Just write it down on this card, will you?"



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Proprietor: "What makes you think you deserve an increase now, of all times, Wilkins?"

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"Say, Rastus, wot day does de sausage come out to look at 'is shadder?"

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Little Jimmie—Say, Mother, how much am I worth?

Mother—Why, you're worth a million dollars to me, Jimmie.

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Smith—Say, Old Fellow, what makes you so skinny?

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Yours sincerely,
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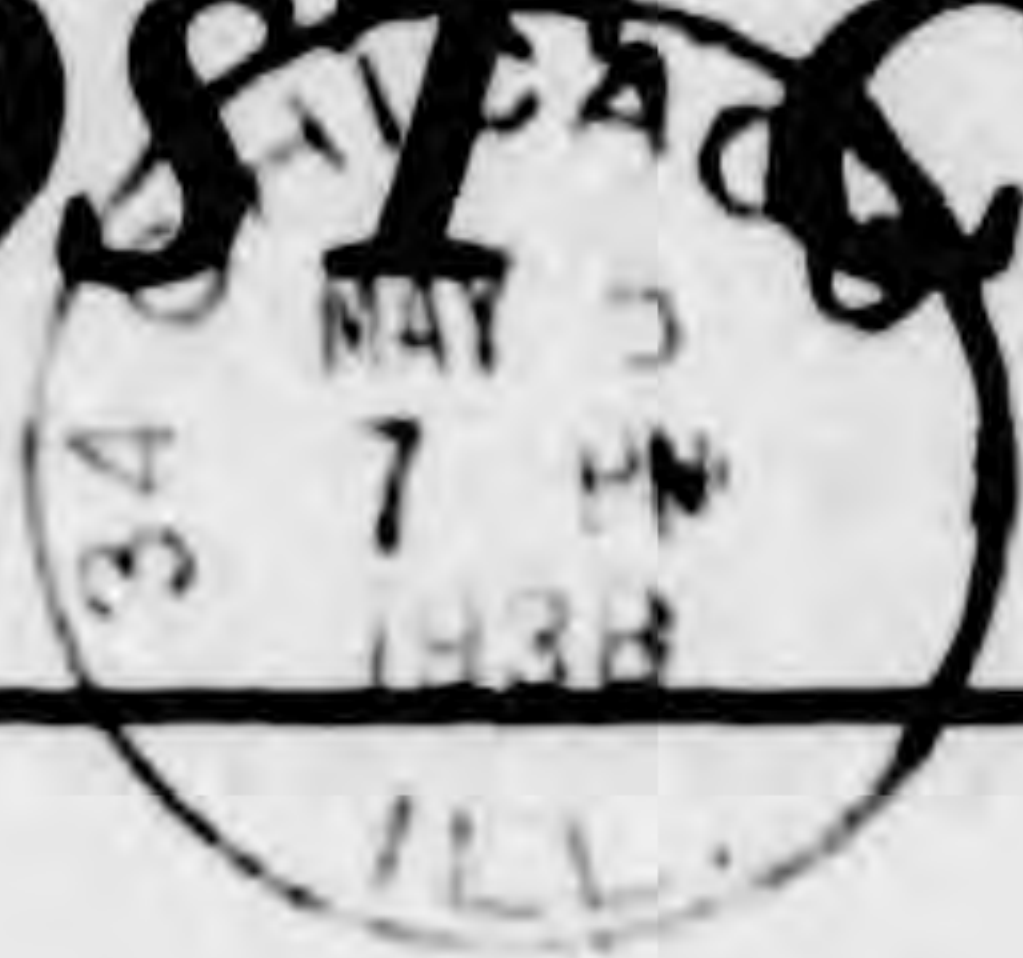
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2-1237-ZH-645507 NOV38

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MARRIED VERSUS SINGLE

A passenger on an Atlantic liner was getting up a tug-of-war, "Married versus Single," and got many more "Single" than "Married." Anxious to complete the teams, he espied a melancholy individual standing apart by the rail of the ship and hastened up to him.

"Are you married?" he asked.

"No—only seasick!" was the rejoinder.—Springfield Republican.

EQUAL TO HIM

"What was the difference between Noah's ark and Joan of Arc?"

He was not a little surprised when the child, answering, said:

"Noah's ark was made of wood and Joan of Arc was maid of Orleans."

—Montreal Star.

BAD HABIT

The Kelly field instructor, concluding a lecture to the new flying cadets on parachutes, added:

"And if it doesn't open, that is what is called 'jumping to a conclusion.'"

—Army and Navy Journal.

Motor Cop—What is your name?

Speeder—Aloysius Alastair Cholmondelay Copyean.

Motor Cop (putting away notebook)—Well don't let me catch you again.

—Milwaukee Journal.

"I tell ye," said Pat, "the ould fri'nds are the bist, afther all, and I can prove it."

"How are you going to prove it?"

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When Robert E. Lee was a cadet at West Point a classmate took a violent and irrational dislike to him. The animosity persisted into later life. For many years this fellow-officer made malicious attacks on Lee. One day a mutual acquaintance asked Lee what he thought of this individual. To the questioner's surprise, Lee spoke in the highest terms of him. Then the questioner said slyly, "I guess you don't know what he's been saying about you for years." "You have not asked me," Lee replied, "for his opinion of me. You have asked me for my opinion of him."—Reader's Digest.

"Here's to women: Noted for untold ages."



Have a Smile

A Scotsman had to send an urgent telegram, and not wishing to spend more money than necessary wrote this:

"Bruises hurt erased afford erected analysis hurt too infectious dead." (Ten words.)

The Scotsman who received it immediately decided it was: "Bruce is hurt. He raced a Ford. He wrecked it, and Alice is hurt, too. In fact she's dead." (Nineteen words.) — Boston Evening Transcript.

THE PROFESSOR'S DAUGHTER

First Little Girl—"Why did your mother spank you?"

Second Little Girl—"Because she is too untutored, ignorant and archaic in her ideas to devise a more modern reformatory method based on the superior intelligence of the younger generation."

Mistress—"I hope you realize, Mary, that matrimony is a serious matter."

Maid (about to be married)—"Oh yes, mum. I ain't one to marry reckless like. I've been to two fortune tellers and a clairvoyant, and looked in a sign book, and dreamed on a lock of his hair, and been to a palmist. And they all say it's all right."—Pathfinder.

Some girls seem to think that as soon as they begin to paint, they can draw a man.

He was boring her to tears when in came her dog.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "have you taught him any more tricks since I was here last?"

"Yes," she said sweetly, "if you whistle he will bring your hat."

Pat was driving down a steep grade when the horse stumbled and fell. "Git up, ye old fool!" cried Pat. "Git up, or I'll drive right over ye!"—Sawdust.

"Now, tell us about it—why did you steal the purse?"

"Your Honor, I won't deceive you—I was ill and thought the change might do me good."—Sydney Bulletin.

The modern woman likes to be weighed in the balance and four wanting.



Have a Smile

NOT OVER-DEMANDING

Rexford: "I suppose you think I'm a perfect idiot?"

Roberta: "Oh, none of us are perfect."—The Watchman-Examiner.

EVERY WELL A FILLING STATION

A Texas inventor thinks he will soon be able to run an automobile on water alone. Meanwhile, it wouldn't be such a bad scheme if the drivers tried out the idea on themselves.—Boston-Herald.

IDENTIFICATION

First Lawyer: "You're a low-down cheat!"

Second Lawyer: "You're an unmitigated liar!"

Judge (rapping): "Now that the attorneys have identified each other we shall proceed with the case."—Capper's Weekly.

ANSWERED

The boy had been fishing for four hours when the inquisitive man came along and inquired what he was doing.

"Fishin'," was the boy's terse reply.

"Got anything?" asked the man.

"Yes," came the reply.

"What?"

"Patience," said the boy, still more tersely.

NO TIME TO LOSE

A passerby stopped to watch an Irishman who was painting a house. The painter was putting on the paint with long, quick strokes, and seemed to be in a great hurry to finish the job.

"What's the rush, Mike?" asked the other man.

"I ain't got much paint left," said Mike, "and I want to finish the job before it gives out."

SMART DRUGGIST

Customer in Drug Store (on Sunday morning): "Please give me change for a dime!"

Druggist: "Here it is. I hope you'll enjoy the sermon."—Pathfinder.

The all important factor in national greatness is national character.—Theodore Roosevelt.

The real pessimist is the person who has lost interest.—Wm. Lyon Phelps.



Have a Smile

EXPERT ON THE SIDE-LINES

There may be something in the contention of a Columbia professor that all schools should have courses in marriage, but we'd be sort of sorry for any poor girl who got an "A" in matrimony and never had a chance to practice it.



A DOG JOKE

A "doggy" lady met a friend who propounded this riddle. "What do you see when you look down a dog's throat?" The lady could not guess, and was amused by the answer, which is, "The seat of his pants."

So on her return home she asked her husband, "What do you see when you look down a dog's throat?"

Her husband confessed bafflement. "Why," said the lady between gusts of laughter, "the seat of his trousers, you silly."



MAIDEN'S DREAM

Rather Serious Escort: "I'm sure we all have our own hopes and aims in life, Miss Montgomery. What is the height of your ambition?"

Miss Montgomery (dreamily): "About six feet, good-looking, and with pots of money!"—London Humorist.



NEVER OPENED

Druggist: "You are looking better."

Customer: "I expect that's because I followed the directions on the bottle."

"What were they?"

"Keep tightly corked."—Faunny-Neuticals.



EFFECTIVE COSMETICS

An elderly woman with a beautiful complexion was asked what kind of cosmetics she used. In reply she offered this splendid prescription:

"I use for my lips, truth; for my eyes, pity; for my ears, courteous attention; for my hands, charity; for my figure, uprightness; for my voice, prayer; for my heart, love."



"Mamma, how much do people pay a pound for babies?"

"Babies are not sold by the pound, dear."

"Then why do they always weigh them as soon as they are born?"



Have a Smile

TOO COOL AN OCEAN

The bathing beaches aren't finding the water any too warm this season. Mrs. H. L., who remarks on the fact, writes: "I took my little girl, Dorothy, age 2½, to the beach for the first time. As she walked into the cold waves, she exclaimed: "Oh, mother, do turn on the hot water."—Boston Transcript.



RETARDED AGE

"An Eskimo woman is old at 40," says an explorer. An English woman is not old at 40. In fact, she's not even 40.—Humorist, London.



PROFITABLE PATRONAGE

A Chicago youngster put two small children on a street car and ran along beside it himself. "It's all right, mister," he yelled to the conductor. "I'm takin' the two kids to 64th street. Let 'em off there."

"Sure," said the conductor, "but how about their fare?"

"It's all right," yelled the boy. "They don't pay fare; they're under five."—Boston Transcript.



TREE SURGERY

"How long are you going to be trimming that tree, Jim?" asked the first hired man.

"Oh, a couple of hours—why?"

"All right. You might let me know when you've finished, 'cause the boss has told me to chop it down."—Boston Transcript.



A National City man went to see a doctor. "Doc," said he, "if there is anything the matter with me, don't frighten me half to death by giving it a scientific name. Just tell me what it is in plain English."

"Well," said the doctor, "to be frank with you, you are just plain lazy."

"Thank you doctor," sighed the patient, with relief. "Now give me a scientific name for it, so I can go home and tell the wife."—San Diego Union.



A Texas attorney was delivering a Fourth of July address. He had held forth prosily for nearly an hour, apparently without getting anywhere. At length he stopped, and then said in impressive tones, "I pause to ask myself a question." A voice from the back of the hall shouted: "Better not. You'll only get a fool answer."—The Lawyer and Banker.



Have a Smile

AN HONEST CALLING

"Who of us remembers that what induced a Scottish king to sign the 'Mayflower's' charter to sail to America was not possible gold mines, much less religious freedom, but just Labrador's naturally abundant wealth, viz., fish," asks Sir Wilfred Grenfell in "The Romance of Labrador."

"When the application from Leyden for permission for the Pilgrims to go to America was handed to King James," says Sir Wilfred, "That canny Scot asked simply, 'Why? What profit hath it?' 'Fishing, Sire,' was the improvised reply. 'By my soul, 'tis an honest calling,' he answered. 'Twas that of the Apostles.' And he forthwith signed the charter. Later on, the Pilgrims actually sent home a cargo of dried fish."—W. Orten Tewson in "Springfield Republican."



NO CLIMBER

"How did you happen to become a chiropodist?" he was asked.

"Oh," he replied, "I always was at the foot of my class at school, so just naturally drifted into this profession."—Sam Hill in "Cincinnati Enquirer."



DEFECTIVE AMMUNITION

When the doctor arrived he found the patient in tears.

"Cheer up, my good man," he said, "you'll pull through."

"It isn't that, Doctor," groaned the patient, "But just think of all the money I've spent for apples to keep you away."—London Humor.



BIRD OF FREEDOM

Henpeck (who has just overheard his wife scolding the maid)—"You and I both seem to be in the same unfortunate position, Mary."

Maid—"Not likely! I'm giving her a week's notice tomorrow."

—Sheffield Telegraph.



PLAY NO FAVORITES

Man—"Do you girls really like conceited men better than the other kind?"

Girls (simultaneously) — "What other kind?"—Christian Advocate.

"When you come to the time that you feel you cannot pull another stroke, then sit u' and row."



Have a Smile

BUDDING BUFFALO BILL

A hard-driving taxi-driver ignored a red signal, threatened the traffic policeman's knees, missed the street island by a hair, and lightly grazed a bus, all in one dash.

The policeman hailed him, then strolled over to the taxi, pulling a big handkerchief from his pocket en route.

"Listen, cowboy!" he growled. "On yer way back I'll drop this and see if you can pick it up with yer teeth."



BREAKING IT GENTLY

The engaged pair were talking over the future.

"Darling," she said, "when we are married, you'll have a woman in the house who really knows how to cook."

He looked surprized.

"But, dearest," he said happily, "I didn't know that you were a good cook."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I'm not," came her reply, "but when we're married my mother is coming to live with us."



WHEN PLANS GO AMISS

Grover Whalen, former official "greeter" of New York, was talking to a reporter about Russia.

"Russia thinks she is going to lead the world," he said. "Well, Russia in the end will fare like the man in the anecdote.

"My wife," the man said, "told me to lead the old cat off somewhere and lose it. So I put the cat in a basket and tramped out into the country about eight miles."

"Well," said another man, "did you lose the cat?"

"Lose it?" said the first man. "If I hadn't followed it I'd never have found my way back home."—Kablegram.



HUMAN TORTOISE

Two men were discussing the vexed question of the education of their children. Said one:

"What's your boy going to be when he finishes his education?"

"An octogenarian, I think," replied the other.



SATISFACTION

Conjurer—"Now, my lad, you hear your watch ticking inside the handkerchief. Are you satisfied?"

Youngster—"More than satisfied. It hasn't been going for a month."—Bagology.



Have a Smile

MRS. BEAVER AND MRS. MUD-TURTLE

Mistress: "So your married life was very unhappy? What was the trouble? December wedded to May?"

Chloe Johnson: "Lan' sake, no, mum! It was Labor Day wedded to de Day of Rest!"



THE LESSON

Teacher: Frank, what lesson do we learn from the busy bee?

Frank: Not to get stung.—American Mutual.



A WORSE AILMENT

Auntie—Tommy, won't you have another piece of this shortcake?

Tommy—No, I thank you.

Auntie—You seem to be suffering from loss of appetite.

Tommy—It ain't loss of appetite. What I'm suffering from is politeness.



An automobile knocked a man down and the driver, looking over his shoulder, called out indignantly:

"Look out, there!"

"What?" said the man, picking himself up, "Are you coming back again?"



"Little Emily had been to school for the first time.

"Well, darling, and what did you learn?" asked her mother on Emily's return.

"Nothing," sighed Emily hopelessly, "I've got to go back tomorrow."



"Trying to be brutally frank to a flapper, we told her that her hair looked like a mop.

"What does a mop look like?" she asked."



"Dear Editor: If you don't quit printing those jokes about stingy Scotchmen I'll quit borrowing your paper."



"When you hear a knock in the engine of your car, you run for a mechanic—but most people must be knocked down and carried to a doctor."



Have a Smile

SPECIALIST CALLED

A doctor was called in to see a very testy aristocrat.

"Well, sir, what's the matter?" he asked cheerily.

"That, sir," growled the patient, "is for you to find out."

"I see," said the doctor thoughtfully. "Well, if you'll excuse me for an hour or so I'll go along and fetch a friend of mine—a veterinarian. He is the only chap I know who can make a diagnosis without asking questions."



A SUNSHINE FLAG

The teacher was giving a written examination in European geography. One question was:

"Why does the sun never set on the British flag?"

Robert wrote for the answer:

"Because they take it in at night."



"That new minister of yours has made a great hit, I understand. Does he practice what he preaches?"

"Yes, I can testify to that, as I live next door to him. Every Saturday night he practices till midnight what he's going to preach next morning."



"You are charged with selling adulterated milk," said the judge.

"I plead not guilty, Your Honor," answered the culprit.

"But the testimony shows that the milk you sold was 25 per cent water."

"Then it must be a very high grade milk, sir. You will find the definition of milk says it is 80 to 90 per cent water—I should have sold that milk for cream."



Oldbatch—Your wife seems to be a very up-to-date woman.

Bingo—Huh? She's away ahead of date. Why, man, she's already borrowing trouble for next year.



He was showing her through the locomotive works.

"What's that big thing over there?"

"That's a locomotive boiler."

"Why do they boil the locomotive?"

"To make the locomotive tender," he replied.



Surgeon—You say your son was cured of his wildness by an operation? What type of operation was it?"

Banker—I cut off his allowance and made him go to work.



Have a Smile

FIRST AID

There was an agonized call over the telephone, the voice saying: "Come at once. My little boy has swallowed my pencil."

"All right," said the doctor, "I'll be there very shortly. What are you doing in the meantime?"

"Using my fountain pen," came the reply.



A lawyer owed a wealthy man \$2.50, and since he would not pay up, the angry creditor decided to sue for the amount. Lincoln dissuaded him, saying:—

It will cost you more than you will get out of it."

"That does not matter."

"Very well, then, you pay me a fee of \$10 right away."

Thereupon, Lincoln called on his colleague, told him what had happened, shared the \$10 with him, and made him pay up his debt of \$2.50.



Here is the story of a fellow who had been out imbibing with the boys for several nights. He waked up one morning with a bad taste in his mouth and a fierce headache. He was very nervous. He saw a kitten walking across the floor and he shrieked, "For land's sake, Cat, don't stamp your feet so."



THE BUSY DOCTOR

He had just hung up his shingle. That morning a stranger entered. The doctor asked to be excused as he hurried to the phone.

Taking down the receiver he said: "Yes, this is Dr. Whoosit. Yes, I will be ready for you at two-ten this afternoon. But please be prompt for I am very busy. Two hundred dollars? Yes, that was the estimate I gave you."

Hanging up the receiver, he turned to the stranger, and rubbing his hands, asked: "Now, sir, what can I do for you?"

"Nothing," replied the stranger quietly. "I only came in to connect the telephone."

—Thomas Topics.



CLINCHING THE DIAGNOSIS

The eminent alienist recognized the thug who was holding him up.

"Look here," he protested, "I'm your benefactor. Don't you recall that I once saved you from a life sentence by proving you crazy?"

"Sure I remember you now," the thug said as he continued his work. "And ain't holdin' up your benefactor a crazy thing to do?"



Have a Smile

VAIN HOPE

Woman: "I'm going to speak my mind!"

Her Husband: "Ah! Silence at last."



THE NEXT TIME

Our famous nonagenarian and pioneer and founder of Standard Oil, John D. Rockefeller, tells an early experience in corporal punishment. It seems that he received from his mother a whipping for an offense of which he claimed innocence.

"Never mind," said his mother, "we have started in on this whipping and it will do for the next time."



ELIOTS MIXED UP

"How did you fare on your birthday?" asked one girl of another.

"Got lots of things, among them a lovely set of George Eliot."

"What's that, dishes, toilet articles, or what?"

The sequel to the story occurred when the episode was repeated to an advertising man just back from Hollywood. He remarked: "Imagine that, when his five-foot shelf is known all over the country."



DESCRIPTIVE

Teacher: Explain a vacuum, Willie.

Willie: A vacuum is—is—a vac—I know what it is—got it right in my head, but can't explain it.

Teacher: Correct, Willie.



UNEARNED DIVIDEND

"Pop, if I saved you a dollar, would you give me fifty cents of it?"

"Yes, I guess so, son."

"Well, I saved it for you. You told me you would give me a dollar if I passed in arithmetic, and I didn't pass."



A clergyman expounding to one of his parishioners the importance of being prepared to make sacrifices for the sake of their children, said:

"In order to send my son to college I had to plinch like anything, but I managed it."

"Ah, yes, sir," said the parishioner, "but my husband is too much afraid of the law to do anything of that sort."



Have a Smile

When Abraham Lincoln was a practicing lawyer, on one occasion he was defending a man who had killed a dog with a pitchfork, when the dog attacked him. During Lincoln's cross-examination of the complainant—a farmer—the latter asked Mr. Lincoln why his client had not used the other end of the pitchfork.

"Why didn't your dog use his other end?" came back Lincoln.



AIDING THE CORONER

Lady (at busy street corner)—I shall certainly cross, officer. I've as much right on this street as that truck has.

Officer—Sure you have, lady, but leave your name and address before you start.

—Montreal Star.



THE GRAMMAR OF IT

Teacher—When I say "I was handsome," I am using the past preterit tense. When I say "I shall be handsome," I am using the future tense. Now Junior, tell me what tense I am using when I say, "I am handsome."

Junior—Pretense.

—Chelsea Record.



REAL TROUBLE

At Atlantic City—Mo says he ran into a vaudeville team who explained that they weren't working on account of sinus trouble.

"Sinus trouble?" echoed Mo, kinda surprised.

"Yeah," said the male half of the act. "Nobody will sign us!"

—Pittsburgh Post.



"I have heard of only one man who was not spoiled by being lionized," remarked a wit.

"And who was he?" asked the "goat."

"The prophet Daniel, sir," was the response.



CHIEF CONSULTANT

Back in the eighties, a noted physician, a teacher in a London medical school, was named a member of the staff of physicians at Buckingham palace. Explaining why he could no longer conduct his classes, the doctor wrote this message on the blackboard:

"Dr. Blank regrets he can no longer meet his classes, as he has this day been appointed a physician to her majesty, Queen Victoria."

Beneath this announcement some student wag later wrote:

"God save the queen."



Have a Smile

TOO GREAT A RISK

Everything was going swimmingly—the applicant seemed physically fit and a desirable risk in every way, and the happy life insurance agent was letting his mind dwell pleasantly on the many things he could get with the commission. Before turning the application over to the prospect for signature, however, he gave it a final inspection.

"One more question," he said, glancing up. "What kind of car do you drive?"

"I don't drive any car," answered the applicant, testily. "I hate automobiles."

"Too bad, too bad," replied the agent, sadly. "I'm very sorry, but our company no longer insures pedestrians."



ECONOMY WINS

It used to be said that whenever a Scot got to London he never went back home — except to fetch his brother. That notion is out of date, according to Lord Dewar, who remarked recently: "There are not nearly so many Scots traveling down to London as there used to be. They get born in London, nowadays, to save the fare."



BOSSIE'S LITTLE WEAKNESS

A city girl visiting her uncle on the farm was watching a cow chewing her cud.

"Pretty fine cow, that," said her uncle as he came by.

"Yes," said the girl, "but doesn't it cost a lot to keep her in chewing gum?"



SPRING IS HERE

"Papa, are you growing taller all the time?"

"No, my child. Why do you ask?"

"'Cause the top of your head is poking up through your hair."



HATS OFF TO A MARTYR

A man went to his doctor and requested treatment for his ankle. After a careful examination, the doctor inquired:

"How long have you been going about like this?"

"Two weeks."

"Why, man, your ankle is broken! How you managed to get around is a marvel. Why didn't you come to me at first?"

"Well, doctor, every time I say something is wrong with me, my wife declares I'll have to stop smoking.—

Christian Advocate.



Have a Smile

MIGHT TRY BLINDFOLDING

"Last week a grain of sand got into my wife's eye and she had to go to a doctor. It cost me three dollars."

"That's nothing. Last week a fur coat got in my wife's eye and it cost me three hundred."

—Jugend (Munich).



Our Rotary Club had an invitation yesterday to send representatives to the district meeting in Joliet. When the invitation was read the president gravely said, "Moline is already well represented at Joliet. Two or three of our bankers are there."



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."



UTILITARIAN GOLFER

Visitor: Your lawn is part of a golf course, you say? Did you build your house on an old course?

Owner: No, old boy. You see, instead of replacing divots, I've always brought them home.

—Weekly Telegraph (Sheffield).



Grouchy Patient: "Doctor, I sent for you because I'm in terrible pain—but I warn you I have no faith in modern doctors. I believe in the faith cure."

Doctor: "Never mind. Your faith has nothing to do with it in this case. You know, a mule has no faith in a veterinary surgeon, and yet the surgeon cures him just the same."



At a dinner party one of the guests made the old remark that there is nothing new under the sun. A doctor who was present turned to the woman at his side and said, "I always think that's such a silly phrase."

"I think it's true," said the woman.

"But, take X-rays," said the doctor.

"Why, nowadays, you can see right through a man."

"A clever woman could always do that, doctor."



Doctor (examining East Side brunette): You've got acute appendicitis."

Patient: "Don't get fresh! I came here to be examined, not admired!"



"A man is never so much on trial as in the moment of good fortune."



Have a Smile

MATCHED BY A WOMAN

In the somewhat famous case of Mrs. Bogden's will, which was tried some years ago, Mr. Webster appeared as counselor for the appellant. Mrs. Greenough, wife of the Rev. Wm. Greenough, late of West Newton, a tall strait, queenly-looking woman, with a keen black eye—a woman of great self-possession and decision of character—was called as a witness on the opposite side. Webster at a glance had the sagacity to foresee that her testimony, if it contained anything of importance, would have great weight with the jury. He therefore resolved, if possible, to break her up; and when she answered the first question put to her,—

"I believe?" Webster roared out, "We don't want to hear what you believe, we want to hear what you know!"

Mrs. Greenough replied, "That is just what I was about to say, sir," and went on with her testimony.

And, notwithstanding his repeated efforts to disconcert her, she pursued the even tenor of her way, until Webster, becoming quite fearful of results, arose apparently in great agitation, and drawing out his large snuff-box, thrust his thumb and finger to the very bottom, and carrying the deep pinch to both nostrils, drew it up with gusto.

Webster — "Mrs. Greenough, was Mrs. Bogden a neat woman?"

Mrs. Greenough—"I cannot give you very full information as to that, sir; she had one very dirty trick."

Webster—"What's that, ma'am?"

Mrs. Greenough—"She took snuff."

The roar of the court was such that he neither rose nor spoke again until after Mrs. Greenough had vacated her chair for another witness.

—"How to Live."



IMPROMPTU HOWLER

Teacher—"William, construct a sentence using the word 'archaic.'"

William — "We can't have archaic and eat it too."

—Avery Powell in

Florida "Times-Union."



PLAYING SAFE

"My husband wired me from Paris on my birthday asking whether he should buy me a Rembrandt or a Titian. Now, which would you have?"

"Well, as far as that goes, most of those French cars are very good."

—Toronto Globe.



Have a Smile

SWELL CHANCE

A fellow has to be a contortionist to get by these days. First of all, he's got to keep his back to the wall and his ear to the ground. He's expected to put his shoulder to the wheel, his nose to the grindstone, keep a level head, and both feet on the ground. And, at the same time, look for the silver lining with his head in the clouds.—**Judge.**



MAKING IT CLEAR

"We married," says a Hollywood blonde, "for love." This is calculated to set at rest a feeling that it was for general housework.—**Detroit News.**



THERE TO STAY

Some of our foreign investments may not be entirely sound, but they nevertheless have the appearance of permanency.—**Florence Herald.**



SUITABLE

Angus: "Sandy, ye ken I'm a thrifty man. What would ye advise me to tak to the golden wedding?"

Sandy (after a little thought): "Mon, I'd tak a goldfish."

—**Goderich Star.**



FILLING THINGS

Motorist: "But this is preposterous. What I know about driving would fill a book."

Constable: "What you don't know about driving would fill a hospital. Give me your name and address."

—**Brandon Sun.**



SARTORIAL PROBLEM

"You have such a smart overcoat that I cannot understand why you have such worn out trousers."

"Now, how can a man get new trousers in a restaurant?"

—**Montreal Star.**



Have a Smile

TRY A SEA-HORSE

Wife (to seasick husband): "Look, John, over there. Such a big ship!"

Husband: "I don't want to see any ships. Call me when you see a bus."

—**Humorist.**



GALLOPING CONSUMPTION

"So your wife has gone to Palm Beach for her health. What did she have?"

"Eight hundred dollars her father gave her."

—**Boston Transcript.**



THE TEAM MIGHT GIVE HIM A COUGH-DROP

"Yes, my 'usband's laid up, a victim of football."

"But I didn't know 'e even played the game."

"'E doesn't. 'E sprained 'is larynx at the match last Saturday."

—**Boston Transcript.**



Sanders: "Before we were married, just 20 years ago, my wife and I agreed that I should decide on all major matters, and she would decide on all minor ones."

Herman: "How did it turn out?"

Sanders: "So far, no major matters have come up."



"Why, Eliza Mary, I ain't seen ye for I don't know how long!"

"No, Mrs. Jenkins, you ain't. I've been that ill I don't seem able to get well at all."

"But haven't ye taken any remedy?"

"No, indeed, Mrs. Jenkins, but I've taken a power of physic."



Have a Smile

A PERFECT EXAMPLE

Mother: Why were you kept in after school today?

Junior: The teacher told us to write an essay on "The Result of Laziness," and I turned in a blank sheet of paper.

—**Chelsea Record.**



REASONABLE EXPLANATION

Back in Indiana they sentenced a crooner to 10 years for robbing a bank. At least that is the way the court sought to explain it.—**Portland Oregonian.**



PRACTICE AND PREACHING

Caller: I'd like to see the parson.

Parson's Wife: Could you call a little later? If I disturb him now he'll take my head off—he's writing his sermon on "Self-control."—**Boston Transcript.**



OR TRY HEAD CHEESE

"Yes, I know fish is brain food, but I don't care so much for fish. Hain't there some other brain food?"

"Well, there's noodle soup."—**Buffalo Evening News.**



UP TO THE BABY

Ikey and Rachel took little Moses to the pictures. The attendant warned them that unless the child kept quiet, they would have to leave and get their money back.

Halfway through the principal film Ikey turned to Rachel and whispered, "Vell, vot do you tink of it?"

"Rotten," replied Rachel.

"Yes," answered Ikey. "Pinch de baby."—**Border Cities Star.**



When H. G. Wells' two sons were small boys, George, the elder, after an operation, wrote this letter to his brother:

"Dear Frank,—I hope you will not think me selfish, but I am in great pain and I think you ought to get me a small present:—Your loving George."

—**E. V. Lucas.**

They are slaves who fear to speak

For the fallen and the weak;

They are slaves who will not choose,

Hatred, scoffing and abuse,

Rather than in silence shrink

From the truth they needs must

think;

They are slaves who dare not be

In the right with two or three.

—**Lowell.**



Have a Smile

About two thousand years ago a man named Phocion waited wearily while his barber gave him a summary of the current Athenian political situation. At last the barber said: "And how would you like to have your hair trimmed?"

"In silence," Phocion replied.

—F. A. G. Rice.



College Boy—Well, dad, I brought home some books on farming for you to dig into.

Dad—Yeah, and I've bought another 80 acres for you to dig into.



Man (getting a shave) — Barber, will you please give me a glass of water?

Barber—What is the matter, a little hair in your throat?

Man—No, I want to see if my throat leaks.—Green Griffin.



A youngster asked his father how wars began. "Well," said his father, "suppose America quarreled with England, and—" "But," interrupted the mother, "America must not quarrel with England." "I know," he answered, "but I am taking a hypothetical instance." "You are misleading the child," said mother. "No, I am not," he answered. "Yes, you are." "I tell you I am not! It's outrageous—" "All right, Dad," said the boy. "Don't get excited. I think I know how wars begin."—Hudson Star.



A boastful American was holding forth on the merits of his watch to a number of uninterested clubmen. At last one of the men decided he could stand it no longer.

"That's nothing," he interrupted. "I dropped my watch into the Thames a year ago and it's been running ever since."

The American looked taken aback. "What!" he exclaimed, "the same watch?"

The other rose and slowly moved to the door.

"No," he replied, "the Thames."

—Daily Express (London).



"I had the right of way when this man ran into me, yet you say I was to blame."

"You certainly were."

"Why?"

"Because his father is mayor, his brother is chief of police, and I'm engaged to his sister."—Stray Stories.



Have a Smile

THE SECRET

The editor of a country newspaper retired with a fortune. When asked the secret of his success, he replied, "I attribute my ability to retire with a \$100,000 bank balance after thirty years in the newspaper field, to close application to duty, pursuing a policy of strict honesty, always practicing rigorous rules of economy, and to the recent death of my uncle, who left me \$98,500."



IN AGREEMENT

"Your methods of cultivation are hopelessly out of date," said the youthful agricultural college graduate to the old farmer. "Why, I'd be astonished if you got even 10 pounds of apples from that tree."

"So would I," replied the farmer. "It's a pear tree."—Chaser.



DON'T BURN YOUR FINGERS

The printer got a "B" in the "M" box the other day and the result was the head-line: "Banks Urged to Be Cautious in Baking Loans." It's better advice the way it was set. So many of the loans a few years ago were half-baked.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*



SUBURBAN STRATEGY

"How did you make your neighbor keep his hens in his own yard?"

"One night I hid half a dozen eggs under a bush in my garden and next day I let him see me gather them. I wasn't bothered after that."—*Boston Transcript.*



When chaffed about her colossal self-admiration, Queen Marie of Roumania told the following story on herself. "Once I was saying to an old friend," she said, "how remarkable was our congeniality, for, after all, we had practically nothing in common. 'Oh, but yes we have,' said my friend. 'Surely you forget one very important thing we have in common: I think you are wonderful, and you agree with me.'"—*Contact.*



Once, when Calvin Coolidge was a member of the Massachusetts legislature, a certain member who was noted for his long-winded speeches addressed the house for an hour in support of a measure, during which he used a succession of affirmations always beginning with "It is —"

When Mr. Coolidge rose to speak on the question he said, "Mr. Speaker, it isn't," and sat down.—*Everybody's Magazine.*



Have a Smile

NO CONSTITUTION LEFT

"It is related of Rufus Choate, who was one of the great lawyers of the early decades of the United States, that when he was on his last sickbed, he was visited by one of his friends who said to him:

"Well, cheer up, Choate; I believe that your constitution will pull you through."

"Not at all," said Choate; "my constitution was gone long ago, and I am living on my by-laws now."



THE RIGHT NAME

"Well, Mandy, how is your husband?" a colored woman was asked.

"Po'ly, thank you, po'ly," Mandy answered.

"What's the matter with him?"

"He's got exclamatory rheumatism."

"You don't mean 'exclamatory,' Mandy; you mean 'inflammatory.' 'Exclamatory' means to cry out."

"Dat's jes it; dat's jes it! He's got exclamatory rheumatism—all he does is holler out."



HOW HE WON THE MEDALS

Charles M. Schwab, the famous steel manufacturer told of a sergeant-major in France who during the war had his chest adorned by medals.

"What did you do to earn all those medals?" asked a friend.

The soldier answered:

"Well, you see, that one I got by mistake and all the others I got because I had that one."



Two women were discussing a mutual acquaintance. "She has a very magnetic personality," said one.

"She ought to have," said the other "everything she has is charged."



A minister wanted to get some copies of Farrar's book "Seekers After God" and sent an order for them to a New York bookseller. The dealer could not get them in either of his firms, so he sent this telegram to the minister:

"No 'Seekers After God' in New York or Chicago stop try Philadelphia."



Mark Twain's habit of swearing was revolting to his wife, who tried her best to cure him of it. One day while shaving he cut himself. He recited his entire vocabulary and when he was finished, his wife repeated every word he said. Mark Twain stunned her by saying calmly: "You have the words, dear, but you lack the tune."—*Readers Digest.*



Have a Smile

Visitor (speaking of small boy): "He has his mother's eyes."

Mother: "And his father's mouth."

Small boy: "And my brother's pants."



More "We" Stuff

A flea and an elephant walked side by side over a little bridge. Said the flea to the elephant, after they had crossed it:

"Boy, we sure did shake that thing!"



Washington's Handicap

"Children," said a teacher, "be diligent and steadfast and you will succeed. Take the case of George Washington. Do you remember my telling you of the great difficulty George Washington had to contend with?"

"Yes, ma'am," said a little boy. "He couldn't tell a lie."



Next—!

The schoolmaster was interesting his class of boys in red Indians.

"What do we call the leaders of the tribes, Smith?" he asked.

"Chiefs, sir."

"Quite correct. And what do we call the red Indian women, Jones?" was the next question.

Jones hesitated, then said, "Well—mischiefs, sir."—*Tit-Bits.*



After the "choose to run" statement, correspondents allowed themselves many a conjecture as to what Mr. Coolidge would do after quitting office. One wrote that Mr. Coolidge would whittle for a year or so. Others took up this theme. It had great possibilities.

One day when the subject was becoming pretty threadbare, Mr. Coolidge said at the close of a conference:

"Theah is one matteh I had not intended mentioning, except that I have begun receiving quite a number of jack-knives through the mail."

He grinned. The newspapermen laughed.

"I think," he resumed, "I never said I intended whittling. It has been a long time since I whittled and I might not be proficien at it. But I neveh denied it because I didn't want to spoil a good newspapah ya'n. However, when I begin getting propputty undeh false pretenses—"

The boys sent out a story saying that Mr. Coolidge never had declared in favor of whittling.—*Detroit Free Press.*



Have a Smile

Wondering

Mabel: "What's worrying you, David?"

David: "I was just wonderin' if Dad would see to the milkin' while we're on our honeymoon, supposin' you said 'yes' if I asked you."—*Buen Humor (Madrid).*



George: "Delancey tried to make me believe he'd driven the same car for five years and never paid a cent for repairs. Do you believe it?"

Garageman: "Yes; I'm the fellow who made all the repairs."



It was in the reading room of a public library. A man had been reading an article in a magazine telling about the death rate and he was much impressed. Turning to the man next to him he remarked: "Do you know, every time I breathe, a person dies."

The other man sniffed and replied: "Why don't you take something for your breath?"



Wife: "Hubby, darling, could you let me have a little money for shopping? Things are so cheap now, you know."

Hubby: "Why, yes, of course. Would you rather have an old five or a new one?"

Wife: "A new one, of course."

Hubby: "That's good. Here's the new 'one'—I'm four dollars to the good."



A Scotchman went to the dentist to have a bad tooth out. He decided to take gas, even if it did cost extra. Just as the dentist started to get busy the patient took out his pocketbook.

The dentist remarked: "Oh, you needn't pay me yet. I'll trust you."

The patient replied: "Yes, but I thought if I was going to be unconscious I might best count my money first."



An aged couple had been sitting in front of the fire a long time without speaking. At length the husband inquired: "What were you thinking?"

The wife replied: "I was just thinking how long we had lived together and that it couldn't go on forever like this and the time will soon come when one of us will have to go."

"Yes," assented the old man, "but it's no use to worry about that now."

"No," was the reply, "but I was just thinking that when it does happen I would like to go to California to live."



Have a Smile

GIVE HIM HIS DIPLOMA

Medical Professor: "What would you do in the case of a person eating poisonous mushrooms?"

Student: "Recommend a change of diet."—*Watchman-Examiner.*



Mrs. Jiggins, who was reading a newspaper, observed to her husband that the paper contained an article entitled "Women Work for the Feeble-Minded."

Now Mr. Jiggins was in a reactionary mood. So he grunted and said: "I should like to know what women have ever done for the feeble-minded."

"They usually marry them, my dear," replied Mrs. Jiggins, sweetly.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*



Helen Keller toured the country and lectured on the subject of "Happiness." After each lecture the audience was given the opportunity of asking her questions.

Everything from the sublime to the ridiculous was asked. Her ready repartee was shown in the following:

Man: "Can you feel colors?"

Helen Keller: "Yes—I can feel blue."—*The Christian Register.*



Daughter (discussing latest conquest): "One thing about Reggie, Father—he's a real out-of-doors man."

Father: "Good! That's just where I shall put him."—*London Opinion.*



Lawyer: "Well, since you demur at telling us how old you are, we will let it pass. I suppose you don't mind telling the court at what age you were married?"

Woman: "At the parsonage."—*Norfolk News.*



Curiosity: "Did you give your wife that little lecture on economy you talked about?"

Domesticity: "Yes."

Curiosity: "Any results?"

Domesticity: "I've got to give up smoking."



A certain fearless and athletic man was going home late at night. He was warned not to go the usual way, as there had been several hold-ups.

He went just the same, and presently was met by a man who asked him what time it was. Thinking that this was the prelude to a hold-up, he hit him a heavy blow, and said "It has just struck one."

"Begorrah," was the reply, "I'm glad I didn't ask you an hour ago."



Have a Smile

The Seven Ages of Women

"The infant.
The little girl.
The big girl.
The young lady.
The young lady.
The young lady.
The young lady."



His Trouble

Kind Old Lady: "What is the matter, little man?"

Tommy: "Mother scolded me for jamming my fingers."

Kind Old Lady: "Oh, how cruel. Here's a penny for you. Where did you jam them?"

Tommy: "In the jam jar!"



Difference of Opinion

"A man and his wife gave a house party during Christmas week. One of the guests, desiring to talk with the host, and not finding him about the house, said to the hostess:

"Where is John?"

"Well," she replied, "if the ice is as thick as John thinks it is, he is skating; and if it is as thin as I think it is, he is swimming."



Just for a Little Paint

A rich but ignorant Englishman once went to the famous painter Turner and ordered a painting. When it was finished, he refused to pay the price that the painter demanded.

"What," he said, "all that money for a square yard of canvas and a little paint!"

"Oh," replied Turner, "if it's just paint and canvas that you want, here's a half-used tube, and over in the corner you will find some canvas. I won't charge you much for them."



Stick with It

A man had been waiting patiently in the post office, but could not attract the attention of either of the girls behind the counter.

"The evening cloak," explained one of the girls to her companion, "was a Redingote design in gorgeous brocade, with fox fur and wide pagoda sleeves."

At this point the long-suffering customer broke in with: "I wonder if you could provide me with a neat red stamp with a dinky perforated hem, the tout ensemble treated on the reverse with gum arabic? Something about two cents."—*Puppet.*



Have a Smile

Mrs. Bosco—"That woman sings with a great deal of feeling, it seems to me."

Mr. Bosco—"Well, I hope she isn't feeling as bad as it sounds to me."



Doctor—"Did you open both the windows in your bedroom last night as I ordered you to?"

Patient—"Well, doctor, I jes' have one window in my room, so I opened it twice."



"How old is this little boy?" the railroad conductor asked.

"He's just four," replied the mother.

"And mother is just 40," piped up the boy, so that all the people in the car heard it.



"I suppose you are campaigning among the plain people," remarked the woman of the house when the candidate called.

"No, I am after the beauty vote—and I would like yours," replied the man of wisdom. He got not only her vote but enough others so that he's coming to congress.



Good Insurance Risk

Lady (booking passage to Europe): "Can you recommend a safe ship? I am so very nervous."

Clerk: "Well, madam, the Bremen has never sunk yet."

Lady: "Oh, I am so relieved. Please book me a berth on that."—*Capper's Weekly.*



When the woman motorist was called upon to stop, she asked indignantly, "What do you want with me?"

"You were traveling at forty miles an hour," answered the officer.

"Forty miles an hour? Why, I haven't been out an hour," said the woman.

"Go ahead," said the officer. "That's a new one on me."—*Montreal Star.*



Alarmed wife (whose husband had gone to bed first, but whom she did not find abed when she got there—"Bill, where are you? Bill!")

Drowsy Bill—"Aw, come on to bed. I've been asleep hours."

Mrs. Bill—"But you aren't in bed."

Bill—"Thunder I'm not. I'm where the bed is anyway."

Mrs. Bill—"No, darling. You are where the bed used to be. I changed things around today and you are sleeping in the cedar chest."



Have a Smile

Frankness

Little Willie brought his best friend home from school to spend the afternoon and Willie's mother gave the friend a hearty welcome.

"I'm always glad to see Willie's friends," she said, "and I hope that you will feel quite at home."

"Oh, I don't want to feel at home," the visitor said. "I want to enjoy myself!"



A Brotherly Feeling

The teacher was trying to impress on his class the lesson that "a merciful man is merciful to his beast," and he spoke long on the beauty of kindness to the dumb beasts in our power.

"Now," he asked, "suppose I were walking the street, and stopped a man from beating a donkey, what would that illustrate?"

One boy spoke up. "Brotherly love," he said.



Ashamed to Look Around

There is a Chinese story about an artist who was commissioned by a wealthy man to paint his portrait. The artist was very poor, and the rich man took advantage of that fact to offer him a very small sum for doing the picture. The artist had to accept, but when the portrait was finished it showed only the back of the sitter's head.

"What kind of portrait do you call that?" asked the art patron.

"Well," the artist replied, "I thought that a man who offered me so little as you did for a portrait would be ashamed to show his face."



In a Different Form

General Sherman's favorite story about colored people dealt with a Negro in the old days of slavery who had the bad habit of stealing poultry from his owner. One day the latter missed a fine, fat turkey, and had no difficulty in finding the thief.

"Sam," said the white man, "you have been punished many times for taking and eating poultry that belongs to me. I ought to have you whipped for taking that turkey."

"Master," said the Negro, "I belongs to you, doesn't I?"

"Yes," said the master, "you do."

"Well, then, marster, you shouldn't say nothin' bout dat turkey. You has only got a little less turkey an' a lot more nigger."



Have a Smile

SCENERY

"How beautifully the land lies in that suburb."

"Yes, but it's nothing to the way the real estate agent lies."—*Answers.*



PARADISE LOST AGAIN

"What's this, honey?" said Mrs. Youngbride's husband as he speared a slab from the dish.

"Lucifer cake, dear."

"I thought you said you were going to make angel cake."

"I was, but it fell."—*Stray Stories.*



"Has your husband any hobbies?" asked the neighbor who was calling.

"No," said Mrs. Tuggle, "he has rheumatiz a good deal, and hives now and then, but he ain't never had no hobbies."—*N. Y. S. Magazine.*



AQUATIC ADVENTURE

A cat fell into a milk can at a London station last week, but was fortunately rescued by a porter from a watery grave.—*The Humorist (London).*



SCHOOLBOY HOWLERS

Answers which S. J. W., Nebraska, asserts were actually handed in

"A blizzard is the middle of a hen."

"Cannibal is two brothers who killed each other in the Bible."

"Expostulation is to have the small-pox."

"A vacuum is a large, empty place where the Pope lives."

"To stop nose bleed stand on your head till heart stops."

"Elaine gave Launcelot an omelet before he started for the tournequet."—*J. A. M. A.*



AL'S HARVARD DEGREE

Here's to the good old Bay state
The land of the sacred rod
Where the Cabots spoke only to the
Lowells
And the Lowells spoke only to God.

Now witness a change for the better
The end of a time-worn myth,
The Cabots still speak to the Lowells,
But the Lowells have added Al Smith.

—*Raymond A. Fitzgerald, in
Springfield Republican*

I have no ambition to be the wealthiest man in the cemetery.—*Ed Wynn.*



KNOWS HER NEIGHBOR

Tramp: "The lady next door has given me a piece of home-made cake. Won't you give me something, too?"

Lady: "Yes, I'd better give you a digestive tablet."—*Humorist (London).*



NOTHING ELSE LEFT

Motorist (laden with spoils from the countryside): "Can we take this road back to London?"

Native: "Might as well, while yer at it."—*Punch (London).*



Woodrow Wilson was once the guest speaker at a womens club meeting in a mid-west city. The president of the club gave a lengthy and flattering introduction which Mr. Wilson acknowledged thus: "Madam President, Ladies and Gentlemen: Last fall I was much troubled with dizziness. My physician said it was due to my liver, I know now it was my eminence."—*Louisa R. Gleason, in Readers' Digest.*



The pet joke of a certain community was to offer a dime and a nickel to Jed, the town half-wit. The poor fellow always took the nickel because it was larger. One day a stranger having been told about Jed made the customary offer of a dime and a nickel. When Jed took the nickel the visitor asked him:—

"Don't you really know the difference between a nickel and a dime?"

"Sure I do," answered Jed with a crafty smile, "but if I took the dime they'd never try me no more."



Mr. Bennett and the Messenger Boy

As the late James Gordon Bennett was walking slowly down a long corridor known as "Brain Alley" of the Herald Publishing House, a messenger boy darted out of one of the offices and came running at full speed. There was a collision and Mr. Bennett went sprawling on the floor. He was up in a moment and seized the alarmed boy by the coat.

"What's the matter with you?" gasped the old gentleman glaring at the boy.

"I'm running an errand," was the answer.

Bennett was breathing heavily but finally said, "Well, that's the way to run 'em."

He gave the boy a \$5.00 gold piece.



Son: "Ma, that dentist wasn't painless."

Mother: "Did he hurt you, son?"

Son: "No, but I bit his finger and he yelled just like any other dentist."—*Boys Life.*



When Robert, age six, returned from his first party, his mother asked him if he had thanked his hostess for the pleasant time.

"No, mother, I forgot," he answered, "but I asked her when she was going to have another party."



SENSIBLE DOC

"Doctor, I've got to go on a sea voyage and I'm terribly afraid of seasickness. What food do you advise me to eat?"

"The cheapest."—*Kolnische Zeitung.*



A NECESSITY

"Do you think a married woman ought to work for a living?"

"Well, I don't see why she should go hungry just because she happens to have a husband."—*Smith's Weekly (Sydney).*



LATER THAN HE THOUGHT

Two gentlemen riding on a train were both very much intoxicated.

"What time ish it?" one asked.

After extracting a match-box from his pocket and gazing at it intently, the other replied, "Thursday."

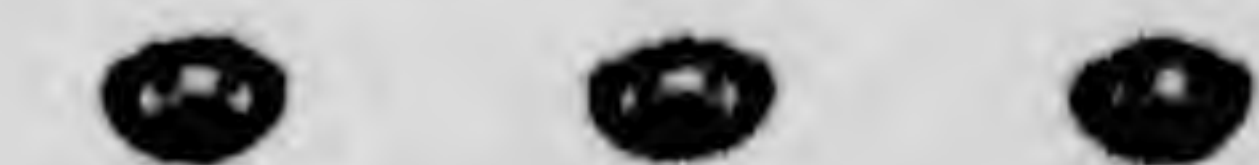
"Great heavens!" the first inebriate stammered, "I've gotta get off here!"—*Collection Service.*



BUDDING EINSTEIN

"Now, then, Tommy Brown," said the teacher, "I want to set you a little problem. Suppose there were five children and their mother had only four potatoes to share between them. She wants to give each child an equal share. How would she do it?"

"Mash the potatoes," said the boy.—*Answers.*



The co-ed breezed up to the librarian and said: "Gotta have a book called 'Oranges 'n Peaches'—orders from the Prof."

The librarian looked puzzled. "Who is the author, please?"

"Darwin."

After a moment's thought, the librarian a little doubtfully produced a book.

The co-ed looked at the title, remarked brightly, "Oh yeah, that's the one," and walked out with "Origin of Species."



Have a Smile

AHA!

Mother: "Robert, you're a naughty boy. You can just go to bed without your supper."

Bobby: "Well, Mother, how about that medicine I've got to take after meals?"



NEW MAINSPRING, PLEASE

"What happens to people who are so foolish as to allow themselves to become run down?" asks a doctor. They wind up in a hospital.—*Humorist (London)*.



SPARKS FROM THE IRON MAN

Marshal von Hindenburg has preserved his Teutonic temper and his sense of humor. *London Public Opinion* furnishes this example:

Interviewer: "What do you do, sir, when you get nervous?"

Hindenburg: "I whistle."

Interviewer: "But I never heard you whistle."

Hindenburg: "Neither did I." — *Exchange*.



Sir Esme Howard quite enjoys telling how he walked briskly into the foyer of the magnificent Mayflower Hotel in Washington, and stopped for a moment to speak with one of the bright-buttoned servitors in the lobby. After he walked on, an assistant manager who had noted the incident, went over to the boy and said, "What did the Ambassador want?"

"I don't know," answered the bell-hop. "He couldn't speak English." — *Reader's Digest*.



WILDCAT CURRENCY

Abraham Lincoln once told an anecdote which well illustrates what may happen when the printing presses are turned loose to print "scrip" money. It was in the early days of the West, when good money was very scarce and the people resorted not only to barter but also to the use of paper currency which had little or no value.

The supply of wood on a Mississippi steamer had about given out and the captain had the boat brought to the shore by the first woodpile that was sighted. The captain then went to bargaining with the owner, in this way: "Is that your wood?"

"Certainly, that's my wood," answered the native.

"Do you want to sell it?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Will you accept currency for it?"

"Yes, certainly."

"How will you take it?"

"Cord for cord."



Have a Smile

WHEN MAUDE GETS LEFT

"Doesn't that mule ever kick you?"

"No, sah, he ain't yet, but he frequently kicks de place where Ah recently was."



ALL QUIET AMIDSHIPS

"I'm planning to travel on one of those stabilized steamships."

"It will cost you more."

"Maybe, but expenses aren't what I have to keep down on my sea trips."



CHAPTER AND VERSE

"My wife has the worst memory I ever heard of."

"Forgets everything, eh?"

"No; remembers everything."



HE'D KISSED THE BLARNEY STONE

Tramp: "But, lady, every Christmas for twenty-five years I've received something from this house—since before you were born."

Miss Fortyodd: "Oh, well, that's different. I'll see what I can do."



Teacher: "Now I want you to notice how clean James' hands always are. James, tell the class how it is that you keep your fingers so nice."

James: "Ma makes me wash the dishes every morning."



HIS MARTYRDOM

Father: "Troubled with dyspepsia in school today? Why, that's a strange thing for a boy to have."

Johnny: "I didn't have it; I had to spell it."



ONE HUNDRED PER CENT EFFICIENT

"The first lie detector," says Sam Hill in the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, "was made out of the rib of a man." And no improvement has ever been made on the original machine.



HIS ONE REGRET

She insisted on taking innumerable frocks with her, and they arrived at the station loaded with luggage.

"I wish," said the husband, thoughtfully, "that we'd brought the piano."

"You needn't try to be sarcastic," came the frigid reply. "It's not a bit funny."

"I'm not trying to be funny," he explained, sadly. "I left the tickets on it."



Have a Smile

Teacher: "Give an example of minority rule."

Johnnie: "When there's a new baby in the house."



Teacher: "Every day we breathe oxygen. What do we breathe at night, Willie?"

Willie: "Nitrogen."



Jim: "My dad must have been into all sorts of mischief when he was a boy."

Sam: "What makes you think so?"

Jim: "He knows exactly what questions to ask me when he wants to find out what I've been doing."



Professor: "What is density?"

Student: "I can't exactly define it but I can give you a good illustration of it."

Prof.: "The illustration you have already given is enough—sit down."



Mr. Slowboy: "My dog knows as much as I do."

Miss Cutting: "How odd you are! Most people are always bragging about their dogs."



Phrenologist: "That bump on your head, sir, shows that you have an unusual amount of curiosity in your make-up."

Subject: "Yes, that is true. I got it when I stuck my head into an elevator shaft to see if the elevator was coming up, and I found it was coming down."



COOK'S VITAMINS

"How is it the biscuits were so hard this morning, Mandy?"

"I'm sorry, ma'am, but Ah ain't feeling right pert this mawnin'. My system's kinda run down, so I ate the only yeast cake there was in the house.—*Boston Transcript*.

A colored maid answered the telephone.

"Yas'm," her mistress heard her say.

And a second time.

"Yas'm." Then she added,

"It sho' is," and hung up.

The telephone rang again immediately, and the girl made identically the same replies, and hung up again.

"What did they want, Lucy?" her mistress asked.

"Well, they asked if this was the Jones' house, and I said 'Yas'm' and then they asked if Mrs. Jones was home and I said 'Yas'm', and then they said 'Long distance from Washington' and I said 'It sho' is!'"



Have a Smile

ADMITTED

Caller: "Is the boss in?"

New Office Boy: "Are you a salesman, a bill collector or a friend?"

Caller: "All three."

New Office Boy: "He is in a conference. He is out of town. Step in and see him."—*Boys' Life*.



SCHOOLBOY'S DEFINITION

"False doctrine" is when a doctor gives wrong stuff to a man.

"An appendix" is a portion of a book which nobody yet has discovered of any use.

"A grass widow" is the wife of a vegetarian.



FORGOTTEN MAN

Marsh: "Here's one name on the committee that I never heard of."

Webster: "O, that's probably the person who actually does the work."—*Gilbert Enterprise*.



EVEN BETTER

Mistress (to new cook): "And of course we have a late dinner."

Cook: "Glad to 'ear it, mum. I simply 'ates punctuality. I suppose wou wouldn't like a late breakfast as well?" — *Cape Argus*.

The Hon. Banana

Essay by a Japanese School Boy

The banana are a remarkable fruit. He are constructed in same architectural style as Hon. Sausage. Difference being skin of sausage are habitually consumed, while it are not advisable to eat rapping of banana.

Perhaps are also intristing the following difference between the two subjects. Banana are held aloft while consuming; sausage usually left in reclining position. Banana are first green in culler, then gradual turn jallowish. Sausage start out with indefinit culler (resamble terrier cotta) and retain same hue indefinitely.

Sausage depend for creation, etc., upon human being or stuffing machine, while banana are pristine product of Hon. Mother Nature. Both article resamble the other in that neither have pit or colonel of any kind.

In case of sausage, both conclusions are attached to other sausages. Hon. Banana, on other hand, are joined on one end to stam; other termination are entirely loose.

And finally, banana are strictly member of vegetable kingdom, while affiliation of sausage are often undecided.



Have a Smile

"Our car," said the salesman, "has the pickup and speed of an office boy going to the baseball game."—*Minneapolis Journal*.



BIG ROUNDUP

"I understand your wife came from a fine old family."

"'Came' is hardly the word — she brought it with her."—*Laughs*.



PARTICULAR

Farmer (to druggist): "Now, be sure an' write plain on them bottles which is for the Jersey cow and which is for my wife. I don't want nothin' to 'appen to that Jersey cow."—*Tit-Bits*.



SO THAT'S HOW THEY HAPPEN!

Nervous Passenger: "Don't drive so quickly around the corners. It makes me frightened."

Chauffeur: "You don't want to get scared. Do what I do—shut your eyes when we come to a corner."—*Allt for Alla*.



PUNCTUAL

Despairing Employer (engaging fourth typist within a month): "How about punctuation?"

Typist (brightly): "Oh, I'm always on time in the morning."—*Tit-Bits*.



WHAT HE WAS ON

An insurance man walked into a lunch room, and taking his place on one of the vacant stools, ordered bread and milk. The fellow sitting on the next stool asked:—

"On a diet?"

"No. Commission."—*Christian Register*.



A MARK TWAIN STORY

While editing a small newspaper in Missouri, Mark Twain received a letter from a subscriber complaining that he had found a spider in his paper. "What did that mean?" Mark Twain replied: "Dear old subscriber: Finding a spider in your newspaper was neither good luck nor bad luck for you. The spider was merely looking over your paper to see which merchant is not advertising so he can go to that store, spin his web over the door, and lead a life of undisturbed peace ever afterward."



Have a Smile

"Come on Mack," said the passerby to the Scotchman. "Let's go for a sail."

"No sir," replied Mack. "I just paid six bits for my dinner and I'm taking no risk of losing it."



A man walked into a hat shop. "I've just lost a bet," he said, "and I want a soft hat."

The salesman, selecting a hat from the shelf behind him, handed it to the prospective customer with the remark: "This is the softest hat we've got."

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



"So you're a salesman now, Sambo? I suppose you stand behind the products you sell?"

"No sah, boss. You see Ah sells mules."



SOMEWHAT SIMILAR

She shut off the radio and turned excitedly to her father.

"Dad," she exclaimed, "that is the latest kind of jazz piece. Did you ever hear anything so wonderful?"

Father, who had been trying to read his evening paper, grunted.

"No," he replied, wearily, "I can't say I have, although I once heard a collision between a wagon load of empty milk cans and a farm cart filled with live ducks."



HENNERY GRAMMAR

Lecturer: "Do you say that your hens 'sit' or 'set'?"

Busy Housewife: "It never matters to me which they do. What I am anxious to learn when I hear a hen cackling is whether she is laying or lying."



STRONG ARM IN DEMAND

Mrs. Heck: "I wonder, Mrs. Peck, if I could borrow your rug-beater?"

Mrs. Peck: "I'm sorry, Mrs. Heck, but he doesn't get home till five o'clock."

The food question is infinitely the most important problem of the present day. . . . and if properly dealt with must result in the disappearance of the vast bulk of disease, misery and death.—*Sir Wm. Arbuthnot Lane, M. D.*



Have a Smile

RATTLER PSYCHOLOGY

Insurance man (putting questions to cowboy): "Ever had any accidents?"

"No," was the reply.

"Never had an accident in your life?"

"Nope. A rattler bit me once, tho."

"Well, don't you call that an accident?"

"Naw—he bit me on purpose."—*Washington Labor*.



GRAMMAR COUNTS

"Lay down, pup! Lay down!" ordered the man. "Good doggie—lay down, I say!"

"You'll have to say 'Lie down,' mister," declared a small bystander. "That's a Boston terrier."—*N. O. Public Service*.



ALL ASKEW

Little Billy, four, was being shown the shape of the earth on a globe atlas, by his mother. After pointing out all the countries with their peculiar shapes, she asked, "Now, Billy, what shape is the world?"

Billy, looking very wise and happy, beamed on her with: "It's in a terrible shape, Daddy says!"—*Parents' Magazine*.



OPERATION GOSSIP

A lady approached an Edinburgh surgeon and asked him if he would perform an operation.

"What for?" he inquired.

"Oh, anything you like. You see I attend a lot of women's bridge parties and, never having an operation, I simply can't take part in the conversation."—*Answers*.



AT THE OLD MAN'S

"We shall reside at the Old Manse," said the bride. And the reporter wrote:—

"When they return from their honeymoon the newlyweds will live with the bride's father."—*Frazee (Minn.) Press*.



CERTAINLY NOT

She was a cold, dignified old lady. The usher approached her with a question. "Are you a friend of the groom?" "No, indeed," she replied. "I'm the bride's mother."—*Missouri Pacific Magazine*.



AN ORDER

Small Joan had long wanted a little playmate. One day a gentleman rang the bell and said, "I am Dr. Squills. Anybody ~~lik~~ here?"

"No, sir," answered Joan, "but you can leave a baby."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.



Have a Smile

UNDESIRABLE "LAW"

While the government is at it, it might repeal that railroad law which makes the tracks run through the worst looking back yards in every city and town in America.—*Boston Globe*.



HIS SALARY

A well-known attorney was always lecturing his office boy, whether he needed it or not. One day he chanced to hear the following conversation between the boy and the one employed next door:—

"How much does your chief pay you?" asked the latter.

"I get \$1500 a year. Five dollars a week in cash and the rest in legal advice."—*Washington Labor*.



FOND DELUSION

And to think anybody was credulous enough to imagine that legal beer would cause the bootlegger and hijacker to resign.—*Los Angeles Times*.



UNFALTERING AGREEMENT

"Oh," said the mistress happily, when the vase she had dropped did not break, "The biggest fools have all the luck, Mary."

"Shure they do, ma'am," was the response. "If I'd dropped it, it would have broke."—*Boston Transcript*.



COULDN'T HABEAS THE CORPUS

A man was being arraigned for murder. "Where's your attorney?" asked the presiding judge.

"I ain't got no attorney, yer honor," answered the man.

"Mr. Green," said the judge, indicating a young lawyer standing near by; "take the prisoner into that room at the rear of the court, hear his story, and give him the best advice you can."

Accordingly Green disappeared with the prisoner and in half an hour's time returned into the court—alone.

"Where is the prisoner?" asked the judge.

"Well," replied Green, 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 passing over the top of that hill half a mile away."

A hard test of the air pilots is to stand on one foot, bend the other backwards at right angles from the knee, close the eyes and stay in this position 15 seconds without wobbling or falling. Can you do it?



Have a Smile

UNCLE SHYLOCK'S REPUTATION

"What did they teach you in school today, son?"

"Oh, teacher told us all about Columbus, who went 2,000 miles on a galleon."

"She did, did she? Well, don't believe all she tells you about those American cars."—*New Zealand Decorator*.



HOW HE GOT THAT WAY

Howell: "A good deal depends on the formation of early habits."

Powell: "I know it; when I was a baby my mother hired a woman to wheel me about, and I have been pushed for money ever since."—*Washington Labor*.



"What was the name of the last station we stopped at Mother?"

"I don't know. Be quiet. I'm working out a cross-word puzzle."

"It's a pity you don't know the name, Mother, because Little Oscar got off the train there."—*Clipped*.



Under the caption, "An Attic Salt-Shaker" in the *Springfield Republican*, Mr. W. Orton Tewson gives this interesting autograph story of Sir Rudyard Kipling:—

On one occasion one of the trees at Kipling's home was injured by a bus, the driver of which was also the landlord of the village inn. Kipling wrote this man a letter of complaint which the recipient promptly sold to one of his guests. Again the angry author wrote, this time a more violent letter, which immediately fetched double the price of the first.

A few days later Kipling called on the landlord and demanded to know why he had received no answer to his letters.

"Why, I was hoping you'd write me some more," said Boniface.

And then he told the author what he had done with the two letters.

"They pay a good deal better than bus-driving," he added.

Food wastes, when not expelled from the body regularly, stagnate in the intestines . . . generate poisons which seep into the blood, weakening vital organs and hastening old age. Common symptoms . . . are headaches, indigestion, loss of appetite, unwholesome breath, coated tongue, unhealthy skin, lack of energy.—*Dr. Achille Bonanome*.



Have a Smile

"That was a close call, old man. Don't you know you always ought to give a woman driver half the road?"

"I always try to, as soon as I find out which half she wants."—*Woman's World*.



On Carol's fifth birthday her aunt took her to the city to luncheon. When they were seated at the restaurant table, her aunt asked Carol what she would like. After thinking a moment the child answered, "Oh, let's have something that isn't good for me!"—*Boston Transcript*.



DOWN WITH IT!

Street Orator: "We must get rid of radicalism, socialism, bolshevism, communism, and anarchism."

Voice from the crowd: "And while we're about it, why not throw in rheumatism?"—*The Christian Register*.



BUSINESS TACT

A woman, well on in years, entered a druggists's and said:—

"Have you any creams for restoring the complexion?"

"Restoring, Miss? You mean preserving," said the druggist, heartily.

And then he sold the woman \$17 worth of complexion creams.



The "Home-Made" Little Girl

Sometimes the immature simplicity of the youthful mind makes a shrewd guess at truth, as in a group of "tinies" discussing their arrival on this planet. One said the doctor brought him, another that his mother bought him at a shop, and a little girl added modestly:—

"My mother was too poor to buy me; I was home-made."

• • •

In catechising a little girl, the clergyman asked her:—

"What is the outward and visible sign in baptism?"

"The baby, please, sir," said she.

• • •

"Johnny," said a Puritan mother, "is it possible you are playing with your soldiers on the Sabbath?"

"It's all right, mother. It's the Salvation Army."

Priceless, aren't they?

—W. Orton Tewson, in
The Springfield Republican

AN ATTITUDE LEFT

Every possible attitude on prohibition seems now to have been taken by someone, except a stand for something in the nature of light whiskey that is non-intoxicating in fact.—*Detroit News*.



DOWN WITH IT

Street Orator: "We must get rid of radicalism, Socialism, Bolshevism, Communism and Anarchism."

Voice: "And while we're about it, why not throw in rheumatism?" —*Christian Register*.



Teacher: "Willie, can you tell me how matches are made?"

Willie: "No ma'am, but I don't blame you for wanting to know."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Mother says you've been trying to make one for years."



History Lecturer: "Can anyone tell me what makes the Tower of Pisa lean?"

Stout Coed: "I don't know or I'd take some myself."



An invalid lady suffering from constipation was asked by a friend who was calling one afternoon: "Do you ever knead your bowels?"

The invalid meekly replied: "Indeed, ma'am, I cannot very well do without them."



The wife of a famous English Bishop—whom we shall call John Smith—was recently very ill, and required a serious operation. As she recovered from the anesthetic, she was heard to murmur: "Am I in Heaven? Am I in Heaven? No, there's John."—*Christian Register*.



TURN ABOUT

"I see, Miss Smithers, that you have spelled 'receive' with 'ei' in one place and 'ie' in another."

"I am sorry, sir. That was a slip. Which one shall I correct?"

"M'm—er, why, the one that's wrong, of course."—*The Humorist*.



AN ECONOMIC NECESSITY

The question is being argued pretty violently these days whether or not married women should work, but we guess if they didn't, there'd be a lot of hungry husbands in this old world.—*Ohio State Journal*.



Have a Smile

DOING HER BEST

"Mary, were you entertaining a man in the kitchen last night?"

"That's for him to say, mum. I was doing my best with the materials I could find."—*Liverpool Mercury*.



"And now" said the teacher, "will some one please give us a sentence using the word 'candor'?"

"Please'm," said the bright little boy in the front seat, "my papa had a pretty stenographer, but after ma saw her he candor."



"Tommy, can you tell me one of the uses of cowhide?"

"Er, yessir. It keeps the cow together."



Caller: "Won't you walk as far as the street car with me, Tommy?"

Aged Seven: "I can't."

Caller: "Why not?"

Aged Seven: "Cause we're gonna have dinner as soon as you go."



Moody and the Farmer

The late Dwight L. Moody was fond of jokes. While traveling one day his train stopped at a country station and Moody, seeing a rather seedy looking farmer said to him:—

"Do you know that President Lincoln is on this train?"

The farmer fell at once, and said, "Is he?"

"I don't know that he is," was the calm reply of Mr. Moody, "But I thought you might."

The farmer resumed his walk but soon returned. Addressing Mr. Moody, he said, "We've had quite a little excitement out here lately."

"What's the matter?"

"The authorities would not let some folks bury a woman," replied the farmer.

"Why not?"

"Because she wasn't dead," answered the farmer.

It is said that Mr. Moody enjoyed the joke as much as the farmer.



Have a Smile

QUITE A TRAVELER

Mrs. 'Iggins: That Mrs. Briggs was boastin' as 'ow she comes from a fine family. "An' you've come a good way," I says, pleasant-like.—*Tit-Bits*.



GRATEFUL

Mistress: "Mary, when you wait at table tonight for my guests, please don't wear any jewelry."

Maid: "I have nothing valuable, ma'am, but I thank you for the warning."—*Deutsche Illutrierte*.



READY FOR IT

Bobby (short of money): "I say, dad, have you any work you'd like me to do?"

Father (taken by surprise): "Why—no—but—er—"

Bobby: "Then would you like to put me on a dole?"—*London Tatler*.



BACK IT UP

A little city boy was visiting his country cousin.

"What do you know about cows?" quizzed the country lad. "You don't even know if that's a Jersey cow."

"I don't know from here, 'cause I can't see its license."—*Stray Stories*.



"The poet gave a big reception one day, and when there was a lull in the goings-on a pretty little girl stepped up to him and said:—

"I think you are a great genius."

"All the guests laughed and clapped, and the poet kissed the child and asked:

"Why do you say that, child?"

"Because," she piped, "you told me to."



Gov. Wilber M. Brucker, in speaking of the conceit of politicians Wednesday evening in an address in Albion, told one on the late Theodore Roosevelt. Roosevelt decided he wanted a great chorus and so he said to an assistant: "Send me 1,000 sopranos. Then I'll need 1,000 tenors," he continued, "and maybe I had better have 1,000 altos." "What about bass?" asked the assistant. "Oh, I'll sing bass myself," answered Roosevelt.—*Battle Creek Enquirer and News*.



Have a Smile

WEATHER PERMITTING

Visitor: "Does the water always come through the roof like that?"

Landlord: "No, sir, only when it rains."—*Lustige Blaetter (Berlin)*.



POETIC JUSTICE

"The modern poet never receives justice in this country," declares a critic. We regard this as a tribute to our forgiving nature.—*From Punch*.



MENTAL CONCENTRATION

There was once a man who had great powers of concentration. He was working in his study when the trained nurse came to announce to him that he was a father.

"It's a boy, professor," she said.

"What is?" inquired the professor, without looking up.—*Beachcomber*.



THE GLACIERS

"Dear me," said the old lady on her first visit to Switzerland, "look at all those big rocks. Wherever did they come from?"

"The glaciers brought them down," said the guide.

"But where are the glaciers?"

"The glaciers," said the guide in a weary voice, "have gone back for more rocks."—*W. Tewson Orton*.



Mr. Hubble related to a city banker the speed stunts of his prize bull.

"That bull always starts from the corner of the lot when the limited comes along and beats it to the other side of the farm!" he related.

The financier was deeply impressed. Soon after he telephoned that he would be out the next day to see the racing bull perform. Mr. Hubble decided at once it would be healthy for him to be absent when the banker called. He told his farm hand to account for his absence the best way he could.

"Where's Mr. Hubble?" the banker inquired when he drove up to the house.

"He's gone to California," said the boy.

"That's strange," mused the visitor. "I was talking with him only yesterday. When will he be back?"

"Tomorrow," the boy announced.

"How in the world can he get to California and back in that short time?" inquired the banker.

"He's on the bull!" explained the boy.



Have a Smile

Rastus: "Ah's sure advanced in de pas' couple ob years."

Mose: "How's dat?"

Rastus: "Well, two years ago ah was called a lazy loafer, and now ah's listed as an unfortunate victim ob de unemployment sitcheeeyashun."



Amateur Gardener: "I have so much trouble telling the difference between my young plants and weeds. How do you tell which is which?"

Old Hand: "There is only one sure way: Pull them all out. If they come up again, they are weeds."



A mother, testifying on behalf of her son, swore that he "worked on a farm ever since he was born."

Triumphantly the opposing lawyer leaned over toward her and thundered: "You tell this court that your son worked on a farm ever since he was born?"

"I do."

"What did he do the first year?"

"He milked," she answered.



"I don't want any callers this afternoon," said the business man to the office boy. "If they say their business is important just tell them that's what they all say."

That afternoon a lady called and insisted on seeing him. "I am his wife," she exclaimed.

"That's what they all say," said the office boy.



Perhaps the most withering and wittiest rejoinder ever made on a political platform, was that made by Joseph H. Choate, during an election campaign in New York. Following a speech by "Boss" Croker—who rarely spoke in public—in which he had "completely given away his case," in the judgment of his opponents, Mr. Choate gravely said:

"Now, consider the case of Balaam's ass: before it spoke all men regarded it as quite an ordinary quadruped; but after it had spoken they discovered what an extraordinary ass it was."—*W. Orton Tewson, in "An Attic Salt Shaker"*.



Have a Smile

WHY HE WENT

"Say, mama, was baby sent down from heaven?"

"Why, yes."

"Um. They like to have it quiet up there, don't they?"—*The Legionaire.*



SILVER LINING

The teacher was trying to make Elsie understand subtraction and she said, "You have 10 fingers; now supposing there were three missing, what would you have then?"

"No music lessons," said Elsie promptly.—*New Haven Register.*



"Doctor, if there is anything the matter with me, don't frighten me half to death by giving it a long scientific name. Just tell me what it is in plain English."

"Well, sir, to be frank, you are lazy."

"Thank you, doctor. Now tell me the scientific name for it. I've got to report to the missus."—*The Kalends.*



SMART

The cop got out his book and poised his stubby pencil. "What's yer name?"

"John Smith."

"No, yer real name," bawled the officer, who had been tricked the day before.

"Well, then put me down as William Shakespeare."

"That's better. You can't fool me with that Smith stuff."



I heard one yesterday about a little boy who went to school for the first time. When he returned home his father inquired how he liked it.

"It's all right but they ask too many questions," said the lad. "First they asked me where you were born and I told them. Then they asked me where mother was born and I told them. But when they asked me where I was born, I had to tell a lie."

"Why?" asked his father.

"I didn't want to say I was born in the Woman's Hospital and have them thinking I was a sissy so I told them it was in the Yankee Stadium."—*Karl Kitchen, N. Y. Sun.*



Have a Smile

KNOWS HER CONSTITUENT

Canvasser: "Madam, I am taking data for the new political directory. What party does your husband belong to?"

Mrs. Peck: "Take a good look, Mister—I'm the party!"—*Buffalo (N. Y.) Truth.*



SALESMANSHIP

Salesman: "Now here's an overcoat for you, sir; look at it—feel the material—there's value for your money."

Customer: "Yes, but I want a new coat—that happens to be the one I've just taken off."



MULTIPLICATION

Willie was having trouble with arithmetic.

Said teacher, "How many do Daddy and Mother and Baby make?"

"Two and one to carry," said little blockhead Willie.—*Church bulletin sent from Oklahoma.*



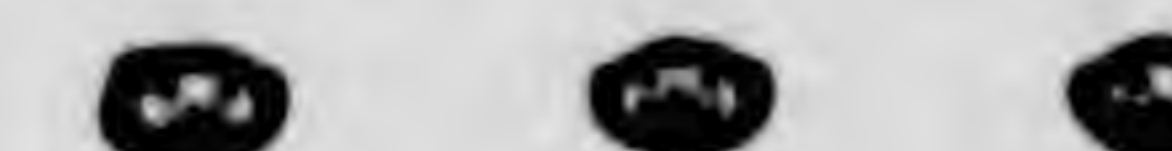
FROM EXAMINATION PAPERS

The digestive juices are the bile and the sarcastic juice.

When a person cannot take a contagious disease he is said to be intoxicated.

A passive verb is when the subject is the sufferer, as in "I am loved."

—*The Grade Teacher.*



Queen Victorian Sermons

When a certain young clergyman was commanded to preach before the late Queen Victoria at Windsor castle, he sought counsel from the prime minister, the Earl of Beaconsfield:

"If you preach thirty minutes," advised Disraeli, "her majesty will be bored. If you preach fifteen minutes, her majesty will be pleased. If you preach ten minutes, her majesty will be delighted."

"But," said the young clergyman, "what can a preacher possibly say in ten minutes?"

"That," replied Disraeli, "will be a matter of indifference to her majesty."—*W. Orton Tewson, in Springfield Republican.*



Have a Smile

She: "There's an old clothes man coming to the door."

He: "Tell him I've got all I need."—*Glasgow Evening Citizen.*



Husband: "We've had this car for years and never had a wreck."

Wife: "You mean we've had this wreck for years and never had a car."—*Presbyterian Magazine.*



"A college professor: A man who is paid to study sleeping conditions among students."



SPEAKING PICTURES

Old lady (in an art museum, to companion): "My dear, I always admire pictures that are painted in Dutch or Italian."—*Boston Transcript.*



NO PROBLEMS THERE

"Now, then, Tommy Brown," said the teacher, "I want to set you a little problem. Suppose there were five children and their mother had only four potatoes to share between them. She wants to give each child an equal share. How would she do it?"

"Mash the potatoes," said the boy.—*London Answers.*



Frank, aged five, was spanked soundly and placed on a chair to think over his transgressions. "You understand why Mother spanked you, don't you, Frank?" asked his mother a half hour later.

Frank pondered the matter and replied, "I—I don't know, mother, unless it was the depression."—*Parents Magazine.*



When Calvin Coolidge was president of the Massachusetts Senate an angry senator complained to him at one session that another senator had told him to go to a very hot place.

"Did you hear what so-and-so said to me a moment ago?" demanded the offended one.

"Yes," replied Coolidge without the semblance of a smile; "but I've looked up the law, and you don't have to go."

The senator's anger turned to laughter and Coolidge kept himself from being drawn into a silly wrangle—all because he was able to see the humor of the situation.—*Springfield Republican.*



Have a Smile

PLENTY OF WILL

"I hear your husband has given up smoking. Doesn't that require a strong will?"

"Well, I have a strong will!"—*The Passing Show (London)*.



Parson: "Good morning, Mrs. Stubbins. Is your husband at home?"

Mrs. Stubbins: "'Es 'ome, sir; but 'e's a-bed."

Parson: "How is it he didn't come to church on Sunday? You know we must have our hearts in the right place."

Mrs. Stubbins: "Lor', sir, 'is 'eart's all right. It's 'is trowzia!"



THE WITCH

Conductor: "Pardon me, madam, but your girl seems more than twelve."

Her Mother: "Conductor! Would you take me to be the mother of a girl that age?"

Conductor: "Lady, don't tell me you're her grandmother!"—*Sydney Bulletin*.



DETROIT'S LATEST

For Sale—Ford Coupé. Has new tires, new paint job, tiled bath, furnace heat, servant's room, large frontage. Can be seen by appointment only. — *Atlanta Journal*.



NOT A ONE-HOSS SHAY

People are said to be running their worn-out automobiles in order to save money, but it is not good judgment to spend more money on repairs in one year than a new one would cost. The deacon's "one-hoss shay" of Oliver Wendell Holmes's famous poem, collapsed in the middle of the road and left him unhurt, so far as the poet wrote, but the deacon was not attempting to operate his conservative vehicle at fifty miles an hour.—*Salem Evening News*.



Mrs. Smith, 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."



Have a Smile

BEHAVIORISM

Dorothy: "How long is it to my birthday?"

Mother: "Not very long, dear."

Dorothy: "Well, is it time for me to begin to be a good girl?"—*Life*.



WHY?

"Mummy, why does it rain?"

"To make things grow. To give us apples, pears, corn, flowers—"

"Then why does it rain on the pavements?"



HER SECT

Housewife (interviewing applicant): "I may tell you that we are vegetarians."

Country Girl (anxious to get the job): "I've attended that church all my life, mum."—*Boston Transcript*.



NOT ROOM FOR BOTH

An Irishman was riding a mule which began kicking violently and finally got its hoof caught in the stirrup.

"Well," exclaimed the Irishman in the excitement, "if you're going to get on, I'll get off."—*Weekly Scotsman*.



APPROPRIATE SYMBOL

A golf club librarian was considering an appropriate holder for the "Silence" sign he intended to display in their reading room. "Can you suggest anything?" he asked a member. "Something symbolic, perhaps."

"Something symbolic?" echoed the member. "I have it! How about a bronze figure of a golfer about to putt?"—*Brockton Enterprise*.



Moses Ezekiel, the Roman sculptor, says: "Whenever I see a toothpick, I think of a dinner that was given in Rome in honor of two Turkish noblemen. I sat beside the younger of them. He glittered with gold embroidery and great diamonds; but I pitied him sincerely, for he was strange at our table manners, and some of his errors were both ludicrous and painful. Toward the dinner's end a servant extended to the young man a plate of toothpicks. He waved the plate away, saying in a low and bitter voice: "No, thank you; I have already eaten two of the accursed things, and I want no more."



Have a Smile

Professor: "What is the most common impediment in the speech of American people?"

Freshman: "Chewing-gum." — *Christian Advocate*.



NEW DENOMINATION

"Will you be married in your church or his?"

"His, I suppose. He's Presbyterian, but I'm radio."—*Tit-Bits*.



"Your wife likes to go South every year, eh?"

"Yeah; she loves to spend the winter in the rotogravure sections."



BEATING TEMPTATION TO THE PUNCH

Mrs. Brown: "I hope you didn't take a second piece of cake at the party."

Bobby: "No, Ma. I took two pieces the first time."—*Tit-Bits*.



HIS GOOD TURN

"It is the duty of everyone to make a person happy during the week," said the Sunday school teacher. "Have you done so, Freddy?"

"Yes," said Freddy, promptly. "I went to see my aunt and she was happy when I went home."—*Melbourne Herald*.



Just Put Me Off

"A man entered a sleeping-car and said to the porter, 'At what time do we get to Buffalo?' The porter answered, 'At half-past three in the morning, sir.' All-right," the man said, "now I want to get off at Buffalo, and I want you to see that I get off. I sleep heavily and I'm hard to rouse. But you just make me wake up, don't mind what I say, don't pay any attention if I kick about it, just put me off, do you see?"

"All right, sir," said the porter. The man got into his berth and fell fast asleep. He never woke or moved till it was broad daylight and the train was a hundred miles beyond Buffalo. He called angrily to the porter, "See here, you, didn't I tell you to put me off at Buffalo?" The porter looked at him aghast. "Well, I declare to goodness, boss!" he exclaimed; "if it wasn't you, who was the man that I threw off this train at half-past three at Buffalo?"



Have a Smile

Teacher: "Tommy, tell the class something about Lindbergh's great feat."

Tommy: "I never saw them but I can tell about Charlie Chaplin's."



Uncle: "You boys of today want too much money. Do you know what I was getting when I married your aunt?"

Nephew: "Nope! And I'll bet that you didn't either."



Grocer (to small boy): "You want to buy a pound of ochre? Is it red ochre for painting bricks?"

Lad: "No, it's tappy ochre wot Maw makes puddin' wit!"



EARLY CANNING

Clerk (nervously): "Er—Does this threatened staff reduction affect me, sir?"

Boss: "Oh, no; you'll be gone before then."—*Passing Show*.



MIXING COLORS

"Why is your car painted blue on one side and red on the other?"

Speedy: "Oh, it's a fine idea. You should just hear the witnesses contradict one another!"—*Everybody's Weekly*.



Photographer (taking pictures of father and college-boy son): "Perhaps it would make a better picture, my boy, if you were to stand with your hand on your father's shoulder."

Father: "The picture would be more natural if he stood with his hand in my pocket."



THE OTHER WAY

"Where's old Bill been lately? I haven't seen him for months."

"What? Haven't you 'eard? He's got three years for stealin' a car."

"What did he want to steal a car for? Why didn't he buy one an' not pay for it, like a gentleman?"



PROBLEM

A farmer living near Mount Vernon tells the *Record* that if he could get his son to work out in the field as he does on the football and basketball fields there would be no reason why the farm shouldn't pay.—*Mount Vernon (Mo.) Record*.



Have a Smile

Boxing Instructor (after first lesson): "Now, have you any questions to ask?"

Beginner (dazed): "Er-er-yes! How much is your correspondence course?"



The Boss (who has just dropped in on the football game): "So this is your uncle's funeral, Perkins?"

Office Boy (with great presence of mind): "It looks like it, sir. He's the referee."



A LONG WAIT

Slow waiter (in London restaurant): "Your coffee, sir; it's special from South America, sir."

Diner (sarcastically): "Oh, so that's where you've been?"—*Punch*.



THE VALUE OF VARIATION

"Why do you constantly favor new methods of taxation?"

"I consider it necessary," said Senator Sorghum, "to enable the people to look forward to some kind of a change. If we can't satisfy 'em, we can at least keep 'em hopeful."—*Washington Star*.



Eight-year-old (reading magazine): "What's a literary aspirant, Margie?"

Margie (slightly older): "I guess it's what an author takes when he has a headache."—*Exchange, quoted by the Boston Transcript*.



THE BEAUTY

Her face was lifted only twice, her skin bleached once, her hair dyed thrice; reducing by a new device she cut her figure to a slice, and now she's resting—in Paradise.



SHE KNEW A HOG

A New Orleans lady was waiting to buy a ticket at the picture show, when a stranger bumped her shoulder. She glared at him, feeling it was done intentionally.

"Well," he growled, "don't eat me up."

"You are in no danger, sir," she said. "I am a Jewess."—*The Lawyer and Banker*.



If you encountered no difficulties, the office boy could take your place.—*Forbes*



Have a Smile

HEREDITY

"Why are you and your little sister always quarreling?"

"I don't know, dad; unless she take after mother and I take after you."—*Public Opinion*.



A GIVEAWAY

Visitor: "What was your mummie's name before she was married?"

Young Innocence: "I think it must have been Savoy. That's the name on our towels."—*London Humorist*.



BIG SALESMAN

British Guide (showing places of interest): "It was in this room that Lord Wellington received his first commission!"

American Tourist (suddenly interested): "How much was it?"—*Tit-Bits*.



MARTYR TO MODE

Doctor: "Have you any idea how your wife caught this terrible cold?"

Husband: "I think it was on account of her coat."

"Too thin, eh?"

"No; it was last winter's one, and she didn't wear it."—*Bennington Banner*.



WORTH TELLING AGAIN

George Ade tells this story on himself. He was sitting with a little girl of eight. She looked up from her book of fairy tales and said:—

"Does m-i-r-a-g-e spell marriage, Mr. Ade?"

"Yes, my child," was all he found to answer.—*Wall Street Journal*.



A BLOOMING CHICKEN

Little Mary was visiting her grandmother in the country. Walking into 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!"—*The Christian Register*.



Have a Smile

WELL INFORMED

"That new nurse of ours must be a Bowery product. She speaks of the nursery as the 'noisery.'"

"Well, I rather think that's the way it should be pronounced."—*Boston Transcript.*



Ben Butler was a terror and torment to the judges. On one occasion Judge Sanger, having been bullied and badgered out of all patience, petulantly asked, "What does the counsel suppose I am on this bench for?"

Scratching his head a minute, Butler replied.—

"Well, I confess, your Honor's got me there."



A little Topeka girl came home from church the other day, and was asked what the minister's text was. "I know, all right," she asserted.

"Well, repeat," her questioner demanded.

"Don't be afraid and I will get you a bedquilt," was the astonishing answer. Investigation proved that the central thought of the sermon had been, "Fear not and I will send you a comforter."



But Not Vice Versa

When little Percival arrived at school on the opening day he carried the following note to the teacher:—

"Dear Teacher: Our sweet little Percival is a very delicate nervous child, and if he is naughty—and he is likely to be naughty at times—just punish the boy next to him, and that will frighten him so he'll be good."—*Wayside Tales.*



An amusing story is told about Robert H. McAdoo, youngest son of the late secretary of the U. S. treasury. Although under military age, the young man joined the navy as an ordinary seaman during the World War. On one occasion while reporting to a petty officer of a rather rough type, he was asked:—

"McAdoo! McAdoo! Any kin to the secretary of the treasury?"

"Yes," was the reply. "He is my father."

"Aw, come off, young man. Don't gimme any guff. If your father was secretary, you'd be an admiral."



Have a Smile

COME-BACK

She: "If you tell a man anything it goes in one ear and out of the other."

He: "And if you tell a woman anything, it goes in at both ears and out of her mouth!"—*Tit-Bits.*



SAFETY FIRST

Wife (as husband awakened by burglar jumps nimbly out of bed): "Oh, Henry, you are so brave. What are you going to do?"

Husband: "Lock the door."—*London Humorist.*



A HOT METHOD

"You say you cannot get along with your husband. People must learn to bear and forbear. Did you ever try heaping coals of fire on his head?"

"No; I don't know as I ever did. But I've tried hot water!"



VENERABLE READER

"Miss Krause is much older than I thought she was."

"Really?"

"Yes; I asked her if she had read Homer's 'Odyssey,' and she said she read it as soon as it was published."—*Hummel, Hamburg.*



A colored man got his nerve together and took a flight in an airplane. As he climbed out after the ride, he turned to the pilot and said: "Sub, Ah has to thank yah fo' both dem rides."

"What are you talking about?" said the aviator. "You had only one ride."

"No, sub," returned the passenger, "Ah done had two—mah fust and mah last."—*Young Men.*



"And has she made him a good wife?"

"I don't know about that, but she's certainly making him a good husband."—*Montreal Star.*



Fond Mother: "I hope my little darling has been as good as gold all day."

Nurse: "No, ma'am, he went off the gold standard about tea-time."—*Humorist.*



Have a Smile

There is a saying current in the city of New York to this effect: "You can always tell a Boston man, but you can't tell him much."



The first real cure for dandruff was invented by a Frenchman. He called it the guillotine.—*Judge.*



"A motorist has admitted running over the same man twice. The time has evidently come when there aren't enough pedestrians to go round."



THE NEW BRAKEMAN

The engineer brought in his train hours late, after a stiff climb, when it seemed, he said, as though the train would slip back.

"Yes, and it would, too," said the new brakeman, "if I had not kept the brakes on all the way."



OH!

Very Small Son: "Dad, give me a dime."

Papa: "Not today, sonny, not today."

Very Small Son: "Dad, if you'll give me a dime I'll tell you what the iceman said to mamma this morning."

Papa: "Here, son: quick, what did he say?"

Very Small Son: "He said, 'Lady, how much-ice do you want this morning?'"



Chauncey M. Depew was led by curiosity to visit a sideshow during the Chicago World's Fair. It was a tame affair, and Depew would have left except for the fact that crowds kept pouring in. He couldn't help thinking such a large and eager audience meant better things to come.

A fat woman skipped out on a little stage to dance, and just then J. Sterling Morton, former Secretary of Agriculture, pushed his way through the crowd and shook Mr. Depew by the hand. "Well, Senator, so you're really here," he said. "I thought that barker was lying."

"What do you mean?" said Depew.

"Why, the barker for this show is standing outside and inviting the crowd to step in and see, for the price of one dime, the great and only Chauncey M. Depew."—*Springfield Union, contributed by Edith E. Wall, Quincy, Mass.*



Have a Smile

Passenger: "Conductor, have I time to say goodbye to my wife?"

Conductor: "I don't know, sir, how long have you been married?"



A commercial traveler, calling upon a new customer, produced by mistake a snapshot of his fiancée instead of his business card.

"That's the firm I represent," he said.

The customer examined the somewhat determined-looking features of the young woman and returned the photograph with the remark, "I'm afraid you'll never be manager of that firm."



Worth Believing In

"Do you really believe in heredity?"

"Most certainly I do. That is how I came into all my money!"—*London Mail*.



Long-Distance Shooting

The new night-watchman at the observatory was watching some one using the big telescope. Just then a star fell. "Begorrah," he said to himself, "that felly sure is a crack shot."—*Toronto Goblin*.



There'd probably be as many railroad wrecks as automobile crashes if the firemen insisted on sitting on the engineers' laps.



Judge (sternly): "Well, what is your alibi for speeding fifty miles an hour?"

George: "I had just heard, your honor, that the ladies of my wife's church were giving a rummage sale, and I was hurrying home to save my other pair of pants."

Judge: "Case dismissed."



Mark Twain and His Remedies

"Nearly all his life, when he was ill, Mark Twain was inundated with letters from well-wishers, offering marvelous remedies for his malady, whatever it might be," says Clara Clemens (Mrs. Ossip Gaborowitsch) in "My Father: Mark Twain." He tried to acknowledge all such messages and sometimes did so in a whimsical way. Here is one of his replies:—

"Dear Sir (or Madam): I try every remedy sent to me. I am now on No. 67. Yours is 2653. I am looking forward to its beneficial results."—*Springfield (Mass.) Weekly Republican*.



Have a Smile

Juvenile Edition Wanted

"Mamma," said little Fred, "this catechism is awfully hard. Can't you get me a kittychism?"—*Baptist Boys and Girls*.



Making Them Useful

Traveler: "It's a nuisance—these trains are always late."

Resourceful conductor: "But, my dear sir, what would be the use of the waiting-rooms if they were on time?"—*Número (Turin)*.



His Great Regret

New Office Boy: "A man called here to thrash you a few minutes ago."

Editor: "What did you say to him?"

New Office Boy: "I told him I was sorry you weren't in."—*Chicago Herald and Examiner*.



Dumb from Fright

An Irishman fell from a scaffold to the ground.

A fellow laborer rushed up and called out,

"Mike, Mike, are ye dead?"

"Not dead," replied Mike, "but speechless."



In Ole Kentuck

John Henry: Ah wondah wuz Geo'ge Washington as hones' as dey sez he wuz?

Mose Brown: Ah tell you, John Henry, Geo'ge wuz de mos' hones' man whut wuz ever been born.

John Henry: Den, how cum dey close all de banks on his birthday?



Her Willing Sacrifice

"Mama," said little Elsie, "I do wish I had some money to give for Christmas dinners for poor children."

Her mother, wishing to teach her the lesson of self-sacrifice, said: "Very well, dear, if you would like to go without sugar for a week, I'll give you the money instead, and then you will have some."

The little one considered seriously for a moment, and then said: "Must it be sugar, mama?"

"Why, no, darling; not necessarily."

"What would you like to do without?"

"Soap, mama," was Elsie's answer.



Have a Smile

Office Boy: There's a salesman outside with a mustache.

Executive: Tell him I've got a mustache.—*The Defender Bulletin*.



Magistrate (to prisoner who has frequently been in the dock): Ebenezer Noakes, aren't you ashamed to be seen here so often?

Prisoner: Bless yer 'cart, sir, this place is quite respectable ter some places where I'm sent.



Mr. Lee was entertaining his small daughter in his lumber yard. The phone rang while he was out of the office so Betty answered it.

Caller: Hello, is this Mr. Lee's lumber yard?

Betty: No, this is Mr. Lee's little 'girl.



Considerate

"Would you mind driving a little slower, old man?"

"Not getting scared, are you?"

"Oh, no, nothing like that, but I'd hate to take an unfair advantage of my life insurance company."—*New York Sun*.



Mandy: "Boy, dat sho am some ring. What size is de diamon'?"

Rastus: "Dat am de fo'teen-year-installment size."



Where They Show It

"We women bear pain better than men."

"Who told you that? Your doctor?"

"No, my shoemaker."—*Karibaturen (Christiana)*.



Business Boomer

A small boy called on the doctor one evening, and said: "Doctor, I've got the measles, but I can keep it quiet."

The doctor looked up, puzzled, and asked the boy what he meant.

"Well," suggested the small patient, "what'll you give me to go to school and scatter it among all the rest of the kid?"—*Tu-Bits*.



Have a Smile

We Do Not Tear Your Clothes With Machinery, We Do It Carefully By Hand.—Sign in a laundry window.

Which is *so* much nicer.



Now It Can Be Told

"Say, what's limburger cheese composed of?"

"It ain't composed. It's decomposed."—*Pelican*.



Contrary Evidence

Boss: "Well, I see you got rid of Hornblower. Did you tell him I was out?"

Office Boy: "Yes, sir. But he said he didn't believe me as I was working."—*Pathfinder*.



The Collision

Charlotte Teacher: "Can anyone tell me of the meaning of the word collision? No one knows? Well, it is when two things come together unexpectedly. Now, can anyone give me an example? All right, Johnny, what is it?"

Johnny: "Twins."



Suggestion to White Folks

A negro mammy had a family of well-behaved boys. One day her mistress asked:—

"Sally, how do you raise your boys so well?"

"Ah'll tell you, missus," answered Sally. "Ah raise dem with a barrel stave and Ah raise 'em frequently!"



Love Knows No Obstacles

"Dearest Annabelle," wrote Oswald, who was hopelessly in love, "I would swim the mighty ocean for one glance from your dear eyes. I would walk through a wall of flame for one touch of your little hands. I would leap the widest stream in the world for a word from your lovely lips. As always, your Oswald.

"P. S.: I'll be over Saturday night if it doesn't rain."



Back in our day the board of education was a shingle.—*Eric Record*.



Have a Smile

It doesn't require the Darwinian theory—men make monkeys of themselves.—*Florida Times-Union*.



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



Stop! Look! Listen!

"Is this a fast train?" the salesman asked the conductor.

"Of course it is," was the reply.

"I thought it was. Would you mind my getting out to see what it is fast to?"—*Evansville Crescent*.



New Californian: "I stopped over in San Juan and —"

Old Resident: "Pardon me, but you should say San Huan. In California we pronounce our J's like H's."

New Californian: "Well, you'll have to give me time. You see, I've been in the state only through Hune and Huly."—*Capper's Weekly*.



Happy Suggestion for Uncle

Little Spencer let no grass grow under his feet, when uncle came for a visit, before rushing up with this:—

"Uncle, make a noise like a frog."

"Why?" asked the old man.

"'Cause when I ask daddy for anything he says: 'Wait till your uncle croaks.'"—*The Van Rualte Vanguard*.



Little Tommy (very late for the evening meal): "O, mother, don't scold me, for I've had such a great disappointment. A horse fell down in the street and they said they were going to send for a horse doctor. Of course, I had to stay, and after I waited and waited he came, and, mother—what do you think it was?—it was *only* a man!"—*L. G. in Chicago Tribune*.



The dismaying thing is not what man descended from, but what he descends to.—*Elm City Clarion*.



Have a Smile

A scientist says that mankind is of vegetable origin. Obviously. Men descend from monkeys, monkeys from trees.—*Punch*.



Doctor: "But, madam, a woman of your age can't expect to grow younger!"

Patient: "I'm not asking that, doctor. All I want you to do is to keep me growing older a little bit slower."—*Providence Journal*.



On inquiring of the laundress how her newly-married daughter was getting along, she replied: "Oh, very well, ma'am. She thinks her husband is a bit stupid, but as I tells her, the good, steady ones are all like that."



"Johnny, your face is dirty again this morning," exclaimed the teacher. "What would you say if I came to school every day with a dirty face?"

"Hub!" grunted Johnny. "I would be too polite to say anything."



Tragedy in a Nutshell

Mule in a barnyard, lazy and sick. Boy with a pin on the end of a stick. Boy jabbed the mule—mule gave a lurch—(services Monday at M. E. Church).—*Bowling Green Exponent*.



A young teacher in a backwoods settlement in Kentucky received a written excuse from the parent of one of her charges which read as follows:—

"Der techer:—

"Pleze exkuse Jawn fer bein' absent yesterday from school, cause I was washing his winterr underwear and it won't happen agin this year."—*Jacobs Maw*.



Tommy Twaddles: "Gee, but I'm glad! We're goin' to study general history this term."

Johnny Jimpson: "Wat's gen'ral history?"

Tommy Twaddles: "W'y, all about generals, you chump."



A lady doctor says that a child should be made to face reality. But it would be very annoying for mother if she had to remove her make-up every time she kissed the little one good night.—*The Humorist*.



Have a Smile

Counsel: "Are you sure this is the man who stole your car?"

Plaintiff: "I was until the cross examination. Now I don't know if I ever possessed a car."—*Lustige Sachse.*



First Father: "I am spending a lot of money for my daughter's singing and piano lessons."

Second Father: "That's foolish. A radio is cheaper, and you can get just as terrible stuff over it."



Time Wasted

"Aren't you waiting up for dad tonight, mother?"

"It's no use. With this cold I can hardly speak."—*Tit-Bits.*

Jack: "Dad, what are ancestors?"

Dad: "Well, my boy, I'm one of your ancestors. Your grandfather is another." "Then why do people brag about them?"—*The Outspan.*

Charles: "Do you have to have talent to make a living writing jokes for the humorous magazines?"

James: "No, all you need is a steady income from some other source."



He Won

A young but exceptionally brilliant professor in a Western college was dismissed from the faculty because of his inordinate betting. The president, interested in his career, secured him a position in an Eastern college. To the president there he wrote: "The young man has a promising future, and anything you can do to cure him of betting will be a benefit to society."

The professor went East, and was cordially received. Conversation had proceeded but a few moments when he said to the president, "I'll bet you seventy-five dollars you have a wart between your shoulder blades."

The president hesitated. "Young man," he said, "I never bet; but just to teach you a lesson I will take you up."

He thereupon proved to the young man's satisfaction that he was in error, and the professor paid the seventy-five.

The president wrote West relating the incident, concluding—"I hope that I have cured him."

The other wrote back: "I fear the case is hopeless. The very day he left here he bet me one hundred dollars that he could make you take off your shirt."—*Judge.*



Have a Smile

Boss: "Well, I see you got rid of Hornblower. Did you tell him I was out?"

Office Boy: "Yes, sir. But he said he didn't believe me as I was working."—*Pathfinder.*



Poisoned Dagger

"So Ethel returned your engagement ring?"

"Yes, she mailed it to me and had the nerve to paste a label on the outside of the package: 'Glass, Handle with Care.'"



A sales manager was asked by a so-called salesman, whom he had fired, for a recommendation. He thought it over and then wrote as follows:

"The bearer of this letter is leaving me after one month's work. I am perfectly satisfied."

The restaurant manager came into the jewelry store, a sad expression on his face. "I want three dozen more pieces of silverware," he ordered. "Some of the people I feed seem to regard our spoons and forks as a sort of medicine to be taken after meals."



Making the Owners Stuck Up

"Have you heard about the meanest man in the world?"

"Yea. He throws chewing gum in the streets for Austins to get stuck on."

Mistress said to her maid who was about to be married: "I hope you realize, Mary, that matrimony is a serious matter."

"Yes, Mum," replied the maid, "I ain't one to marry reckless like; I've been to two fortune tellers and a clairvoyant and looked in a sign book and dreamed on a lock of his hair. And they all say it's all right."



She Clinched It

An antifeminist was gassing on his favorite subject, the natural inability of women to attain the higher positions in life. "Woman's place is in the home," he railed. "Women have never produced a Homer or a Milton, or a Michaelangelo or a Donatello, Henry Ford or a Thomas A. Edison, a John D. —"

"Indeed!" interrupted a lady within hearing. "Why, I thought women produced them all."—*Boston Transcript.*



Have a Smile

Student: "What part of a car causes most of the wrecks?"

Prof.: "The nut that holds the steering wheel."



Scared Husband: "You say you found a letter in a woman's handwriting in my pocket this morning? I don't know how it got there!"

Irate Wife: "I do! I gave it to you to mail two weeks ago!"



What's this honey?" said Mrs. Youngbride's husband as he speared a slab from the dish.

"Lucifer cake, dear."

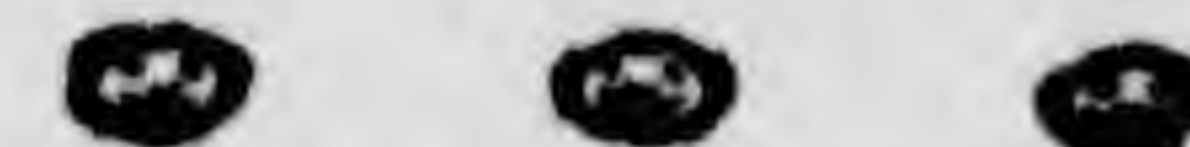
"I thought you said you were going to make angel cake."

"I was, but it fell."—*Stray Stories.*



Young Scribbler and his bride were alone for the first time in their new home. "Darling," she cried, "I must make a terrible confession to you — I can't cook."

"Oh, that's all right, dear. I've a confession to make too. I'm a poet and there won't be anything to cook."—*Pathfinder.*



The saddest story of the month was about the man who thought a hot cake was a sandwich and asked the waitress how to keep the syrup from running down his sleeve.



A Cure for Insomnia

"And you say that Brownley was cured of a bad attack of insomnia by suggestion?"

"Yes—purely by suggestion! His wife suggested that since he could not sleep he might as well sit up and amuse the baby. It worked like a charm!"—*Good Health.*



Mark Twain had a happy way of relieving violent feelings. We quote the following item from the Springfield (Mass.) Weekly Republican:

"Acting on the advice of his wife Mark Twain adopted the plan of expressing his feelings when they were violent, in a letter to the offender — but not mailing the letter. One such letter, quoted in full by Clara Clemens, ends with:

"The thing for you is a burial permit. You have only to speak, and I will see that you get it. Yours truly."



Have a Smile

Did you ever hear of the advertising man who was proposing?

"Remember," he said to the lady, "this is the last day of this astounding offer."



Safe Golf

"Doctor, I dream constantly of golf."
"Fine."

"Well, there's no harm in a man playing a little good golf in his sleep."



Druggist: "That's certainly a fine child, Mrs. Proper. Do you still use baby talc on it?"

Mrs. Proper (formerly a school teacher): "I should say not? We're teaching him to speak only the very best English."



"I know why mosquitoes bite you more than they do other people," suggested a local lad recently.

"Why, son?" asked his dad.

"It's 'cause you have high blood pressure and they don't have to suck so hard."



"Miss Curleycue," murmured the office manager to the stenographer, "I don't wanna be harsh. Nothing like that. I really don't."

"Let's have the answer," said the dandel nonchalantly. "What's gone wrong now?"

"I just wanna ask you not to write to your young man during business hours. Letters are apt to get mixed. Herb and Blurb report that we have sent 'em a shipment of love and kisses instead of the axle grease they ordered."



Patti a Keen Business Woman

Patti was a good business woman, so good that her manager made very little money. At one time, J. H. Haverly, the minstrel magnate, thought he would like to become an impresario. He called on the prima donna and asked her terms for fifty concerts.

"Two hundred thousand dollars," said Patti.

"Why, madame," protested Haverly, "that is four times what we pay the President of the United States for a year."

"Well," said the lady, "why don't you engage the President to sing for you?" — *Springfield (Mass.) Weekly Republican.*



Have a Smile

"She is frightfully temperamental, isn't she?"

"Yes, ninety-five per cent temper and five per cent mental."



Patron: "May I have some stationery?"

Hotel Clerk (haughtily): "Are you a guest of the house?"

Patron: "I should say not! I'm paying \$20.00 a day." — *Royal Arcanum Bulletin.*



"Well, doctor, how am I?"

"Very well; your legs are still a bit swollen, but that doesn't disturb me."

"Sure, doctor, if your legs were swollen, it wouldn't disturb me, either." — *Pages Gaies.*



Mrs. Higgins had just paid the last installment on a perambulator.

Show Assistant: "Thank you, madam. How is the baby getting on now?"

Mrs. Higgins: "Oh, he's all right. He's getting married next week." — *Kingston Standard.*



Domestic Order or Nobility

Teacher: "What is the Order of the Bath?"

No answer.

Teacher: "Come, some of you must know what the Order of the Bath is."

Pupil: "Well, at our house it's pa first, then ma, then us kids and then the hired girl." — *Boston Transcript.*



Some people would begin all church services by singing, "Nothing in my hands I bring."

"Late again, O'Mally!" roared the boss. "How do you account for this persistent tardiness?"

"'Tis inherited, sir," answered O'Mally. "My father was the late Michael O'Mally."



A "Kiddie" Story

That reminds me of a "kiddie" story told by Mrs. Alice M. Williamson, the novelist, in her reminiscences "The Inky Way." A London doctor was prescribing for a pretty girl.

"My child," he said, "the trouble is with our little tummy. We must diet."

"All right doctor," the docile child sighed. "What color?" — *Springfield (Mass.) Weekly Republican.*



Have a Smile

"Agnes," said Lula, "can you tell me what a myth is?"

"Yeth," lisped Agnes. "It ith a woman that hath not got any huthband."



Mama: "Now, Frankie, if they pass you cake a second time at the party you must say, 'No, thanks, I've had plenty.' And don't you forget it."

All went well with the boy until the hostess said kindly:

"Frankie, have another piece of cake."

"No, thanks, I've had plenty, and don't you forget it!" was the astonishing reply.



A Cheese Story

Soon after I acquired Ching [his cook] I journeyed several versts on a winter night to dine with a Russian general who had just received a fine cheese from his family visiting in Switzerland. The general had invited quite a large party to gaze on the great cheese, which looked as big as a wagon wheel, only much thicker. Ching was standing behind my chair helping to wait on the table, and as he understood English quite well when he wanted to, he heard me say: "General, that's the best cheese I ever tasted. I certainly wish it belonged to me."

The next evening as I sat down in my own modest little house in Mukden there was a great cheese on the table. It had been cut and some taken out, but no matter, there was enough for a regiment.

"Ching," I asked, "where get cheese?"

"Find," answered Ching simply.

A day or two later I met the general who had invited me over to taste his cheese.

"Do you know," he said, "that beautiful cheese my family sent me from Switzerland has disappeared. It's very strange, because it was under guard every minute by two Cossacks. I know my Cossacks; I am sure they would not connive at the stealing of that cheese. It had been put back in the box in which it arrived and the Cossacks were thunder-struck when they found they had not been guarding the cheese at all, but only the empty box."

Of course the idea came to me that perhaps Ching knew something about the missing cheese. However, if I told on him he would have been shot and I would no longer have him for cook, and Ching was a good cook, and everybody knows how hard it is to get a good cook. And besides the general would have taken his cheese back. And good cheese was very hard to get in Manchuria in war times. — *Chicago Tribune.*



Have a Smile

Two college boys were seated in a Quincy trolley car directly opposite a stout woman. At the Square she attempted to rise to leave the car but on account of her weight and the motion she experienced some difficulty.

"If she ate yeast maybe she'd rise better," said one youth to his companion in what was meant to be a whisper, but which was audible throughout the entire car.

As she finally arose she turned to the youths and said, "Yes, and if you ate yeast maybe you would be better bred!"



The professor was delivering the last lecture of the term.

"The Examination papers are now in the hands of the printer," he concluded. "Now, is there any question you would like answered?"

Silence prevailed for a moment, then a voice piped up, "Who is the printer?"



Mother: "Jane, come to bed!"

Daughter Jane: "But, mother, I am all wrapped up in my problem."

Mother: "Well, tell your problem to go home."



"I wish our bank could get on its feet enough to stop sending back our checks marked 'No funds,'" said the bride to her husband. "A bank that hasn't got enough money on hand to pay a \$4.27 check ought to be merged and put on a sound basis."



A certain New York restaurant man may be given credit for a rather novel window display. This man didn't have much money for advertising, so he bought the biggest fish bowl that he could get hold of, filled it with water, and put it in the window with this sign:

"Filled with invisible goldfish from Argentine."

It took seventeen policemen to handle the crowd.—*Halifax Herald*.



The flapper, in a heavy sport roadster, came to a screaming stop in front of the traffic officer on a busy street. Said she:

"What's the big idea, flat foot, of no lights here?"

Officer (annoyed): "I'm the light on this corner, lady."

Flapper: "Then turn green so I can cross!"—*Kitchener Record*.



Press Dispatch: The rolling pin contest was won by Mrs. W. H. Upsall, who threw the rolling pin 67 feet. Mr. Upsall won the 100-yard dash for married men.



Have a Smile

The editor of a country newspaper retired with a fortune. When asked the secret of his success, he replied:

"I attribute my ability to retire with a \$100,000 bank balance, after 30 years in the country newspaper field, to close application to duty, pursuing a policy of strict honesty, always practicing rigorous rules of economy, and to the recent death of my uncle who left me \$98,500."—*Boston News Bureau*.



"Who is really the boss in your house?" inquired the friend.

"Well, of course, Maggie assumes command of the children, the servants, the dog, the cat and the canary. But I can say pretty much what I please to the goldfish."



Daughter: "Yes, I've graduated, but now I must inform myself in psychology, philosophy, bibli—"

Practical Mother: "Stop! I have arranged for you a thorough course in roastology, boilology, stitchology, darnology, patchology, and general domestic hustleology. Now get on your working clothesology."



The chicken soup which the native cook was fond of serving to the new missionary at Calcutta seemed to be thickened with feathers, which both offended and embarrassed the good man, especially when there were guests at his table. He instructed the cook in regard to straining the soup, and at the next dinner party the soup was served without the plumage.

"An improvement," said the host in an undertone, taking a generous spoonful.

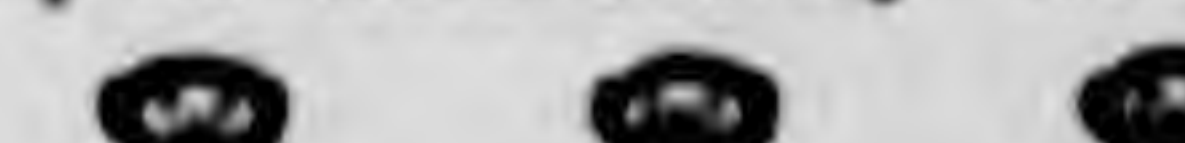
"Yes," exclaimed the delighted boy, in a tone audible to all. "I strained him through good Sahib's sock." Then seeing the horrified faces, he hastened to explain, "Needn't be mad—I didn't take a fresh one."



Two crack golfers sliced their drives into the rough and went in search of the balls. They searched for a long, long time without success, a kindly old lady watching them with sympathetic interest.

Finally, the dear old lady spoke to them:

"I don't want to bother you, gentlemen," she said, "but would it be cheating, if I told you where they were?"



Husband: "I wonder when you'll learn to make bread like mother used to make."

Wife: "Probably by the time you make the dough father used to make."



Have a Smile

Sunday-School Teacher: "And when it rained forty days and forty nights, what happened then?"

Bright Willie: "The natives said it was very unusual."—*Life*.

Mother: "Mabel's young man has taken offense at something. Have you said anything to him?"

Father: "Not a word. I have not even seen him since I mailed him last month's electric light bill."



Friend: "But you don't mean to tell me that you bought that new limousine just to satisfy a whim of your wife's?"

The Other: "Ah, you don't know her, old man. She's got a whim of iron."—*Humorist*.

Angry Guide: "Why didn't you shoot at the tiger?"

Timid Hunter: "He didn't have the right kind of an expression on his face for a rug."



Professor: "William, you're lazy. Why when I went to high school, I thought nothing of studying five hours a night."

William: "Huh, I don't think much of it myself."

Overlooked

It is said that there is only one play in a hundred worth producing. And that one isn't produced.—*Fredericton Gleaner*.



Optimistic

"What is a promoter?" asks a writer. Well, a promoter is a man who cheers first and hopes to find out why later.—*Edmonton Bulletin*.

An Ancient Eve

Old Gentlemen (to old woman selling apples:): "No, no, my good woman, very nice, but you mustn't tempt me."

Old Woman: "'Oo's a-temptin' yer? D' yer think this is the bloomin' Garden of Eden?"—*Ottawa Citizen*.



"Hello, Brown, are you going to use your stepladder this afternoon?"

"Yes, I'm afraid I am."

"Splendid! Then you won't mind lending me your lawn mower."



Wife: "John, is it true that money talks?"

Husband: "That's what they say, my dear."

"Well, I wish you'd leave a little here to talk to me during the day. I get so lonely."



Have a Smile Come Right In

Prospective Employer (perusing references)—"Have you any knowledge of the silk and satin departments?"

Applicant—"Spent all my life among 'em, sir."

"And sheets and blankets?"

"Born among 'em, sir."—*London Express.*



"I thought you said young Flaherty was a good man. I don't see him around your office any more."

"I said he was fired with zeal and energy."

Communist—You should give me half of all you have.

Old Timer—Waal, all right. All I have left is rheumatism and halitosis. Which one will you choose?



Noting that a youngster insisted on spelling "bank" with a large "B," a teacher demanded the reason.

"Dad says the bank is no good these days," explained the boy, "unless it has a large capital."

Fun for the Family

"I think there is company downstairs."

"How do you know?"

"I just heard Mamma laugh at one of Papa's jokes."



Any Place But Home

You can tell the natives at a popular resort. They are the ones who wish they had money enough to go somewhere else.—*Toronto Mail and Empire.*

Sizing Up the Dog

It is not the size of the dog in the fight, it is the size of the fight in the dog that counts.—*MacLean's Weekly.*



Drat That Draft

A clubman, after a sporty evening with plenty of liquid refreshment, arrived home about 1 A.M. Fumbling for his key he found that he had forgotten it, so he tumbled into the hammock on the lawn and was soon fast asleep. He woke shortly after daybreak and saw his wife regarding him severely from the open window of their bedroom. "I shay," called the muddled one from the hammock, "shut that beastly window, will you; I'll catch my death of cold."—*Boston Transcript.*



Have a Smile

Father: "And there, son, I have told you the story of your daddy and the Great War."

Son: "Yes, daddy, but what did they need all the other soldiers for?"—*Montreal Star.*



A young man once approached Mr. J. P. Morgan with an eager light in his eyes:

"Mr. Morgan," he cried, "I've just come into some money. How much does it cost to own a yacht?"

Morgan nodded sagely.

"If you ask," he murmured, "you can't afford it."



He: "I'm going to speak to your father now. And what shall I tell him?"

She: "Well, he'll want to know what you work at. By the way, what do you do?"

He: "I'm selling electric refrigerators now."

She: "Perhaps you'd better not mention that. Father drives an ice wagon."



"Folks," said the colored minister, "the subject of my sermon this evening am 'Liars.' How many in the congregation has done read the sixty-ninth chapter of Matthew?" Nearly every hand in the audience was raised.

"Dat's right," said his reverence. "You is just the folks I want to preach to. Dere is no sixty-ninth chapter of Matthew."—*Public Service.*



A minister was going to talk on "Peace," and arranged to have a boy climb up on the roof and release a dove through a hole in the ceiling. When the proper moment came, no dove appeared. The minister looked up and waited, and suddenly the boy's head appeared at the hole, and a voice called: "Say, Mister—the cat's et the dove. Will I throw down the cat?"



It's a Poor Joke

When someone blushes with embarrassment.

When someone's feelings are hurt.

When something sacred is made to appear commonplace.

When it is directed against someone's infirmity.

When it is uttered in a bitter spirit.

When everyone cannot join in the laughter.

And we try to keep it out of this column.—*Christian Register.*



Have a Smile

SHAKE WELL

"Good gracious, Junior, I forgot to shake the bottle before I gave you that medicine."

"Don't worry, mummy, I'll turn a few handsprings."—*Chicago News.*



"What did you put in this prescription?"

"That I can tell only to the doctor," said the druggist.

"The doctor wants to know. Seems I gave you a Chinese laundry ticket and you filled that."



Mark Twain refused to play golf, but he once consented to watch a friend play. The friend was rather a duffer. Teeing off, he sent clods of earth flying in all directions. Then, to hide his confusion he said to his guest: "What do you think of our links here, Mr. Clemens?"

"Best I ever tasted," said Mark Twain as he wiped the dirt from his lips with his handkerchief.—*Kansas City Star.*



TRUTH AS TO ARCHIMEDES

"Archimedes," read a young pupil aloud, "leaped from his bath shouting, 'Eureka! Eureka!'"

"One moment," said the teacher, "What is the meaning of 'Eureka'?"

"'Eureka means 'I have found it.'"

"Very well. What had Archimedes found?"

The pupil hesitated, then ventured hopefully: "The soap, miss."—*Montreal Star.*



EINSTEIN FORGETS

In one chapter of Charlie Chaplin's new book, which is still unfinished, he tells this story about Professor Einstein.

Chaplin was out driving with Einstein in Berlin when the latter forgot his own address. He remembered, however, what his house looked like, and the driver tried to locate it from his description, but in vain. Finally, after a long and tiring search, it occurred to Charlie Chaplin to inform the cabby who his absent-minded companion was.

"Oh, Prof. Einstein!" exclaimed the driver with a smile of recognition. "Everybody in Berlin knows where he lives!" The professor grinned, "Everybody knows but Einstein!" he admitted sheepishly.—*Milwaukee Journal.*



Have a Smile

And then there was the butler who said he was serving the third degeneration of the family.

He—Did you sound the family about our marriage?

She—Yes and dad sounded the worse.
—*Philadelphia Ledger.*



A fortune awaits the genius who can succeed in crossing the homing pigeon with the umbrella.—*Louisville Times.*

"When my son was a baby," says a well-known Battle Creek business man, "he used to cry for the moon. Now he wants the earth."



A visitor from the great metropolis was sightseeing in a small and very quiet town, and he remarked to a native: "People don't die very often here, do they?"

"No, only once," was the calm reply.

Co-eds at the University of Kentucky have formed a rifle team. We can remember way back when a girl trained for matrimony by learning to cook.—*New York Evening Post.*



A very young college man had been asked to usher at a fashionable church wedding. It was his first experience, and he was anxious to make a good impression—perhaps a little too anxious. He walked up to a guest who was just about to sit down, he said: "Mardon me padam, this pie is occupewd. May I sew you to a sheet?"



Didn't Know the Name

"What was the name of the last station we stopped at, mother?"

"I don't know. Don't bother me. I'm reading a story."

"It's too bad you don't know the name, mother, because little brother got off there."—*Loughorn.*



An Essay on Cherubs

The picture was a detail of the famous Madonna, The Cherubs. The composition was Maudie's. Maudie was in the third grade.

"Cherubs are two little things hanging on to nothing with their arms. The cherub's eye is black and their wings is black and they haven't any clothes on. But that don't make no difference because the part of them that wears clothes isn't there."



Have a Smile

Skinflint: "So you are the noble fellow who rescued my wife from in front of the street car? Take this dollar as an expression of my appreciation."

Hero: "All right and thanks so much. You know better than I do what your wife is worth."



Reliable

Customer: "Three of those apples you sent me were rotten. I am bringing them back."

Storekeeper: "That's all right, madam. You needn't bring them back. Your word is just as good as the apples."—*Vancouver Star.*



A party of forty American visitors to England brought their own cars with them. The trouble is that they'll probably use our pedestrians.—*London Opinion.*

"I wish to complain," said the bride haughtily, "about the flour you sold me. It was tough."

"Tough, ma'am?" asked the grocer.

"Yes, tough. I made pie with it, and my husband could hardly eat it."



"Why did you become a tramp?" asked the sympathetic old lady of the unkempt individual who leaned negligently against the door post.

"Doctor's orders, mum," replied the wanderer, with an engaging smile.

"Doctor's orders?" echoed the old lady in astonishment. "Whatever do you mean?"

"Years ago, mum," began the other, "our family doctor advised me to take walks after every meal—and—he paused dramatically—"and I've been walkin' after 'em ever since."



A Flivver Company

A corporal was marching in front of his squad when he overheard a voice in the rear rank say. "The squad is like a flivver. The crank is in front."

"Yes," snapped back the corporal, "but the nuts are all behind."—*Stray Bits.*

Soul of Industry

Applicant (for position of office boy) —I may say that I'm pretty smart. I've won several prizes in cross-word and word-picture competitions lately.

Employer—Yes, but I want someone who can be smart during office hours.

Applicant—This was during office hours.—*Epsworth Herald.*



Have a Smile Aptly Stated

"Glasses, glasses, glasses! No wonder the poor fellow can't see."

"Did he break his spectacles?"

"No, he drank too many glasses and became a spectacle."



Fearless

Statistics show that riding in a street car is twenty-two times safer than riding in an automobile. Nevertheless and notwithstanding which, the sweet young things will still prefer the guys who own snappy sport roadsters.—*Regina Star.*



Elastic Prescription

Doctor: "I would advise you, madam, to take frequent baths, get plenty of fresh air, and dress in cool gowns."

Patient's Husband (an hour later): "What did the doctor say?"

Wife: "He said I ought to go to Palm Beach, and then to the mountains. Also that I must get some new light gowns at once."—*Boston Transcript.*



Genealogical

"How far did you keep on tracing your ancestors?"

"Up to where I found the sheriffs chasing them."—*Boston Transcript.*

Baby Food

"I saw a baby today that gained ten pounds in two weeks on elephant's milk."

"Whose baby was it?"

"The elephant's."—*Pathfinder.*



Time Flies

Only a few short years ago, two-thirds of the population was wondering how to pronounce the word "garage."

When He Started

"How long have you been working for this firm?"

"Ever since the boss threatened to fire me."



Done Brown

A new system of memory training was being taught in a village school, and the teacher was becoming enthusiastic.

"For instance," he said, "supposing you want to remember the name of a poet—Bobby Burns. Fix in your mind's eye a picture of a policeman in flames. See—Bobby Burns?"

"Yes, I see," said a bright pupil. "But how is anyone to know it does not represent Robert Browning?"—*Watchman Examiner.*



Have a Smile

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Box Car Wiggins—Yeah, you do look kinda tired this morning.

Jimmie (watching something tasty going into sick-room)—“Please, Ma, can I have the measles when Willie’s done with them?”



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“Yes, mum, but I’m not that crazy,” was the reply.—*Boston American.*



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A wealthy auto tourist lost his pedigreed dog while stopping in a small town. He inserted a lost ad in the newspaper, offering a reward of \$100.

The next day he went to the office to inquire, but no one was to be found except a decrepit janitor.

“Where the thunder is the newspaper force?” asked the tourist impatiently.

“They’re all out,” the old man replied, “tryin’ to find yer dog.”

“Which travels faster—heat or cold?”

“Heat, because you can catch a cold easily.”



More Honest Than Thrifty

Among the train passengers were an elderly Highlander and a young lad. The former was holding a watch in his hand and was studying it with intense interest. Suddenly he seemed satisfied and he beckoned the conductor to him.

“What is it?” the latter asked.

“I want to pay the rest of my grandson’s fare,” replied the Highlander, “he has just become 12 years old.”



Fair Enough

A young fellow wrote to a firm in St. Louis which was selling razors at 50 cents each. This is the style of his letter:

“Please send me one of your razors for which I enclose order for 50 cents.

“P. S.—Have forgotten to enclose the 50 cents but no doubt a firm of your standing will send me one.”

They replied:

“We beg to acknowledge your esteemed order, and have pleasure in sending the razor which we trust you will like.

“P. S.—We have forgotten to enclose the razor, but no doubt a fellow with your cheek won’t need one.”—*Ex.*



Have a Smile

Jones: “How do you spend your income?”

Smith: “About 30 per cent for shelter, 30 per cent for clothing, 40 per cent for food and 20 per cent for amusement.”

Jones: “But that adds up to 120 per cent!”

Smith: “Don’t I know it!”—*Kreolite News.*



Willie had gone to bring the kittens in. His father, hearing a shrill meowing, called out, “Don’t hurt the kittens, Willie!”

“Oh, no,” said Willie, “I’m carrying them very carefully by the stems!”—*Royal Arcanum Bulletin.*



A visitor from the city one day asked a farmer what he did with such an enormous peach crop. The farmer replied:

“Well, we eat what we can, and what we can’t we can.”

“We do the same thing,” replied the visitor. “We sell what we can sell, and what we can’t sell, we cancel.”—*St. Paul Dispatch.*



There had been several earthquakes in a certain district so a married couple sent their little boy to an uncle who lived out of the danger zone.

Several days later they received this telegram: “Am returning your boy—send earthquake.”



Because of a barking dog, a Frenchman was afraid to enter his host’s home.

“Don’t you know the proverb, ‘A barking dog never bites?’” asked his host.

“Sure,” replied the Frenchman, “I know ze proverb, you know ze proverb, but does ze dog know ze proverb?”



My friends,” said the preacher, “you will remember that I promised to speak to you tonight on ‘The World’s Greatest Liars,’ and asked you to prepare by reading the 17th chapter of St. Mark. Kindly raise your hands if you have done so.” Many hands went up.

“Thank you,” continued the preacher. “As there are only 16 chapters in St. Mark, my subject will not be entirely inappropriate.”



A motorist touring Wales was struck and sometimes amused by the inscriptions in Welsh. One morning when the attendant was showing him to his bath, the visitor paused before an inscription on the mat.

“tam htab,” he mused, “I’ll bet that’s Welsh for ‘Welcome.’”

“No, sir,” said the attendant, “The bath mat happens to be upside down.”—*Yorkshire Post.*



Have a Smile

A noted physician says that the best reducing system is described in four words: "No more, thank you."—*Sherman (Texas) Democrat.*



"Robert," said his mother sternly, "I am going to give you a good whipping, not because you broke that window with your ball, but because you broke your promise to me that you wouldn't play ball near the house."

"Aw, Ma," whimpered Bobby, "Can't you do it for breakin' the window? Dad'll have to lick somebody for that."



Mrs. Newlywed: "We hadn't been married a week when he hit me with a piece of sponge cake."

Judge: "Disorderly conduct. Five dollars and costs."

Mrs. Newlywed (sobbing): "And I'd made the cake with my own hands."

Judge: "Assault with a deadly weapon—one year."—*London Chronicle.*



Wonder of Science

Father: Now I want to put a little scientific question to you, my son. When the kettle boils, what does the steam come out of the spout for?

Son: So that mother can open your letters before you get them.—*Wrexham Advertiser.*



How it Appears

The farm problem now appears to be how to make one stalk grow where two grew before.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*



For Bears Exclusively

A western editor speaks of the "dens of Wall street." He is apparently well informed, and knows that you seldom see a bull in a den.—*Boston Herald.*



The Kid: "Pop, how soon will I be old enough to do as I please?"

The Old Man: "I don't know. Nobody has ever lived that long yet."—*Troy Times.*



Marvels of Science

A scientist is a man who can find a section of petrified thigh-bone and tell that its primitive owner had a receding chin.—*Calgary Herald.*



"How did you come to raid that barber's shop?" the dry agent was asked.

"Well," he replied, "it struck me kind of funny that such a lot of fellows should buy hair restorer from a baldheaded barber."—*Boston Transcript.*



Have a Smile

Father: "Well, Tommy, how do you think you will like this fellow for a brother?"

Tommy (inspecting the new infant somewhat doubtfully): "Have you got to keep him, dad, or is he only a sample?"



The Warden's Mistake

"Well, what do you want to work at?" asked the warden of the new convict.

"Do you mean to say I can work at my old trade?"

"Most assuredly, if you are good at it. What is it?"

"Traveling salesman!"



A Bright Remark

"What would you do if I turned you down?" she asked shyly, as they sat on the parlor sofa.

The young man looked straight ahead, but said nothing. After a few moments of silence she nudged him with her elbow, and said, "Didn't you hear my question?"

He looked around, apprehensively.

"I beg your pardon," he replied, "I thought you were addressing the gas."



Cited for Valor

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 dog ain't dead."—*The American Legion Weekly.*



Everybody In

"Auto for Every 5½ Persons in Los Angeles."—Headline, the *New York Sun.*

The ½ persons are pedestrians who have been run over at least once.—*Detroit Motor News.*



"All the little boys and girls who want to go to Heaven," said the Sunday school superintendent, "will please rise."

All rose but Tommy Twaddles.

"And doesn't this little boy want to go to Heaven?"

"N-not yit."



Frittering Phil: "Why air you goin' t' vote for Bryan?"

Evertired Eddie: "Well, dey's bin too much work durin' Roosevelt's administration."



Have a Smile

"What became of that unpaid bill Dunn sent to us?" remarked the bank clerk to his wife.

"Oh, that?" she asked. "I sent it back marked 'insufficient funds.'"



Master of House: "Er—Martha, your mistress and I have been discussing matters and, to put it plainly, we suspect you of eavesdropping. However, to save further trouble we—"

Martha: "Yes, sir, I heard you and I've already got my suitcase packed."



Once upon a time an English Lord, wishing to patronize Whistler, said to him:

"Mr. Whistler, I passed your house yesterday."

Whereupon Whistler replied, "Thank you very much, my Lord."



"Ah tells yuh, Mose. Ah done found out de diffunce 'tween de men and de women at las'."

"Say what yuh please, it's dis way. A man'll gib \$2 foh a \$1 thing dat he want, an' a woman'll gib \$1 for a \$2 thing dat she don' want."



"Don't be so noisy," said Mother to Jessie. "Why can't you be quiet like Jimmie?"

"Oh, he's got to be quiet," replied Jessie. "You see, we're playing he's Daddy coming home from the Club—and I'm you."



Experienced One (to new hand): "It's always a sound plan to chuck a shovelful accident-like at the foreman, so he'll think we ain't watchin' 'im."—*Passing Show.*

Proud Father: "Don't you think it's about time the baby learned to say 'Papa'?"

Mother: "Oh, no, I hadn't intended telling him who you are until he becomes a little stronger."



"Papa, ain't you afraid of bugs and snakes?"

"No, dear."

"Papa, ain't you afraid of caterpillars or spiders?"

"No, dear."

"Papa, ain't you afraid of lightning and thunder?"

"No, dear."

"Papa, ain't you 'fraid of nothing in the world but just Mamma?"



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Have a Smile

A noted physician says that the best reducing system is described in four words: "No more, thank you."—*Sherman (Texas) Democrat.*



"Robert," said his mother sternly, "I am going to give you a good whipping, not because you broke that window with your ball, but because you broke your promise to me that you wouldn't play ball near the house."

"Aw, Ma," whimpered Bobby, "Can't you do it for breakin' the window? Dad'll have to lick somebody for that."



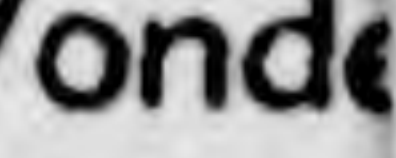
Mrs. Newlywed: "We hadn't been married a week

piece of sponge

Judge: "Disa dollars and cost

Mrs. Newlyw made the cake v

Judge: "Assat one year."—L



Father: Now scientific question the kettle boils, come out of the

Son: So that letters before ye Advertiser.

How

The farm prod how to make on grew before.—N

For Bea

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Have a Smile

Father: "Well, Tommy, how do you think you will like this fellow for a brother?"

Tommy (inspecting the new infant somewhat doubtfully): "Have you got to keep him, dad, or is he only a sample?"



The Warden's Mistake

"Well, what do you want to work at?" asked the warden of the new convict.

"Do you mean to say I can work at my old trade?"

"Most assuredly, if you are good at it.

"It has been said that chewing and smoking tobacco assist in the intellectual operations . . . I suspect that tobacco is often used rather to supply the want of ideas than to collect or excite them."

--Dr. Benjamin Rush.



Have a Smile

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"Don't be so noisy," said Mother to Jessie. "Why can't you be quiet like Jimmie?"

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have been run over at least once.—*Detroit Motor News.*

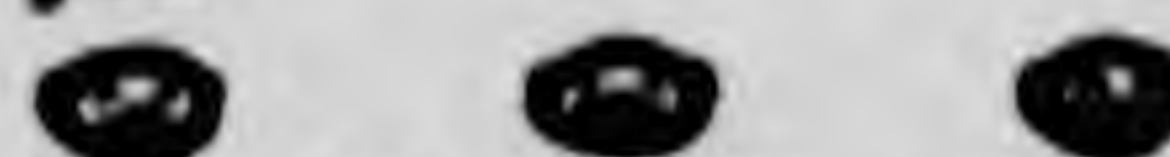


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Have a Smile

Iron Rail Smith—Gosh, I just dreamed I had a job.

Box Car Wiggins—Yeah, you do look kinda tired this morning.

Jimmie (watching something tasty going into sick-room)—“Please, Ma, can I have the measles when Willie’s done with them?”



An old lady visiting an insane asylum observed the lunatics at work. One man was standing in a corner idle.

“My good man,” inquired the old lady, “why don’t you work? Aren’t you crazy?”

“Yes, mum, but I’m not that crazy,” was the reply.—*Boston American.*



Not Qualified

The little girl had done unusually good work in the second grade, and was promoted to the third. On meeting her former teacher, whom she loved dearly, her first words were: “I wish you knew enough to teach me next year.”



The dumbest man of the month was the electrician who went out to mend an electric doorbell. He rang twice and got no answer, so he concluded that there was no one at home.

A cautious youth took his uncle, who was in the automobile business, to view the young lady to whom he was proposing to propose.

As they were leaving, the uncle remarked:

“She has nice headlamps and a charming chassis; I like her color scheme; she’s lively without being too fast; but Lor’, Lor’, laddie, *where* is her silencer?”



“That lawyer of mine has nerve.”

“Why so?”

“Listen to this item in his bill—‘For waking up in the night and thinking over your case, \$5.’”—*The Art of Living Successfully.*

Heard in the Corridor

A guest coming out from the treatment rooms overheard the following conversation between a little girl and her mother:

Little Girl: “Why, Mother, where have you been so long?”

Mother: “Oh! Daughter, I have had an awful time. They have just been giving me fumigation, and it was so hot.”



Have a Smile

We’d Like to Know, Too!

The office boy entered the sanctum of the editor saying, “Boss, there’s a man out there who says he hasn’t had anything to eat for six days.”

“Bring him in,” exclaimed the editor enthusiastically; “if we find out how he does it, we can run the paper for another week.”



“What we want is a candidate who isn’t too radical nor too conservative—in short, a middle-of-the-road man.”

“Then Simpkins is your man; he’s been a truck driver for years.”

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TOBACCO

The believing we do something when we do nothing, is the first illusion of tobacco.— Emerson.

"Believe me," said Victor Hugo, "tobacco is more hurtful than beneficial; it changes thought into reverie."

Father: Now I want to put a little scientific question to you, my son. When the kettle boils, what does the steam come out of the spout for?

and said, "Didn't you hear my question?" He looked around, apprehensively. "I beg your pardon," he replied, "I thought you were addressing the gas."

"Mr. Carnegie never smoked himself and abhorred the smell of tobacco. I have known him to open a window at the Windsor Hotel, to drive out the smell of tobacco left by some bell-boy who had just brought in a letter or telegram."

--Secretary to Mr. Carnegie.

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Bachelor Uncle: "Baby six weeks old, you say. Talk yet?"

Proud Father: "Oh, no; not yet."

Bachelor Uncle: "Boy, eh?"



Champion Cow

Teacher: "What cow is best known for the amount of milk it gives?"

Johnny: "Magnesia."

Teacher: "Magnesia?"

Johnny: "Yessum, all the drug stores sell milk of magnesia."—*Patchwork.*



It's no fun to suffer in silence unless you first make noise enough to attract observers.—*Vancouver Sun.*

We are a little skeptical about that "perfected prune," recently announced. We have a feeling that there will always be new wrinkles in prunes.—*Boston Herald.*



So Why Worry?

A boy was about to purchase a seat for a cinema in the afternoon. The box office man asked:

"Why aren't you at school?"

"Oh, it's all right, sir," said the youngster, earnestly, "I've got measles."—*Outspan.*



A New Part

Cop: "Hey there, don't jam up traffic! Why don't you use your nozzle?"

Sweet Young Thing: "I didn't know the car had one."

For Future Reference

Mother: "Johnny, you've been fighting again and two of your teeth are gone."

Johnny: "Naw they ain't. I got both of 'em here in my pocket."—*Capper's Weekly.*



Could Be Worse

Cheer up! Suppose you were a farmer and had to work for nothing and pay your own expenses.—*Halifax Herald.*

Cast-Off Husbands

Minister: "I wish to announce that next Wednesday evening the Ladies' Aid will hold a rummage sale. This is a chance for all the ladies of the congregation to get rid of anything that is not worth keeping, but is too good to be thrown away. Don't forget to bring your husbands."



Have a Smile

A pedestrian is a person who has bought a second-hand car.—*Judge.*

The laziest woman in the world is the one who puts pop corn in her pancakes so they'll turn over by themselves.—*Montreal Daily Star.*



The prosecuting attorney was examining a negro witness.

"Now Mose," he said, "tell us what you know about this fight?"

"Well, boss," began Mose, "I think—"

"I don't want to know what you think. Tell us what you know."

"But, boss," said Mose, apologetically, "I ain't no lawyer. I can't talk without thinking."—*Everybody's.*



The Second Hundred

"May I ask you how old you are?" said the vacationist to the old villager.

"I be just a hundred."

"Really? Well, I doubt if you'll see another hundred years," said the other, trying to make conversation.

"Well, I don't know so much about that," was the ready response. "I be stronger now than when I started on the first hundred."—*Cappers.*



Dough and Dole

Even in the eye of the most prejudiced critics, the American people make a more inspiring picture as dough chasers than as dole chasers.—*Chicago Daily News.*

Use for Three Pairs

"So you use three pairs of glasses, professor?"

"Yes, one pair for long sight, one pair for short sight and the third to look for the other two."—*Troy Times.*



Unpalatable

"Advice is like medicine," said Judge Gary at a dinner in New York.

"The better it is, the worse it is — the worse, I mean, to swallow. That's why so few young people will take advice."



Tramp: "Lady, won't you help a poor man that lost his family in the Florida flood and all his money in the Wall Street crash?"

Lady: "Why, you are the same man that lost his family in the Galveston flood and was shell-shocked during the war."

Tramp: "Ain't it so, Lady? I'm the unluckiest guy on the face of the earth."



Have a Smile

A Scotchman probably wears a kilt because it hasn't got any pockets.—*Judge.*

"Who invented the hole in the doughnut?"

"Oh, some fresh air fiend, I suppose."



Teacher: "Now, Jimmie, tell me which month has twenty-eight days."

Jimmie: "They all have, teacher."

A man entered a hotel, placed his overcoat on a rack and pinned a card to it on which was written: "This overcoat belongs to a champion prizefighter. Back in ten minutes." When he returned, the overcoat was gone. The card, however, was still there. To it had been added: "Overcoat was taken by champion long distance runner. Won't be back at all."



"Mamma, I have the stomach ache," said Peggy, aged five.

"That's because you haven't had any lunch yet," answered Peggy's mother; "your stomach is empty. You would feel better if you had something in it."

That afternoon the minister called and in the course of conversation remarked that he had been suffering all day with a severe headache.

"That's because it's empty," said Peggy. "You'd feel better if you had something in it."



Husband (feeling a twinging in the back while he is tuning in the wireless receiver): "I believe I'm getting lumbago."

Wife: "What's the use, dear? You won't be able to understand a word they say."

Waiter (at English inn): "Macaulay used to dine at this very inn, lady."

Lady Tourist (sampling her egg): "Well, it must have been an egg like this that inspired him to write 'Lays of Ancient Rome.'"



Educational

Somebody asked a college professor how science helped business, and he replied, "What would the suspender business amount to without the law of gravitation?"

Practical

"A check for a year's rent from one of the fathers is a very helpful gift for a young couple," we read. Practical parental assistance, in fact.—*Montreal Herald.*

You had best try to save something while your salary is small. It is almost impossible to save after you begin earning more.—*Milwaukee Journal.*



Have a Smile

HE'LL GET ALONG

Small Bobby had been to a birthday party, and knowing his weakness, his mother looked him straight in the eye and said, "I hope you didn't ask for a second piece of cake?"

"No," replied Bobby. "I only asked Mrs. Smith for the recipe so you could make some like it and she gave me two more pieces just of her own accord."—Toronto Globe.



TUT, TUT!

Talkative Lady—"A big man like you might be better occupied than in cruelly catching little fish."

Angler—"Perhaps you're right. But if this fish had kept his mouth shut he wouldn't be here."—Hudson Star.



IMAGINATION

A well known Royal Academician who noticed a drawing of a fish by a pavement-artist asked the man what sort of fish it was supposed to be.

"A shark, sir!"

"But you've never seen a shark," said the R. A.

"That's true, sir," the man agreed: "but then, don't some of those Academy chaps paint angels?"

—Louisville Times.



IT'S A GREAT INVENTION

Vicar—"You promised me you would mend your ways this year—I can't see you've done it yet!"

Reprobate—"Hev ye no' heard o' inveesible mendin'?"—Edinburgh Express.



After an immense amount of trouble, the vicar of a country parish succeeded in reconciling two old women who had been quarreling for years. He even induced them to meet under the vicarage roof.

In his drawing-room they shook hands. After an embarrassed silence one of them said:

"Well, Mrs. Tyler, I wish you all you wishes me."

"An' who's saying nasty things now?" snapped Mrs. Tyler.

—Pearson's Weekly (London).



SLOWER BUT SAFER

If an eagle can make only 120 miles an hour in flight, the airplane has smashed its speed record many times. But the bird still has one advantage over its mechanical rival. It can stop and roost on a mountain side without cracking up.—Detroit Free Press.



Have a Smile

PRECIOUS PACKAGE

As a teacher I have heard many funny things said by children, but this is the best.

"What is cowhide chiefly used for?" I said to my class one day.

A boy raised his hand.

"I know, sir," he said brightly.

"Tell the class," I encouraged him.

"To keep the cow together, sir," was the reply.—Scranton "Times."



Judge—What is your excuse for speeding through a residential district?

Speeder—I had just heard that the ladies of our church were holding a rummage sale and I was hurrying home to save my other pair of pants.

Judge—Case dismissed.



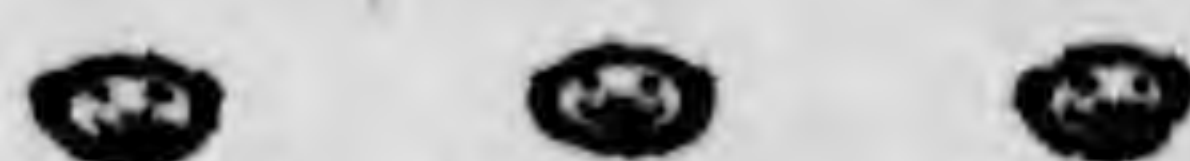
Professor—State the number of tons of coal shipped out of the United States in any one year.

Pupil—In 1492, none.



Woman (in crowded tram, to her friend)—"I wish that good looking man would give me his seat."

Five men stood up.—Automobilist.



Professor—"What is it?"

Nurse—"A boy, sir!"

Professor—"What does he want?"

—Border Cities Star.



That a certain young man is wise beyond his years was proven when he paused before answering a widow who had asked him to guess her age.

"You must have some idea," she said.

"I have several ideas," said the young man, with a smile. "The only trouble is that I hesitate whether to make you ten years younger on account of your looks, or ten years older on account of your intelligence."

—Toronto "Globe."

"Hello, Smith, old man, haven't seen you for some time."

"Been in bed seven weeks."

"Oh, that's too bad. Flu, I suppose?"

"Yes,—and crashed!"

—Montreal "Star."

First Doctor (referring to millionaire patient)—"He will recover."

Second Ditto—"I think so, too. We have got over the worst."

First Ditto—"No. The worst is yet to come. We have to inform the relatives."—Punch.



Have a Smile

NATURE NOTE

A naturalist says the polar bear has Nature's best winter coat. And the moths have ours.—Judge.



OFTEN CHRONIC

Lawyer (for shop-lifter)—"Medical witnesses would testify in this court that my unfortunate client is suffering from kleptomania. Your Honor, you know what that is."

Judge—"Yes, it's a disease the people pay me to cure."—Case and Comment.



WHY WORRY?

Father—"Ned, why are you always at the bottom of your class?"

Ned—"It doesn't really matter, Dad. We get the same instruction at both ends of the class."—Prairie Farmer.



THE BEST OF FRIENDS

"Yes," said Mrs. Bloggs, who was discussing her next door neighbor, "I got one 'ome on 'er properly yesterday. She was 'anging 'er washin' out on the line, and when I sees her old man's shirt, I says, 'Wot, 'as your 'usband joined the Fascists?' Prides 'erself on 'er washing, she does!'"

—The Humorist.



Conductor of Orchestral Waits—"We'll go back to 'Angel Music Softly Sounding,' and I would like to remind Mr. Muckett that angels wot blow trombones don't keep getting 'iccups every other note."—The Humorist.



The Quack was selling an elixir which he declared would make men live to a great age.

"Look at me," he shouted. "Hale and hearty, I'm over 300 years old."

"Is he really as old as that?" asked a listener of the youthful assistant.

"I can't say," replied the assistant. "I've only worked for him for 100 years."—The Bystander (London).

Stout Person—"Any use trying to borrow \$25 off you?"

Scot—"Ay, the exercise will do ye guid."—Punch.

POETIC JUSTICE

"The modern poet never receives justice in this country," declares a critic. We regard this as a tribute to our forgiving nature.—From Punch.



Have a Smile

"Most interesting," said the sweet young thing to the automobile salesman, "and now show me the depreciation, please; I hear it is heavy in these cars."

"As a matter of fact, madam," replied the opportunist, "we found it a source of worry and had it removed."

A LIBERTY LOAN STORY

Major General Sir Edward D. Swinton tells the following story of an experience he had in this country on being requisitioned as a speaker to tour the country on behalf of the third liberty loan. We quote from an "Attic Salt Shaker" in the Springfield Republican:

"At one place I was asked to give an address at a very select girls' school," he reminisces. "Unluckily, some kind friend had given me a stick of chewing gum just before we arrived. Ignorant of its tenacious qualities I put it in my mouth, and found that I could not swallow it or get rid of it. After a struggle I extracted it, but it stuck to my fingers; and it was with remnants of chewing gum on both hands that I entered the school and was shown into the room where the pupils were drawn up.

"Instead of shaking hands, I bowed to the head-mistress, who was rather surprised. However, she welcomed me cordially and turned to introduce me to the school:

"Girls, this is the celebrated British Gen—"

"She did not finish, for, taking a step forward, I put my foot on a loose rug on the polished floor, slid right into the center of the room and sat down heavily in front of the row of astonished damsels! This performance broke no bones; but it broke the ice and when the hysteria had somewhat abated I delivered one of the most successful homilies of my tour."

Telegraph messengers often have to exercise wily diplomacy with drunks or enraged addressees, who think a bicycle can go thirty miles an hour.

One once proved himself a past master at the diplomatic game of flattery, when he entered an elevator and forgot to take off his hat. Only one other passenger was in the elevator, a fussy middle-aged woman, and she asked the messenger: "Don't you take off your hat to ladies?"

"Only to old ones, ma'am," he replied.—Opportunity Magazine.



Have a Smile

Two Scotch travelers having arrived in Dublin went to a hotel and inquired the expense of a night's lodging. They were informed that the rooms on the first floor were two guineas, second floor one guinea, third floor ten shillings, and fourth or top floor five shillings. When the hotel keeper asked which room they wanted they answered:

"No, thank you, Mister, ye've a fine hoose but it's not near high enough for us."

Teacher: "How is it you were not at school yesterday, Johnny?"

Johnny: "Please, sir, when I was coming to school I saw a steam roller."

Teacher: "Well, what about it?"

Johnny: "A man tapped me on the shoulder and said: 'Mind that steam roller, boy.' And I stood minding it all afternoon."

JUST LIKE THAT

"O, officer, I've lost my little girl!" "What's she like?"

"Well, she has her father's nose, but otherwise she's the image of me when I was a child!"—Stray Stories.

PRACTICALLY USELESS

Young Writer: "The art in telling a story consists of knowing what to leave unsaid."

Married Friend: "It doesn't make much difference, my boy. My experience is that she finds out anyway."—Sydney Bulletin.

Jags: "Doctor, my wife has insomnia very badly. She very often remains awake until 2 o'clock in the morning. What shall I do for her?"

Doctor: "Go home earlier."—Stray Stories.

Training the baby as the book advises is a good idea. All you need is a different book for each baby.—St. Louis Star-Times.

Another thing that helps to keep this country in a turmoil is the peculiar attraction that strong lungs have for weak heads.—Thomaston (Ga.) Times.

"The way to keep from growing old is to work hard," asserts a physician. Yeah — that's what we've been afraid of all along.—St. Louis Star-Times.



Have a Smile

Elbert Hubbard used to tell this "Uncle Joe" Cannon story—it is from Felix Shay's "Elbert Hubbard of East Aurora":

The ancient and honorable speaker of the House — meaning "Uncle Joe" — while electioneering met a lady with a baby carriage. The political gentleman gave a hasty glance into the basket and said:

"My, my, my! What a sweet child — the exact image of his father!"

The lady was returning from market with nothing in the go-wagon but a head of cabbage. "Uncle Joe" said he didn't know whether he had lost two votes or gained one.—W. Orton Tewson, in Springfield Republican.

WORSE LUCK

"Drink," said the Irish lecturer, "is the greatest curse of the country. It makes yer quarrel with yer neighbors. It makes yer shoot at yer landlord, and it makes yer miss him."

FIFTY-FIFTY

He: "Mabel says she thinks I'm a wit."

She: "Well, she's half right."

"An election story often told in campaign circles has the candidate for office pleading with a farmer for his support.

"Vote for you?" said the farmer. "I would sooner vote for the devil!"

"But," replied the candidate, "in the event of your friend not running?"

The trick in being contented is to buy one model and never read the advertisements of the others.—Robert Quillen.

"You are a little goose," remarked a young M. D. to his fiancee.

"Of course, I am," was the laughing response. "Haven't I got a quack."—Ex.

Neighbor: "So your son got his B. A. and his M. D.?"

Proud Dad: "Yes, indeed, but his P. A. still supports him."

Visitor: "How old are you, sonny?"

Boston Boy: "That's hard to say, sir. According to my latest school tests, I have a psychological age of eleven and a moral age of ten. Anatomically, I'm seven; mentally, I'm nine. But I suppose you refer to my chronological age. That's eight — but nobody pays any attention to that these days!"—Christian Science Monitor.