

The smooth talker is sometimes full of ragged fight.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. See a bottle at...

Lusher's Laxative. Positive: Just a wee one. Comparative: A wee drop in our eye. Superlative: Fou.

A GRATEFUL OLD MAN.

Mr. W. D. Smith, Ethel, Ky., writes: "I have been using Dodd's Kidney Pills for ten or twelve years and they have done me a great deal of good. I do not think I would be alive today if it were not for Dodd's Kidney Pills. I strained my back about forty years ago, which left it very weak. I was troubled with inflammation of the bladder, and the Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me of that and the Kidney Trouble. I take Dodd's Kidney Pills now to keep from having Backache. I am 77 years old and a farmer. You are at liberty to publish this testimonial, and you may use my picture in connection with it." Correspond with Mr. Smith about this wonderful remedy.



Dodd's Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dodd's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Write for Household Hints, also music of National Anthem (English and German words) and recipes for dainty dishes. All 3 sent free. Adv.

How They Love Each Other. Mand—The man I marry must be well off. Kate—And not know it.—Boston Evening Transcript.

ECZEMA BURNED AND ITCHED

203 Walnut St., Hillsboro, Ill.—"My child had a breaking out on the lower limbs which developed into eczema. The eczema began with pimples which contained yellow corruption and from the child's clothing they were greatly irritated. They seemed to burn, which made the child scratch them, resulting in a mass of open places. They made her so cross and fretful that it was impossible to keep her quiet. They caused her to lose much sleep and she was constantly tormented by severe itching and burning."

"I tried several well-known remedies, but got no relief until I got a sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment, which did so much good that I got a large quantity that cured her in ten days after she had been affected for two months." (Signed) Mrs. Edith Schwartz, Feb. 28, 1913.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

Radium and its Manufacture. Although, until recently, the manufacture of radium has been carried on almost wholly in France and Germany, there appears to be no good reason why our American carnotite should not be treated at home, says a writer. Carnotite is much more easily treated than pitchblende and the essential features of methods for its chemical treatment are well known, although much of the mechanical detail of operation has been kept secret. As the mechanical requirements, however, are those which any well grounded chemical engineer should be able to solve, there seems to be no good reason why any of our carnotite ores should be shipped abroad, even at two or three times the present market price of the material.

Buying More. "What have you with you?" "A lock of my wife's hair." "How romantic. Going to have a locket made for it, I presume?" "No; she gave it to me this morning as a sample. Wants me to try to match it in a switch."

Familiar. "Does he know her very well?" "He must. I overheard him telling her that she is getting fat."—Detroit Free Press.

Natural Kind. "I caught a frebug yesterday." "A confirmed criminal?" "No; a glowworm."

SELF DELUSION. Many People Deceived by Coffee.

We like to defend our indulgences and habits even though we may be convinced of their actual harmfulness. A man can convince himself that whiskey is good for him on a cold morning, or beer on a hot summer day—when he wants the whiskey or beer. It's the same with coffee. Thousands of people suffer headache and nervousness year after year but try to persuade themselves the cause is not coffee—because they like coffee.

"While yet a child I commenced using coffee and continued it," writes a Wis. man, "until I was a regular coffee fiend. I drank it every morning and in consequence had a blinding headache nearly every afternoon. My folks thought it was coffee that ailed me, but I liked it and would not admit it was the cause of my trouble, so I stuck to coffee and the headaches stuck to me."

"Finally, the folks stopped buying coffee and brought home some Postum. They made it right (directions on pkg.) and told me to see what difference it would make with my head, and during that first week on Postum my old affliction did not bother me once. From that day to this we have used nothing but Postum in place of coffee—headaches are a thing of the past and the whole family is in fine health."

"Postum looks good, smells good, tastes good, is good, and does good to the whole body."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. Postum now comes in two forms: Regular Postum—must be well boiled. Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. Grocers sell both kinds. "There's a Reason" for Postum.



CHARLES TELLIER, INVENTOR OF COLD STORAGE

MAN whose temper was quick and whose thumbs were thick used to indulge in violent language every time his wife called upon him to button her waist up the back. He had a hard time getting the hooks into the eyes, and even after he had them all adjusted there was no telling when some of them would get loose.

One day after he had nearly all of them fastened his wife wriggled a bit and most of the hooks came loose.

"I wish some darn fool would invent a hook that would stay hooked," said the husband after he had uttered some things that are unnecessary to repeat. "Why don't you?" asked the wife, not satirically nor because she thought he was a fool, but for her own peace of mind and to save him annoyance.

"I will some day when I have a few minutes to spare," he declared.

And he did. From a simple device which he patented and put on the market he has made nearly \$2,000,000.

What a contrast this case is to that of Charles Tellier, who died the other day. Tellier's whole life was one of poverty and struggle. More than once he was cast into prison for debt. He died of starvation, being too poor to buy enough food to sustain life, yet no man in all the history of the world did more to conserve the food supply of the human race than did Charles Tellier.

He was the inventor of cold storage. Other men have been made rich through his genius. Hundreds of millions of dollars are saved each year through the process he developed. But for him great cities such as New York, London, Paris and Berlin would be in danger of famine if cut off from their sources of food supply through a great storm or the interruption of their lines of communication.

New York, so far as its fresh food is concerned, lives from day to day, says the New York Sun. In 1888, when it was tied up by a blizzard, most of the food within the city had been consumed before 72 hours had passed. Another 72 hours would have meant much suffering. Today, with a tremendous increase in population, its position is one of comparative safety. It carries in cold storage enough food to support it for weeks.

And yet Charles Tellier died of starvation! France was responsible for Tellier, but every nation was his debtor. He was born in Amiens. More than 40 years ago, after being released from a debtor's prison, he perfected a system for the preservation of meats, vegetables and fruits. Thirty-seven years ago a ship equipped with his cold storage appliance was at sea for more than 100 days and brought its cargo of meat into port as fresh as the day it was put aboard.

Some inventors are careless. Many of them lack business ability. Tellier's ideas were appropriated by clever men who thought only of using them to their own advantage without feeling any sense of obligation to the inventor. Some of them laughed or scoffed at him when he protested that they were robbing him of his rights. Sensitive and proud he tried to hide his bitterness and sought solace in working on other great inventions for the good of mankind. It takes money to prosecute studies and experiments, and Tellier had little of it. One day some one reproached the French government for its neglect of Tellier, who was in dire want. The government acted promptly. It gave the ribbon of the Legion of Honor to him. This was a fine thing to do for an old man, nearly all of whose clothes and furniture were in pawn.

The news of Tellier's death last month stirred all France. The people may have neglected Tellier alive, but they honored him dead. His funeral was a national event. Great men delivered eulogies of him. And now France is to put up a monument to him as one of its greatest sons. He has monuments in the shape of industrial plants and ships the world over.

About the same time that Tellier was dying Rudolf Diesel, one of the greatest inventors Germany has produced, fell or cast himself from the deck of a ship on which he was a passenger. He was a broken-hearted bankrupt—a genius without business sense. His engine is in use in every quarter of the globe. Next to Watt he is ranked by some as the greatest figure in the development of power. For all the good he did in the advancement of science and industry his reward was small indeed. Harassed by creditors, by his urgent needs, his life had been one of misery for years.

The tragedy of great inventors is not confined to France or Germany. The United States has more cases perhaps than Europe. It is seldom that a genius is able to protect himself in a worldly way. It is only after he is dead that the world begins to appreciate his full worth. Sometimes even that is lacking.

Without the Rev. Hannibal Goodwin photography would not have been developed to the extent it is today. Without him it is doubtful if there would be motion pictures today, yet it is a question whether any of the great producers of the photo play who have made millions upon millions of dollars in the last ten years or one person out of ten thousand of those who go to see the "movies" know of Hannibal Goodwin and his work.

The Rev. Mr. Goodwin was pastor of a little church in Newark. His pay was small, barely enough to support his family. He was a great, big, kindly man. Nature intended him for a scientist. Conditions made him a clergyman. He looked after his little flock, visited the sick and helped

THE TRAGEDY OF GENIUS



HANNIBAL GOODWIN, INVENTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY



ELI WHITNEY, INVENTOR OF THE COTTON GIN



THE COTTON GIN

ELIAS HOWE, INVENTOR OF THE SEWING MACHINE

the poor and did his full duty, but he loved to climb to the garret of his little house and work out problems in chemistry.

When he got into that garret he forgot the world. His wife or his daughter might call him and he might answer mechanically, but it is doubtful if he heard them. He would forget his meals, possibly some engagement, so absorbed would he become. Sometimes he would climb into the garret early Sunday morning and when hours later he would appear in the pulpit his hands would be stained with the chemicals he had been using. Once he went into the pulpit with his vestments discolored by the acids. He did not know it.

In that garret the preacher-scientist developed the photographic film. Success with his invention brought sorrow to the clergyman. It was in 1837 that he completed his work on the film. Whatever his dreams of fortune were shattered. A photographic company attempted to prevent Goodwin from obtaining a patent. The company was rich. The clergyman was poor. A man who is poor has a tremendous handicap in such a legal fight as the one that followed. A rich corporation can hire lawyers of fine ability. The law is very slow.

The suit became a fearful burden to the preacher. Year after year the case dragged on. When the case had been in the courts 13 years the Rev. Mr. Goodwin died. He was poor. He would not have been so poor had he never invented the photographic film. Possibly the struggle to carry on the suit and to gain what he believed was his own shortened his life.

After the clergyman died his rights to the film were sold to a company. His widow got stock in this concern in return for the sale of the invention. Years passed and the lawsuit went from court to court. A few months ago—26 years after the Goodwin invention was perfected—a decision was handed down supporting all of the Goodwin claims and declaring the company that had fought the clergyman from the first to be infringing the Hannibal Goodwin patent.

What does triumph mean at this late date? Hannibal Goodwin's widow is past eighty. His daughter is sixty years old. Money cannot compensate them for all the years that are gone, the years of disappointment, hope deferred and of poverty. And even now they may not get the money.

It will not sadden the aged widow if she never gets a dollar from the film her husband created. "Great expectations," she says, "makes one's life discontented. We have expected little or nothing."

The one great satisfaction she has and that counts more than money is the vindication of all that was claimed in behalf of her husband as the man who gave the film to the world. Alexander Graham Bell will go down in history as the inventor of the telephone and comparatively little space will be given to Daniel Drawbaugh, yet Bell and Drawbaugh filed their patent papers the same day, and after eight years of litigation, in which some of the greatest lawyers in American were engaged, three justices of the Supreme court of the United States supported Bell. By the narrow margin of one vote Bell was made rich and Drawbaugh continued poor.

Bell came on his invention by chance. Drawbaugh by laborious study. Bell had every advantage in an educational way. Drawbaugh worked for years in his father's blacksmith shop. Most of his life Drawbaugh was hard pressed for

money. His workshop was an old tumble-down shack known as Eberly's mill. There he labored year in and year out. He practically died in harness, for he worked on the day he died and he then was eighty-four years old.

He invented 500 articles that have been of value to the world at large, but he got little money out of them.

Elias Howe, inventor of the sewing machine, was lucky in escaping the poorhouse. He came from a family of inventors. His uncle, William Howe, invented the truss bridge and his uncle, Tyler Howe, invented the spring bed.

Elias Howe was lame, lazy and shiftless. For years after he married his wife supported him and their children by sewing. His wife's patient industry no doubt led him to think of ways to lighten her toll and the sewing machine was the result. When he took out his patent he sold a half interest in it for \$500 to the man from whom he rented a garret. Eleven days after the granting of the patent he assigned the other half interest over to his father, nominally for \$1,000, but really to satisfy claims for small sums the father had given to him.

To support his family he became a locomotive engineer. He was not much of a success as an engineer and lost his job. That was fortunate, although he did not think so at the time. His brother had been sent to England to introduce the sewing machine and thought he was doing a wonderful piece of business when he sold the English rights for \$1,250. There was one saying clause in that bill of sale. It provided that the inventor should get \$15 for every machine sold.

Elias Howe with his wife and three children followed his brother to England. He got work at \$15 a week at manufacturing his own machines. He was so incompetent as a worker that he was discharged. For two years he was poverty stricken and only escaped jail in England by taking the poor debtor's oath. Through the charity of a sea captain he and his family were brought back to America.

Two weeks after his return his wife died owing to the privation to which she had been subjected. Destitute and forlorn Howe drifted about from place to place. His father took pity on him and recovered the half interest in the patent of Elias. Then Howe took advantage of the fact that various persons were infringing on his patent and sued them. For four years the suits dragged along. Howe won most of them and collected \$15,000 in one instance. With this money he repurchased the half interest he had sold to the owner of the garret for \$500.

That was one of the few sensible things he ever did in a business way. When he died in 1887 at the age of forty-eight he left \$2,000,000. Eli Whitney invented the cotton gin. He was a New Englander who went south, and on the plantation of Gen. Nathaniel Green of Revolutionary fame saw the slaves separating the lint from the cotton seed by hand. Few things that came from the brain of man have worked a greater revolution than the cotton gin. Without injury to the fiber it cuts the lint from the seed and piles it into the frame in which later it is baled.

From his invention, which may be classed as one of the ten most important in history, Whitney never got a dollar of profit. Immediately upon the introduction of the gin dozens of persons pirated the invention. Whitney tried to protect his legal rights and soon became involved in a lot of lawsuits. Some of them he won without much trouble, some of the more important were carried from court to court and were dragged on interminably.

The affair became one of the scandals of the time. Mr. Whitney, disgusted with the protracted and expensive litigation, nearly at the end of his financial resources and despairing of ever getting justice in the courts, determined to let the world have the benefit of his invention without profit to himself. The state of Georgia in recognition of what it had benefited through the gin voted \$50,000 to him. That did not cover the legal costs, the lawyers' fees and the time he had given to the creation of the gin, but with this money he embarked in business in New England in the manufacture of firearms, and made enough money to live in comparative ease.

business ability, but who hated each other cordially. To one of them came a fairy saying that he could have any boon he desired, and whatever he had his partner should have in double portion. Naturally his first wish was for a barrel of money.

"All right," said the fairy, "but your partner will get two barrels on that wish."

"Stop a little," said the first. "Perhaps you'd better not give me a barrel of money. I'd rather you would make me totally blind in one eye."

Two Partners.

A wicked story is told about two partners who respected each other's

HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

Pigeon Objected to an Unceremonious Expulsion

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—The squad of bluecoats had assembled at the central station for the midnight change of shifts. The stalwart policemen formed in line and started to march in a short review before roll call when, amid the tramping of feet, Lieutenant Greeg noticed a little blue-gray pigeon marching bravely along just behind the last man in line, head erect, chest out and with very much of a military air.

"Get out of here," thundered Lieutenant Green, when his men had failed to answer his question. "Get out! Shoot!" he repeated, as the pigeon cocked its head on one side and looked the commanding officer over. A titter went round the ranks, but was instantly subdued by a glare from the lieutenant.

"Officers Haggerty and Burn, put that pigeon out." And the lieutenant turned his back as if the incident were closed. It would have been closed, too, had not the pigeon objected to this unceremonious expulsion. Officers Haggerty and Burn, strode with great dignity up to the bird, which retreated as slowly toward the door. It walked along a few steps, then looked back as much as though it believed the order had been withdrawn. Now it was at the door, and the policemen-bird-drivers were about to sigh with relief when the feathered volunteer flew back over their heads and rejoined his comrades in line.

Perhaps five times the performance was repeated, but with no better success, and discipline was rapidly giving way to an upheaval of mirth when Lieutenant Green came back to earth and hastily called the roll. Then the line swung about, and in pairs the men marched out to the street. The pigeon, with a look of seeming satisfaction on its non-too-expressive face, tagged along right at their heels.

"You're a—you're a—well, a mighty impudent bird," said the lieutenant. Then, even he broke the rules long enough to laugh.

This Girl Won a Husband in Twenty Minutes

LOUISVILLE, KY.—Twenty minutes after Miss Lura Blythe of Jeffersonville, Ind., met William B. Morang of Danville, Va., she became his bride. Magistrate Oscar Hay of Jeffersonville, just across the river from Louisville, and a famous Gretna Green, arranged this 20-minute wedding and marriage. Sometime ago a newspaper story was published to the effect that Magistrate Hay would not only perform the marriage ceremony, but would be glad to arrange matches for the bashful lovers.

The story came to the notice of Mr. Morang, who is a prosperous contracting carpenter, and he called on Magistrate Hay to find him a wife. Mr. Hay had not meant that part of his offer seriously, but he resolved to "make good."

A match was finally arranged with a Louisville woman, and last Sunday Morang reached Louisville from Danville. He went to the home of his prospective bride and returned to the magistrate's office with a dismal face.

"I can't marry that woman you picked out for me," he said.

"Why not?" asked Mr. Hay.

"She didn't wait for me. She married another fellow a week ago."

"Too bad," said the magistrate. "Well, as I undertook to get you a wife, I'll get you one."

"You'll have to hurry," said Morang. "I've left a lot of business in Danville and I'm going back to night."

The magistrate thought over his list of eligible young women and called up Miss Lura Blythe, daughter of Calvin Blythe, who lived near. He gave such a glowing description of Morang that Miss Blythe came right over to meet him.

At seven o'clock they were introduced. Ten minutes later they announced that they had accepted each other, and ten minutes later Magistrate Hay performed the marriage ceremony.

They have gone to Danville, Va., to make their home.

Exonerated From Theft Charge by Dog's Tricks

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Tricks which a bird dog remembered for three years and demonstrated in Justice Charles Clark's courtroom the other day freed its master of a charge of grand larceny. Wiley A. Card, formerly of 2706 Denver avenue, was charged with the theft of Roxie from the home of W. J. Glover, 414 West Forty-second street. Glover had owned the dog a little more than two years. Card said the dog belonged to him and had wandered from home three weeks before. When he passed the Glover home he said it recognized him and followed him away.

"It's mine," spoke Card from the witness stand, "and I can make her do some tricks that will prove it."

"Oh, no, you can't," Glover said. "It doesn't know any tricks."

"Rox," spoke Card. The dog advanced to the open space in front of the defendant's chair.

"Stand up!"

The dog arose to its hind legs, cocked its head to one side and looked at the witness. Card took a small paper box from his pocket. He tossed it into the air. Roxie retrieved it before it touched the floor.

"Now, roll over and then go about the door."

The dog promptly rolled over, and then pushed the courtroom door shut with its nose and a fore foot.

"That's enough," said the justice, when the crowd's demonstrations of pleasure could be controlled. "That dog surely knows you. The case is dismissed. It is the business of the civil court to decide the permanent ownership of the dog."

Old Roughneck Cat Claws His Deep Sea Owner

CHICAGO.—Frank McCauley, sometime a deep-sea sailor, thrust across the operating table at the Chicago avenue station the other day two hands that looked as if they had gone half way through a sausage grinder. And while Ambulance Surgeon Helwig was sewing and bandaging, McCauley explained:

"Me an' old Roughneck—that's my cat—was sittin' peaceful on the quarterdeck of my apartment at 228 West Superior street, snoozin' in the sunshine, enjoyin' the Sabbath calm."

"All of a sudden a pirate-lookin' rat—meanest-appearin' rat you ever saw—scoots out o' the cook's cabin and jumps clear out in the middle o' the back yard."

"The rats is leavin' the ship, I yells, which in deep-water language amounts to the same thing as sayin', 'Man the lifeboats.' Bft it seems to have a different meaning for Roughneck."

"Roughneck was lyin' asleep in my lap—but the way he sleeps is like the sleepin' of a battery with the switch turned off. Just that simple word 'rats,' it appears, was the switch that dug his hind claws into my stomach as he starts to take up the pursuit of that rat."

"No, you don't," says I, being willing to let the rat move to the apartment across the alley if he wants to, an' I grabs Roughneck by the reason for his nomenclature. Now look at me."

The surgeon patted down the final bandage and inquired:

"What are you going to do to punish Roughneck?"

"Well," said the sailor, "Roughneck did do a lot to me, but on the other hand, I kept Roughneck away from that rat. I guess me and Roughneck is about even."

Place for Everything.

"Confound it, Emily, where do you keep the pins? I've been looking high and low for one for ten minutes. I'll wager there isn't an article of the sort in the house. If we men ran our offices like you women—" "Oh, Dorothy, shake out the vacuum cleaner for mamma, dear, and take a pin right away to papa."

Timkins' Little Joke.

Mr. Spriggs, who was very self-important, made an absurd offer for Mr. Timkins' extra lot in East Orange. He allowed a day for Mr. Timkins to think it over; then called again. "Did you entertain my proposition?" he asked. "No," said Mr. Timkins. "Your proposition entertained me."—New York Evening Post.

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