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Not Old. A "minister's man" in Scotland was one Sunday afternoon following his master to church, when the minister happening to turn about detected an unwonted smile on his face. "What makes you laugh, James? It is unseemly. What is there to amuse you?" "Oh, nothing particular," says James. "I was only thinking of something that happened this forenoon."

Strategy. He-I am in love. Will you be my confidante? She-Certainly. I am at your service. He-Well, would you advise me to propose to you?—Life.

Could Improve on the Advice. He might have been forty-five or fifty years old, and was apparently in comfortable circumstances. He was well dressed, and as he sat in front of the big fire at the club he puffed meditatively at a cigar.

The young man sitting near him was scowling at the fire as he smoked his cigar. "Just on the threshold of your literary career," said the old gentleman at last in a derogatory tone.

The young man acquiesced with a movement of his head. "You have a hard struggle ahead of you," said the old man. "I know what it is. It takes a long time to secure recognition."

The young man admitted the truth of the assertion by another nod. "It requires patience, perseverance and constant improvement," continued the old man complacently. "One mustn't get discouraged. I was almost ready to give up once or twice, but I kept right on, and now I can sell anything I write at a good price. And let me give you another piece of advice: Always read your stories over in print. There is nothing like it for improving a man's style. He sees the flaws in print when he would overlook them in manuscript."

The young man took his cigar out of his mouth and looked at the other curiously. "That's your advice, is it?" he asked at last.

"It is." "It's the best you can give, I suppose?" "Why, yes. I don't think of anything in general that's more important."

"Well, from my limited experience I can improve on it mightily." "How?" "By prefixing it with 'First get your story in print.'"—Chicago Tribune.

A Wild Goose Chase. Chappie (faintly)—Doctah, my aw-head feels awful! Does grip evah go to the brain? Doctor—Sometimes.

Chappie—I have pains rushin around all ovah, in me arms and hands and feet and everywhere. Doctor—That's grip. Chappie—What's it trying to do, doctah? Doctor—Trying to find your brain, I guess.—New York Weekly.

Excusable. "Talk about mean men. I've read a good deal about them; but the meanest man is the fellow who steals my jokes without credit!" exclaimed the humorist to the editor.

"Well, rather," said the editor; "but you must remember that the man who would steal your jokes must be exceedingly hard up, and, besides, there is no credit in it, one way or another."—Boston Post.

A Fellow Feeling. Grumbling Consumer (at gas company's office)—Between footpads and gas bills a man's life is hardly worth living any more. Clerk—Have the footpads been after you? Grumbling Consumer (handing over a twenty dollar bill)—No. They know I'm a customer of yours.—Chicago Tribune.

She Was Sorry. He (at 11 p. m.)—There's one thing I'd do, Miss Smithington, if I were rich. She (wearily)—What is that, Mr. Lingerly? He—I'd travel. She (sympathetically)—I'm so sorry, Mr. Lingerly, that you are not rich.—Detroit Free Press.

A Happy Condition. First Officer's Servant to Second Ditto—What's the matter with you. You look as happy as a skylark. "And no wonder. You see, my lieutenant sent me to get a cheese, and I dropped it in the mud—so I was allowed to eat it myself."—Flegende Blatter.

Explaining a Mystery. Briggs—Strange things happen. A Brooklyn policeman was seen walking the streets at midnight recently. Griggs—What was the trouble? Briggs—Upon investigation it turned out that he was a somnambulist.—Life.

Turns His Eyes Away. "Before he married me John said he would love me too well ever to see me build a fire." "And does he?" "Yes. He never looks at me when I am building it."—Washington Star.

His Life Work. Smith—So you are a poet? And may I ask how you make your living? Bondo—Oh, I win all the fasting competitions at the dime museums.—Jester.

Young in the Business. "What do you think of your new govt. ernment, Tommy?" "Oh, she's all right for a beginner, but she'll soon learn."—Boston Post.

A Story with a Moral. He knocked at the back door of a suburban house and the cook opened it. He was a sinister looking fellow and she held on to the door. "Lady of the house in?" he inquired gruffly. "No," trembled the cook. "Man of the house here?" "No." "None of the people in?" "None but me," and she tried to shut the door. "Aw, come off," he growled, setting his foot against it. "I guess I'll come in and have a good eat. Step lively now er I'll grab you."



She let go of the door and the tramp forged in and fell into the arms of a big policeman, who was courting the cook contrary to orders.—Detroit Free Press.

He Didn't Want It. Crane's New Servant Girl. "Speaking of servant girls," said Crane, the actor, to a friend who was recently entertaining him with an account of his experiences with the tribe, "we had one up at Cobasset last summer that simply took the bakery and everything appertaining thereto. She was named Maria, and she came with a letter of recommendation from a family of our acquaintances. They said that she was honest and faithful, but a little crude and needed training. Imagining that the latter fault could soon be remedied, we engaged her and appointed her to the then vacant position of waitress in ordinary."

"On the afternoon of her arrival I gave a little dinner to a few of my professional friends and felt particularly anxious to have the affair go off smoothly. With this end in view Maria was put through a little preliminary drilling beforehand, in the course of which she managed to smash the fish platter of a valuable set of china and display the fact that she didn't know any more about waiting on a table than she did of writing comic songs in Sanscrit. The guests arrived, and in fear and trembling I took my seat. We prepared for the preliminary bells without eliciting a response from the nonevident Maria. Then I breathed her name softly, but in vain; I breathed it again, same result, and finally I reached for upper C and called for 'Maria' in tones that rattled the plates."

"A capped and beribboned head thrust itself around the corner of the dining room door, and in tones of calm inquiry the young woman asked: 'What's the matter, ma'am? I will star in it next season.'"

A Miss Luella Loring of New York has made a new drama of "Ole Joe," which is to be presented with a competent company sometime next month.

A novelty of the coming summer season will be bicycle companies running over the union and playing a farce comedy each night in the smaller towns near summer resorts.

Hoyt's newest play, "The Temperance Town," has made a great hit in Buffalo. Cant and hypocrisy is dealt a blow, but at the same time the play is as full of fun as are all of Mr. Hoyt's pieces.

J. B. Foke, once a star, has fallen out of the theatrical firmament and is digging gold "in the hole."

"How it, then?" "I am afraid to." "Why?" "For fear it will blow away. It's so small."—Texas Siftings.

His Great Mistake. Featherstone—Look here, Uncle, I lent you \$5 the other day to buy you a pair of trousers with, but I haven't seen you wear them yet. Uncle Ebony—No, sah. De fac' is I made a big mistake about dem pants, sah. I found dat I could get a pair for \$1.50, sah. So den I went out and spent \$1.50.

Featherstone—Well, didn't you get the trousers with the other \$1.50? Uncle Ebony—No, sah; dat's de funny part of it. You see, I made er mistake and spent the \$1.50 I was going to buy the pants with first.—Clothes and Furnisher.

Not Possible. Head of Firm—Mr. Travers, while you were out a man came in to collect a bill from you for an ulster which he said had been running for a year. Can't you pay for your clothes, sir, out of the liberal salary we give you? Travers—No, sir. I can't do it and be a gentleman.—Clothes and Furnisher.

His Recommendation. Briggs—How do you like your new fur-bace, Griggs? Griggs—Oh, it's just splendid. Briggs—Can you recommend it as a bang up good heater? Griggs—No; but I recommend it as a bang up good refrigerator.—Harper's Bazar.

A Good Natured Soul. Lady's Maid to her ladyship, reclining ill and faint in her easy chair, while the doctor is in attendance—If it is too much trouble for madame I shall be most happy to let the doctor feel my pulse instead of your ladyship's.—Neueste Witze.

Brought Out the Wrinkles. Clara—Isn't Mr. Banger's dress suit wrinkled awfully? I suppose it is because he travels so much with it. Maude—Yes. He told my brother he had been traveling with it for fourteen years.—Clothes and Furnisher.

A Sufficient Reason. Judge—Why did you not at once take the purse you found to the police station? Prisoner—It was so late at night. Judge—And the next morning? Prisoner—There was nothing left in it.—Humoristische Blatter.

She Got What She Wanted. "I was bound to marry a nobleman or nothing," remarked an American girl returning with a foreign husband. "I guess you got both," said her father, and went on making out a check.—Detroit Free Press.

The Thought Transmitter. It was the seventeenth time that he had made a visit in the hope that he could collect the entire amount of the bill or at least get something on it, but as he entered the door he was greeted by the debtor with: "I know it! I would have bet my life on it!" "On what?" asked the collector. "Mental telegraphy. It's a clear case—the best illustration of thought transmission I ever saw. I've had you in my mind for two hours, wanted to see you awfully, but didn't know how to reach you, so I just took a seat and thought of you and how badly I wanted to see you and here you are."

"Why did you wish to see me?" "I wanted to tell you that I can't pay you anything on that bill until a week from next Wednesday. Just think of it; by the utilization of currents and electricity in conjunction with mental force I brought you to me. Reasonable, isn't it?" "And that's mental telegraphy?" "Yes, or better yet, we call it thought transmission. It is the most recent marvel in science and the most remarkable because, while we know that the power exists, we do not know its form, we have no comprehension as to its operation and we cannot analyze it."

"Um-m. 'Thought transmission.' Well, about 9 o'clock tomorrow morning," said the creditor, "you just get a grip through your unknown aerial telegraph machine on me and see what comes of it. You'll find that I have an attachment on your entire outfit, and that a constable and myself will be ready to start after you and yours forthwith." And as the speaker walked out savagely the philosopher laid his head on his desk moaning, "And that is all the common herd cares for the great mysteries of human intercourse."—Detroit Free Press.

From Bad to Worse. A lady whose Christian name was Jane and whose little daughter was named after her engaged a housekeeper who was also a Jane.

Thinking that three Janes in one household might occasion confusion, the lady said to the newcomer, who was a tall, angular woman, with a rigid air and an uncompromising cast of countenance, "I think, Jane, it will be better for me to call you by your last name, if you have no objection."

"No'm, I have no objections," answered the housekeeper, standing stiffly erect, voice in hand. "Call me 'Darling,' ma'am, if you prefer. That's my name!"—Youth's Companion.

They Were Thumpers. Two men met and adjourned to a neighboring saloon to talk over old acquaintances. In answer to inquiries as to the different members of his family, one man said: "My eldest girl thumps the piano."

"And her sister?" "Oh, she thumps the washboard." "But your wife?" "She thumps me."—Detroit Free Press.

A Starter. Doctor—If your husband's hiccochs don't stop very soon, madam, he'll be a dead man. There is only one thing to be done. He must be startled out of them. Can you suggest any way? Anxious Wife (thoughtfully)—I might tell him that I had decided not to order that new silk dress.—Cloak Review.

About Ajax. "Father," asked Tommy, "why did Ajax try the lightning?" "Because, my son, Ajax was a French pistol, and the lightning was known to hit 5,000 times where it hit once. Moreover, it was 800 miles away, and wasn't lightning at the time. Ajax knew whom to defy."—Texas Siftings.

He Was a Little Late. "That was quite a little joke of mine," said, with enthusiasm, after he had excited himself with a bon mot. "Did you see it?" "Oh, yes," she answered wearily, "I saw last week in a newspaper."—Washington Star.

A Poor Beginning. Young Nobles to his future mamma-in-law—Photograph of you here. Really you must have been good looking when you were young—I-I—mean you must have been—them—quite young when you were good looking.—Drake's Magazine.

Head of the House. Biliter—Do you know who I can get to take charge of my house? Witherby—You might get my wife's dressmaker. She is running ours just at present.—Cloak Review.

He Was in a Hurry. Patsy McKenna (in an electric car which has broken down)—Well, as this car don't be after moving soon, O'll take the one be-hoind.—Harvard Lampoon.

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