

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

"District 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 THE 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, lor, no, sir!" was the prompt reply. "Baby's used to going to entertainments, 'n' 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 widdler, 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 natchery 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-licker 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 pessimism one morning met at her gate a neighbor whose husband was seriously ill.

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

"Oh, he's awful bad! The doctor said his temperature had gone to 159."

"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?"

"Share, Yer Honor," smiled Pat, "an' it's meself that would be likin' 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 Annapolis reader, is no exception. It seems that after Mrs. Black had had the twins to bed, she heard them tizzling.  
She went upstairs to find out what the joke was and in answer to her repeated question, Edith, one of the twins replied: "What you give 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."

"Being, dear," corrected his wife.

"No, I'm not," said the narrator, "it's the truth!"

### Up-side Down.

WRITING to the editor of the Palladium, 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 afoul 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 collies 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 hauling 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 Vermonter, who appeared to be as green as the hills of his native State, would ever reach the White House.

### Warned in Time.

MRS. JOBSON 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.

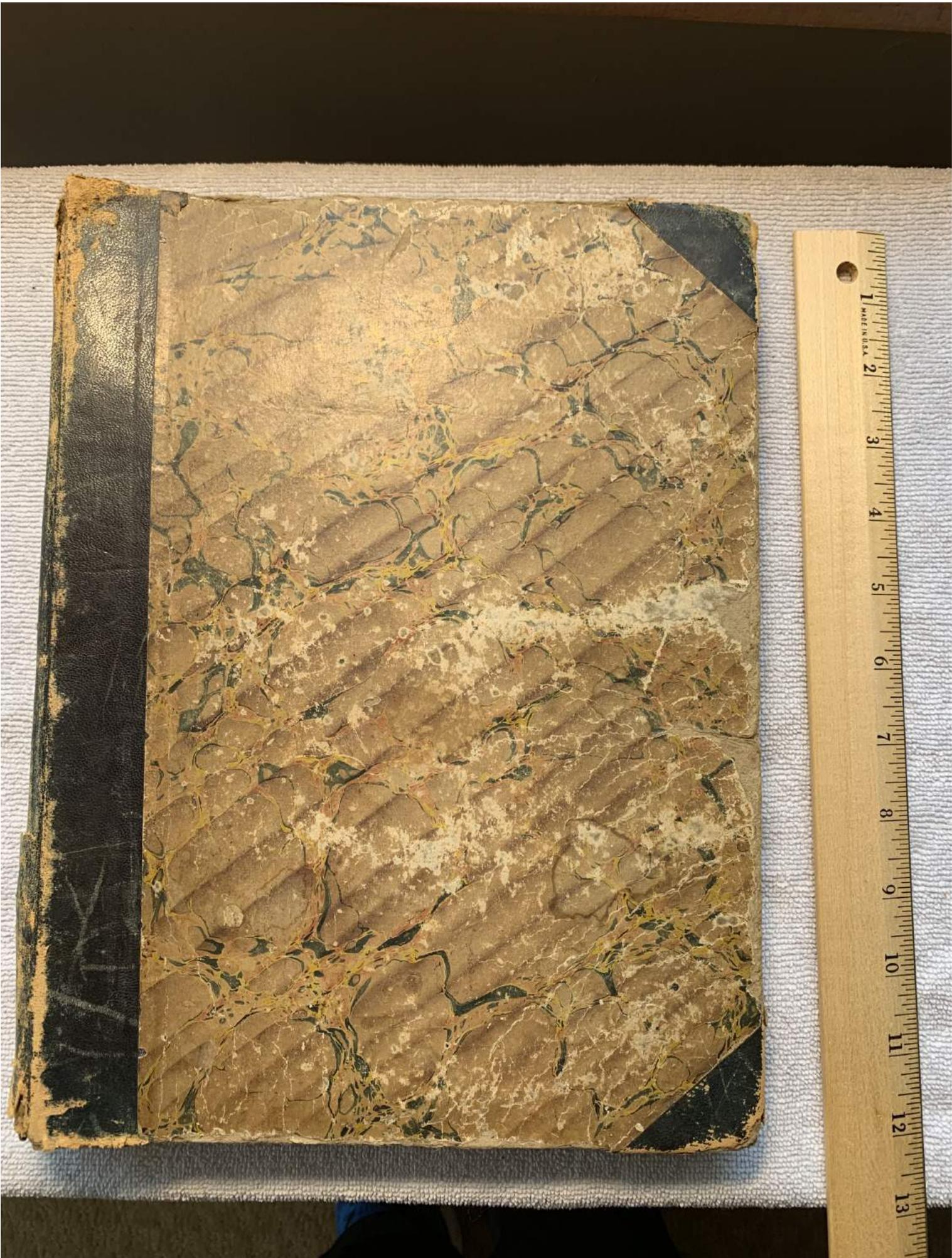
When he reached the house his wife met him with, "While you are wet" do this, and "while you are wet" do that.

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 she threw it on her and said: "Now you do something while you are wet."









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.







