



FASHION'S CAR

James Hearcock
N.C.

A Gift

To

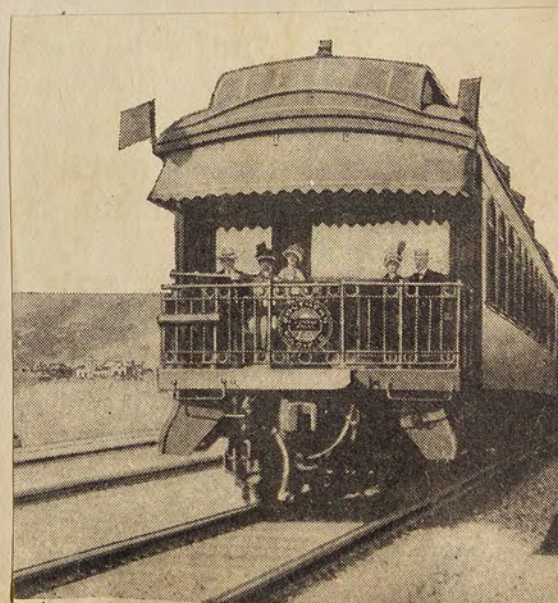
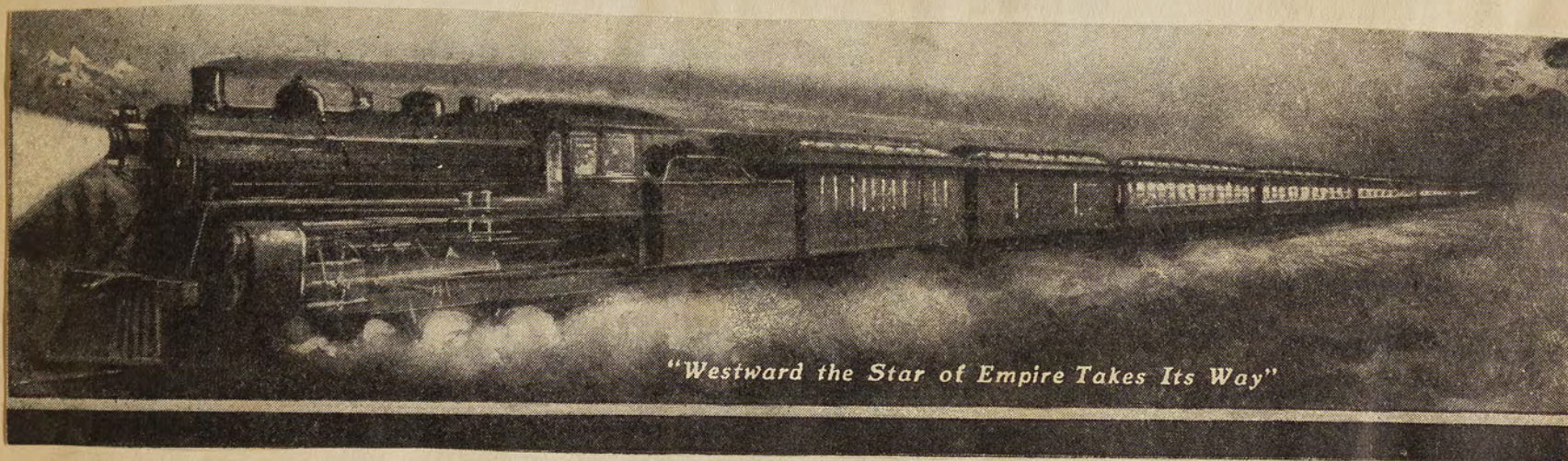
Elisabeth

From
Henrietta

June 19/6 -

SAFETY FIRST

On Your Trip to California





Do You
Turkey
or
Globe-Trot?



OCE
make
ask?
CAP
you w



The Way To Travel.

SOME people travel in their autos,
 Some travel in the railway cars;
 But I've a better way to travel,
 Unbroken by your bolts and jars—
 A better way than horse or cycle,
 Than biplane, steamer or canoe;
 The quite ideal way to travel
 To Patterson or Timbuctoo.
 My way is swift as any eagle,
 Or tarries for a steady look—
 The way of greatest ease and comfort:
 To wit, I travel *with a book*.

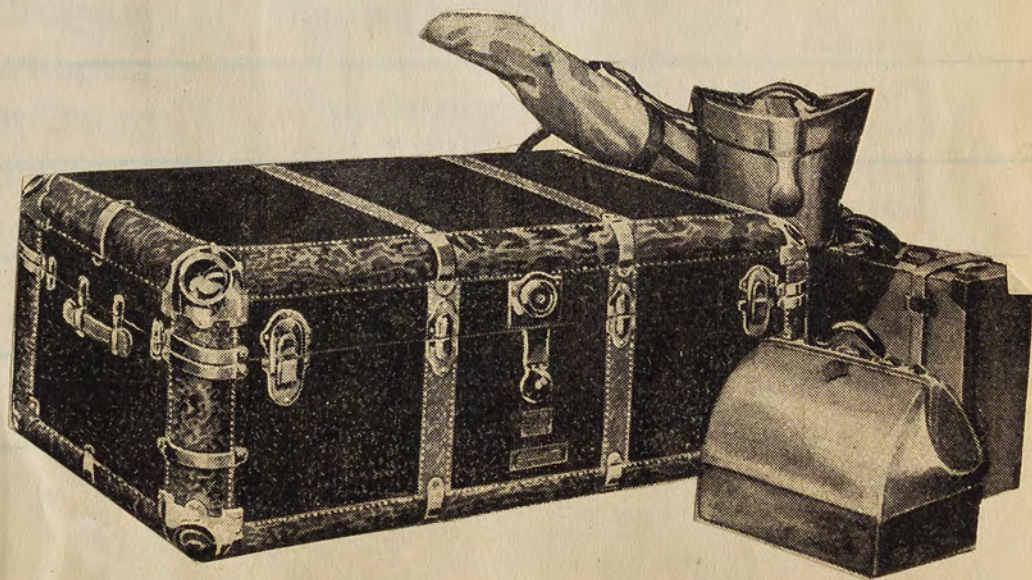
I dread no storms, I mock at danger,
 I reach the farthest, know the near;
 I pierce the desert and the jungle,
 Without the tremor of a fear.
 I find the wisest of companions,
 I get the sagest of advice,
 And all my traveling is buttressed
 With comforts of the highest price.
 What is the best of travel volumes,
 For highway, byway, hidden nook?
 The book with which I choose to journey?
 Of course it is *the pocketbook!*

—Amos R. Wells.

OCEAN VOYAGER: Don't the passengers
 make you tired with the questions they
 ask?

CAPTAIN: Yes, indeed; what else is it
 you want to know?

—Detroit Free Press.



No, Elizabeth, a woman's tongue isn't neces-
 sarily a concealed weapon.



Sunset Limited

California Train de Luxe

An Active Imagination

OUR plans to travel far and wide
Will sometimes come to naught;
Yet, sitting by the fireside,
Around the globe we still may glide
Upon a train of thought.

TARDY ARRIVAL (*at the concert*): Have
I missed much? What are they playing
now?

ONE OF THE ELECT: The Ninth Sym-
phony.

TARDY ARRIVAL: Goodness, am I as
late as that?—*Harper's Bazar*.

The Way Home

Smiles

*attractive and
otherwise*

California the Wonderful

(By Edwin Markham. Hearst's International Library Co.)

THROUGH æons Nature did her most,
With glacier-plows and such devices,
To start upon our Western coast
The pearl of earthly paradises.

And Nature's efforts, all aver,
Have made the scenes of California
The loveliest that ever were
Reflected through the human cornea.

Oh, State where royal poppies glow,
Of all our galaxy the primate,
Let Markham praise the things you grow
And hymn your Unexampled Climate!—

Exalt your lovely names as well,—
Los Angeles, San Bernardino,
Yosemite, San Gabriel
And Monterey and Mendocino,

And tell of how the Spaniards came
And squelched your copper-hued
civilians,
And how the Gringo did the same
And dispossessed the proud Castilians!

Let Markham sing your golden day,
Your mammoth trees and living
waters!
Let me but laud your artless way
Of making Native Sons and Daughters!

For anyone of fame or worth,
Bostonian, Briton, Greek or Bornean,
Who treads but once your sacred earth
Becomes, by that, a Californian!

Yet even this won't keep me back
From San Francisco;—there's a
show there,
And pretty soon I'll have to pack
An extra shirt or two and go there.

Arthur Guiterman.



"FIGURES CANNOT LIE"

"FATHER, what is a glutton?"

"A glutton is a grown man who can eat almost as much as a small boy."



After the Walk.

"Schrecklich, diese Menchen in der Grossstadt! Heut' ist mir schon weider einer nachgelaufen! Ich habe ihn natürlich mit keinem Blick angesehen. Er war ein schlanker Mann mit englischem Schnurrbart und grossen, blauen, schwärmerischen Augen."

"The men in this age are certainly terrible! To-day a young chap kept following me. Of course I didn't take the slightest notice of him. He was a tall man, and looked like an Englishman, with great, blue, sentimental eyes."—*Fliegende Blätter* (Munich).

The Way It Came About

THE managers of Everybody's Railroad had a meeting to decide about the proper lighting system for their passenger cars.

"What we want," said the first manager, "is a light which will permit our conductors and brakemen to grope their way through the cars without injury. As for the passengers, they have too much done for them already. They are a spoiled lot."

"I don't quite agree with you," said the second manager. "In my opinion, our passenger cars ought to be well lighted. Passengers ought to be able to read their papers at night without ruining their eyes."

The president of the road, who had the deciding vote, now spoke.

"In my opinion," said he, "there should be a happy compromise between your divergent views. I suggest that our cars be lighted well enough to keep the passengers from grumbling, but not so well lighted that they can read continuously without injuring their eyes."

That is how it was (and is) done.



A TRAIN ROBBER

Expecting Too Much

Claude had been promised a motor ride with his father, and his mother had sent him upstairs to get ready. As he came down his mother asked:

"Have you washed your face, Claude?"

"Yes'm," answered the boy.

"And your hands?" queried the mother.

"Yep," said Claude.

"And your neck?" persisted the mother.

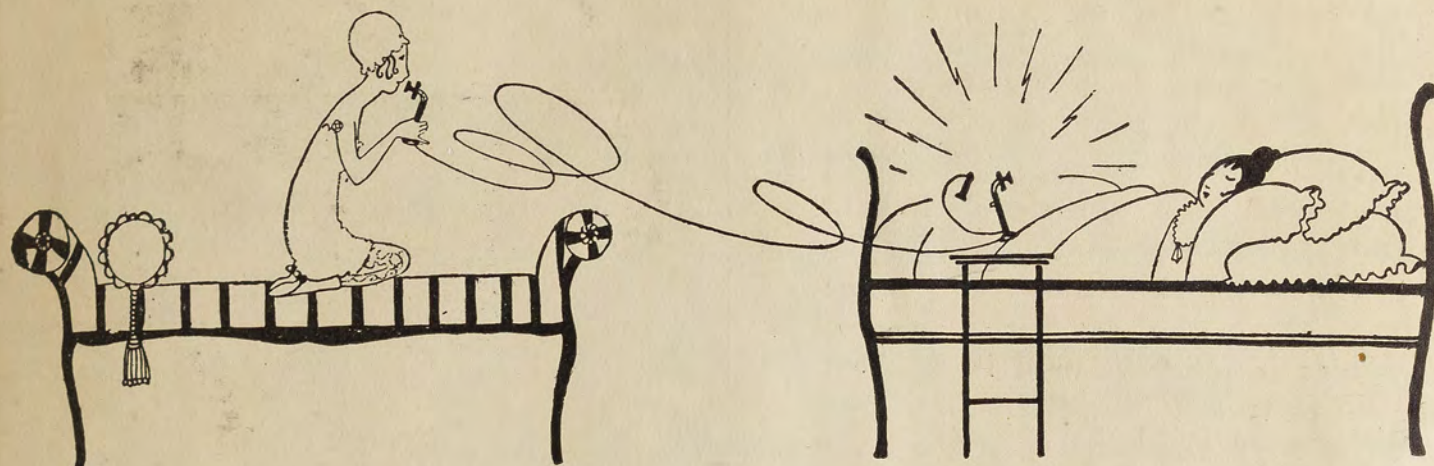
"Oh, see here, mother," said the boy, in disgust, "I ain't no angel!"

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*



"SAFETY FIRST"

Hello! Wake up!



Be a modern!

The Bostonian's Bull

A Boston man was on his way West on important business. In the opposite section of the Pullman sat a sweet-faced, tired-appearing woman with four small children. Being fond of children, and feeling sorry for the mother, the Bostonian soon made friends with the kiddies.

Early the next morning he heard their eager questions and the patient "Yes, dear," of the mother, as she tried to dress them; and, looking out, he saw a small, white foot protruding beyond the opposite curtain. Reaching across the aisle, he took hold of the large toe and began to recite:

"This little pig went to market; this little pig stayed at home; this little pig had roast beef; this little pig had none; this little pig cried, 'Wee! wee!' all the way home."

The foot was suddenly withdrawn, and a cold, quiet voice—that of the mother—said, "That is quite sufficient, thank you."—*Harper's Magazine.*

Sharpening Himself

When the train stopped at the little Southern station the tourist from the North sauntered out and gazed curiously at a lean animal with scraggy bristles, which was rubbing itself against a scrub oak.

"What do you call that?" he asked curiously of a native.

"Razorback hawg, suh."

"What is he doing rubbing himself against that tree?"

"He's stropping hisself, suh, just stropping hisself."

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

We All Do It

"They contemplate a trip to the Frisco exposition."

"That's cheap enough."

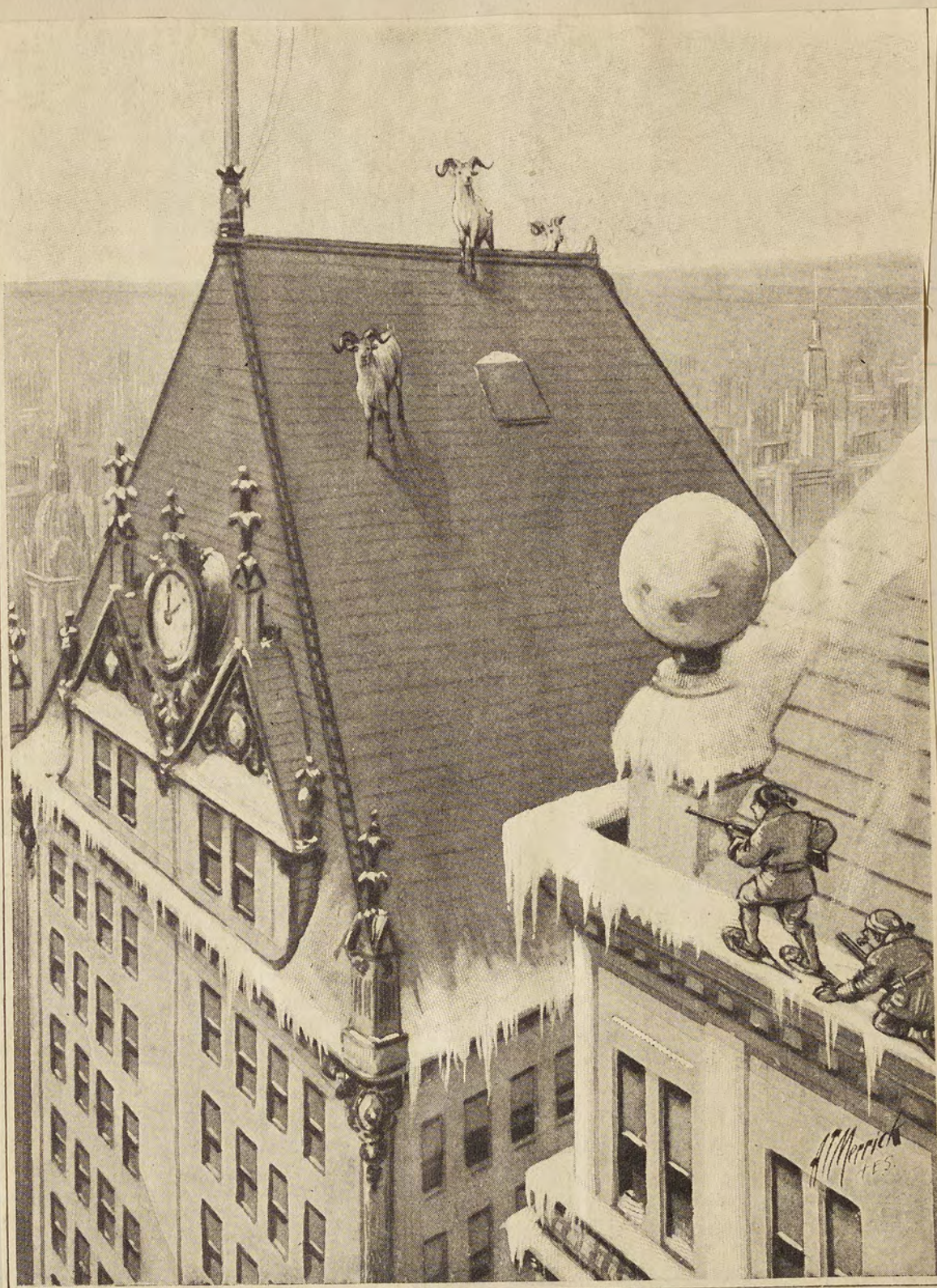
"What? Why, the fare——"

"I was speaking of the contemplation."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

"WHEN water becomes ice," asked the teacher, "what is the great change that takes place?"

"The greatest change, ma'am," said the little boy, "is the change in price."

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*



WINTER SPORTS IN NEW YORK

REAL WINTER WEATHER.

WHEN the squeak gets into the snow, you know,
Where the people pass in the street,
And you sit inside by the hearth-fire's glow
And bask in the pleasant heat—
Just give me a book, and the world can go,
When the squeak, you know, gets into the
snow.



When the squeak gets into the snow, you
know,
And folks hold on to their ears,
And the mercury 's down to two below,
And you think of the plumbing with fears—
A book, and I'll try to forget what I owe,
When the squeak, you know, gets into the
snow.

When the squeak gets into the snow, you
know,
And windows are white with frost,
And the polar breezes shrieking blow,
And the bare, brown limbs are tossed:
A book, and the world 's an empty show,
When the squeak, you know, gets into the snow.

When the squeak gets into the snow, you know,
And you hate to get out of your chair;
And the sunlight 's clear and bright although
It fails to warm up the air—
Please hand me a book from my favorite row,
When the squeak, you know, gets into the snow.

Walter G. Doty.

Young Hostess (anxious to be rid of lingering guest):

WHICH WILL YOU HAVE, TEA OR COCOA?

Guest: TEA NOW, COCOA—LATER.

ANY PORT IN A STORM.

IN a northern seaport town there is a wealthy but illiterate man who owns many vessels and follows their courses over the seas by aid of a large atlas and a ten-horse-power magnifying glass.

"I've just had a letter," he said to a neighbor, "from one of my captains, and he tells me he's been in a fearful storm. I'll read you from his letter what puzzles me. He says:

"The waves rose like mountains. We were driven before the wind to the danger of our lives and put into great jeopardy."

"What I want to know," said the shipowner, "is, where is Great Jeopardy? It's somewhere in the Mediterranean, but I can't find it on this map anywhere."
—M. A. P.



TIME IS MONEY

WHY NOT UTILIZE THAT WHICH WE WASTE WHILE TRAVELING?

"I SEE that skirts are to be worn shorter than usual."

"But, my dear, all the skirts I have seen recently are already shorter than usual."

A Bad Sign

SHE was going to purchase a trunk,
small and cheap,
So she made, from the street car, a wild,
flying leap

(Although she had just paid her fare);
For she saw, "Trunks, Two Dollars!" a
big window sign.

But below, in wee letters, there lurked
one more line—

'Twas, "Less Than the Prices Else-
where!"
—Anna Mathewson.

—Anna Mathewson.

Close at Hand

A woman from the South visiting New York for the first time was much agitated when, after being conveyed through the Hudson tube, she found herself in another subway. Rushing up to a knowing-looking individual, she asked, in an agitated tone:

"Sir, do please tell me where is New York?"

"Lady," said he, with the utmost gravity, "it's right at the top of those stairs."—*Harper's Magazine*.

ALL HOPE GONE.

"I DID not dream of this!" It was on the hotel piazza and, as the young and beautiful girl spoke, she raised her eyes to the man at her side with a gasp of surprise.

"No, Mr. Longreene," she went on, earnestly, "during the few short days that we have been together, it never once occurred to me that you were the sort of man who would ask my hand in marriage. I feel now, in the light of the manly and sincere declaration you have just made to me, that I was perhaps wrong in encouraging all those attentions which I attributed more to your naturally chivalrous nature than I did to the strong current of genuine love. I listened, as any foolish girl does, to the sentiments you expressed, thinking that they were due to the freedom of the sea-shore, and falsely giving them a much lighter estimate than I know now you meant them for. Forgive me,

pray, if I have misunderstood the depth and sincerity of your character. I feel, alas! that beside you I am indeed unworthy; but, believe me, as I have said, that I did not dream of this."

Her companion rose suddenly, and, turning half away, buried his face impetuously in his hands. "Then there is no hope for me?" he said hoarsely.

"None!" replied the beautiful young creature at his side, swiftly moving toward him and throwing her arms around his neck. "None whatever, darling! We will be married at 8:30 in the morning, and take the first train for Niagara Falls."



IN THE MODE.

MRS. FLAHERTY.—Everything is in black and white this saison. The paper says Mrs. Astherbilt wears a white pearl in wan ear an' a black wan in the ither.

MRS. FLANNAGAN.—Thin Oi'm jist in style, wid wan black eye an' wan white wan.

A National Calamity

"Where's my umbrella?" demanded the wife of a member of Parliament.

"I'm afraid I've forgotten it, my dear," meekly answered her husband. "It must be in the train."

"In the train?" snorted the lady. "And to think that the affairs of the nation are intrusted to a man who doesn't know enough to take care of a woman's umbrella!"—*New York Call.*

Progressive

POSTMASTER: No, not much doin' in taown. Did ye hear erbout Lem Hugins gittin' a telegram?

FARMER: Not Lem?

POSTMASTER: Yes, Lem.

FARMER: By cricky! It beats all ther way the young fellers are forgin' ter the front.

—*Chicago News.*



Safety Assured

A LITTLE girl, traveling in a sleeping-car with her parents, greatly objected to being put in an upper berth. She was settled there at last and the passengers were quiet for the night, when a small voice piped:

"Mama!"

"Yes, dear."

"You there?"

"Yes, I'm here. Now go to sleep."

"Papa, you there?"

"Yes, I'm here. Go to sleep like a good girl."

This continued at intervals for some time, until a fellow passenger lost patience and called:

"We're all here! Your father, and mother, and brothers, and sisters, and uncles, and aunts, and first cousins! All here! Now go to sleep!"

There was a brief pause after this explosion. Then the tiny voice piped up again, but very softly.

"Mama!" it said.

"Well?"

"Was that God?"

THE GATEWAY TO THE WEST



Welcome Home!

 *Lady Betty*

Two Years Is a
Lot of Time

*Ambassadors
of Friendship*

HE: Yes, you know it's costing me five hundred a year just to live, because of these war prices.

SHE: I shouldn't pay it; it isn't worth it.—*Cassel's Saturday Journal*.

God puts us all upon this earth,
That we might serve His ends,
And then, to give the world some worth,
He made some of us Friends.



Their Engagement

HE entered the room hastily. He was awaiting her.

"I was afraid you would be thinking I had forgotten," she said.

"No," he responded calmly, in the tone of one who is master of himself. "An engagement is an engagement with me."

She was a beautiful girl. A wealth of chestnut hair rippled below the wide brim of her bonnet. Her close-fitting tailored gown yielded to every movement of her supple form.

He was a bit above the average height, a clean-cut, square-chinned chap, whose every expression bespoke self-reliance.

As he looked at her his glance was deferential, yet not timid.

"It has been a long while since we saw each other," he remarked.

"Yes, nearly a year," she replied. "But do you remember when I left that time you said I would have to come back?"

"Yes. You should have come sooner than this."

"But I have been so busy—going and coming, dances, dinners, the theatre, and all."

"I know. And you were married, too?"

His voice did not tremble as he asked this, yet across her face there flashed a quick tinge of humiliation.

"I—I would rather not speak of that," she observed, almost coldly. "That is all over. We—we—. It was to be expected. The truth is, we were not meant for each other. So I—I got a divorce."

"It was better so, no doubt," he responded gently. "Won't you sit down?"

She took the chair he indicated, and as he looked down at her she flashed him a sudden smile.

"I was afraid of you the last time," she said merrily.

"But—you are not afraid now?"

His voice seemed to give her assurance. She smiled again.

"No, indeed."

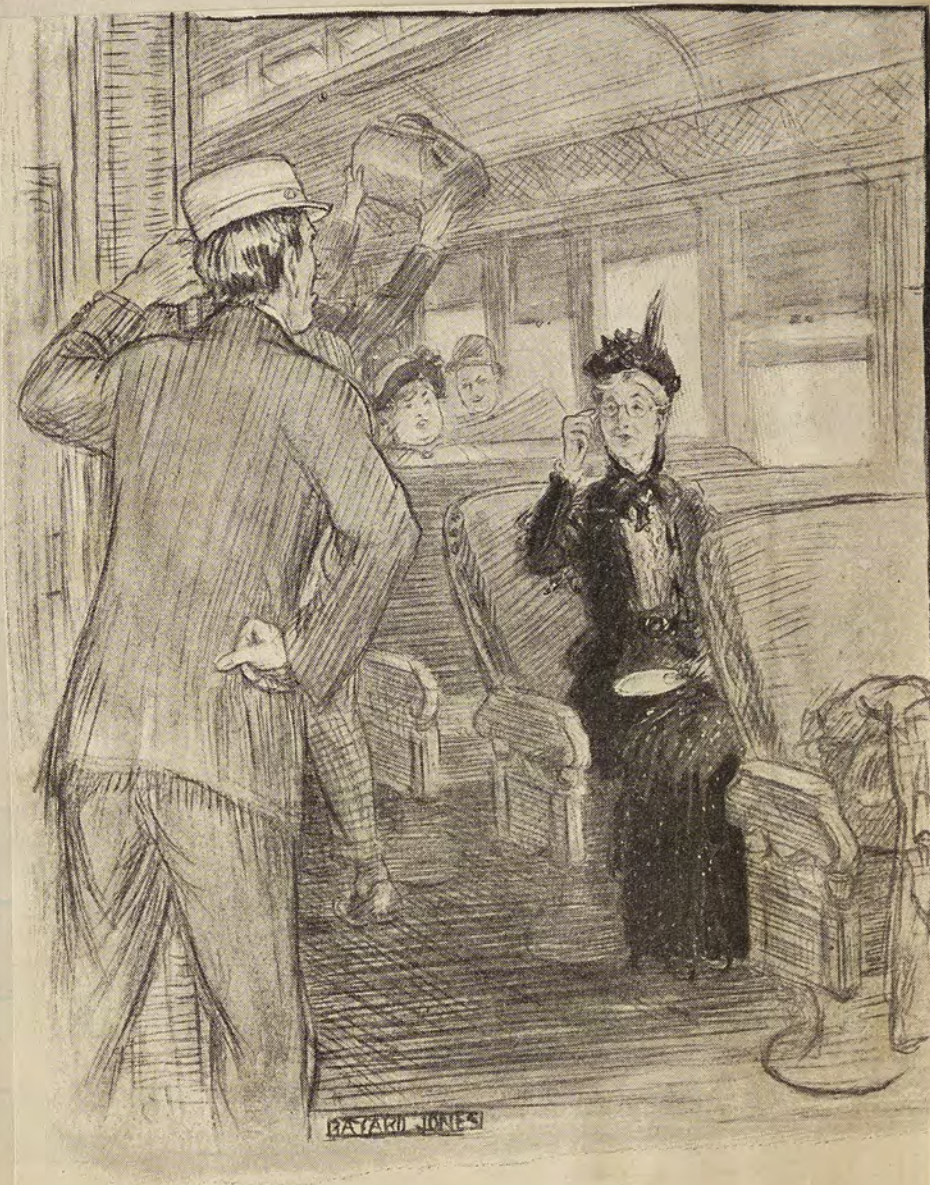
He put his fingers beneath her dimpled chin and tilted her bonny head back, then gazed at her earnestly. Her limpid eyes looked up at him trustingly. The rose-pink of her cheeks came and went fitfully. The white of her throat throbbed with each breath. He bent nearer to her, still with that fixed gaze. Her lips were parted.

He raised his head and she looked out of the window silently.

There was a pause. At last she spoke.

"What are you studying about? What have you decided?"

"I think I'll have to fill two of your teeth," he said quietly. "The rest are all right. You have taken better care of them than most women do."



ON THE JERSEY CENTRAL
Brakeman: ELIZABETH!
Aunt Eliza: YES.



**Cheer
Up**

Hang Your Coat When Traveling—When traveling recently in a day coach, I suffered the discomfort of having my coat folded on the seat beside me, others had theirs wrinkled up in the rack overhead, while one woman in front of me hung her coat on a picture hook which she attached to the rack overhead. This struck me as a good idea, as such a hook is easily carried and adjusted, and one's coat is kept unwrinkled.

M. L. B., N. Y.



**A New Pleasure
—for You**

**Something to
Look Forward To**

**Keeping
Up With Lizzie**

**In the
Summer
Time**

L ET'S go to church."

"It's raining too hard."

"Well, let's go to the movies; it's only four blocks further."

Passing Along a Laugh or Two

A CERTAIN minister was greatly disturbed by a number of women in his congregation who persistently gossiped in a loud tone during service. One Sunday morning he executed a plan which he had devised to stop this annoyance. At a given signal the choir stopped abruptly on a certain word in the middle of a hymn. Then one of the gossips, unable to check herself, was heard all over the church to say: "I always fry mine in lard." "As we know," announced the minister, "that she always fries hers in lard, we will proceed with the singing."

—Argonaut.



FULFILLED PROPHECY

"A woman shall compass a man"

Jer. 31:22

A NEW JERSEY teacher who had been greatly annoyed by revelry in the hotel where she had spent part of her last vacation, took the precaution this time, in writing to another hotel which had been recommended to her, to inquire whether it had a bar. She received the following reply: "No, we haven't any bar, and if that is the sort of woman you are we don't want you. The place for you is at Yardley's, farther up the road."

—Argonaut.

HOTEL WAITER: Come, sir, you really must go off to bed, sir. (Yawns.) Why, the dawn's a-breaking, sir.

LATE REVELLER: Let it break—and put it down in the bill, waiter.—Punch.

A RIGHTEOUS COMPLAINT.

"**W**ASSAH!" carped a colored malefactor, through the bars of the village Bastile. "Dey 'rested me and drug me to de jestice's house in de dead o' night, and dat gen'leman riz right up out o' bed in his shirt, and hilt cou't, den and dar, and ginme sixty days in jail, all widout puttin' his pants on. Aw, yas!—cou'se I was guilty; dey done kotch me right in de act. Dat ain't what I'm 'plainin' 'bout: it's de scan'lous way de jestice acted. Law's law, sah, and I does think it ortuh be 'ministered wid mo' dignity!"



HEARD ABOVE THE ROAR OF THE TRAIN

Henrietta—Isn't it shocking the way that man eats his soup! *Epi Curus*—Yes. Sounds as if he was going down for the third time.



"IN THE SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY"

"CONDUCTOR, can you tell me how that brakeman lost his finger?" asked the inquisitive woman. "He seems to be a very nice fellow. It is a pity he should be crippled."

"That's just it, mum. He is a good fellow. He is so obliging that he wore his finger off pointing out the scenery along the line."—*Chicago News*.

Billinger's Den

"When Billinger bought his new house, it was with the express understanding that he should have a room all of his own—a den or study."

"Yes, I know what you mean. Did he get it?"

"Yes; and his wife furnished it."

"How?"

"With a sewing machine, a cutting table, two dressers, dummies, three sewing chairs and a full-length mirror."

—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

NEIGHBORLY HINT.

"People as keep 'ens," observed the lady at No. 17 Acacia Terrace, "should keep 'em at 'ome. One o' these odd days, when your fowls come scrappin' in our garden, you'll be missin' some."

The lady of No. 19 sniffed the air in defiance. "If you was to feed your cat prop'ly, p'raps it wouldn't go 'untin' round for bulbs," she observed. "Then you wouldn't lay the blame on 'ens what belongs to your neighbors."

A week later the lady of No. 17 again addressed her next-door neighbor.

"Thanks for your 'int about treatin' our cat better," she said.

"Pleased you found it pay," returned No. 19.

"We should never a-found out what a wonderful cat it was if it 'adn't been for you," smiled No. 17. "Since you spoke about it I made it up a couple of straw beds in the tool-ouse and sprinkled a little barley about, and blest if that cat ain't laid two nice eggs every mornin' since."

And next day there was a wire fence round the hen-house at No. 19 that an elephant couldn't break through.—*Exchange.*



Observing ?

THE MAN: Did you notice that woman we just passed?

THE WOMAN: The one with blonde puffs and a fur hat and a military cape, who was dreadfully made up, and had awfully soiled gloves on?

THE MAN: Yes, that one.

THE WOMAN: No, I didn't notice her. Why?—*Cleveland Leader.*

Attacking School System

SMALL BOY: Father, what is an equinox?

FOND PARENT: What in the world do you go to school for? Don't you study mythology? An equinox is a mythical animal, half horse, half ox. The name is derived from the Latin "equine" horse, and "ox". Dear me, they teach you absolutely nothing that is useful nowadays!—*London Evening Standard.*



WOULD GET AWAY FROM IT.

Edith—And he really asked you to marry him?

Ethel—Yes; just as though I could live in a tiny flat and do my own work.

Then Things Happened

Though she was old she wasn't by any means incapable of supporting herself; and at the fresh, youthful age of seventy-nine she went into the business of providing teas for perspiring cyclists, and storing the cycles of those travellers who decided that they had better return by train. Her first customers were four young men who left their cycles in her charge while they explored the neighborhood. For each cycle she gave them a ticket with a number upon it.

Late at night the tourists returned.

The old woman led them to their cycles with a smile of self-satisfaction on her face.

"You'll know which is which," she told them, "because I've fastened duplicate tickets on them."

They gratefully thanked her; and when they found their cycles they discovered that the tickets were neatly pinned into each back tire!—*Tit-Bits*.

Wonderful Woman

With hat tipped over, no eye free,
'Tis very plain she cannot see.

With hair combed over the ears, 'tis clear
That she, of course, can hardly hear.

With gown so tight it causes talk,
'Tis plain that she can scarcely walk.

And yet she dodges autos, teams,
And gets along quite well, it seems.

Man never could survive, poor chap,
Beneath one-half that handicap.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"WHERE is Cholly?"

"Somewhere in the mountains. He writes of beautiful flora and fauna."

"Eh? In love with two girls at once?"

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.



A SEPTEMBER MORN IN JERSEY.



"Be good and you'll be lonesome"

A Frivolous View.

"Be good," says the proverb,
"and happy you'll be";
But fun, on the other hand,
satisfies me.

The Inconsiderate Mice

A more kind-hearted and ingenuous soul never lived than Aunt Betsey, but she was a poor housekeeper. On one occasion a neighbor who had run in for a "back-door" call was horrified to see a mouse run across Aunt Betsey's kitchen floor.

"Why on earth don't you set a trap, Betsey?" she asked.

"Well," replied Aunt Betsey, "I did have a trap set. But land, it was such a fuss! Those mice kept getting into it!"

—*Youth's Companion*.

Both Proper and Improper

"As Man to Man"

"WELL, Mary," said the man of the house to the cook, "what is your opinion of my wife? You must have had considerable experience with other men's wives. Is she any worse or better? I have a curiosity to know whether I am any better or worse off than the average man."

"I've seen 'em worse," replied Mary, "and I've seen 'em better."

"Why are you going to leave, then? It's something I'd sometimes like to do, I confess, but can't?"

"Sure, I'm going to leave because I need a change. I'm of a rovin' nature. I'm used to going about. It's in me blood. I despise all the women I work for. None of 'em knows how to treat help."

"Then you think, on the whole, that if I had to do it over again, I might be worse off?"

"It's not for the likes of me to make ye discontented with your lot. Sure, man, make the best of it. Take a holiday once in awhile and ye can stand it better. This is a sorry world at best."

"But she spends all my money, Mary—never keeps her word—has no character nor sense of justice."

"Be ye an angel of God yourself?"

"I suppose not. But, Mary, let me ask you an honest question, as man to man. If I was the boss, would you stay any longer?"

"Sure, I'd 'a' been gone already."

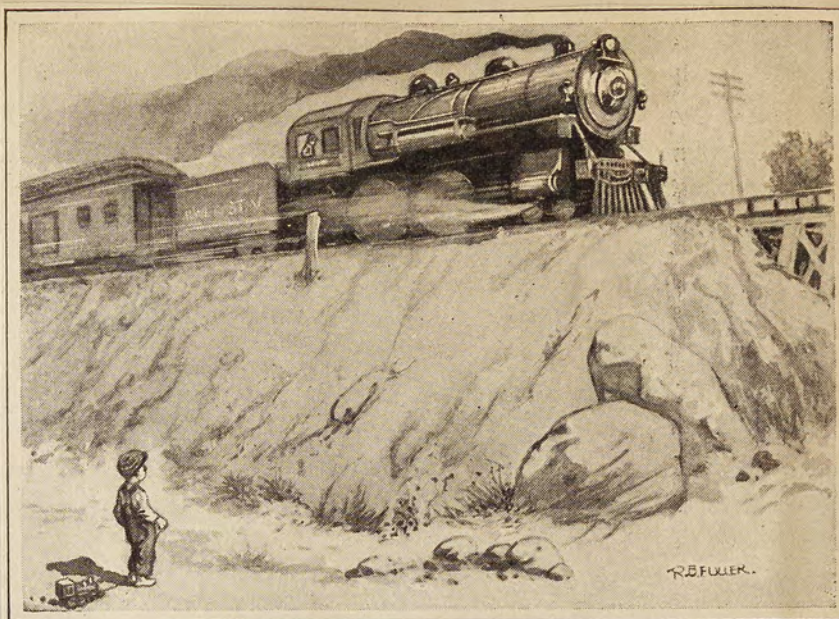
"Is he progressive?"

"About like a pendulum."

Ancestral Pride Crushed

HE: My ancestors came over in the Mayflower.

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



AT WORSHIP



A TRAVELING BAG.

"THERE are some ungodly young men over in that corner having fun with the girls," said the preacher solemnly, as he paused in the middle of his sermon and pointed accusingly in the direction of the graceless youths. "When they get done," he continued ponderously, "perhaps they will give me a chance."

And he could not understand why the congregation smiled.

QUANAH PARKER, chief of the Comanche Indians, who died some weeks ago, enjoyed the reputation of being the wittiest man of his race. He was likewise a man of affairs and something of a lobbyist. He had appeared before the Committee on Indian Affairs regularly for years, and the members of that committee had become intimately acquainted with him.

Two or three years ago Uncle Sam issued a mandate to the effect that the Indians in the future should take unto themselves but one wife. Quannah, appearing before the committee, told its members that many of the men of his tribe had more than one wife. He was admonished to go home and tell them that this condition of affairs could no longer exist, and that the surplus wives must be sent home to their parents.

Last session Parker again appeared before the committee, and the following conversation took place between him and a committeeman:

"Did you tell your bucks that they must have but one wife, Parker?"

"Yes, me tell 'um," responded the Indian.

"Did they get rid of the extra wives?"

"Yes, all gone," answered the chief.

"But," urged the committeeman, "I am told that you yourself have six wives."

"Yes, me got six," said Parker.

"Now, this will not do, Parker. You have to get rid of those extra wives. You go home and tell them to leave. Send them back to their parents."

"You tell 'um," responded the Indian.—*Lippincott's*.

OLIVE, aged three, was asked how she felt. "Oh, I feel so dizzy," she answered.

Her mother asked how it felt to be dizzy, and she replied:

"It's when your head feels as if it was on crooked, and everything is lying down."

GRACIE, aged six, went to a party given in honor of her friend's birthday. Immediately after arriving she went to the hostess and said:

"I had a awfully good time at the party. I was afraid if I didn't tell you now I would forget it."

A SMALL boy had been given a penny with a hole in it. Handing it to a still smaller companion, he said:

"Jimmie, I dare you to go into that store and buy something with this penny."

Jimmie was quite willing. Entering boldly, he said:

"I want a doughnut." And, taking it, he hastily presented the penny.

"Here," said the clerk, "this penny has a hole in it."

"So has the doughnut," announced Jimmy, triumphantly holding it up.



ONE OF 'EM.

Lady—"Are you leaving us so soon, Norah!"

New cook—"Yes, mum. I never stay long in one place, mum."

Lady—"I see. You're one of those Cooks' tourists."

Didn't See Him—"Did you notice that fellow at the Orpheum right opposite us?"

"That good-looking fellow with the tan suit and red necktie? No. Why?"—*Wisconsin Sphinx.*

Wouldn't Need It—*Hotel clerk*—Room with a bath, sir?

Rural visitor—No, thanks, young fellow; I'm goin' home before Saturday.—*Stanford Chaparral.*

Nothing To Cavil At

They ne'er had met
Before, and yet

She sat upon his knee!
You think her bold?
You must be told

That he was fifty; she was three.

—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

His Domestic Economy

Somebody said to Jamie MacJames one day: "I trust you don't spend all your wages." "That I don't," Jamie replied. "I only spend two-thirds. Two-thirds is all." "And the other third—you bank that, I suppose?" "No, I do better than that with it. I give it to the wife to run the house."

—*London Evening Standard.*

A Justified Kick—In a certain section of Jersey there is a village grocery store, where, besides salt and prunes, everything may be purchased, from a collar for a pet rhinoceros to a sprocket wheel for a pianola. Together with this, the grocery store is the local post-office.

A few days ago a farmer entered the store with something on his mind, and, after taking a fresh chew of tobacco to fortify himself, he leisurely approached the counter.

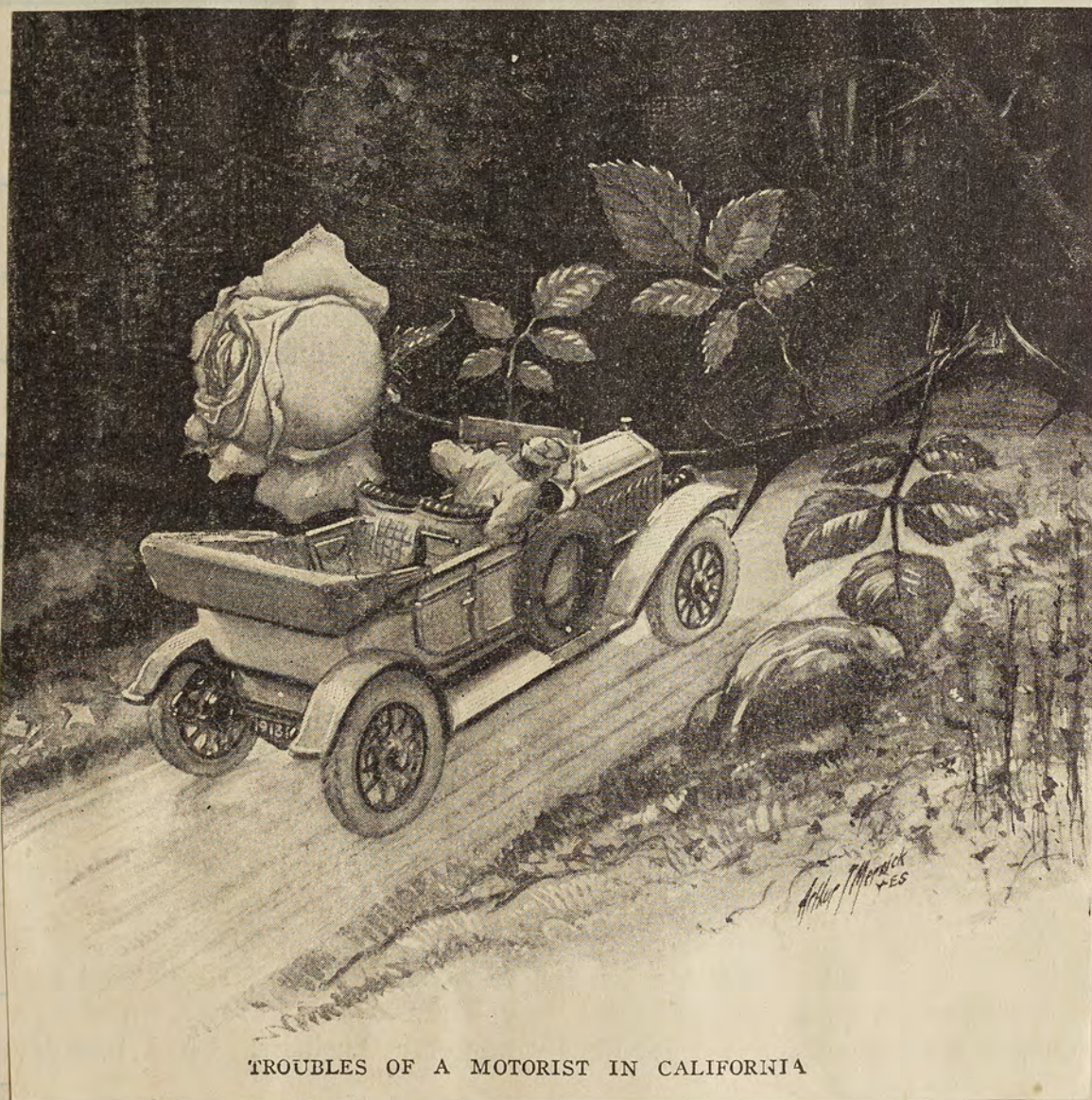
"Look here, David," he complainingly remarked, addressing the proprietor, "I ain't kickin' none, but ain't ther some way that ye kin kind o' sepperate yer grocery bizness an' yer post-office bizness, so thet they won't mix quite so much?"

"There you go complainin' ag'in, Joshua!" responded the grocery man. "What's achin' you this time?"

"No hard feelin's, David," rejoined Uncle Josh; "but t'other day I got some postage stamps here jes' arter Jake Smith got two gallons o' ile, an' every derved one o' them tasted o' kerosene."—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

PASSENGER: Do I have to change cars in Chicago?

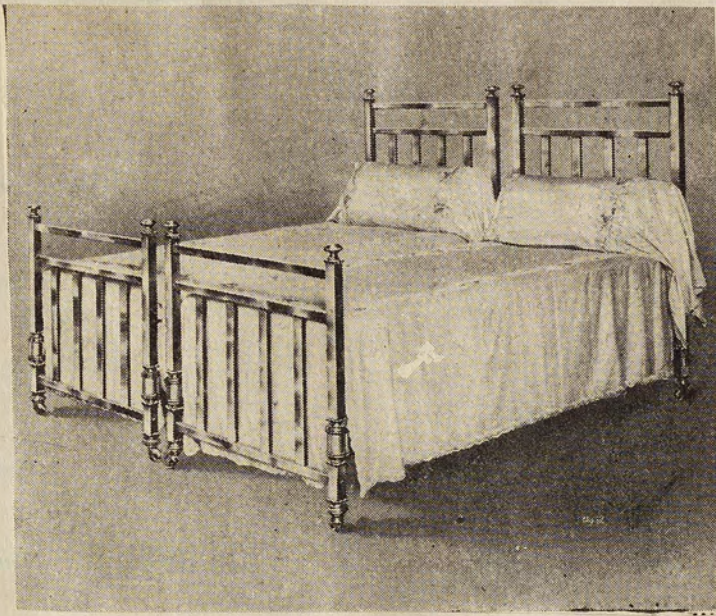
EXCESSIVELY POLITE CONDUCTOR: Not necessarily, madam. You can go back to New York if you want to.



TROUBLES OF A MOTORIST IN CALIFORNIA

The Unexpected—

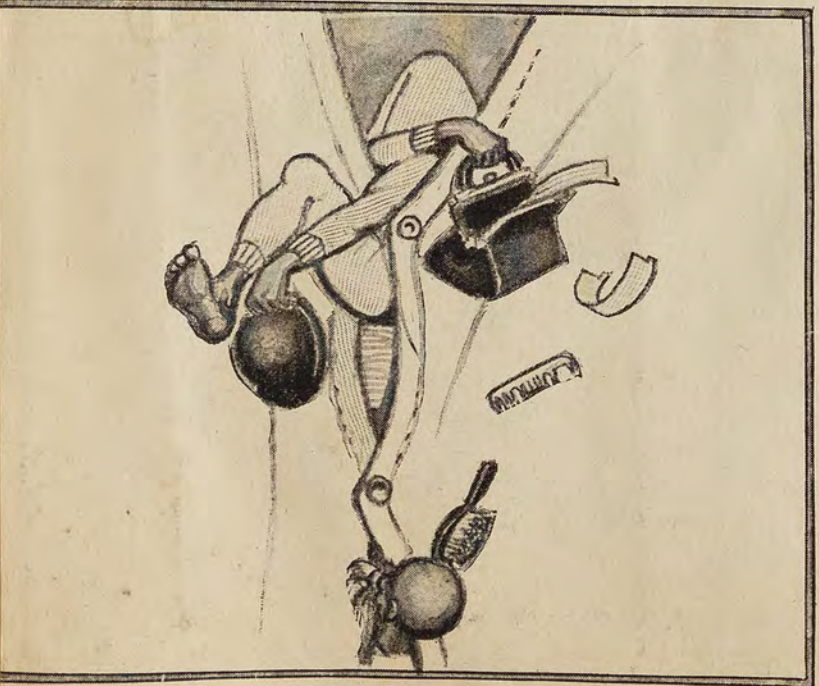
Time to Re-tire?



"Good Night"



"NOWHERE TO GO BUT OUT"



A COMPENDIUM OF TIMELY INFORMATION
HOW TO DISROBE IN AN UPPER BIRTH

The Morning After



*Good
morning*



**Keep
Up-to-Date!**



Last Call!

Breakfast

THE WAY TO REDUCE WEIGHT

Eat and Grow Thin





"There's WHERE Araminta OUGHT TO BE, ESRY. SHE'S HAD DANCIN' LESSONS FOR A WHOLE YEAR"



THE SECRET OF HIS BERTH



"JULIA, HAVE YOU SEEN MY NEW WHITE SILK WAISTCOAT?"
 "YES, DEAR; I HAVE IT ON."



THE POET WRITES HIS "ODE TO A WATERFALL"



Ouch!

Oh, the agony!—a toothache takes all the humor out of Life.

The Porter

IT is interesting to note that one of the principal witnesses before the Industrial Commission defending the method of paying and treating Pullman car porters should have been a son of Abraham Lincoln.

The Pullman porter is an institution existing by himself and peculiar to this country. He appears to have been manufactured in Africa long ago for this sole purpose. After countless generations of adjustment to environment he seems to be the one creature in the whole system of evolution who has finally come to his own.

The requirements of his job are exactly fitted to his mental calibre. His unique combination of ostentation and deference, united to his good humor and his lack of the restlessness of most white men, have all made him the only fit accompaniment. It will probably never be determined in the wise scheme of nature whether the porter was made for the Pullman car or the Pullman car for the porter. That they are both made of mahogany would seem to show that the impulse which created them came from the same part of the torrid zone.

"HAVE you ever thought seriously of marriage, sir?"

"Indeed I have; ever since the ceremony."—*Boston Transcript*.

A YOUNG couple, speeding along the country highway, were stopped by the justice of the peace.

"Ten and costs for reckless driving," announced the justice.

"Listen," said the young man, "judge, we were on our way to have you marry us."

"Twenty and costs, then!" cried the justice. "You're more reckless than I thought you were."

Kinemadventure

"COME, sit by my side, and listen well,"
Said the old, old man to the little lad;
"There's many a tale that I can tell
Of thrilling adventures that I have had.
I mind how I paddled many a mile
Where the tide of the mighty Congo flows——"
"I know," said the lad, with a beaming smile,
"I've seen that stream at the movie shows."

"I paddled long and I paddled far,
And far tramped I o'er the jungle sod,
Where wildest spots of Africa are
And white man's foot has but seldom trod.
I saw the buffalo plunge and snort
In the miry fords of the upper Nile——"
"Yes," cried the boy, "I know that sport;
It's been in the movies quite a while."

"And once where the big Zambezi roars,
As all of its water, downward hurled,
Into a mighty chasm pours,
A fall so vast that it shakes the world,
I stood amazed as I watched the sight;
No greater moment I hope to know——"
"Yes," said the boy, "'Twas just last night
I saw those falls at the movie show."

"Ahem!" said the old, old man. "No doubt
It would seem impressive to you to learn
That I have followed the North Star out
To lands where the red auroras burn;
Where the world stands wan in the icy air,
I have stricken the kingly white bear low——"
"Yes," said the lad, "it's great up there;
I've seen such hunts at the picture show."

"Now woe is me!" said the gaffer old,
"The world of adventure, with all its scenes,
To-day on a reel of film is rolled
And flashed to life on the movie screens.
My day is past, and it seems no place
Save Heaven remains, where they do not go——"
"I saw," cried the lad, with shining face,
"A Heaven film at the movie show."

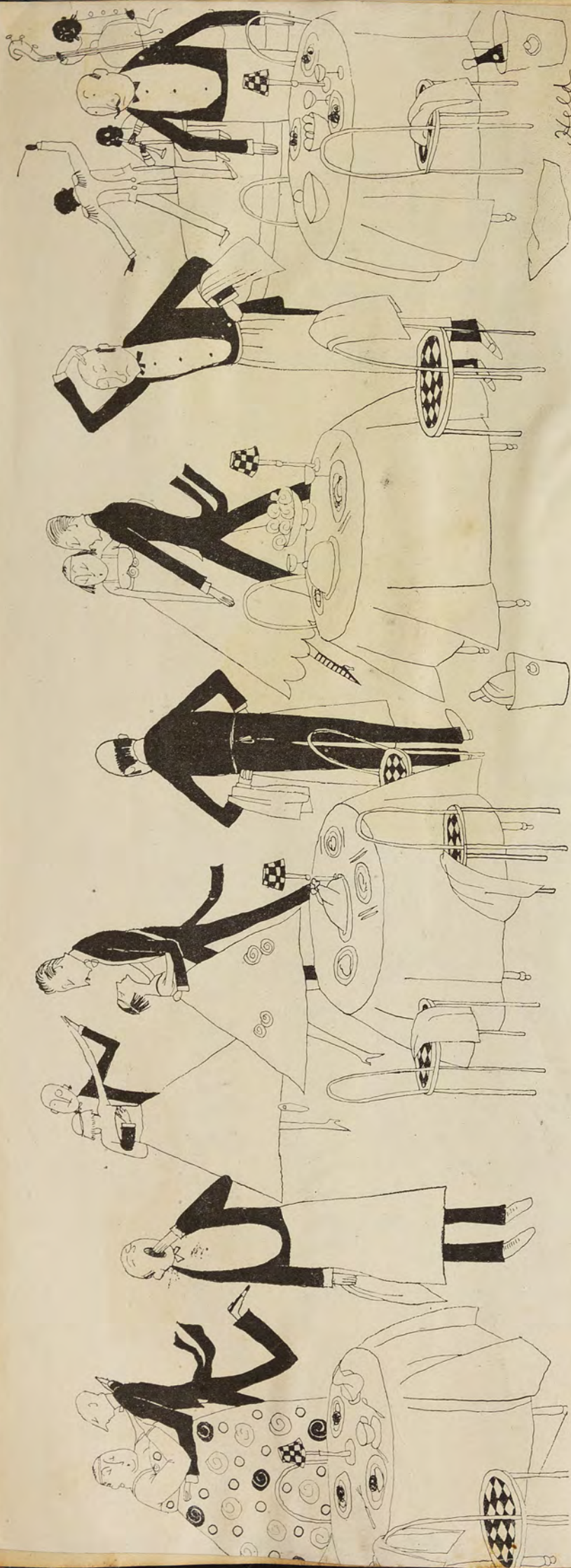
Dean Collins.



"BY GUM! MEBBE THEY BE, BUT——"



ON THE SAME FOOTING



The entertainment side of life

This is the Life!

"We're Having The"
Time of Our Lives

Just As Good

Two Jews, father and son, went for a stroll one sweltering day. As they passed a vender of ice-cream the boy turned to his father and said, longingly:

"I vish you'd puy me some ice-cream, fader; I do feel hot."

His father gazed at him for a few seconds in mild surprise. Then he exclaimed:

"No, no, Ikey, my poy; but I tell you vot I vill do; I'll tell you some ghost stories vot'll make your blood run cold!"

Motion Pictures

A henpecked old man, so we've heard,
Took in every show that occurred.

When asked why, said he,
"In the films that you see,
The women say never a word."
—*California Pelican.*

It's Really Laughable



THE SLIM ONE: YES, IT IS BEAUTIFUL. BUT
AFTER ALL, I LIKE THE MODERN FIGURE BETTER.

Shopping

A lady ambles to a store
To buy a spool of thread.
At first she looks at hats galore
Then carving knives and bread.

From there she travels to the aisle
Where davenports are kept,
And then she lingers for a while
Around the ribbon dept.

She looks at frying-pans and lace,
Inspects the latest books.
She prices lotions for the face
And linen goods and hooks.

And when she's canvassed all the joints,
And clerks are nearly dead,
She brings the matter to a point
And buys a spool of thread.

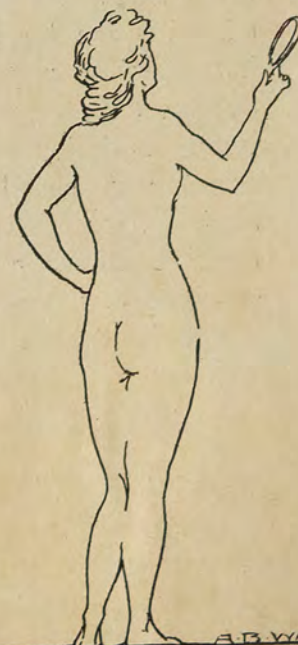
—Louisville Courier-Journal.



HIPS MAY COME



AND HIPS MAY GO



BUT I GO ON FOREVER

"It is so easy to dress well---
---if one only knows how!"



THE GOWN YOU
WANTED AND COULD
NOT FIND!

The Busy Man's Romance

HE WAS a very busy man and she was a very pretty girl. She insisted upon having a love letter every day. She got it.



"You write the loveliest letters, dear!" she said. "And when you are so very, very busy all the time, I think it is splendid of you to think of me!"

"I don't forget you," he replied. "My secretary has instructions to write you a letter for me to sign every morning. He is a most efficient and capable young man."

"And you don't know how greatly I appreciate the flowers and candy you send me every week."

"I'm glad you get them. I told my secretary to make a memo to send you some every Saturday."

"How systematic! And it is so thoughtful of you to think of the plays I like best and the books I prefer."

"It's a pleasure to know you are pleased. My secretary gets the tickets and picks out the books. He is a very capable fellow."

Two months later the very busy man said,

"Dodgast him! I don't mind so much his eloping with my fiancée, but how in thunder can I break in another secretary?"

—Wilbur D. Nesbit.



ANYBODY'S YARD
SINCE THE TANGO CAME

A Reasonable Explanation

We were packing our goods preparatory to moving to a distant town, writes a friend of *The Companion*. My usual helper being ill, I employed a new assistant, a woman of thirty or more. As I was engaged in packing our books, she paused a moment beside me.

"Somehow, I never cared much for books," she remarked; "but, then," she continued, after a thoughtful pause, "I can't read, and that may have something to do with it."—*Youth's Companion*.



"PRAISE GOD, FROM WHOM ALL BLESSINGS FLOW"

A RING at the telephone drew the office-boy. "Lady to talk to you, sir," he said to the senior partner.

The senior partner took up the receiver, and stood at the 'phone for several minutes. Then he laid the receiver down, and went back to his desk. Twenty minutes later he raised the receiver, said a few words, and presently hung up. Then he turned to his partner. "It was my wife," he explained. "She was still talking and hadn't missed me."—*Argonaut*.

The Cult of the Guest-room

Before the guest arrives, the perfect hostess (who has taken a Correspondence Course in Hospitality) inspects her guest-room, and soliloquizes thus:

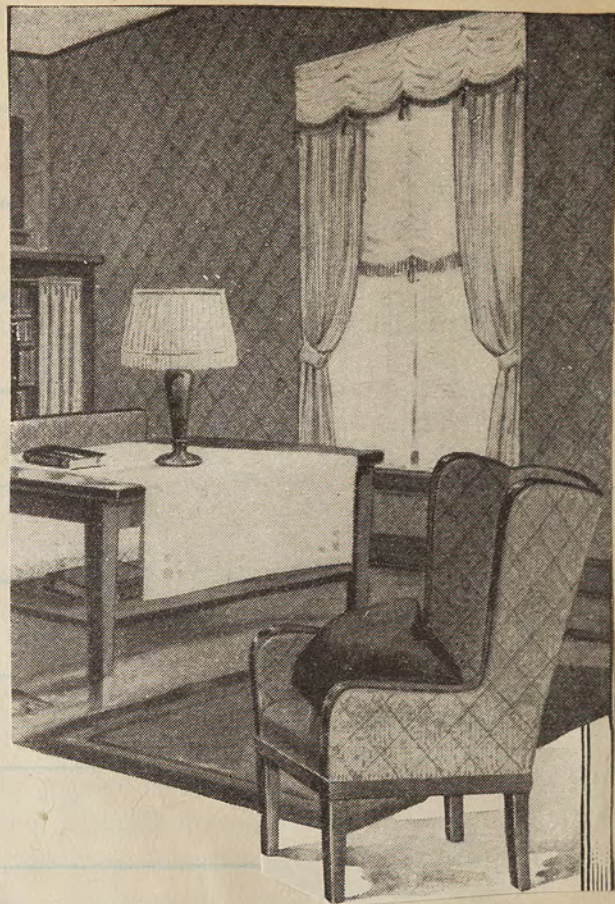
"I've remembered, I've remembered
The new embroidered spread,
The towels cross-stitched in designs
Of navy blue and red.
It always seems so much too small,
The 'guest towel' of to-day—
Perhaps that's why the modern guest
Won't make a longer stay.

"I've remembered, I've remembered
The nosegay, stiff and tight,
The reading-lamp with cretonne shade
That throws a ghastly light.
The 'Kind Words' calendar I've hung,
And by the hand-glass set
Some Bargain Sale cologne . . . oh, dear!
The price mark's on it yet!

"I've remembered, I've remembered
Pink sealing-wax to bring,
Removed a *cache* of spoons from 'twixt
The mattress and the spring.
'Sleep Sweet Within This Quiet Room'
I've had reframed; I've bought
For bedside books, *Jane Eyre*, *Lucille*,
And *Gems of Modern Thought*.

"I've remembered, I've remembered
A lot of details small
That I am very sure no guest
Would ever want at all.
But 'twould be of shocking ignorance
Of Fashion Journals' chat
To aim for Solid Comfort here,
And let it go at that."

—Sarah Redington, in
Harper's Magazine for April.



**It May Be Your Turn
Next!**



"TAKE ME WITH YOU IF YOU WANT TO
BE POPULAR"



When you serve iced
tea this summer—



Just What She Wants



Safety First



THE RIGHT OF WAY

THE CHANGELINGS.

FROM State to State, with weary feet,
Went he in fruitless quest,
To find the place where bound'ries meet—
Where there's no East nor West.



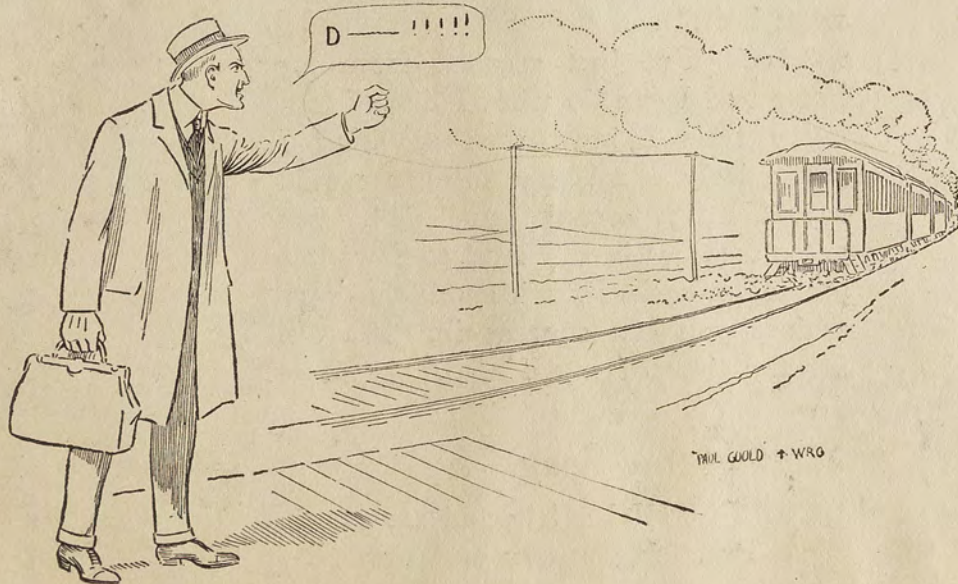
"Old man," I cried, "come stop and rest,
And I will spread a feast,
So you can tell me whence the West
And where you found the East."

He shook his head, and then confessed
His fruitless search had ceased.
"I find," quoth he, "that East is West—
The West is now the East."

"Oh, sir," said I, "you do but jest,
For such things cannot be.
The East is east and West is west,
Each bounded by the sea."

"It's all too true," quoth he, distress'd,
"I joke not in the least:
The tamest East is now out West,—
The wildest West is East!"

Don. Cameron Shafer.



JUST A WORD AT PARTING

The K. C. R. R.

THE K. C. R. R. is the most remarkable railroad in existence.

When a train is stalled, its conductors and brakemen volunteer information as to the reason.

When an express is late, the ticket-agent finds out how late, and whether you'd better take a local.

When there has been an accident, full particulars are posted in the waiting-rooms along the line and furnished to the newspapers.

Its brakemen receive lessons in elocution, and announce stations as plainly as print.

Its conductors say "Thank you" when they take your ticket.

Its cars are kept at seventy degrees in winter, and are not frizzled in the hot sun of the yard in summer.

Its ice is handled with clean gloves and kept in a clean water-cooler.

Its porters pay as much attention to a fussy old lady with four children to

look after as to a bank president with a half-dollar tip in his pocket.

Its time-tables do not seek to see how little paper they can use, but how much information they can give.

Its gatemen are grateful to the public for the questions which enable them to earn their salaries.

Its entire force is selected as carefully with a view to their pleasing people as a set of dry-goods clerks would be.

This remarkable K. C. R. R. runs between the cities of Kindness and Courtesy, and its president is O. O. Nemo, 1 Dream Street, Weisnichtwo, N. G. Address him for further particulars. *Amos R. Wells.*

The Point of View

The kind-hearted woman stopped to reprove the youngster who had chased a cat up a tree.

"You bad boy, suppose you were a cat, would you like to have anyone chase you in that fashion?"

"Gee! wouldn't I though, if I could climb like that!" said the youngster, grinning.—*Boston Transcript.*

Why She Quit

DINAH (*employed as waitress*): Yas, mum, I am a-leavin' dis place to-morrow.

MISTRESS: Why, Dinah, whatever can have displeased you with your position? Haven't I been treating you well?

DINAH: Oh, yas, indeed you have, mum. But to tell de truf, miss, in dis house dey am too much shiftin' ob de dishes fo' de fewness of de vittles.



POKER HAND
FOUR JACKS AND A DIAMOND



A TABLE-SPOON

MR. NEWLYWED: Did you sew the button on my coat, darling?

MRS. NEWLYWED: No, love. I couldn't find the button, and so I just sewed up the buttonhole.—*Tit-Bits*.



HIS LONG SUIT WAS DANCING THE TANGO



HIS ONLY CHANCE

Jane—Do you know you talk in your sleep, John?

John—Well, do you begrudge me even those few words?



"UNCLE JOHN, HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN MARRIED?"

"THIRTY-FIVE YEARS, MY DEAR."

"YOU DON'T SHOW IT."

Lawn Parties are Now in Order



REVIVAL.

UNCLE EZRA. —
Did you attend
any religious services in
New York?

UNCLE EBEN.—Yep.
I was at what they called
a "Revival" of somebody's at one of the theatres, and believe me, Ezry,
judgin' by some of the dancing I saw in that place, them city people do
get religion somethin' fierce.

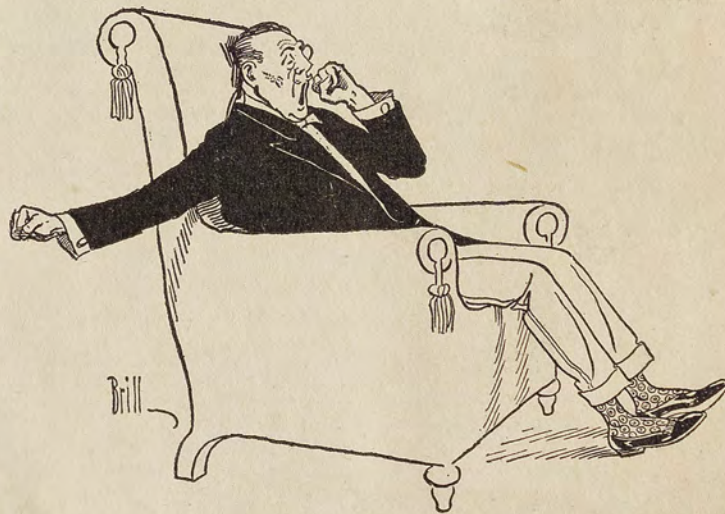
BRIDGET: Here's a piece in th' paper
tellin' how to get the best of mosquitos.

PAT: Shure, who the divil wants thim,
good or bad?—*Boston Transcript.*

The Curtain Lecture

She—I wish you'd keep awake when
I'm talking to you.

He—But, my dear, I've got to sleep
some time!



BORED BY THE DAY OR WEEK

Defined

CASEY: Phwat's these "aigrettes" the papers are
talking about, Moike?

MALONEY: Wasn't ye ivir in sassiety, ye ignoramous?
Shure, it's phwat ye sind whin ye can't go.

Serums

Once upon a time, not so very long ago, a boy was born, and they named him Willie. This boy's mother did not nurse him, but he was put on the bottle. Fortunately, a learned scientist had discovered how to pasteurize milk, so that the boy did pretty well on cow's milk.

When this boy was two years old he had whooping cough. Fortunately, Professor Bordet, of Brussels, had discovered that serum from a cat would cure whooping cough, and some cat serum was injected into Willie.

Soon after Willie got about again he was taken with measles. Fortunately, Dr. John P. Anderson, of Washington, had discovered that serum from a monkey would cure measles. So they pumped monkey serum into the boy, and the measles didn't kill him.

One day Willie was playing with his pet terrier, when the dog scratched him. So his folks, dreading hydrophobia in its worst form, rushed him down to New Jersey, where there is a great institute in honor of the late Professor Pasteur, who, fortunately, discovered that serum from a dog was a fine thing for rabies. They pumped dog serum into little Willie for two months.

Willie pulled through nicely, but on the way home rode in a Pullman sleeper in which a smallpox case was discovered. Fortunately, Dr. Jenner had discovered that serum from a cow would cure smallpox, and so, on getting home, they pricked some cow serum into Willie's arm.

Well, Willie lived along until he was ten years old, when one night his folks were sent into a panic by discovering that he had black diphtheria. Fortunately, a noted German physician had discovered that serum from a horse would cure diphtheria, if anything would, and so they gave Willie some horse serum.

Finally, at forty years of age, Willie was taken with a mysterious malady. None of the doctors could tell definitely what it was. At last, as Willie was very low, a very learned scientist from a great eastern institute visited him and pronounced it "general debility". "But, cheer up, my man," said the scientist, "I have a serum from——"

"No more menagerie in mine," sighed Willie. "Life has been but one blamed serum after another." Whereupon Willie died, much to the regret of the scientist, who felt sure that he was about to enrich medical science with a great discovery, since he was about to try serum from a hen and an alligator on "general debility".

We don't know that there's any moral to this story. But there's a whole lot of truth to it, anyhow.—*Boston Post*.





"IT'S ONLY THAT SILLY OLD MRS. SMITH, MOTHER. SHALL I TELL HER YOU'RE OUT?"

"IT seems a pity that the railroads can't make a living."

"I know it. They are almost as bad off as the majority of their passengers."

Mr. Henpeck Explains

It was a wizened little man who appeared before the judge and charged his wife with cruel and abusive treatment. His better half was a big, square-jawed woman, with a determined eye.

"In the first place, where did you meet this woman who has treated you so dreadfully?" asked the judge.

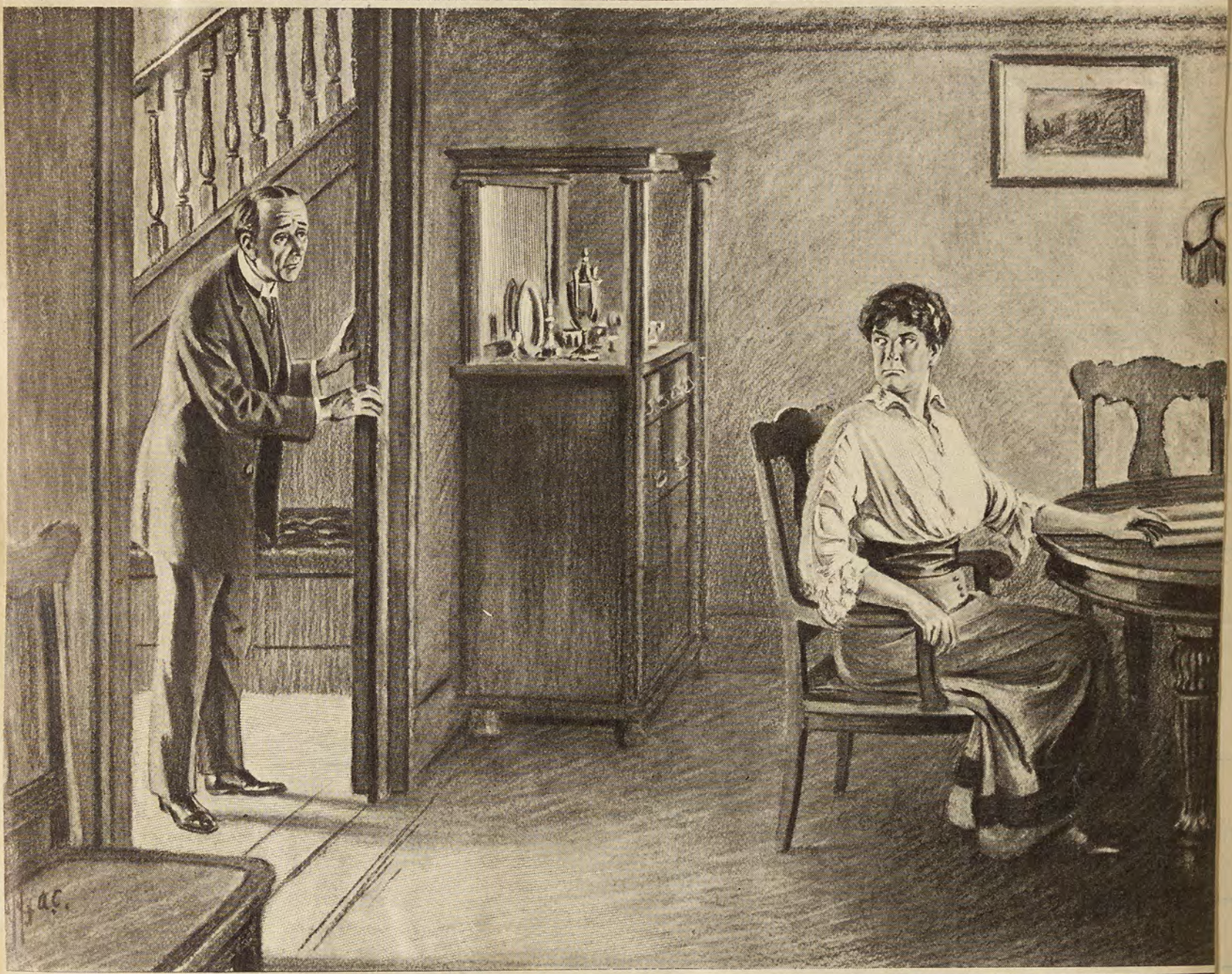
"Well," replied the little man, making a brave attempt to glare defiantly at his wife, "I never did meet her. She just kind of overtook me."

—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph, 1.

A TOURIST, "doing" one of the many old inns of England, had ordered tea and a sandwich. The waiter was boring her with his tiresome descriptions of the historic connections of each piece of furniture, and the legends surrounding every article in the house.

"So everything in the house has a legend connected with it," she remarked, when he paused. "Well, do tell me about this quaint old ham sandwich."

—Everybody's.



Husband of Prohibitionist: ER—MARIA—MY DEAR, CONSIDERING THAT THIS IS OUR ANNIVERSARY,
DON'T YOU THINK WE MIGHT SPLIT A BOTTLE OF GRAPE-JUICE?

Winners in Their Class

There are some good stories in Mr. Reginald Lucas's biography of Lord North. One tells of an amusing blunder. Lady North was no beauty. It is said that one night at the opera somebody asked:

"Who is that plain-looking lady in the box opposite?"

"That," said North, "is my wife."

"I did not mean her," came the obvious rejoinder; "I meant the lady next to her."

"That, sir, is my daughter; and I may tell you that we are considered to be three of the ugliest people in London."

—*Tit-Bits*.

Lending a Name

"Waiter," asked the impatient customer, "do you call this an oyster stew?"

"Yessuh," replied Mr. Erastus Pinkley.

"Why, the oyster in this stew isn't big enough to flavor it."

"He wasn't put in to flavor it, suh. He is jes' supposed to christen it."

—*Washington Star*.

A BRIDEGROOM is a person who spends a lot of money buying himself a wedding-suit that nobody notices.—*Dallas News*.

A Fatal Defect

The Reverend Bascom Anthony, a presiding elder of the Methodist Church in southern Georgia, tells a story of a negro pastor down his way who failed to give satisfaction to his flock. A committee from the congregation waited on him to request his resignation.

"Look here!" demanded the preacher.

"Whut's de trouble wid mah preachin'? Don't I argufy?"

"You sho does, eldah," agreed the spokesman.

"Don't I 'sputify concernin' de Scriptures?"

"You suttinly does," admitted the other.

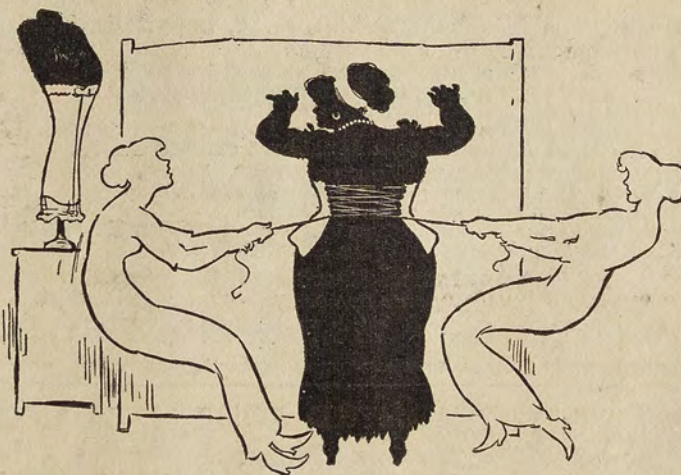
"Den what's wrong?"

"Well, eldah," stated the head of the committee, "hit's dis way: You argufies and you 'sputifies, but you don't show wherein!"

—*Saturday Evening Post*.



EXTRACT FROM NUMEROUS NOVELS
"HIS FACE LIT UP"



WAIST ENERGY

WANTED TO BE CERTAIN.

A SMALL LADY, carrying a hand-satchel and a "Guide-Book to the Metropolis," approached the tall policeman on the corner, and smiling affably, asked:

"Can you tell me the height of that building over there, please?"

"Six hundred and seventy-three feet and ten inches, from the sidewalk to the top of the tower."

"Thank you ever so much. And is it true that there are two hundred and thirty-six deaths in New York every twenty-four hours?"

"Can't say for sure, lady; would n't be surprised, though."

"Really! Is n't it dreadful! And can you tell me how many parks there are in the city?"

The tall policeman moved uncomfortably and gave the exact number with a deep sigh. The lady positively beamed on him as she asked:

"Is it really so that thirty years ago this spot was a cow-pasture 'where the lowing kine stood knee-deep in the shaded stream,' and the only building in sight was a church on that corner over there?"

The policeman looked longingly at his watch.

"That's what I've been told, but I dare say it's sort of exaggerated, you know, lady."

"Oh, do you think so? I hope you're mistaken; 'It's so sweet to think of these busy noisy streets once being peaceful green meadows, don't you think so? And to think that a rippling brook once intersected that corner, 'flowing between drooping willows and alders!' Do you think that is so?"

"Sure of it, lady."

"Really? Oh, I'm so glad! That is what the guide-book said, but I wanted to be perfectly certain of it. Thank you ever so much!"

And the small lady tripped joyfully away, while the large, tall policeman leaned against the corner and mopped his forehead vigorously.





Hearing the world's greatest artists
is an everyday pleasure with a Victrola



OUR RETURN HOME

As it would have been if we had stayed any longer at that New York hotel



"I WON'T LOOK HIM UP. IT MIGHT BE THAT MAN FRIDAY—BUT, ON THE OTHER HAND, IT MIGHT BE BILLY SUNDAY!"



"BOBBIE, YOU'RE VERY NAUGHTY. I HEARD YOU TELL SISTER TO GO TO THE DEVIL."

"YE NEEDN'T WORRY, MOTHER. SHE NEVER DOES WHAT I TELL HER."



UP. IT MIGHT BE
T, ON THE OTHER
LLY SUNDAY!"



HEARD YOU TELL SISTER
NE NEVER DOES WHAT I



CHEER UP, SUMMER IS COMING!

"PA, what does it mean when it says that a man has arrived at years of discretion?"

"It means, my son, that he's too young to die and too old to have any fun."

—New York Sun.

A Little Too Thrifty

Secretary of War Baker tells a story of a country youth who was driving to the county fair with his sweetheart when they passed a booth where fresh popcorn was for sale.

"My! Abner, ain't that nice?" said the girl.

"Ain't what nice?" asked Abner.

"Why, the popcorn; it smells so awfully good," replied the girl.

"It does smell kind o' fine," drawled the youth. "I'll jest drive a little closer so you can get a better smell."

—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Excuse

I'm very fond of exercise,
I'm getting much too fat,
And I would take some exercise
If it were not for that.

—*Canadian Courier.*

The Waist

An imag'nary line is the waist,
Which seldom stays long where it's
placed,

But ambles and skips
'Twixt the shoulders and hips—
According to popular taste.
—*Anthony Euwer, in Harper's Magazine.*

The End of Endurance

It was evening. He and she were
seated in her father's room burning her
father's gas.

"Answer me, Angelina!" he cried, in
a voice full of passionate earnestness.
"Answer me! I can bear this suspense
no longer."

"Answer him, Angelina!" came a
voice through the keyhole. "Answer
him! I can bear this expense no
longer."—*Tit-Bits.*

"A COUPLE," said Mrs. Simpkins, "got
married a few days ago after a courtship
which had lasted fifty years." "I sup-
pose," replied Mr. Simpkins, "the poor
old man had become too feeble to hold
out any longer."

—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

She Doesn't Expect Much

HE—A maid must not expect such
lovers as she finds in books. Few men
are paragons.

SHE—Oh! I should not expect a para-
gon. I should be satisfied with a lover,
young, handsome, brave, noble and un-
selfish.—*Dayton (Ohio) Herald.*

TRAVELER: Isn't this train pretty late?

STATION-MASTER: Yes, she is a bit be-
hind, mister, but we're expectin' her
every hour, now.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Too Evident

NERVOUS OLD LADY (*on small English
railway*): Oh, dear! how we're rocking!
I'm sure an accident will happen to this
train!

ELDERLY ABORIGINAL: It's along o'
their bein' short-handed wi' skilled men,
mum, so my son 'e offered to drive her
just to oblige, and (*confidentially*) I don't
think 'e knows much about it.

—*Passing Show.*



He: MY DEAR, POETS ARE BORN, NOT MADE
"I KNOW. I WAS NOT BLAMING YOU, DEAR"



"SPEED UP A LITTLE, JIM. HE'S GAINING ON US."



THE ABSENCE OF APPAREL OFT PROCLAIMS
THE MAN

UNNECESSARY EXERTION

Pullman Porter—Next stop is yo' station, sah. Shall I brush yo' off now?

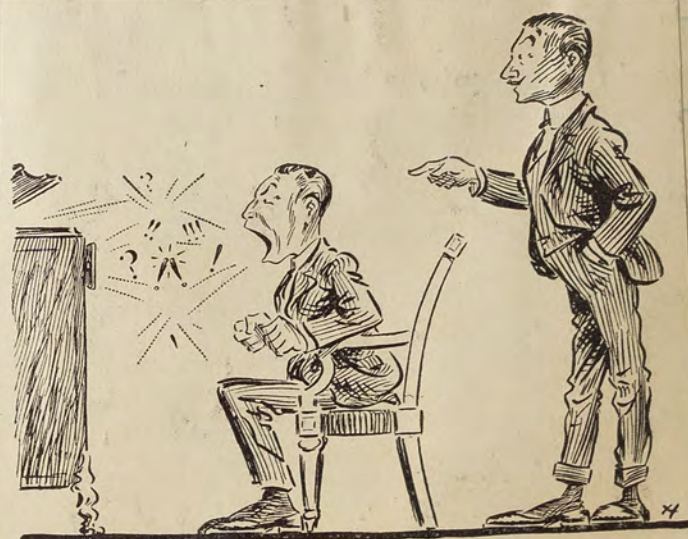
Morton Morose—No; it is not necessary. When the train stops I'll step off.—Judge.

Personally Interested

Tony, the office janitor, had been working faithfully at his job for several years, when he surprised his employer one day by asking for a vacation.

"We can't get along very well without you," said the boss. "You don't need a vacation. You'll only blow in your money and come back broke."

"I like to have vacation," persisted Tony. "I get married, and I kinda like to be there."—Argonaut.



Friend: WHY, THAT'S A RECORD OF
YOUR WIFE TALKING!

Jones: YES. I'M LEARNING TO TALK
BACK TO HER.



ATHLETICS
THE LAST LAP



"PLEASURE LIES IN THE PURSUIT OF
THE DESIRED OBJECT AND NOT
IN GAINING IT"



A Device For Acquaintance.

Herr (zur soeben eingestiegenen Dame):
"Gnädiges Fräulein—darf ich Ihnen meinem
Platz anbieten?"

Gentleman (to lady entering other-
wise empty car)—"May I offer you
my seat, miss?"—*Fliegende Blaetter*
(Munich).



NOT TO THE MANNER BORN
S. Urban—'S'matter? Is the man crazy?
Al Right—Stranger in New York, I guess.

Elusive

Consider now the ankle watch,
 Which seems to be
 A thing we hear a lot about
 And never see.

SEA-SIDE SPECIAL



A BUSINESS TRIP

Forewarned

Mr. Bachrack is a most considerate husband, but of course there is a limit.

Upon leaving home one morning, his wife requested him to purchase for her a pair of shoes, giving him a detailed description of the same.

Promptly on his luncheon hour Mr. Bachrack proceeded to the shoe emporium.

"I want a pair of button shoes for my wife," he announced, as the clerk came forward.

"What kind do you wish?"

"Doesn't matter—just so as they don't button in the back."—*Harper's Magazine*.

What Training Will Do

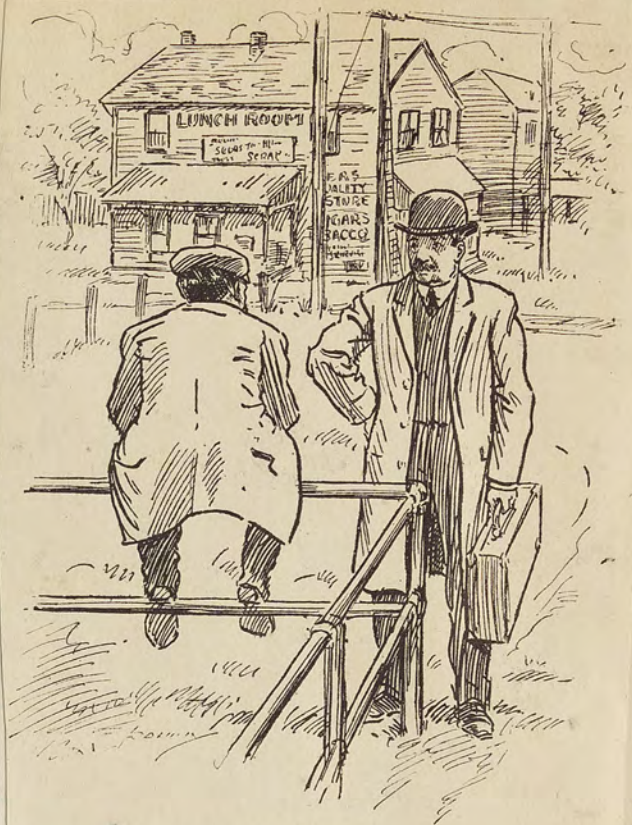
A traveler visiting a large factory made a bet with the manager that he would pick out all the married men among the employees. Accordingly, he stationed himself at the door as they came back from dinner, and mentioned all those whom he believed to be married, and in almost every case he was right. "How do you do it?" asked the manager in amazement. "Oh, it's quite simple," said the traveler, "quite simple. The married men all wipe their feet on the mat; the single men don't."—*Argonaut*.

A TOURIST, traveling in the Rocky Mountains, was introduced to an old hunter who claims to have killed no fewer than four hundred bears.

"Bill," said the introducer, "this feller wants to hear some narrer escapes you've had from bears."

The old man, rubbing his eyes, looked the stranger over, and said:

"Young man, if there's been any narrer escapes, the bears had 'em."—*Tit-Bits*.



CANDOR

Visitor—Does this town boast of a hotel?
Native—No; it apologizes for it.



"SHE LOVED A STRUGGLING LAWYER"

A Few Best Sellers

The principal character in the following dialogue was not engaged in flirtation, but merely requisitioning a few novels:

YOUNG LADY (*reading from list*):
"Engaged to Be Married"?

LIBRARIAN (*referring to shelf*): No, madam.

LADY: "Thou Art the Man"?

LIBRARIAN: Yes, madam.

LADY: Thank you. "Two Kisses"?

LIBRARIAN: Out, madam.

LADY: "After Dark"?

LIBRARIAN: Yes, madam.

LADY: Thanks. "Love Me Forever"?

LIBRARIAN: No. "Wood and Married"?

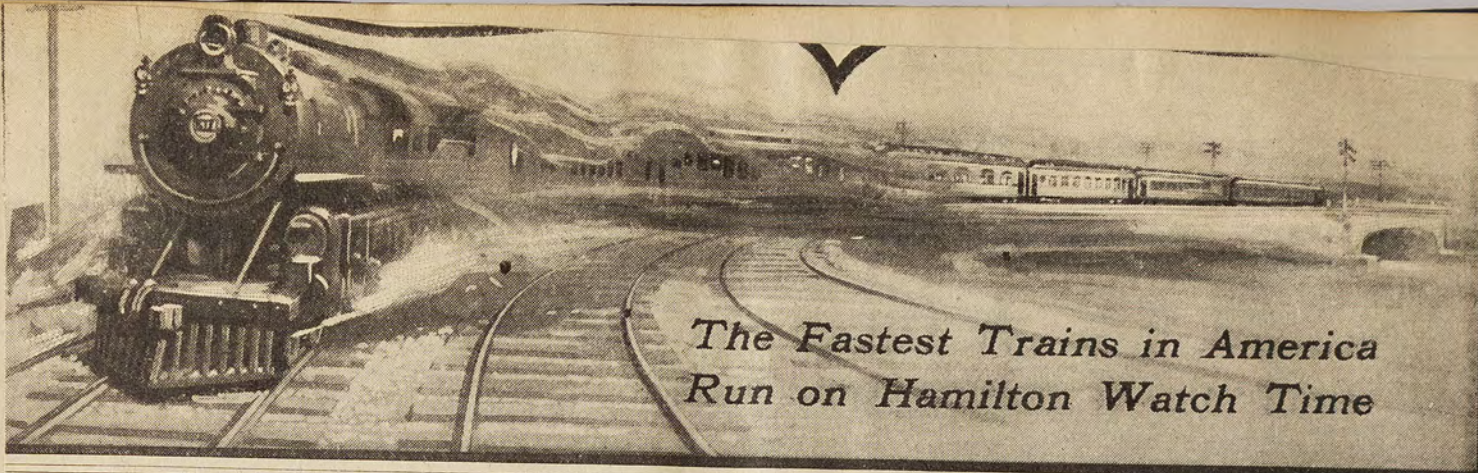
LADY: No, thank you. "Under Love's Rule"?

LIBRARIAN: No, madam.

LADY: "Good-bye, Sweetheart"?

Thank you very much.

—*The Books of To-day and To-Morrow.*



Twenty-five Years Hence

"HAVE you a light, Clarinda?"

"John, do you promise to love, honor and obey this woman?"

"Children, here are five dollars—go out and buy yourselves a stick of candy."

"On to Ottawa!"

"The soup is all cold, Ethelwynda. I don't see why you should have stayed for the extra innings."

"Eloise, I am thoroughly satisfied

with your genealogical chart, your blood-analysis and your phrenological certificate. I should like now for you to examine into my own heredity with a view to considering an offer of marriage."

"I solicit your vote, madam. I am a candidate for railroad engineer, subject to the action of the Democratic party."

"Come, Willie, we are going to the Zoo to see the horses."

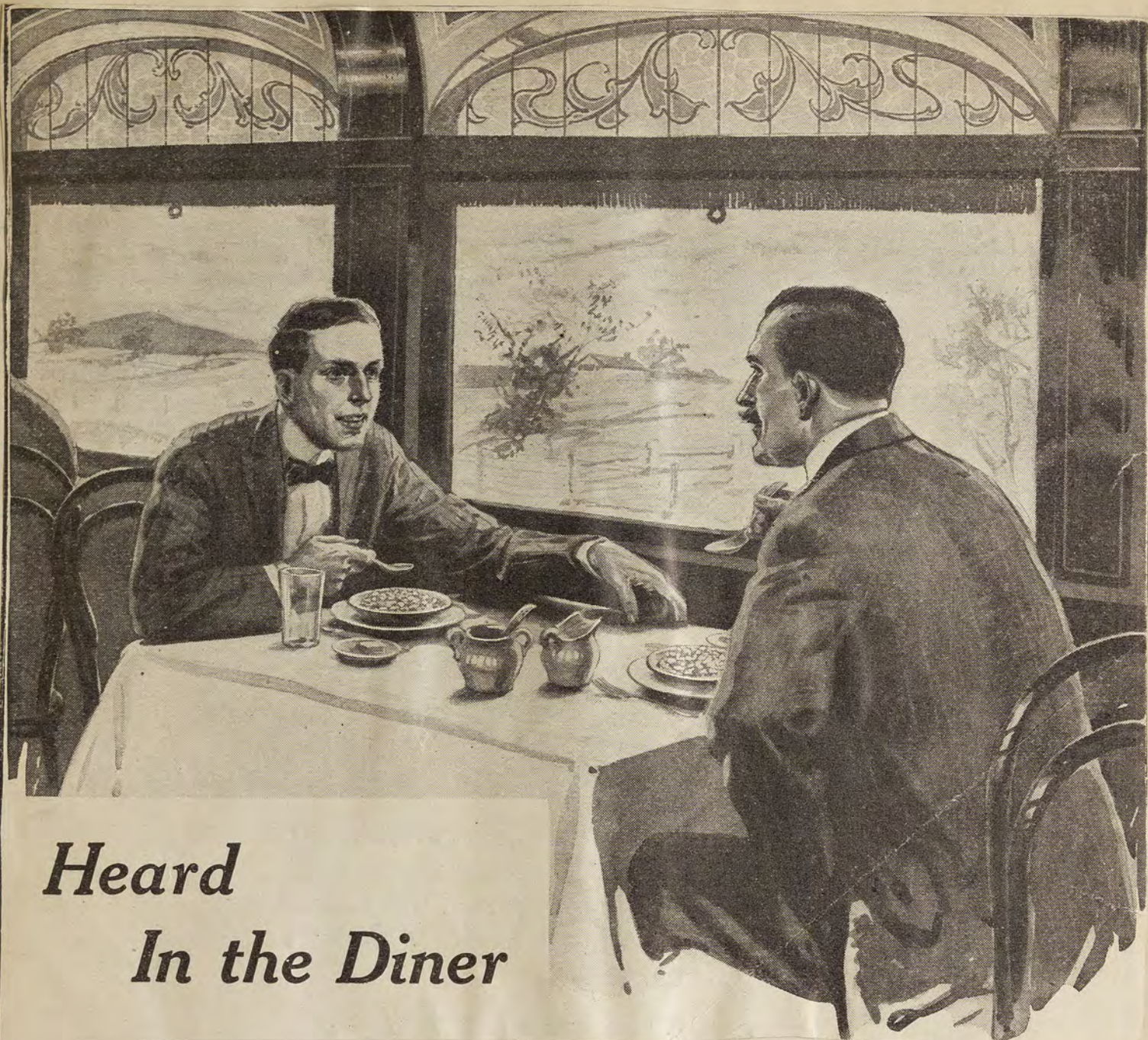
"'Rah for Teddy!"

"Faster!"



"OH, THE LITTLE MORE, AND HOW MUCH IT IS" —Browning.

Laugh and Grow Fat!



*Heard
In the Diner*

**Health
Is All
Important**



"SAY, YOUSE! PASSENGERS AIN'T ALLOWED ON THE FRONT PLATFORM!"



"I Obeyed That Impulse!"

Not Much of an Eater

MRS. DUFF (to new maid). "But, Mary, there are only two in the family, Mr. Duff and myself; why have you set places for three?"

THE NEW MAID. "Sure, ma'am, it was the cook that told me you had a pianer player in the house."



IN THE SUBWAY AT THE CENTURY

Faithful to the End

A reporter on a Kansas City paper was among those on a relief train that was being rushed to the scene of a railway wreck in Missouri. About the first victim the Kansas City reporter saw was a man sitting in the road with his back to a fence. He had a black eye, his face was somewhat scratched, and his clothes were badly torn—but he was entirely calm.

The reporter jumped to the side of the man against the fence. "How many hurt?" he asked of the prostrate one.

"Haven't heard of anybody being hurt," said the battered person.

"What was the cause of the wreck?"

"Wreck? Haven't heard of any wreck."

"You haven't heard of any wreck? Who are you, anyhow?"

"Well, young man, I don't know that that's any of your business, but I am the claim-agent of this road."

—Harper's Magazine.

Why She Wouldn't Pay—"You'll have to pay for that little boy," said the conductor on a Michigan Central train the other day.

"I guess not," said the lady firmly.

"Have you never had to buy a ticket for him?"

"No, I have not, and I will not begin now."

"You will have to pay his fare this time."

"No, I shall not pay his fare. That is settled, Mr. Conductor."

"If you don't pay his fare I cannot let him occupy a seat. I will stop the train and put him off."

"Stop the train and put him off if you like. He's not my little boy. I never saw him before."—*Detroit News*.

Needless Alarm—An old German farmer entered the office of a wholesale druggist one morning and addressed the proprietor.

"Mister Becker, I haf der schmall pox"—

"Merciful heavens, Mr. Jacobs," exclaimed Becker, as the office force scrambled over each other in their hurry to get out, "don't come any nearer!"

"Vot's der madder mit you fellers, anyhow?" quietly replied Jacobs. "I say I haf der schmall pox of butter out in mine wagon vot der Mrs. Becker ordered las' week already."—*National Food Magazine*.

Getting Down to Facts

“WHERE are you going to spend the summer?”

“Same place as last year, I think.”

“Pretty good place, eh?”

“Fine!”

“Have clean rooms?”

“Yes.”

“Plenty to eat?”

“All I could get away with.”

“Many other boarders?”

“Not any; a decidedly exclusive place.”

“Chickens or pigs or such bother you?”

“Didn’t notice ’em.”

“Huh! Must ’a’ been swell! Any mosquitoes?”

“Well, one or two, maybe; but not many.”

“Were you near the water?”

“Yes. Near water, links, tennis courts; everything handy.”

“Must ’a’ cost a pile.”

“No more’n it cost me in town in winter.”

“Get fresh fruits?”

“Every day.”

“Any scraps with farmers?”

“Didn’t have one.”

“Charge you for things you didn’t get?”

“Not when I was looking.”

“Well—you didn’t tell me where you spent last summer.”

“Why, I stayed home.”—A. W. U.

Jones Caught

JONES usually caught the five-thirty train out of the Grand Central for New Rochelle. This day, however, he had met a friend and remained over to renew acquaintanceship. He was plainly up against it, but finally managed to get the following wire off to Mrs. Jones:

“Missed the five-thirty. Don’t keep dinner waiting. Will be a little late to-night.”

It was long after midnight when he left the train at New Rochelle and ten minutes later before he reached home.

Mrs. Jones met him at the front door.

“You got my message, darling?” he asked, pressing a box of bonbons into her hands.

“Oh, yes!” quickly returned Mrs. Jones. “I got it all right. But I would like to know why you sent a wire at four-thirty, telling me you had missed the five-thirty train.”

Jones couldn’t.

Self Restraint

It was a very hot day and the fat drummer who wanted the twelve-twenty train got through the gate at just twelve-twenty-one. The ensuing handicap was watched with absorbed interest both from the train and the station platform. At its conclusion the breathless and perspiring knight of the road wearily took the back trail, and a vacant-faced “red cap” came out to relieve him of his grip.

“Mister,” he inquired, “was you tryin’ to ketch that Pennsylvania train?”

“No, my son,” replied the patient man. “No; I was merely chasing it out of the yard.”—*Saturday Evening Post*.

Close Quarters.

For the first time in her life she was about to make a railway journey. When she arrived at the station she didn't know what to do.

She hailed a porter.

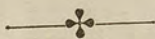
"Young man," she said, "can you tell me where I get my ticket?"

"Right there at the bookin' orfis," answered the porter, jerking his thumb backward; "through the pigeon 'ole."

She regarded the hole, and then she regarded the porter. Her face was crimson with insult.

"You be off, you idiot," she screamed.

"How on earth do you think I'm going to get through there? I ain't no blessed pigeon."



PAUL GOULD • P 6

Hotel Clerk (making out his bill):
AND DID YOU TAKE A BATH, SIR?
Guest: VY, ISS DER VON MISSING?



RECENT CONVERTS

Not Flirtatious—"Is my wife forward?" asked the passenger on the Limited.

"I really couldn't say, sir," answered the apologetic conductor. "I never gave her the opportunity."—*Williams Purple Cow.*



SEEING NEW YORK



Oh, But It Was Cruel

A woman entered a railway train crowded with winter tourists and happened to take a seat in front of a newly married couple. She was hardly seated before the couple began making remarks about her which some of the passengers must have heard.

Her last year's bonnet and cloak were freely criticised, with more or less giggling on the bride's part; and there is no telling what might have come next if the woman had not put a sudden stop to the conversation by a bit of clever feminine strategy.

She turned her head, noticed that the bride was considerably older than the bridegroom, and in the smoothest of tones said:

"Madam, will you please have your son remove his feet from the back of my chair?"—*Ladies' Home Journal*.



A Club Sandwich.
—*Harvard Lampoon*.



Salesman: THERE'S A MIRROR BEHIND YOU, SIR
 The Lady: NEVER MIND THE MIRROR, YOUNG MAN. I'M PERFECTLY CAPABLE
 OF TELLING HIM WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE

W and Double U

"Spell your name!" said the court clerk sharply.

The witness began: "O, double T, I, double U, E, double I, double——"

"Wait!" ordered the clerk; "begin again!"

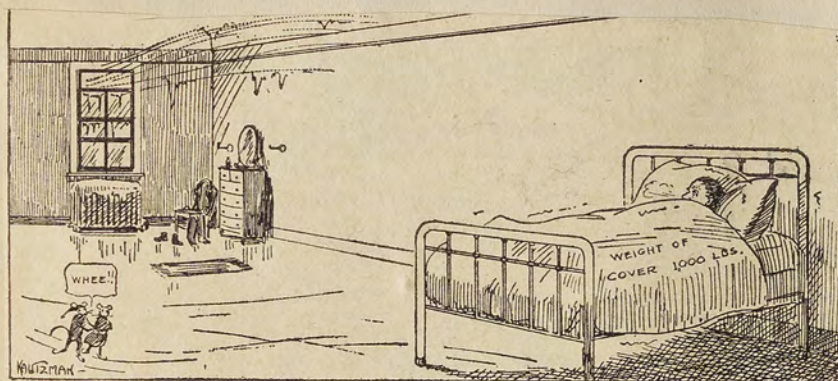
The witness repeated: "O, double T, I, double U, E, double L, double U, double O——"

"Your Honor!" roared the clerk, "I beg that this man be committed for contempt of court!"

"What is your name?" asked the Judge.

"My name, Your Honor, is Ottiwell Wood, and I spell it O, double T, I, double U, E, double L, double U, double O, D."

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*



YOUR BEDROOM

AS IT SEEMS AT THE MOMENT YOU HAVE TO GET UP

Fashion's Ills

FOREVER, since the world began,
Diseases have afflicted man.
Now, put a stop to them, who can?

The fevers, aches, the pains and chills
Have brought the doctor with his pills,
Who faileth not to send his bills.

Complaints there are that 'bide by rules
Dame Fashion dictates to her schools,
Attended by a flock of fools.

Appendicitis was *the* thing,
Glass arm's been placed within a sling,
And housemaid's knee is on the wing.

Some other ills to cut a dash—
Bicycle kidney, golfer's rash—
Are likely soon to go to smash.

What next distemper will prevail
We know not; but we loudly wail
That the inventor, without bail,
Summarily be sent to jail!

—*Addison F. Andrews.*

Close Rub

The steamer was on the point of leaving, and the passengers lounged on the deck and waited for the start. At length one of them espied a cyclist in the far distance, and it soon became evident that he was doing his level best to catch the boat.

Already the sailors' hands were on the gangways, and the cyclist's chance looked small indeed. Then a sportive passenger wagered a sovereign to a shilling that he would miss it. The of-

fer was taken, and at once the deck became a scene of wild excitement.

"He'll miss it."

"No; he'll just do it."

"Come on!"

"He won't do it."

"Yes, he will. He's done it. Hurrah!"

In the very nick of time the cyclist arrived, sprang off his machine, and ran up the one gangway left.

"Cast off!" he cried.

It was the captain.—*Tit Bits.*



"OH, HENRY, ISN'T EVERYTHING IN NATURE BEAUTIFUL?"

A NEW YORK salesman tells of a stay made by him in a Western hotel where he observed an old-fashioned roller-towel. "Say," asked the Gothamite of a man in the washroom, "don't the owner of this hotel know that it's against the law of the State of Illinois to use roller-towels now?"

"He knows it all right enough," said the man addressed, "but that law wasn't passed when this towel was put up."—*Argonaut*.

Exciting Times

"Well," mused six-year-old Harry, as he was being buttoned into a clean white suit, "this has been an exciting week, hasn't it, mother? Monday we went to the Zoo, Wednesday I lost a tooth, Thursday was Lily's birthday party, Friday I was sick, yesterday I had my hair cut, and now here I am rushing off to Sunday-school."—*Lippincott's*.



"BUT, MY DEAR JANE, I HAVEN'T SAID A WORD."

"NEVERTHELESS I KNOW WHAT YOU WERE THINKING, AND THERE'S NO USE SAYING YOU WEREN'T, FOR I WOULDN'T BELIEVE YOU IF YOU DIDN'T."

Safety First

A man observed that in these days of change and trying to keep up with Lizzie he had made it a rule never to ask a man how his wife was if he hadn't kept track of the pair for a couple of months. The rule was the result of his having said to a woman: "I had a long talk with your husband yesterday," and her reply: "Had you, indeed? He's a very interesting man, as I remember him."

—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

A Limerick

A gentleman of Albuquerque
 Raised a very fine Thanksgiving terque;
 When they said "Does it trot?"
 He said, "Certainly not;
 But its walk is a little bit jerque."

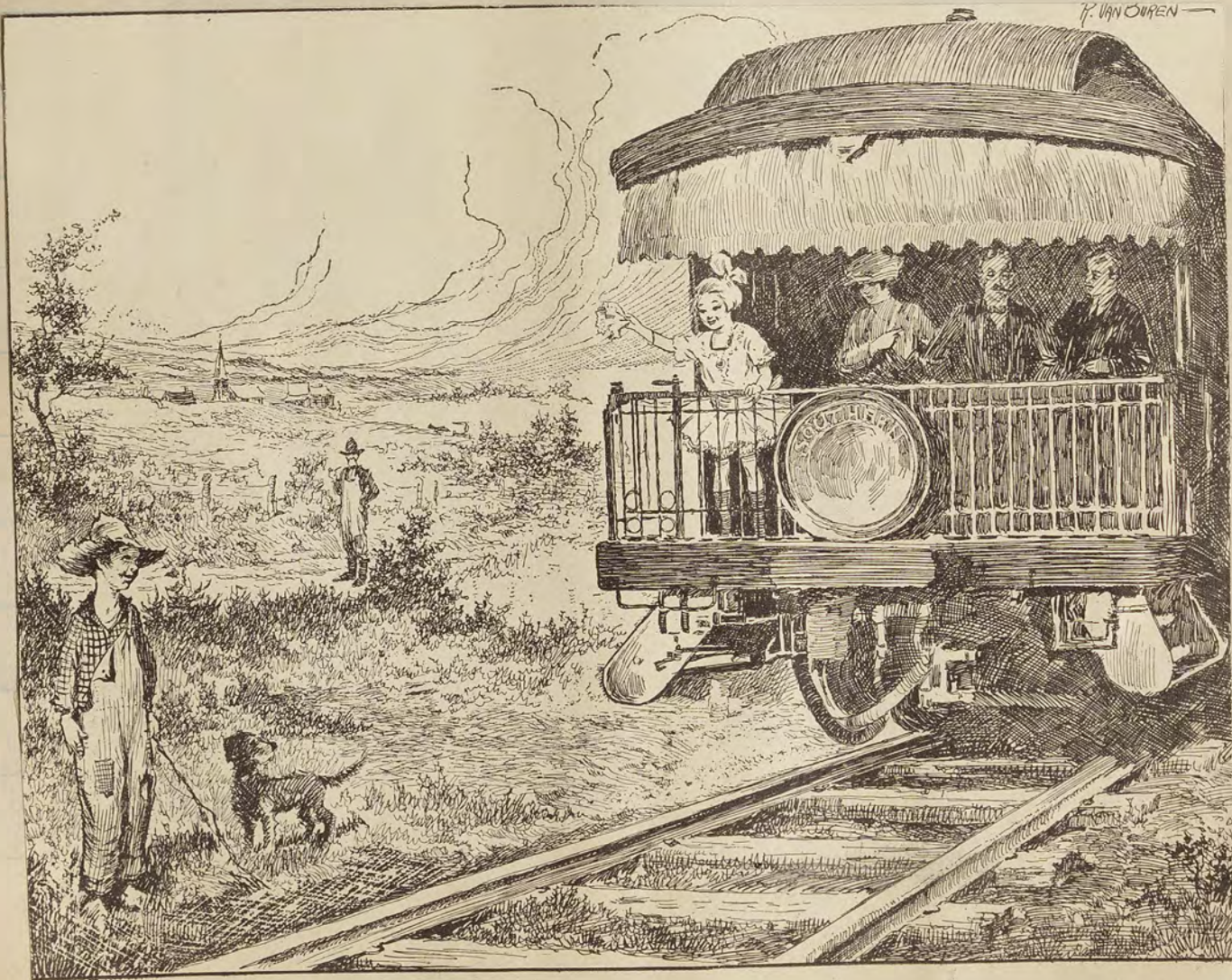
—*Woman's Home Companion.*

At a negro wedding, when the clergy-
 man read the words "love, honor and
 obey", the bridegroom interrupted and
 said: "Read that again, sah! Read it
 once mo', so's de lady kin ketch de full
 solemnity ob de meanin'. I'se been mar-
 ried befo'."—*Argonaut.*

A Perfect Program

This story has the merit of being true,
 anyhow: The official pessimist of a small
 Western city, a gentleman who had wres-
 tled with chronic dyspepsia for years,
 stood in front of the post office as the
 noon whistles sounded.

"Twelve o'clock, eh?" he said, half to
 himself and half to an acquaintance.
 "Well, I'm going home to dinner. If
 dinner ain't ready I'm going to raise hell;
 and if it is ready I ain't going to eat a
 bite."—*Saturday Evening Post.*



R O M A N C E



We Can't All Be Beautiful



Are You an Optimist?

A Run for the Money

A traveler bought a ticket and then, going out on the platform, said:

"How soon does the train start?"

"Why, there she goes now," said a porter. "You've just missed her."

The traveler kept on the line and set out in pursuit of the train with all his might. But in two or three minutes he came trudging back.

A laughing crowd had gathered and the porter said:

"Well, did you catch her?"

"No," said the traveler, "but, by jingo, I made her puff."—*Kansas City Star.*



"Conductor," inquired the nervous old lady, "which end of the car do I get off?"

"Either end, madam," replied the polite conductor; "both ends stop."

In the Sere and Yellow

"I am getting old," confessed Uncle Pester. "Age is creeping on me. I notice the signs more and more frequently. For instance, the other day, when the circus was here——"

"Why, you went to it!"

"Oh, yes! I went, but I got kind of tired of the hard seats before the big show was over and didn't stay for the concert at all!"—*Kansas City Star.*

In Suspense

A small boy gazed long and earnestly at a fat man who stood on a corner absent-mindedly chewing the end of a piece of string. Finally the man noticed the boy and inquired,

"Well, my little man, what interests you?"

"Please, sir," the boy returned, "when are you going to pull that tooth?"

THAT LOVE MATCH.

TOM was in love with Betty, and Betty was in love with Tom, although she had not confessed it to him. The girl decided that before giving her answer she would visit her friend Mary. Mary and Henry had been married four years, and it had been called a love match. "Here," said Betty to herself, "is one who will tell me that my high ideals concerning marriage are practical, for she has had experience."

Two days after Betty's arrival at her friend's suburban home the subject was discussed while the girls were sitting on the back porch. It was early evening, and the pretty June night seemed to invite confidences. "Betty," said Mary, sentimentally, "why don't you marry and find out how happy you can be?" "I have always thought that the



"WET WEATHER WE'RE HAVING, ISN'T IT, MR. BALDWIN?"

MRS. HOYLE: She hasn't much political influence.

MRS. DOYLE: I should say not; she doesn't control her husband's vote.

greatest happiness is found in married life when the husband and wife truly love each other," answered Betty. Then she added, untruthfully, "I am afraid I do not care enough for any man to marry him." "You silly girl!" exclaimed the wife. "You have too high-toned notions, and I want you to listen to me." Betty was delighted. She had come for information, and Mary was a good talker.

"In the first place, you must get this story-book nonsense out of your head, for of course there is no love like that. Marry a man who is fond of you, and a man that you like. Forget your ideal of love such as we used to talk about in our school-days, for it doesn't exist. When you have a nice home of your own, and are settled for life, that brings happiness. I have never loved Henry, but I like him, and we don't have nearly so many differences as we used to have. There is a lot in getting used to one another. To be sure, *Henry* was crazy about *me*, and wouldn't take 'no' for an answer." Giving her friend's hand a little squeeze, she went on: "I know you are popular with the men, and I hope you will profit by my experience and decide to marry before very long. Do you hear?"

"*I hear*," said Betty.

A NEWLY published book tells of a tramp who found twelve thousand dollars and with it got into society. Not an ordinary tramp if he did with twelve thousand dollars. An efficiency expert.

—*Courier-Journal.*

A moment later Henry joined them, and after they had praised the moon and stars Mary went into the house for a shoulder-throw. Henry immediately began to make pretty speeches. "You are foolish," Betty told him. "Don't you know that it is very silly of a married man to talk in this manner to a girl?"

"I guess you're right," he sighed. He looked stealthily toward the house, found his wife was not in sight, lowered his voice, and remarked that it was a great relief to find some sympathetic person to whom he could talk freely. Betty had not expected to get his point of view, and she almost gasped.

"Gee!" said the fond husband, "I'm sorry that I am not single, and able to come and go as I like. Of course, Mary is a mighty good sort, but my need of a home was what drove me to marriage. I tell you, when a fellow has been boarding, and has had enough of restaurants and hotels, he finds that matrimony is the only way out. I must say that my wife is a capable housekeeper, and has always seen to it that I had a well-ordered home. I liked her as well as anyone I knew, and *she* certainly was *gone* on *me*. Do you really understand me?"

"I *understand*," said Betty.

D. I. Nichols.

What Do You Think?



"DARN YOU! IF YOU HADN'T BUTTED IN, WE'D HAVE BEEN MARRIED IN TWO MINUTES MORE!"



Don't Get the Habit



for
HOT
WEATHER



POKER TERM
"THREE OF A KIND AND A PAIR"

Wary

A woman, wearing an anxious expression, called at an insurance office one morning.

"I understand," she said, "that for five dollars I can insure my house for a thousand dollars in your company."

"Yes," replied the agent, "that is right. If your house burns down we pay you one thousand dollars."

"And," continued the woman anxiously, "do you make any inquiries as to the origin of the fire?"

"Certainly," was the prompt reply; "we make the most careful inquiries, madam."

"Oh!"—and she turned to leave the office—"I thought there was a catch in it somewhere."—*Everybody's*.

The Medicine That Helped

Imagination must always be reckoned with in medicine—sometimes as a friend, sometimes as a foe. A certain doctor, says the *Washington Star*, treated an old woman for typhoid fever. On each visit he took her temperature by putting a thermometer under her tongue.

One day, when she was nearly well, the doctor did not bother to take her temperature. He had hardly got one hundred yards from the house when her son called him back.

"Mother is worse," said the man. "Come back at once."

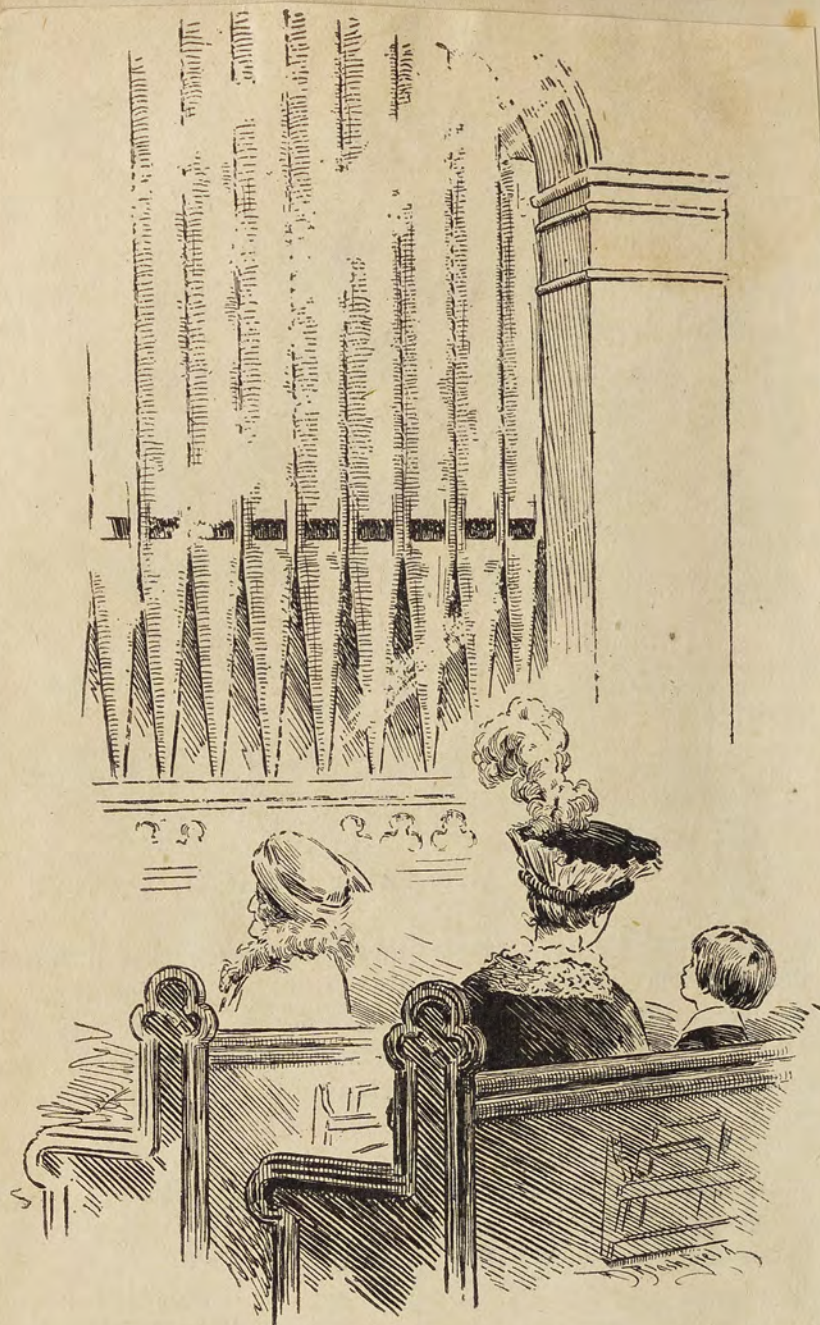
The doctor returned. As he came into the sick-room the old woman looked up at him with angry and reproachful eyes.

"Doctor," she said, "why didn't you give me the jigger under me tongue to-day? That always did me more good than all the rest of your trash."

—*Youth's Companion*.



THE MAN WHO FORGETS TO MOVE ALONG



"MOTHER, THAT'S THE BIGGEST RADIATOR I EVER SAW"

"WHY has your wife decided to give up the European trip she was contemplating?"

"She happened to hear somebody say that travel broadened one."

—Chicago Record-Herald.



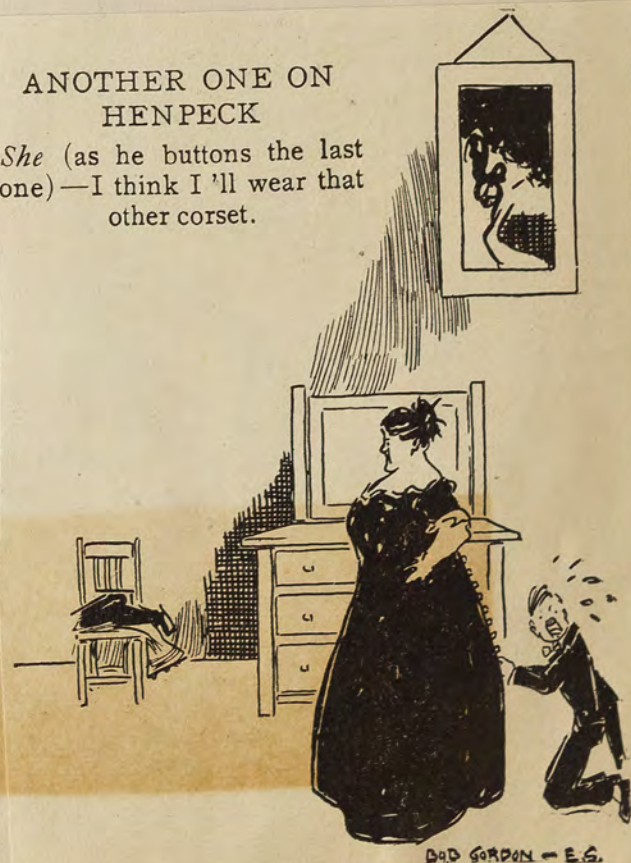
YOUNG.

MRS. MURPHY (*in the museum*). —Shure, they say this Venus thing is two thousand years old.

MR. MURPHY. —Talk a bout holdin' wan's age! She don't look over twinty!

ANOTHER ONE ON
HENPECK

She (as he buttons the last one) —I think I'll wear that other corset.



DOD GORDON — E.G.

Her Executive Ability.



WELL-KNOWN Arkansas bachelor, Mr. Hod Durnitt, upon being interrogated by a friend while awaiting the arrival of the west-bound train at the railway station in Polkville, confessed. "Well, no," said he, "I'm not going to marry the Widder McCorkendade, after all, in spite of the prevailing impression to the contrary. Instead, I am going to hang my harp on a willer tree, as it were, and light out for Arizona; that is, if the widder don't get here before the train does. Not that I'm hurting, prezisely, to go to Arizona; but Arizona's a good ways from here, and—er—ah— No, there ain't nothing the matter with Pearl—Pearl's her first name, you know—except that she's a little too—er—able, so to express it. She has run the farm mighty well since her husband died, and nobody ever really blamed her for flinging scalding water on the constable the time you prob'ly recollect, and she can trade horses as good as the average man, and—but, still, she's a lit-



tle too accomplished, sorter, it 'pears to me. I was out there a couple of hours ago—it's a good place, too, and she's a fine cook and all that; but

—well, while we was setting there on the porch, talking of our future happiness and the like of that, a couple of the dogs got to fighting. A man's way, you know, when dogs fight, is to yank 'em apart and kick 'em in opposite directions and let it go at that. But Pearlie done different. She just grabbed 'em by the tails, snatched 'em loose from each other, swung 'em up and went to wringing 'em around in the air like you'd wring a chicken's head off, with the poor varmints yelling bloody murder at every revolution, and then flung 'em this way and that without even looking, and came and set down close to me and took up the talk right where she'd left off. Nacher'l enough, the question riz in my mind, if she'd treat a couple of good dogs that-a-way, what in this world of sin would she do to a husband? And so—well, if you chance to see Pearlie after I've left, tell her I've gone to Greenland or Patagonia, or any place you happen to think of but Arizona. She might take a notion to come there."

—Tom P. Morgan.

All Off

A man very much out of breath ran into the railway station and made a wild rush for the ticket-seller's window. A few moments later he came back and sat down with an air of dejection.

"So you missed your train," remarked his neighbor. "I suppose there was a woman at the ticket-window hunting for her pocket-book?"

"Worse than that," replied the disappointed one. "There was a fat man trying to get through the turnstile."

—Lippincott's.

BOLDNESS ADMIRER

"I forgot myself and spoke angrily to my wife," remarked Mr. Meekton. "Did she resent it?"

"For a moment. But Henrietta is a fair-minded woman. After she thought it over she shook hands with me and congratulated me on my bravery."—Washington Star.

Had Not Gone

He was a new customer from the country, and he had given a fairly large order. The courteous old senior partner was conducting him over the establishment, and the various improvements caused Mr. Giles boundless astonishment. A table telephone interested him as much as anything. He had never seen anything of the sort before.

"It is a great convenience to us," explained the senior partner. "You see, I can communicate with all our departments without moving from my seat here."

"My, that's wonderful!" said Giles. "Can I try it for myself?"

"Certainly."

The visitor got himself switched on to the packing-room.

"Have Mr. Giles of Mudbury's goods been sent off yet?" he inquired.

Back came the answer:

"No; we haven't packed 'em yet. We're waiting for a telegram from his town; he looks like a slippery customer"

—*Tit-Bits.*



Pup: I SUPPOSE THAT'S WHAT THEY MEAN WHEN THEY SPEAK OF "A HARMONIOUS HOLE."

Figures Lie Again

'Bena was much excited over the prospects of a camp meeting that was about to take place in her neighborhood. For weeks she had been preparing gay and gaudy feathers for the array, and now her outfit was complete, save a pair of much-desired patent leather slippers. She approached her mistress.

"Miss Ford," she said, "I sho' wants to git a pair o' slippers 'fo' de meetin' commences, an' I ain't got a single cent lef'."

"What size do you wear, 'Bena?" asked her mistress.

"Mah right numbah is 'fo," she replied, "but I has to weah sebens, 'cause fo's hurt me dat bad I jes' natcherly caint hardly walk."

—*Woman's Home Companion.*

In Plain English

One of the upper ten thousand who was visiting America accepted the hospitality of a gentleman in New York. When taking farewell of his host the latter asked him what he thought of the American people.

"Well," answered the nobleman, "I like them immensely, but I miss something."

"What is that?" asked the Yankee.

"I miss the aristocracy," replied the Englishman.

"What are they?" naïvely asked his host.

"The aristocracy!" said the nobleman in a somewhat surprised tone of voice. "Why, they are people who do nothing, you know; whose fathers did nothing, you know; whose grandfathers did nothing, you know—in fact, the aristocracy—"

Here he was interrupted by the American, who chimed in with: "Oh! we've plenty of them over here; but we don't call them aristocracy—we call them tramps."—*Argonaut.*



A LEADING CLUB WOMAN

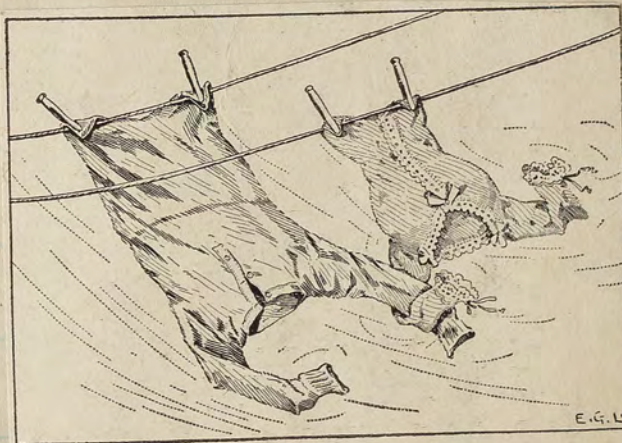
YOSEMITE



Do You Ever Stop To Think?



"MY DEAR MADAM, WHAT YOU NEED IS EXERCISE. TRY BUTTONING YOUR OWN SHOES EVERY MORNING."



A FLIRTATION



THE ONLY APPARENT SOLUTION
The Guard: LIVELY THERE NOW—BOTH GATES!



"M'RIA, LET GO! THE TRAIN'S STARTED!"

USUALLY.

WILLIS.—What's that little thing you've got there?

GILLIS.—That's one of the new patent collapsible trunks. I carry everything in it.

WILLIS.—And what's that packing-box for?

GILLIS.—That isn't a packing-box. That's the card-index system for the trunk.



Really! Really!

Tramp (to the elderly spinster)—Gimme a pair o' boots, lidy.

Spinster—I haven't any to give away.

Tramp—Then arst yer 'usbin' if 'e ain't got an ole pair o' trowsers to spare.

Spinster (not wishing to betray her unwedded state)—My husband—er—never wears such things.—Sketch (London).



CRAWFORD: What prompted him
 to buy a car?

CRABSHAW: He says his wife is
 afraid to ride in one.

From Pure Joy of Living

Miss Maria Thompson Daviess, the author, having lived all her life in the South, has a fund of humorous stories about the negroes. The following one is her favorite:

One day she walked down a street in Nashville with a guest from the North. The street was crowded with negroes, who were forming in line for a parade. Miss Daviess's guest was curious to know what it was about; and seeing a boy whom she knew, Miss Daviess called him to her.

"What's the occasion for the parade, Tom?" she asked.

The boy looked at her with a grin. "La, Miss Daviess," he replied, "don' you-all know colored folks well 'nough to know dat dey don' need no 'casion foh a p'rade?"—*Youth's Companion*.



SOCIETY NOTE

"THE BRIDE WORE A WREATH OF ROSES"



SEQUEL

"A book of verses underneath a tree—
Romantic stuff I used to quote, and me
Beside myself with infelicity!
Ah, paradise were wilderness—with thee!"

Fair Play

Two motorists, having almost ruined their tempers—and their tires—in a vain attempt to find a hotel with a vacant bed, were at last forced to make the best of a small inn. Even then they had to share a bed, which was—and on this the landlord laid great stress—a feather-bed.

They turned in, and one of the pair was soon fast asleep. The other was not. He could not manage to dodge the lumps, and heard hour after hour strike on the church clock until three. Then he violently shook his snoring friend.

"What's the matter?" growled the sleeper. "It can't be time to get up yet!"

"No, it isn't," retorted his friend, continuing to shake him, "but it's my turn to sleep on the feather!"—*Everybody's*.



IN SOUTHERN WATERS

"And I would that my tongue would utter
The thoughts that arise in me."

Tennyson.



"YOURS IN HASTE"

ONLY ONE GLANCE.

"Did you notice that woman who just passed?" inquired he.

"The one," responded she, "with the gray hat, the white feather, the red velvet roses, the mauve jacket, the black skirt, the mink furs, and the lavender spats?"

"Yes."

"Not particularly." — Kansas City Journal.

English Papers Please Copy

The teacher had guests at school one afternoon and naturally was anxious for her pupils to make a good impression.

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

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

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

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

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

MR. BROWN had just registered and was about to turn away when the clerk asked:

"Beg pardon, but what is your name?"

"Name!" echoed the indignant guest. "Don't you see my signature there on the register?"

"I do," returned the clerk calmly. "That is what aroused my curiosity."

—*Everybody's.*



PRIMA FACIE EVIDENCE

"DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THE TERRIBLE FRIGHT BOBBY GOT ON THE DAY OF HIS WEDDING?"

"NO, BUT I WAS AT THE CHURCH AND SAW HER."



"CAN I GET OFF TO-MORROW, BOSS, FOR A WEDDING?"
 "DO YOU HAVE TO GO?"
 "I'D LIKE TO—I'M THE BRIDEGROOM."

A Hero's Sacrifice

"GOODNESS gracious alive, George!" exclaims the wife, when her husband appears at her side on the street, attired in a sleeveless undershirt, short unmentionables, oxford shoes, a hat and nothing else. "Have you gone crazy? Why, look how the people all stare at you and talk about you! You are making us ridiculously conspicuous."

"That's all right, darling," the brave man answers. "I've got so darned tired of the way other people rubber at you in your thin clothes that I concluded to do something in the same line and distract their attention. At that, I've got pretty near as much clothes on as you have."

What Next?

What of the styles for next season?
 What sort of hats shall we wear?
 What modes will show signs of reason?
 What shall we do with our hair?
 What startling dance will enthrall us?
 What game of cards shall we play?
 What new disease must befall us?
 What sort of clubs will hold sway?
 What brand-new microbes will hurt us?
 What former faiths go adrift?
 What new reforms will divert us?
 What shall we try to uplift?

—The Club-Fellow.



The Sympathetic Curate.

Steward—"Can I do anything for your wife, sir?"

Curate—"It isn't my wife, I don't know who it is—poor thing!"—The Sketch (London).

25 and 50

IN Nantucket there are many widows and spinsters, left quite alone, who are accustomed to hire a man to sleep in their houses to ward off any possible nocturnal dangers. One man who came to have quite a business in this line, put out, above his door, a sign which read as follows:

Odd jobs during the day,
Twenty-five cents an hour.
Sleeping with nervous old ladies,
Fifty cents.



“ZACHARIAH! REMEMBER YOU CAN'T SWIM.”



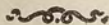
"YOU CAN LEAD A HORSE TO WATER, BUT YOU CAN'T
MAKE HIM DRINK"

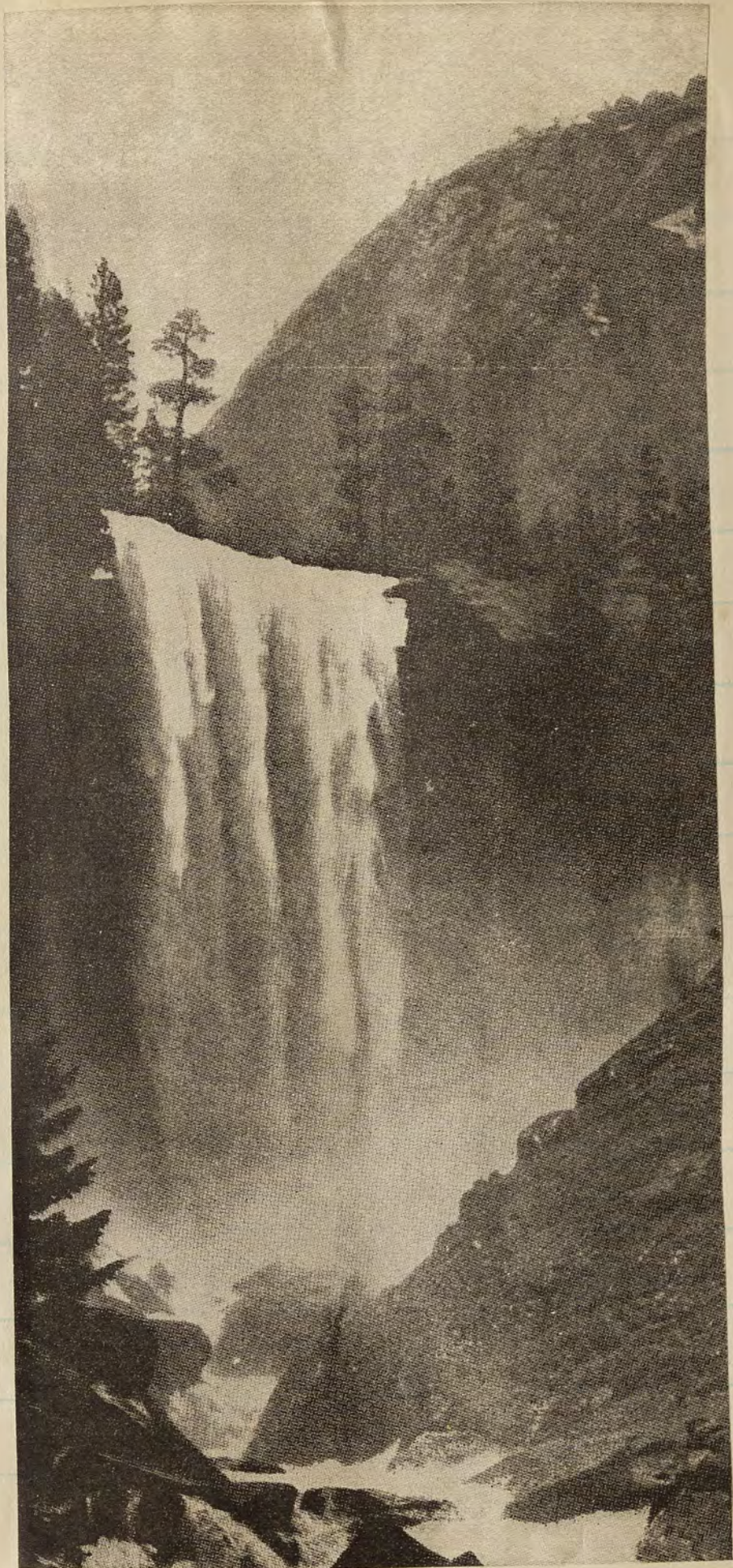
A SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher was quizzing her class of boys on the strength of their desire for righteousness. "All those who wish to go to heaven," she said, "please stand."

All got to their feet but one small boy.

"Why, Johnny," exclaimed the shocked teacher, "do you mean to say that you don't want to go to heaven?"

"No, ma'am," replied Johnny promptly. "Not if that bunch is going."





Authoritatively Informed

"So you come from New York," said an English lady to a traveling American. "I supposed, of course, you came from Boston."

"Why did you think that?" inquired the New York lady.

"I supposed all cultivated, intelligent Americans came from Boston."

"But what in the world made you think that?" was the natural question.

"Oh, I don't know, exactly. I think it was a Boston lady who told me."

—*Christian Register* (Boston).

No Such Name

Paul Armstrong tells of a friend of his, an exceedingly deaf man, who was being introduced to a young woman. The young woman was pretty, but she had a strange name. Her name was Dinglefugle.

"Mr. Smith," said the mutual acquaintance, "this is Miss Dinglefugle."

The deaf man cupped his hand behind his ear.

"Please pardon me," he said, "but I'm hard of hearing. What did you say the name was?"

"Miss Dinglefugle."

"I'm awfully sorry," murmured the afflicted one with a strained and puzzled look in his eye; "but I haven't caught it yet."

The other man raised his voice to a shout.

"Miss Dinglefugle!" he blared.

Resignedly, hopelessly the deaf man shook his head.

"It's no use," he said; "sounds like Dinglefugle to me."

—*Saturday Evening Post*.

MAMA (to small Grace who had just put her shoes on alone for the first time): "But, dear, you have them on the wrong feet."

Small Grace (in surprise): "Why, mama, these are the only feet I have!"

LITTLE Dorothy always laughs when any catchy music is played in her hearing. When asked the reason, she replied:

"I just can't help it. It tickles my teeth!"

FOUR-YEAR-OLD Joyce had coffee for breakfast one morning. She insisted on having more sugar in it.

"But I put some sugar in your coffee, dear," said her mother. Joyce scraped her spoon in the bottom of her cup noisily.

"I don't feel it," she said dubiously.

A DISTINGUISHED but rather eccentric author wore a business suit with immaculate white kid gloves when he called on some friends who were the proud parents of a small son.

The little boy seemed to be much attracted by the caller and stayed close by his chair all the time.

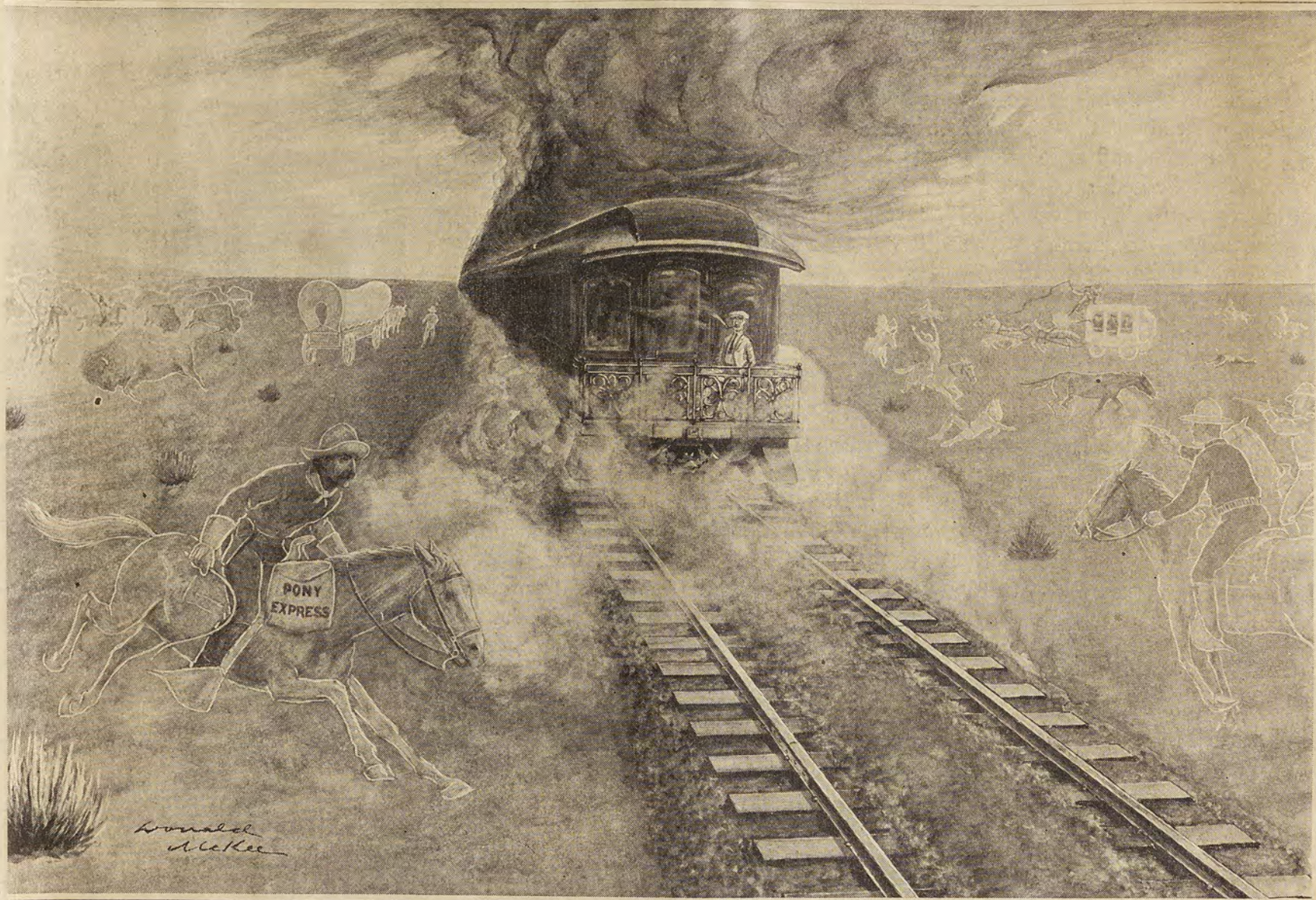
"You like to stand by Mr. L—— and hear his funny stories, don't you, Arthur?" asked his father.

"No, his hands smell just like our automobile," replied Arthur.



THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

Total Stranger: PARDON ME, SIR, IF I TAKE THE LIBERTY
OF REMOVING THAT BLONDE HAIR FROM YOUR SHOULDER. I
WAS ONCE CAUSED CONSIDERABLE ANNOYANCE BY JUST SUCH
A TRIFLE



Tourist: WHAT A SINGULARLY BLANK AND UNINTERESTING STRETCH OF COUNTRY!

Looking Ahead

THE Crōwells were at dinner.

"I told Murray that we might drop in on them this evening," remarked Crowell.

"Oh, pshaw!" exclaimed Mrs. Crowell, impatiently. "You know I don't want to visit those Murrays, and I can't understand why you do."

"I don't," replied the husband. "I told him that, so that we might stay at home without fear of having them drop in on us."



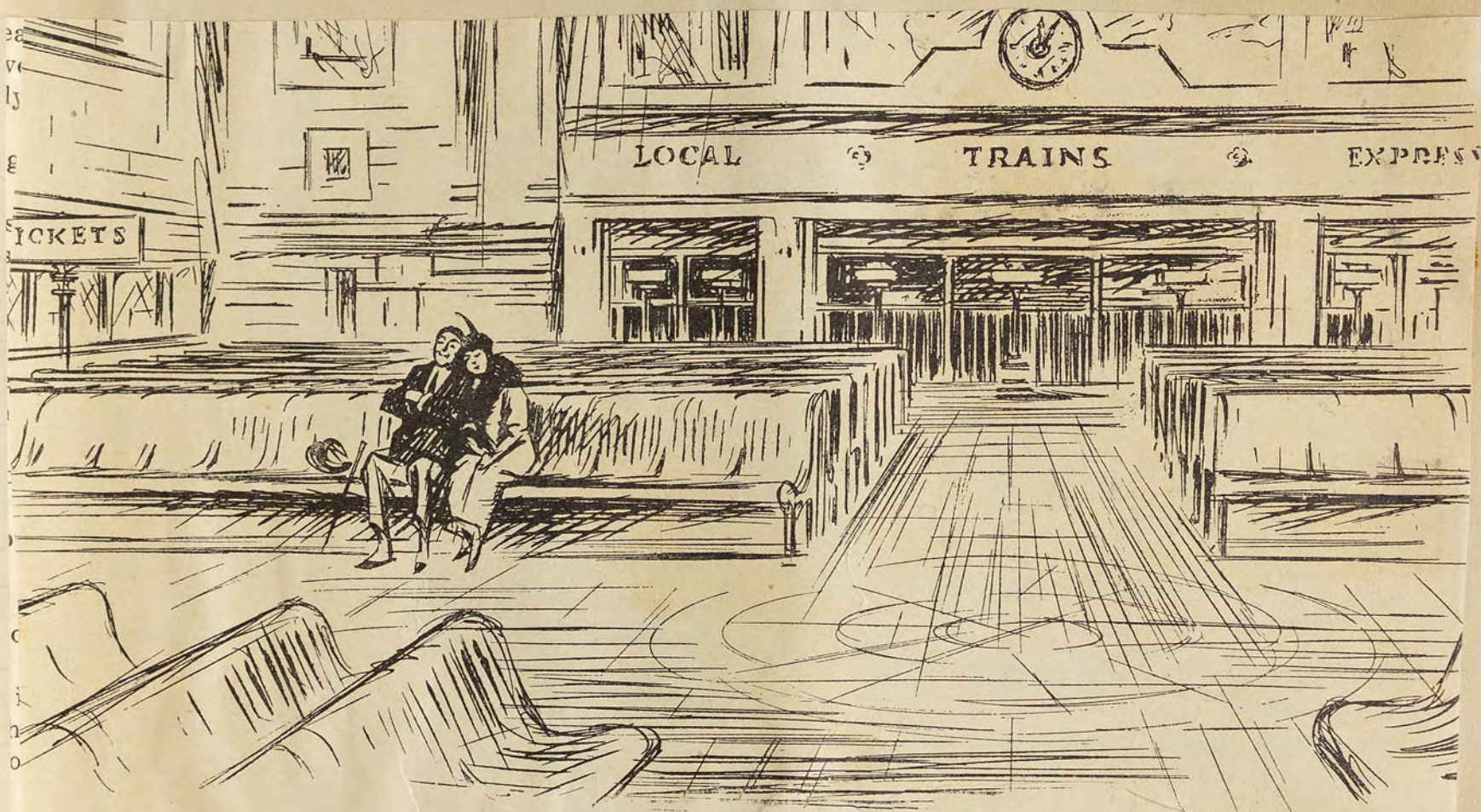
THE HAT TRICK



“THE OLD BOY”

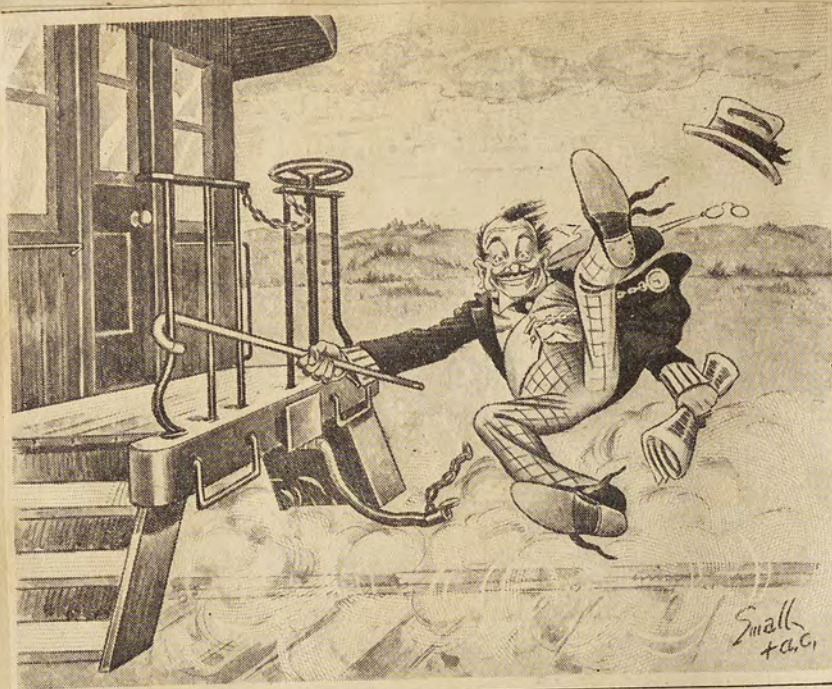


“MOTHER, YOU DID SOMETHING I CANNOT EASILY FORGIVE. YOU ASKED ME TO
PLAY WITH THE NEW LITTLE BOY NEXT DOOR”



WHO CARES IF THE LAST TRAIN *HAS* GONE?

Do You Care?



Commuter: IT'S LUCKY I HAD MY CANE WITH ME OR
I WOULD HAVE MISSED THE EXPRESS

An Object Lesson—While on the way to the theater with her husband one Saturday night recently, a Belmont Avenue matron stopped in front of a doorway to listen to an auctioneer who was chanting away inside at the rate of something like two hundred and fifty words a minute.

"Come on," the husband exclaimed. "We don't want to stand here."

"Just wait a little longer," the wife insisted.

"But why?"

"I just want to get a good look at that man inside," the wife retorted. "You seem so fond of telling me you never in your life saw anybody that could beat me talking."

An Awkward Apology.

A kindergarten teacher in Washington, with a pile of books on her arm, was about to get off a street car just as a gentleman whom she thought she recognized as the parent of a pupil in her school got on.

"Good-morning!" she said, with a cheery smile.

Instantly she saw, by the quizzical expression on the face of the man addressed, that she had made a mistake. Intending to correct it, she added quickly,

"Oh, pardon me! I thought you were the father of one of my children."



"CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR"



"HONEST, JIMMY, YOU'D OUGHTER BE ASHAMED O' YERSELF BRINGIN' THAT FACE O' YOURS IN HERE AN' FRIGHT'NIN' THE LIONS."

The Train-Boy



CHUMP: Were you ever at an afternoon tea?

GRUMP: No, but once I was in a place where sixteen phonographs played simultaneously.—*Harvard Lampoon*.

Are they coming

To

CALIFORNIA

Here's Hoping

Greet Them Tomorrow

betty.
Lady Betty

and

Grace

Wherever You Go

Comfort in



California



Special

Who Was There
That **YOU**
Knew?

Guess Again

"Pretty good fun is Keeping
Up With Lizzie."

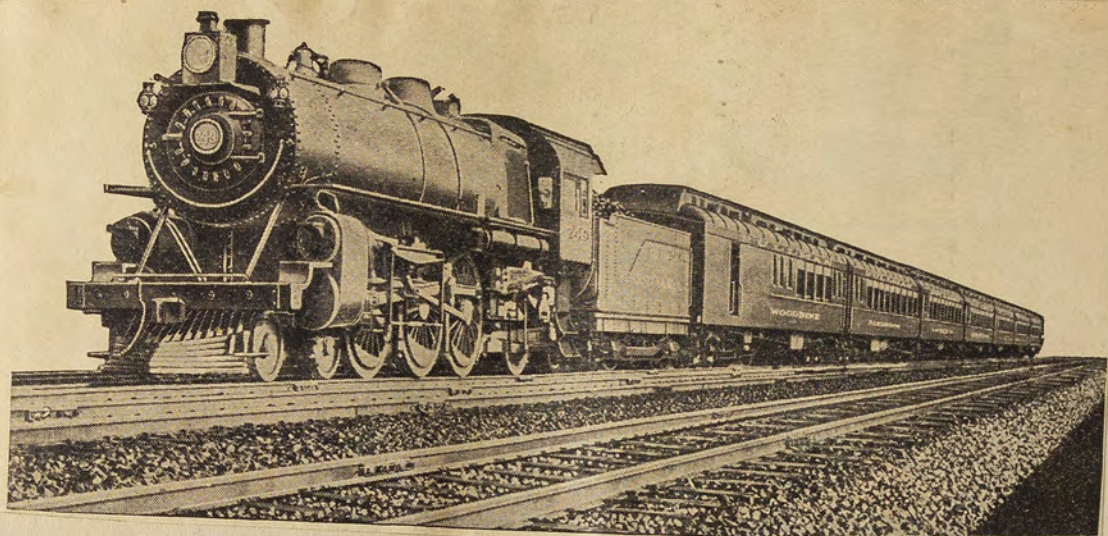
Any Old Time

The Happiest Thought

How to make a good vacation *better*

Just wait till **YOU** get

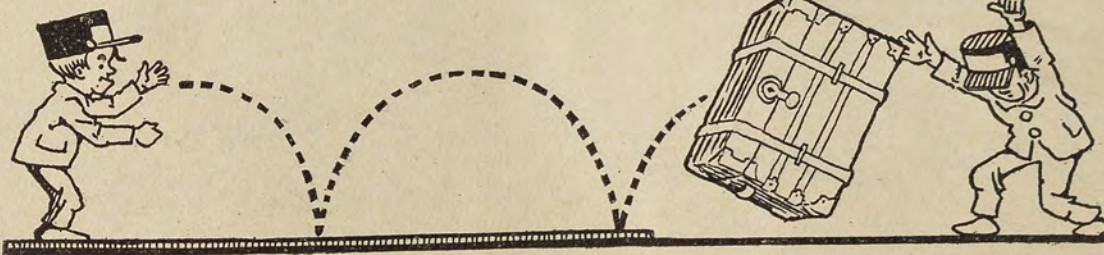
Here



Last Call

Supper

**Not Only
Safety
First—
But First,
Last and
All the
Time**



Bam! Bump! C-r-r-rash!



"SOMEONE HAD BLUNDERED"

Thanks

Too Much Argument

On the western plains the sheepman goes out with several thousand head and one human companion. The natural result is that the pair, forced on one another when they least want it, form the habit of hating each other.

An ex-sheepman while in a narrative mood one evening was telling a party of friends of a fellow he once rode with. "Not a word had passed between us for more than a week, and that night when we rolled up in our blankets he suddenly asked:

"'Hear that cow beller?'

"'Sounds to me like a bull,' I replied.

"'No answer, but the following morning I noticed him packing up.

"'Going to leave?' I questioned.

"'Yes,' he replied.

"'What for?'

"'Too much argument.'"

—Milwaukee Sentinel.



The victim: DO YOU THINK THERE'S ANY HOPE OF APPREHENDING THE BURGLAR?
"WELL, MUM, IT MAY BE A WEEK OR TEN DAYS BEFORE WE GET A CLUE. IN THE MEANTIME
YE'D BETTER LEAVE EVERYTHING THE WAY IT IS."

The victim: DO YOU THINK THERE'S ANY HOPE OF APPREHENDING THE BURGLAR?
"WELL, MUM, IT MAY BE A WEEK OR TEN DAYS BEFORE WE GET A CLUE. IN THE MEANTIME
YE'D BETTER LEAVE EVERYTHING THE WAY IT IS."



THAT HAWAIIAN RECORD



"AU REVOIR"