

"Uncle Samuel," he said, "will you please give me that colt?"

"Why, no, Harold," answered the uncle. "I can't give you that colt. Do you want a colt very badly?"

I'd rather have a colt than anything in the world."

"Well, if you want a colt that much you ought to pray for it. When I want a thing very badly, I pray for it and it comes to me."

"Honest, uncle? Well, I'll tell you—you give me this colt, and then you pray for another one."

CLEAR ENGLISH

William Lackaye, the player, is a stickler for correct English, on and off the stage, and he never loses an opportunity to put the erring on the right path in this respect.

One afternoon, Mr. Lackaye walked into a New York drug store and stated to a clerk his need—a man's comb.

"Do you want a narrow man's comb?" was the inquiry addressed to him.

"No," said Mr. Lackaye, with the utmost gravity. "What I desire is a comb for a stout man with rubber teeth."

GREATLY RELIEVED

An Englishman visiting the United States for the first time was riding in a street car in New York. Opposite to him sat a woman upon whose lap sat a very ugly baby—an uncompromisingly homely child. The baby seemed to fascinate the Englishman; he couldn't keep his eyes off it; he would look away, drop his eyeglass and endeavor to fix his attention on