



CASH



Terrible Possibility

Dr. George A. Gordon recalls a sermon of his in which he said he "was inclined to think that Christians were sometimes among the most foolish people that the Almighty ever made."

The mother of a family who heard it, in repeating, at the dinner table "this wild utterance of the minister," was greeted with the suggestion from her young son: "Mother, dear, that was most unattractive of Dr. Gordon; there might have been a Christian in his congregation."

Stung Before

"Distrust is a bad thing," said David May, the merchant prince who recently died in Detroit. "Misrepresentation of goods is a great business evil, but in this, as in all things, there are two sides to the story. There is no 'golden way' to deal with a woman like Mrs. Brooks, who, during a trip to the country, saw her first flock of sheep."

"What's that white stuff all over them?" Mrs. Brooks wanted to know. "Why, that's wool," replied her companion, whereupon Mrs. Brooks snorted: "I bet it's half cotton!"

Herself Before Her King

IN THIS great war at the beginning of the last century the public was asked to subscribe, not merely for relief funds, but for the actual raising of forces. And by no means everybody subscribed even for that.

Dean Ramsay reckons as the best of the stories of the old woman of Montrose the one concerning the old maid who was canvassed for funds to organize a volunteer corps for the king's service.

"Indeed," she replied, "I'll dae nae sic thing; I ne'er could raise a man for myself, and I'm no gae'n to raise men for King George."—[London Chronicle.]

Used to Entertainments

A COUPLE arrived one evening at a music hall in London with a very young baby.

"I'm sorry," said the manager, firmly, "but you can't take that baby into the hall."

"Why not, sir?" asked the astonished father.

"Well, it might cry and create a general disturbance."

"Oh, for, no, sir!" was the prompt reply. "Baby's used to going to entertainments."

in. Why, 'e was as good as gold at 'is gran' pa's funeral yesterday!"—[Philadelphia Record.]

Anxious Seat

"Old Lem Sawyer is in a heck of a fix."

"How so?"

"Well, he managed to marry a widder-lady, and has just found out that her first husband was a gent he had helped to lynch about two months ago. He ain't discovered yet whether she don't know it or just match-erly married him out of revenge. 'But, either way, he is expecting something to happen any minute."

Hot Stuff

Poetic Justice was meted out to a boot-leger in a screamingly funny manner on a Los Angeles street car the other day. With a loud yell, a man sprang from his seat and forced his way down the aisle toward the door. There was a pungent smell of burning cloth and as he landed in the street smoke was seen issuing from his hip pocket.

Later, at the emergency hospital, he was treated for severe burns behind the front, caused, so the report ran, "by a broken pocket flask."

Here and Hereafter

AN OLD Scotchman whose wit was edged with wisdom one morning met at her gate a neighbor whose husband was seriously ill.

"And hoo's your husband this morning, Mrs. Tamson?" he asked solicitously.

"Oh, he's awful bad! The doctor said his temperature had gone to 150."

"Nae, nae, you've made a mistake! Sandy's temperature could never be as muckle as 150—at least, no in this world," he added, as an afterthought.—[The Tatler.]

Pat Wanted to Know

SOME time ago Pat had an argument with his wife's mother, and so heated became the conversation that Pat was eventually haled into court on a charge of disturbing the quiet of the county.

"It pains me to think," said the magistrate in reprimanding Pat, "that you should say an unkind word to your mother-in-law. I know a man who never disagreed with his mother-in-law in word, thought or deed! Never did he speak to her unkindly! Never did he—"

"Beggin' Yer Honor's pardon," suddenly interrupted Pat, "might I be askin' a question?"

"Certainly," responded the obliging magistrate. "What would you like to know?"

"Shure, Yer Honor," smiled Pat, "an' it's meself that would be ikkin' to know if the name of the gentleman yer referred to was Mr. Adam?"—[Philadelphia Telegraph.]

Value of a Wife

THE Indiana magistrate had asked all of the customary questions about taking "this man," or "this woman," for a lawful wedded companion and about "promising to love, honor and obey." The ceremony was finished. The Kentucky couple were married.

The bridegroom, a western Kentuckian, started to reach for his wallet. Then he stopped.

"Squire," he said, "I gotta proposition to make to ye. I'll give you \$2 now, or I'll wait six months and give you what I think my wife's worth then, even if it's \$200."

The magistrate looked at the bride for a moment. "I believe I'll take the \$2 now," he said.—[Louisville Times.]

Co-operation

A New England woman teacher spilled this one about Commander Richard Byrd:

When the aviator had been invited to dine at a girls' school before his lecture, the principal called all the seniors together and then told them:

"Commander Byrd is a southern gentleman. I want you to take particular pains with your manners. Also I do not want you to make a hole in your potatoes and put your gravy in it at dinner this evening."

As the pretty young things filed into the dining-room, one of them pulled the sleeve of the aviator's tunic and whispered, "Do us a favor, please?"

Mr. Byrd smilingly nodded his consent and she requested:

"Then make a hole in your potatoes and put your gravy into it."

He nodded again, and when the gravy was passed he solemnly pressed down the gravy ladle in the center of his potatoes and filled the hole with the rich brown sauce.

For a second there was a dead silence of astonishment. Then the favor-seeker giggled and the game was up.

It's a Wise Mother, Etc.

KID stories are almost always good and this one, sent in by an Ammanville road-er, is no exception. It seems that after Mrs. Black had had the twins to bed, she heard them stizzling. She went upstairs to find out what the joke was, and in answer to her perplexed question, Edith, one of the twins replied: "Mother, you gave me two bath and Alice didn't get any."

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Outlawed

Dr. Edward Gordon was commenting on the phrase, "A man is known by the company he keeps." "Of course, it isn't always true," he said with a smile, "for there are some cases like that of little John."

"Johnnie," I said, "do you always play with good little boys?"

"No, sir," answered Johnnie promptly. "Why not?" I asked in surprise.

"Because their mothers won't let me," explained Johnnie.

But They Help

Peggy Joyce, so many times married and so many times divorced, was discussing home life. "It all depends upon the people," she admitted, and added:

"Both the husband and the wife must do their part. A wife who doesn't manage the house properly or a husband who is not fit to appreciate a house that is properly managed, are equally in the wrong. Really, it is easily summed up when I say that a corkscrew and a can opener will never, in and of themselves, make a house a home."

Social Error

Brown was talking about Santa Catalina, with its wonderful glass-bottomed boats, from which you can watch the fish swimming in the water thirty or forty feet below.

"Yes, he concluded, "you can see the fish quite plainly lying at the bottom of the ocean."

"I'm sorry," corrected his wife. "No, I'm not," said the narrator, "it's the truth!"

Up-side Down

WRITING to the editor of the Pall-mall Post, John P. Irish, recounts some of the hardships of pioneer life and tells the story of one of those pioneer women and her grand-daughter, who asked:

"Grandma, you were here in the early days?"

"Yes, I was a pioneer."

"Well, were you poor?"

"Yes, we were all poor."

"Couldn't you have what you wanted?"

"No, I could not."

"Did you have no meat?"

"No, nothing but venison, wild turkeys, prairie chickens and quails."

"Did you have no sugar?"

"Nothing but maple sugar."

"What did you want that you couldn't have?"

"It was New Orleans molasses and salt mackerel."

Turn About 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 3 a.m., when he also struck.

He did this by violently shaking his snoring friend.

"What's the matter?" growled the other. "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."—[New Orleans States.]

Tough Going

Are there too many laws? Anyhow, there is the story of the man named Richards, who was constantly running about of the law in business. He was taken before a magistrate, who said:

"What! Here again?"

"Yes, sir, Your Honor," replied Richards. "I took my colts out for a walk and Garry Kelly, the cop, taps me on the shoulder and says: 'That's agin the law.' I says: 'What is?' He says: 'Havin' them dogs on the streets without muzzles.' So I was arrested."

"I sold the dogs for \$30 and bought a horse and truck for general hauling. On my way to the very first job, Larry Burns stopped me and said that hailing without a license was agin the law, and once more I was pinched."

"So I sold the outfit and engaged in peddling. 'Have you got a permit?' says Jerry Brady. I says 'No.' He says: 'You're pinched.'"

"Then I got a job carrying baggage down to the station when Officer Murphy grabs me the first day and says: 'Have you got a permit from the Mayor?' So I say 'No,' and here I am, Your Honor."

Just Human

Principal Maurice B. Smith, a classmate of Calvin Coolidge at Amherst, recently told a good story about the President which is unusually good because it is true.

Mr. Smith was recently looking over some letters which he wrote while in college and in one of them he came across a paragraph which told about one of the students who, being out late the night before, came into class and fell asleep so that he had to be awakened by the teacher.

"The boy was Calvin Coolidge," so the letter reads. Those were the days when no one thought for a moment that the young Vermont, who appeared to be as green as the hills of his native State, would ever reach the White House.

Warned in Time.

MRS. JOHNSON had gone away from home leaving Mr. J. lamenting. On arriving at her destination she missed her gold brooch and sent a postcard to her servant asking the girl to let her know if she found anything on the dining-room floor when sweeping it next morning.

The servant duly replied: "Dear Madam—"

"You ask me to let you know if I found anything when sweeping the dining-room floor this morning. I beg to report that I found thirty matches, three corks, and a pack of cards."

Mrs. J. returned home.

A Damp Fool.

TALKING about "getting work out of a husband" in a certain family there is a saying, "I wish you would do this while you are wet." A woman whose husband was very good about helping about the house had been imposed upon until it came to the last straw, when he was driven in from a hard day's work in the field in the rain.

When he reached the house his wife met him with, "While you are wet" do this, and "while you are wet" do that.

After she had kept him going for some time she ordered him to get a bucket of water "While he was wet."

He did, and when he came back with it he threw it on her and said: "Now you do something while you are wet."

Darkey Deductions.

AT A COLORED camp meeting in Louisiana the following sermon was delivered by a very black old darkey, wearing huge spectacles:

"Brethren and Sisters, de preachin' de mawin' will be frum de text on de ten virgins. De bridegroom war a-comin' and de spectin' dem ten virgins to be ready wid dere lamps all trimmed and a-burnin', but, lo, when he was come he done foun' dat only five of dem virgins war ready; yes sir, five was trimmed and five was untrimmed; five was wise and five was unwise; five was ready and five was unready; five was male and five was female."

Planning His Future.

A HOOSIER minister's wife was getting ready to go to the hospital for an operation. Her husband and children had been solicitous of her all day, everything around the house had been very quiet until late that evening, when she heard the 7-year-old twins quarreling. She asked her husband to see what it was about, and he summoned them into the room to give them a lecture on worrying their mother.

"It was all your fault, daddy," Flora retorted.

Floyd nodded his head, and the minister asked what he had done. Imagine the feeling when Floyd replied:

"Mr. Long said he didn't see where you would get another wife if mother died, and I said you would want Miss E. and Flora and you would want her Sunday-school teacher because you called her your helping hand all the time."

Felt Justified.

IN THE dear, departed days, a somewhat befuddled guest appeared unsteadily before the desk of a smart hotel and demanded in thick but firm tones that his room be changed.

"I'm sorry," the clerk humored him, "but all the rooms are taken."

"Must have 'another room,'" insisted the guest.

"What's the matter with the room you have now?"

"Well, if you muck know," explained the disflustered tenant, "lah on fire."

Innocence of Youth.

"It is prohibition," said Miss Julia Lathrop, head of the United States Children's Bureau, "that has made women's fashions more modest—made the skirt longer and all that sort of thing."

"How immodest our fashions used to be! A young Pittsburg matron was prinking before the glass one evening, about to go to a ball."

"Her little daughter gazed with bright eyes at her outrageous ball dress and then said:

"I suppose, mummy, the ladies'll dance in one room and the gentlemen in another."

Not His Bunch.

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."—[Delineator, 1911]

Get This, Girls!

AUNT MARY is now 25, and her married brothers twit her about her single state. They also tell her that since her last birthday she is an old maid. This both she and her adoring 5-year-old niece Jean deny.

The other night one of Aunt Mary's admirers called, and little Jean was made a member of the party. Naturally she was more in love with auntie than ever, and when the young man laughingly called her an old maid, Jean loyally sprang to the rescue.

"No," she ain't an old maid neither," she denied. "Teacher says anyone isn't as long as they roll their stockings down over their knees."

And the subject was immediately changed.

Why Take Chances?

TOMMY, a small Presbyterian, was being examined in the catechism by the visiting minister.

"What is meant by regeneration?" asked the divine.

"Why, it's just being born again," replied the victim with some maternal prompting.

"And wouldn't you like to be born again?"

No reply to this, even under parental pressure, until finally in desperation, the truth came out: "I ain't taking any chances on being a girl!"

Mother's Opinion.

HERE is one that was told at a banquet the other evening by Secretary Franklin Knight Lane, which shows that little Willie can always be depended on for a frank expression.

Some time ago, according to the Secretary, little Willie, who lives in the suburbs of a big city, excitedly rushed into the house and sought his mother.

"Oh, mamma!" he exclaimed on finding the fond parent, "the lady next door wanted to give me a penny!"

"Give you a penny," wonderingly responded mother, "what for?"

"She told me that she would give me a penny," answered Willie, "if I would tell her what you said about her."

"Mercy, child!" cried the mother, with a startled expression. "You didn't tell her, did you?"

"No, mamma," was the jolting rejoinder of Willie. "I told her that what you said about her was worth a dollar."—[Boston Advertiser.]

Aristocratic.

THE scholars had stumbled through their share of the reading lesson and at last it came to little Harry's turn. He got on quite well until he came to the word heliolum.

The teacher noticing his difficulty helped him, and then asked:

"And do you know the meaning of this word?"

Harry shook his head.

"It means something that is handed down from father to son—in other words, a relic."

"Oh," said Harry, with a grin, "that's the funniest name I've ever heard for a pair of trousers."

Soleless Task.

The married man was keeping bachelor's hall.

"How are you getting along while your wife's away?" another married man asked him.

"Fine," he answered. "Grand, I can put my socks on now from either end, and you bet that saves a lot of time."

Solid Comfort.

Prof. Nield was very abundant. One morning he drifted into the barber's to be shaved. After the operation he continued to occupy the chair, and the barber, thinking he had dozed off, gently reminded him by saying, "Astoop, sir!"

The professor started. "Pleas me, no!" he exclaimed. "I'm not asleep, but I am terribly short-sighted. When I took my glasses on I was no longer able to see myself in the mirror. I was so sure that I was already shaved and already gone home."

Had a Rep.

One day Mrs. Glatsone was discussing with some ladies a new book which her husband was busy in his study upstairs.

At the discussion proceeded one of the ladies exclaimed with a sigh: "Well, there is one above who knows it all."

"Yes," said Mrs. Glatsone. "William will be down in a minute and he will tell us all about it."

Who's Crazy?

A troupe from Warner Brothers was shooting on location near the Patton House Hospital and Louise Fazenda spied a man sitting on a wall dangling a fish line in the garden.

"Have you caught many?" she asked, kindly, thinking to humor the man.

"I've got the fish," was the unexpected reply.

Oh, Coolie!

COL. ROOSEVELT told a war story at an Albany reception.

"A doughboy," he said, "had just got back home from the war, and he was hunching in a cafeteria when a dear old lady in the next chair to his own leaned over across her plate and said:

"I, too, have a soldier son, young man, and a lucky one at that. Would you believe it? My boy went through the war without a scratch!"

"Gee, lady," said the doughboy, "spill us the name of his insect powder, will ya?"

High Cost of Dying.

A colored man came into a ticket office and asked for two round-trip tickets to Charleston. The agent knew him and asked who was going with him.

"My brother," said the colored man.

"Your brother?" asked the agent. "Where is he?"

"Out there in a box. He's laid," answered the colored man.

"Well, if he is dead you don't want a return ticket for him."

"Yes, sah," said the colored man. "You see we ain't goin' to bury him in Shilston, but we have about forty kinfolks down there, and we figured it would be cheaper to carry him down to Shilston to de funeral service and bring him back, than to bring the whole family up here."

Reasonable.

"Young man," bellowed Mr. Maupin of West Hollywood, "what do you mean by bringing Elizabeth home at six in the morning!"

"Well, my gosh!" protested the flaming youth, "I have to be to work by seven!"

Kansas Medicine.

MAYOR GAYNOR, at a luncheon in Brooklyn, said to a prohibitionist:

"It is splendidous on your part to think that Prohibition would do worse here than in Kansas."

"You know how it does there. There liquor can only be sold as a medicine. As a New York visitor was buying a toothbrush in a Kansas drug store one afternoon, a brawny cowboy entered with a four-gallon demijohn. He plumped the great wicked demijohn down on the counter, the druggist looked at him inquiringly, and he said:

"Fill her up, Jim. Baby's took bad!"

Jam for Jimmy.

LITTLE Jimmy visited his father's office, and after examining the typewriting machine, asked his mother: "What do they take those to the theater for?"

"My boy," replied the mother, "they do not take them to the theater."

"Well, it's mighty funny, then. Pa was telling a gentleman that he took his typewriter to the theater."

"James," said the father sternly, "I will see you privately after we get home."

Worried.

A SMALL boy, when told by his Sunday-school teacher that he would leave his body behind when he died, said in alarm:

"I don't understand that."

"You see," explained the teacher, "you will take all that is good with you to the better land and leave all that is naughty here on earth!"

"Oh," he exclaimed understandingly, and then after a moment's thought, added soberly: "I guess I'm going to be pretty thin up there, teacher."

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Mother Most Troublesome.

THE old lady from the country and her small son were driving to town when a huge motor car bore down upon them. The horse began to prance, whereupon the old lady jumped out, screaming at the top of her voice. The chauffeur stopped and offered his aid.

"That's all right," said the boy, composedly. "I can manage the horse. You just load mother past."—[Portland Spectator.]

Proved Its Worth.

M. R. HIGGS was planning to build a motor shed in his garden, so he bought an expensive law. He left his office early the next afternoon with the intention of starting the job. He put on a pair of overalls and went out. An hour later or so he flung himself down into a chair in disgust.

"That new saw I bought isn't worth two-pence," he stormed. "Why, the thing wouldn't cut butter."

His small son Harry looked up in surprise.

"Oh, yes it would, daddy," he said earnestly. "Why, Ted and me saved a whole brick in two with it this morning."

Bull's-eye.

CHAIRMAN LASKER, of the shipping board, said in an interview:

"These men are taking needless offense. They are taking offense where none is intended. They remind me of a tall, gaunt, vinegar-faced woman who walked into Wawa station one day and said to the ticket agent:

"Gimme a ticket for Chester Heights."

"Single?" said the agent.

"The woman's eyes flashed stately sparks."

"None of yer darn business," she hissed. "Gosh knows, though, I might have married a dozen times over if I'd been willin' to grab stake some shiftless, putty-faced monkey like yourself."

Too Strong for Him.

THE station master, hearing a crash on the platform, rushed out of his room just in time to see the express disappearing round the curve, and a disheveled young man sprawling out perfectly flat among a confusion of overturned milk cans and the scattered contents of his traveling bag.

"Was he trying to catch a train?" the station master asked of a small boy who stood by, admiring the scene.

"He did catch it," said the boy happily, "but it got away again!"

To the Last Ditch.

A N OLD gentleman, now deceased, never seemed to be satisfied unless he had several cases pending in court. He left surviving a son who seems to have followed in his footsteps and has continued to keep up his father's record of proceedings in court.

Several of the attorneys were talking about his court troubles one day, when one of them told the following about the old gent:

"The old gent had just won a case in the Justice Court, when the loser, in a very combative frame of mind, exclaimed: 'I'll law you to the Circuit Court.'"

"Old gent: 'I'll be thar.'"

"Loser: And I'll law you to the Supreme Court!"

"Old gent: 'I'll be thar.'"

"Loser: I'll law you to h—!"

"Old gent: My attorney'll be thar."—[The Docket.]

CHAIRMAN LASKER of the Shipping Board said to a Washington correspondent:

"It is inevitable that we should be abused by people to whom we refuse graft or special privileges, but such abuse doesn't count. It's like the tramp's."

"A woman refused to give a tramp any money, but he persisted in his begging, putting his foot in the door to prevent its being closed."

"If you don't clear out," said the woman, "I'll call my husband."

"Ah, he ain't in," said the tramp. "Ain't in? How do you know he ain't in?"

"Because," snarled the tramp, "I've always noticed that when a man's married to a woman what looks like you, he ain't never in except at meal times."

Listen Gals.

"THERE will have to be some new rules made here or else I shall give notice," said the girl in the telephone office to the chief clerk.

"Why, what's the trouble?"

"Well, some of the things said over the wire are not fit for me to hear."

"Oh, that's all right," was the flippant rejoinder; "you can't expect to work around electricity and not get shocked!"

Oh, Bay!

ONE hot afternoon a young man in shirt sleeves was wheeling a baby carriage back and forth before a small house near the National Park in Washington. He looked hot, but contented.

"My dear!" came a voice from an upper window of the house.

"No, let me alone!" he called back. "We're all right."

An hour later the same voice, again in earnest, pleading tones: "Arthur, dear!"

"Well, what do you want?" he responded. "Anything wrong in the house?"

"No, Arthur, dear, but you have been wheeling Clara's doll all the afternoon. Isn't it time for the baby to have a turn?"

So He Could Smile.

A SMALL boy was sent to church by his father with a nickel and a dollar bill in his pocket.

"You are to put what you please in the offering box, my boy. Listen to the sermon and make your offering in accordance with the impression made upon you."

The boy had returned. "Well, what did you put in the box," his father asked.

"The nickel. I was going to put in the other when I remembered what the clergyman said in his sermon."

"What was that?"

"The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

Better Retire.

"I'M discouraged and tired of life," declared the head of the family.

"Why so despondent?" asked his friend. "Statistics."

"Statistics? What's that got to do with it?"

"Yes; they say that five hours of work a day is enough to supply each member of the community with a living, provided the work be equally shared by all."

"Well, I'm the only one in five in my family that labors. So, if the statistics are true, to support the crowd I've got to work twenty-five hours a day."

Cause for Worry.

A QUAIN old negro stepped up to the window of the ticket office and hurriedly demanded a ticket for Pig Foot Junction.

"Pleasure trip, uncle?" asked the agent, pleasantly.

"No, suh; my nephew's ve'y low, suh. Hope de train won't be long coming."

"About ten minutes, uncle," the clerk reassured him.

The old man went to the platform and studied the bulletin board seriously. Then he returned to the window. "Did you say my train would be 'long in ten minutes, suh?" he asked, anxiously.

"Yes, uncle."

"I jes' axed you, suh, 'cause I ain't got my rabbit foot 'bout me, and dat dere board says: 'All trains on time 'cept one, and I was jest figuring dat dat one would be mine.'"

"All the trains are on time. Someone's tampered with the bulletin board!" declared the clerk, and rushed to the platform.

He stared for a moment at the board, then at the old negro. Slowly his face relaxed into a broad grin. The bulletin read: "All trains on time—Sept. 1."

Youthful Logic.

"TOMMY, this is the last piece of mind pie you are going to have," said a mother to her little son.

Tommy scowled as black as thunder.

"There was a little boy like you," his mother continued, "who ate so much mind pie that he finally burst. Yes, he burst from eating too much mind pie."

"No," said Tommy, "there's not such thing as too much mind pie."

"Then," said his mother, "why did he burst?"

"There wasn't enough boy," Tommy answered.

A Hunch.

THERE are some well-intentioned persons who walk about the streets of certain towns with poles, displaying large paper placards, on which are printed texts and religious exhortations.

The other afternoon one of them took his place just in front of a doughnut stall. On his placard ran the affrighting query:

"After life, judgment! After judgment—What?"

Exactly beneath and in a line with it ran the doughnut stall announcement: "We try in the best beef drippings."

Things that Count.

"THE war, prohibition, taxes and a new President have turned everything so topsy turvy that we are losing our sense of proportion and are getting like a lot of children," said perennial Bill Bryan recently.

"A great many people I come in contact with nowadays remind me of little Muriel. Muriel, the other day came running to her mother crying:

"O-o-o mamma! Did you hear the ladder fall down just now?"

"No, dear. How did the ladder happen to fall down?"

"Well, papa was washing the windows and it slipped and when it fell it broke three flower pots. I told daddy you'd be cross."

"Oh, dear," cried the mother. "I hope your father hasn't hurt himself!"

"I don't think he has yet," replied the child, "he was hanging onto the window-sill when I came away to tell you about the flower pots."

Real Jazz.

A BAND in a small Minnesota town had just finished a vigorous but not overly harmonious selection. As they sank perspiring to their seats after bowing for the applause, the trombonist asked hoarsely:

"What's the next one?"

"The Maiden's Prayer," answered the leader, consulting his program.

"Good Lord!" ejaculated the trombonist, "I just got through playing that!"

Discouraging.

Little Emily had been to school for the first time.

"Well, darling, what did you learn?" asked her mother, on Emily's return.

"Nuffin," sighed Emily hopelessly. "I've got to go back tomorrow."

George Ade said at a dinner, as he first time.

"Well, papa was washing the windows and it slipped and when it fell it broke three flower pots. I told daddy you'd be cross."

"Oh, dear," cried the mother. "I hope your father hasn't hurt himself!"

"I don't think he has yet," replied the child, "he was hanging onto the window-sill when I came away to tell you about the flower pots."

Wisdom.

CHAIRMAN LASKER of the shipping board said in a Washington address:

"Some of the critics of the shipping board understand the board's work so thoroughly, and this work is in their opinion so simple and easy, that when I listen to them I remember a certain young matron."

"A great banker said to this young matron:

"I am ashamed of my failure to keep abreast of modern science. Take the electric light, for instance, I haven't the least idea how it works."

"The young matron gave him a patronizing smile."

"Why," she said, "it's very simple really. You just press a button, and the light comes on—that's all there is to it!"

Rubbing It In.

SECRETARY CONRAD JENNY of the Swiss embassy was talking about diplomacy at a dinner.

"A good many diplomats," he said, "are about as diplomatic as old Mr. Pea."

"Mr. Pea was a village character who stuttered. There was a political meeting in the village one evening, and among the speakers was a certain Cue."

"Well, at the end of the meeting there was a kind of a reception, and Cue, the most important orator of the occasion, was introduced to the stuttering old villager."

"Mr. Pea shook the orator's hand and stuttered:

"Glad to meet you. List's see, you were one of the speakers weren't you?"

"Yes, I was," said Cue.

"Well, say," said old Pea, "wasn't the other fellows good?"

Good Riddance.

OF LORD ROSEBERRY, who recently presided at the Press Club dinner, a very amusing newspaper story is told.

It is connected with a great speech he delivered in a Scottish city one evening immediately before leaving for London. One of the journalists sent to report the speech had had a very busy day, and he was dead tired by the time he got back to the office with his shorthand notes of His Lordship's speech. The office boy obligingly offered to take the speech down on a typewriter if the reporter would dictate it from his notes, and this offer the reporter thankfully accepted. As it was a very long speech, both reporter and office boy were quite done up by the time they had got it all typed ready for the compositors, and when the reporter had dictated the last words of his notes he uttered a pious exclamation of thankful relief: "Thank heaven!"

Unfortunately the office boy himself half-asleep, automatically typed the addition. The copy was rushed through to the compositors, set up, hastily read, and sent to press. The consequence was that on the following morning the speech appeared in print with the startling note at the end: "At the conclusion of the meeting Lord Roseberry left for the south. Thank heaven!"—[Pearson's Weekly.

New One

"Kids," declared Col. Lindbergh, "are getting smarter every day. Not long ago I was visiting a farmer friend of mine when he caught a young marauder in one of his best apple trees."

"Hey, you young rascal," shouted the farmer. "What are you doing up there?"

"Please mister," replied the boy, "I just fell out of my brother's aeroplane."

Trained Fies.

A SALESMAN who had been working a small midwestern town wished to catch a train which passed through it about half an hour before noon, and asked the village landlord to serve him before the regular "dinner" hour. Soon he was admitted to the dining-room, where a fairly good meal was spread before him. But flies were so numerous that the landlord had to stand behind his chair and shoo them with a napkin.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the salesman. "I never saw so many flies."

"Flies?" retorted the landlord, scornfully. "Shucks! this ain't nothin'. If you want to see flies, just wait till I ring the bell for dinner. They're all out in the stable now."

—[Kansas City Star.

Wanted to Be Sure.

HE HAD taken a transfer from the agent and started across to the other line when a sudden thought struck him and he turned back and asked for the agent.

"Is this ticket also a beer check?"

"Of course not," was the reply. "Good for nothing except to ride some where else on."

"That's all."

"No beer, soda or ice cream, eh?"

"Not a bit."

"All right—all right," mused the man as he turned away. "Stranger in town, you know—got to learn the ropes—don't want to miss a good thing. No beer—no soda—no ice cream. Guess I'll ride around and look for a line which has the interests of its patrons at heart."—[Washington Herald.

A Match for Her.

A CERTAIN suburban theater was very full when the young man entered. Presently he stopped beside a somewhat stout lady who was trying to occupy enough room for two.

"Is this seat engaged?" he asked politely. The stout woman looked up angrily.

"Yes it is!" she snapped. "I'm keeping it for a gentleman."

"That's me right enough!" smiled the witty youth, as he slid into the seat. "But how did you know I was coming?"—[Chicago Herald.

Live and Learn.

WITH a sleepy yawn the guest, who had arrived at the hotel on the previous night, limped into the dining-room for breakfast. He did his best with the bacon and potatoes, but gave up at last and went to sleep on a sofa in the corner of the room. When he awoke he found the hotel proprietor standing near, looking at him curiously.

"Didn't you get enough sleep last night?"

"Didn't I get enough sleep?" replied the other, sitting up suddenly as though galvanized into life. "Tell me one thing—what on earth do you stuff your mattresses with in this place?"

"Stuff 'em with? Why, the very best straw it is possible to get in the whole of this country."

"Ah, now I understand."

"Understand what?"

"Why, where that straw came from that broke the camel's back!"—[London Tit-Bits.



Francis B. Rush.

Cohors. N.Y.

A Scrap-Book.—One who has never owned a scrap-book can hardly estimate the pleasure it affords to sit down and turn over the familiar pages. Here a choice piece of poetry meets the eye, which you remember you were so glad to see in the paper, but which you would long since have lost had it not been for your scrap-book. There is a witty anecdote—it does you good to laugh over it, though for the twentieth time. Next is a valuable recipe you had almost forgotten, and which you have found just in time to save much perplexity. There is a sweet little story, the memory of which has cheered and encouraged you many a time when almost ready to despair under the pressure of life's cares and trials. A choice thought is far more precious than a bit of glittering gold.

I saw a sculptor at his task,
Upon the marble white,
And all his energies were bent
To mould it out of strength,
With mallet and chisel, and
And all his strokes were bent
The block was made to feel at length
That skillful hands were near.

And I beheld a child long on,
And gave him a new eye;
So, as the children on his side,
To all directions they
The child's hand that simple mind
Was used to feel at length
Like curious hands were near.

The marble chips at every stroke,
Were scattered on the floor,
When the child's hand was bent
To feel at length the stone,
"To feel," he said, "in a child's hand,
By strokes and heavy blows,
That, as the marble grows,
The child's hand grows."

Are we not all but children small,
In this world of strength,
And he the little child we see,
To feel at length the stone,
How many eyes we see,
Are used to feel at length
Like curious hands were near.

We see our dear ones pass away,
When we have heard the cry,
Our little ones who have died,
Whose life was rich in song,
Whom we loved, whose lives were
And here is with a child's hand,
Then say, in our simplicity,
"Oh, why, all this waste?"

And then, amidst our trembling fears,
A father's voice is heard,
Who wipes away our falling tears,
By the most gentle word,
"To feel," he says, "in a child's hand,
By strokes and heavy blows,
That, as the marble grows,
The child's hand grows."

What of that?
Tired, well, and what of that?
The child's hand was bent on his task,
To feel at length the stone,
How many eyes we see,
Are used to feel at length
Like curious hands were near.

Deep, well, and what of that?
The child's hand was bent on his task,
To feel at length the stone,
How many eyes we see,
Are used to feel at length
Like curious hands were near.

Consider the Lilies,
Which grow in the field,
They do not sow, nor do they reap,<
Nor do they grieve,
For they know that their Father
Who is in heaven, will give them
All that they need.

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They do not sow, nor do they reap,<
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All that they need.

The Better Land.

BY KIMBALL DAVIS.

In dreams I've seen a better land—
Had I plowed his fields and sown his seed,
His wheat would grow, his grapes would yield,
His olive trees would bear their fruit,
His vineyard would be full of fruit,
His flocks would graze on his green pastures,
His rivers would be full of fish,
His cities would be full of peace,
His people would be full of joy,
His land would be a land of life,
His land would be a land of hope,
His land would be a land of love.

There is death, no dying there;
No night, no pain, no grief, no care,
No trouble of mind, no dark despair,
No weary hands held up in prayer,
No heavy eyes that close in sleep,
No heavy heart that sinks in grief,
No heavy soul that longs for rest,
No heavy body that longs for ease,
No heavy spirit that longs for peace,
No heavy life that longs for death,
No heavy death that longs for life.

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No heavy body that longs for ease,
No heavy spirit that longs for peace,
No heavy life that longs for death,
No heavy death that longs for life.

Work and Wait.

A husbandman who many years
Had plowed his fields and sown his seed,
His wheat would grow, his grapes would yield,
His olive trees would bear their fruit,
His vineyard would be full of fruit,
His flocks would graze on his green pastures,
His rivers would be full of fish,
His cities would be full of peace,
His people would be full of joy,
His land would be a land of life,
His land would be a land of hope,
His land would be a land of love.

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The Essentials of Worship.

Church is a house of prayer,
Where the people meet to adore,
To praise the Lord who is our God,
To sing his praises loud and clear,
To kneel in prayer and wait,
To listen to his word with care,
To read his word and meditate,
To pray for all who are in need,
To love one another as we love God,
To keep his commandments and his law,
To live in peace and love and joy,
To be like him who is our God.

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A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—God knows
what keys in the human soul to touch
in order to draw out its sweeter and most per-
fect harmonies. They may be the strains
of sadness and sorrow; they may be the
loftier notes of joy and gladness. God
knows where the melodies of nature are,
and what discipline will call them forth.
Some with plaintive tongue must walk
among the lowly of life's weary way; oth-
ers in loftier paths, and hymn of nothing
but joy as they tread the mountain-tops
of life; but they all unite without discord
or jar as the ascending anthem of love
and belling horns leads its way into
the chorus of the redeemed in heaven.

Softly chanting, toward the sea
Flows the rapid river,
And upon the liquid waves,
Bright the sunbeams quiver,
But when shadows fall with night,
And the waves are sleeping,
In their still and gloomy depths
Save their watch are keeping.
Onward toward the Sea of Rest
Time is ever gliding,
And upon the cheek and lip
Joy is sweetly hiding,
But when sorrow visits the heart,
And the eyes are weeping,
In the soul the laws of God
Heavenly watch are keeping.

My Song in the Night.

The long dark night has passed,
Heavy with grief and tears,
And streaming up the eastern sky
The blessed light appears.
Thou who hast done so much for me,
What can I do this day for thee?
For I was sick with fear,
Thy billows ran so high;
They washed my feet from off the rock,
They shut out star and sky;
But still the Pilot held my hand,
And drew me safely to the land.
"Now lean on me," he said,
"And not on broken reeds;
Lean hard, thou art so faint and weak;
I'll bear thy burdens, soothe thy fears,
And wipe away thy falling tears."
I take thee at thy word,
O Lord, my Rock, my Strength!
Away, false fears and anxious care;
Heaven will be reached at length;
And I'll gain that blessed shore,
Help me each day to serve thee more.

Failure.

The Lord, who fashioned my hands for working,
To do his will, and to his praise,
To do his will, and to his praise,
To do his will, and to his praise,
To do his will, and to his praise,
To do his will, and to his praise,
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No heavy death that longs for life.

There are no rules for friendship. It
be left to itself; we cannot force
more than love.—*Hazlitt.*

Roche foucauld.

ties their hearts together. —
Taylor.

at that }
Jeremy }

