

Ten Minutes With The Funny Men. * SOME OF THE QUIPS AND JESTS FROM PENS OF THE NEWSPAPER HUMORISTS.



Terse Tales From Humorous Pens

"Dear Teacher," wrote little Edith's mother, "please excuse Edith for not coming to school resterday, as she fell in the gutter. By doing the same you will greatly oblige her mother."—

DEPEWS BEST COMPLIMENT. Senator Depew, at a dinner in his coner in New York, said of his notable

I have received many compliments

on my skill at after-dinner speaking.

pratorical gift:

but the naivest compliment of all came from an up-state farmer. "Senator," said he, 'you might have typhold and recover, you might have sumonla and recover, you might have yellow fever and recover, but if you ever get lockjaw you'd hust!" "-Philadelphia Record.

TAKING NO CHANCES.

Among the coffee drinkers a high place must be given to Bismarck, according to the London Chronicle. He liked coffee unadulterated. While with the Prussian army in France he one day entered a country inn and asked the host if he had any chicory in the house. He had. Hismarck said: "Well, bring it to me; all you have." The man obeyed and handed Bismarck a canister full of chicory.

"Are you sure this is all you have?" demanded the chancellor. "Yes, my lord, every grain." "Then," said Rismarck, keeping the

canister by him, "go now and make me a pot of coffee."

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

"Papa," said the hopeful youth, "can be tell me what is natural philos-

and relieved to find that there was at least something he could tell his off-spring. "Natural philosophy is the sci-ence of cause and reason. Now, for instance, you see the steam coming out of the spout of the kettle, but you don't know why or for what reason it does

"Oh, but I do, papel" chirped the hope of the household. The reason the steam comes out of the kettle is so that mamma may open your letters without your knowing it."-Tit Bits.

"BANG UP" ETHICS.

Senator Brown, according to the New York Tribune, apropos of the marital misadventures of a young multimillionaire, said at a dinner in Washington:
"The trouble is that too many of our bile rich young men think that among their many rights in included the right

do wrong. They are, in truth, as foolish in this respect as the maidservant who said: "Twe got a place among the top-notchers for sure this time. They're hang-up aristocrats I live with now." "'What do you mean by bang-up aris-tocrats" a friend asked.
"'Oh," she replied. "I mean places

where they have three kinds of wine and the ladles smoke and the men swear."

PROVIDING THE DIAMOND.

The baseball fan was feeling senti-mental, says the Boston Traveler. The game was over, and the sun had set and the moon had risen, and now the fan was with his lady love, trying to hand her a few het over.

got this stuff from a Summer novel). like an omnibus conductor I saw in Ox-that with you to cheer me on, I could— et—" (here he lost his lines and mad "You know the London omnibus? It et—" (here he lost his lines and had to fake). "that I could grab off any pennant the big league was offering."

"Let me get you right," interrupted the lady. "You want me to sit in the "Well, this blase conductor pulled up the lady. 'You want me to sit in the bleachers and yell while you line 'em out, eh?"

DID SHE MEAN IT THAT WAY?

The grounds will have to be laid off in a little better shape. So far I haven't been able to see the dia-

He wised up and was there with the spark the next night. And the game wasn't called off on account of darkness, believe us.

TAKING NO CHANCES.

There's a certain minister whose duties sometimes call him out of the city. He has always arranged for some one of his parishioners to keep company with his wife and little daughter during these absences. cently, however, he was called away so suddenly that he had no opportunity of providing a guardian, according

o an Exchange. The wife was very brave during the early evening, but after dark her courage began to fail. She stayed up with her little girl till there was no ex-cuse for staying any longer, and then took her upstairs to bed.
"Now, go to sleep, dearle," she said.
"Don't be afraid. God will protest

Yes, mother," answered the little girl; "that's all right tonight, but the next time let's make belter arrangegirl;

UNCONVENTIONALITIES.

"This is a little past our dinner hour, Mrs. Whelkley, but we're waiting for

you to go."
"I'm glad you've brought a box of candy this evening. Mr. Fathertop; it will relieve the monotony immensely."
"Nan, dear, you'd look charming in that short-sleeved waist if you arms

"Gentlemen, Senator Letsmun wishes me to say that he appreciates the konor of this serenade, but the music you are making is the worst he ever

"I'm not going to thank you, sir, for giving me your seat; you ought to have offered it to me half an hour ago."

"I'd be willing to marry you, Mr. Squiggles, perhaps, if mother would quit egging me on."
"'Au revolr' means 'till we meet again,' doesn't it, Mrs. Weerius? Then I'll simply say good night."—Chicago Tribune.

ALTOGETHER TOO PARTICULAR.

Lord Talbot Demalahide was talking in New York, says the Milwaukee News, about the thoroughness of the customs investigations. "The smuggler," he said, "is bound

to be detected if he tries his little game in your metropolis. The smuggler's precautions against detection at this port are as vain and ludicrous as the precautions of the dreaming Irishman. "An Irishman, you know, once dreamed that he was visiting the late

Queen Victoria.
"Will you have a drink?" the Queen said to him. "I will," said the Irishman. 'A drop of Irish, of coorse, hot by preference,

your Majesty."
"So the Queen put on the kettle, but when the water boiled the noise awoke the dreamer. "St. Patrick!" said he, 'I'll take it cold next time."

NOT INTERESTED.

"The Londoners are indifferent about

the lady. "You want me to sit in the bleachers and yell while you line 'em out, eh?"

"That's the dope," he answered, rather surprised that she got his knightly idea so rapidly. She was to cheer him on to victory, and a glance up to where her dear eyes were shining—well, you get it.

"If that's the case," continued the lades of the lades conductor pulled up his blase conductors and the ladies bound for Peter Robinson's eagerly conductors. The conductor when his blase conductors and the ladies bound for Peter Robinson's eagerly conductors. The conductor when his blase conductors and the ladies bound for Peter Robinson's eagerly conductors. The conductor when his blase conductors and the ladies bound for Peter Robinson's eagerly conductors. The con

hand on the bell-rope; but he lost pa-tience when the fat lady stopped for the fifth or sixth time to thrust down her billowing skirt, and he burst out

"Now, then, lydy, 'urry up, o yer? Figgers ain't no treat to me!

LET MRS. JENKINS DO IT.

Professor Jenkins was deep in philosophical discussion with a visit-ing classmate, says the Youth's Companion, when his neighbor, Mrs. Ely, knocked on his study door and then opened it without further ceremony.

"Oh, professor," she gasped, from the threshold, "your house is on fire!"
"Thank you," the professor responded, with smiling courtesy. As Mrs. Elyturned away he added, "Would you mind mentioning it to Mrs. Jenkins as you go out?" you go out?"

Mrs. Ely giggled hysterically. "But I can't find Mrs. Jenkins! She is not

in the house!"

"Not in the house?" The professor was momentarily dazed. Then his countenance brightened and he visibly threw off all anxiety. "But she must his have made some arrangements before Sun. going out. She always does, I am sure cook or Martha knows what she would wish done in such unusual circum-

Just then the fire department dashed up to the back door and with it Mrs. Jenkins. She soon appeared in the

"It's all right, Theodore,", she as-sured her husband. "We shall be able to confine the fire to the laundry; you won't be disturbed." won't be disturbed."

As she went out, gently closing the door after her, the professor remarked that Mrs. Ely was a good neighbor and a charming woman, but slightly im-

"She ought to knew by this time." said he, "that there is absolutely no necessity for me to meddle with household affairs. Dorothea is so entirely expeals." capable.'

A NICKEL WASTED.

The telephone bell rang loudly in the silent watches of the night in one of the largest hospitals of New York re-cently, and one of the young internes, who was doing duty in the office at the e, answered, says the New

"Is dis der hospittle?" came a female in a strong German accent, s," said the doctor.

"Yes," said the doctor.
"I wand to speak to der doctor," me the voice. "This is one of the doctors," said the "It happened that this was the name."

It happened that this was the name.

of one of his recent patients. "Rosa Schmidt?" he said. "Why. Rosa Schmidt was discharged four days ago as cured. She is not here any longer." "Ach, Gott!" came the voice in a tone of profound vexation. "A nickel

THE HEN DIED.

"You've killed one of my 'ens!"
Archie Longdrive looked up as the shadows of an angry woman fell across his golf-lee. "Killed one of your hens. madam?" he asked, politely. "Why, there hasn't been a bird on the course! Besides. I've never been introduced to your hens. I wouldn't know them if I saw them! I assure you, I—" "Stop that nonsense." Interrupted the angry woman, "and listen to me! I want half a guinea damages out of you, and I'll see that I get it, too! I found one of your golf balls, and popped it under one of my birds for a nest egg." "Well, what's the complaint?" asked Archie. "What's the complaint?" answered the woman. "Why, the 'en's died of a "You've killed one of my 'ens!" "The Londoners are indifferent about their tobacco—indifferent and blase, broken heart, thinking I wanted er to lay a crinkly egg!"—Answers.

*WANTED HIS DISGUISE.

A man who traded horses with Quaker went to him a few days later

Quips and Flings

What do you think of the plot? asked the theater manager. "That ain't a plot," replied the man who had paid \$2 to see the show. "That's a conspiracy?'-Washington Star.

Guest-Fil take some o' that. Waiter-Some o' which, boss? Guest-Some o' that there. Can't

ou read? Walter—'Scuse me, suh. I ain't had

Walter—'Scuse me, suh. I ain't had no education, neither.—Toledo Blade.

"What is that piece you were playing?" asked the New York hostess.

"It used to be Mendelssohn's Wedding March," replied the musician, "but I have put it into ragime and entitled it The Reno Quickstep."—Washington Star.

Knicker-Is the great detective's wife in the country? Bocker—Yes, and he can't find any of his clothes in the bureau.—New York

Gibbs-Do you ever think of the debt you owe your ancestors?

Dibbs—No; they are not pushing me like my tallor and grocer.—Boston Transcript.

"The little birds have to learn to fly ow by watching the aeroplanes."
"The mother birds are off gadding. eh? Put the graphophone out doors and we'll help teach the little fellows how to sing."—Pittsburg Post.

"Why was that man thrown from

the veranda?"
"He wanted the host to put the July heat record on his phonograph."—Buf-

falo Express. "The clinging type of girl is disappearing."
"Yes; modern woman, with her num-erous hatpins, is more like a cactus than a vine."—Washington Herald.

First Bridesmaid—They are well matched, don't you think?
Second Bridesmaid—Rather; she's a grass widow and he's a vegetarian.— London Opinion.

"Your life is too sedentary," said the "What you need is constant fair patient "I'm going to marry a man to reform him."—Philitelphia Record. "Well, I guess I'll get it," replied the

"I want a pair of shoes that will be plenty large enough," she said, as the clerk looked into her old one to find the number.
"In that case," he replied, "perhaps you had better step over into the men's department."—Chicago Herald.

Wigwag-The secret of a happy married life is to marry one's opposite.

Cynicus—Yes, I have frequently remarked that your wife was a most charming woman.—Philadelphia Record.

"So you have adopted a baby to raise?" we ask of our friend. "Well, it may turn out all right, but don't you think you are taking chances?"

"Not a chance," he answers. "No matter how many bad habits the child may develop, my wife can't say he inherits any of them from my side of the house."—Life.

"There seems to be a penalty provided for everything but stealing a man's daughter."
"There's a penalty for that, too."

"I'd like to know what it is."
"Hard labor for life."—Houston Post.

"In Reno, of course, where society goes through the separator," replied the cynic acridly.—Judge.

"Well, John William, how be things Gravedigger — Very quiet. Ain't buried a living soul for over a month.— London Opinion.

to see if they are growing." "They be- nal.

the refrigerator to see if there is any ice left."—Buffalo Express. When the doors opened in the little

Indiana theater a farmer wandered in and looked around.

"Ticket, please," said the doorkeeper.
"The only thing I've got agin these here op'rys," said the Hoosier as he walked away, "is that they don't begin till bedtime."—Success.

The Reformer—Ah, friend, what we are striving for is fewer overcrowded sigms, larger villages, more pleasure for the people and less drink.

The Unconverted One—But 'ow are we going ter 'ave more pleasure if we 'as less beer?—Everybody's Weekly.

Maud-Jack vows he'll marry you yet. Ethel-Maybe-if he goes in for the ministry.—Boston Transcript.

"I hardly know how to class this tablet," says the Egyptologist, studying the object. "As nearly as I can deoher the inscription it is a set of in structions as to what to do the next morning after a royal banquet in order restore the physical system to the "That's a headache tablet," decides

the assistant.-Chicago Post. He-So young March and his father

are carrying on the business?
She—Yes. The old man runs the business, while young March does the carrying on.—New York Globe.

Willis-I wonder if there will ever be universal peace.
Gillis—Sure. All they've got to do is
to get nations to agree that in case
of war the winner pays the pensions—

She-You know, George, that during all my girlhood I have never known care. He (absent-mindedly) - When we are married, darling, you shall never be without it.—Boston Transcript.

Comedian—Is your play still running? Tragedian—No; but the manager is.—Everybody's Weekly.

He—Don't you think she has rather a good complexion? She—It strikes me as being just a trifle too impres-ionistic.—Scribner's. Patience-And did her father follow

them when they eloped? Patrice-Sure! He's living with them yet!-Yonkers Statesman. Wigg-Scribbler is always talking about how he wooes the muse. Wagg-Well, she has pretty good grounds on which to sue him for breach of promise.—Philadelphia Record.

"Do you know the woman in the flat next to yours well enough to speak "Well enough? I know her too well

to speak to!"-London Opinion. Jenny-Jack, you ought to make some sacrifice to prove that you love me. What will you give up when we are married? Jack-I'll-I'll give up being a bachelor.-Philadelphia Inquirer.

Positive Wife-John, why do you talk in your sleep? Have you any idea? Negative Husband—So as not to forget how, I suppose. It's the only chance I get .- Puck.

Gabber-You ought to meet Smith. Awfully clever imitator. He can take off anybody. Tottle (wearily)—I wish he were here now.—Variety Life.

"In our country, where can one really is topped a week at their Summer cottage. They're different from most

"That so?"
"Yes, they never once said, know out here we do a lot of things that we wouldn't think of doing in the city." —Detroit Free Press.

"My present patient," said the pretty nurse, "is a peevish old millionaire." "Never mind. He may ask you to marry him!" "I wonder what becomes of the little "Yes, he may. He has about run out girls who dig up the seeds they plant, of other requests."—Kansas City Jour-

Another Domestic Adventure -

Among the Poets of the Daily Press

BAREFOOT BOY.

Blessings on thee, barefoot boy, You must be a happy soul; How we envy you your joy
Splashing in your swimming hole.

—Youngstown Telegram.

Blessings on thee, barefoot boy, .
All your ways are glad and sweet;
Nights, though, end the long day's joy, For you have to wash your feet.

-Houston Post.

Blessings on thee, barfoot boy, Of thee I'd write a sonnet. When in youth my foot was bare It had a stone-bruise on it? -Scranton Tribune-Republican.

Blessings on thee, barefoot boy, You must be happy, heaven knows, Sitting on the river bank Squeezing mud up through your toes,

Blessings on thee, barefoot boy, How we pity you-oh, gee! When you, in your childish joy, Step upon a bumblebee! -Los Angeles Express

-Johnstown Democrat.

Blessings on thee, barefoot boy Not with sorrow forced to grapple, What vacation you'll enjoy Until time for the green apple. -Schenectady (N. Y.) Union

Blessings on thee, barefoot boy, When you escape the teachers, You can run out and enjoy A sun seat in the bleachers. -St. Louis Times

THE MUCKRAKER.

The muckracer looked at his hat And cast it relentlessly down; Said he, as he did, "It's a pretty fair lid,

But, then-there's a dent in the crown He looked at his feet in dismay And sighed, as a martyr might do, There's doubt not a bit, They certainly fit;

But, then-there's a spot on one shoe. He looked at his nose in the glass And mourned as a man who wears crape

"Alas! I can smell With the organ full well; But, then—would you notice its shape! Again he looked into the glass

Mylie yet a full hour went by;
Said he, "I can see,
Which I'm sure pleases me;
But, then—there's a mote in my eye."
—New Orleans Picayune. THE AMBIDEXTROUS GRAD.

I've read my Latin, conned my Greek, Translated many a classic lay: The French and German tongues speak,
The calculi I'll put away,
Psychology to me is play.
Philology I have not missed,

But proudest am I when I say

I have a punch in either fist. Euripides I love to seek, And other Grecian poets gray.

I love Iz Walton, gently meek.
And Froissart's stories of the fray.
I love to read of Gil Blas gay.
And so on down the famous list,
But the proudest am I when I say

I have a punch in either fist, L'ENVOL So, prince, beware, before your day Be plunged in murky, mournful mist, For proudest am I when I say

I have a punch in either fist. —New York Evening News.

KEEP EASY, CALM AND COOL. Folks are easily stampeded. Just when all their sense is needed; That's a fact by all conceded.
As a universal rule. If you'd meet the situation, Give it your consideration, Show no silly perturbation Just keep easy, calm and cool.

When your hands and arms are waving, When your tongue is loudly raving, When, in short, you are behaving Like a perfect bloomin' fool,

jokes on that poor, maligned chap."

Matters never can be mended, Too much effort is expended Use your wits as they're intended, Just keep easy, calm and cool.

Don't be foolishly elated, Don't be foolishly elated.

Don't with pride become inflated.

Don't get mad and irritated.

All your passions strictly school; Try to hold yourself together, Don't let go and snap your tether, Even in the present weather Just keep easy, calm and cool.

A WHOLESOME REMEDY.

Miss Mary Elizabeth Madeline Fayles, A girl about seven or eight Had cherished the habit of biting her nails,

And practiced it early and late. From such an absurd and ridiculous

trick It was not a long time before Each delicate finger-tip down to the

Was painfully tender and sore. Elizabeth's father declared 'twas a sin Such beautiful fingers to spoil; And big brother said, with a comical

"Let's smear them with capsicum So capsicum, aloes and pitch were ap-

And vile things too many to name; But Mary Elizabeth silently cried And nibbled her nails just the same.

Then Mrs. Fayles said, with delight in her voice, "I've thought of a cure sure as fate!" She tried it at once and had cause to rejoice; The nail biting ceased from that date.

What potent device did this fond mother use In curing the trick of her pet? Twas simply an artifice, stratagem,

She bought her a manicure set. -New York Times. A BALAD OF RECREATION.

He vowed that he would go To join the merry revelry And see the Summer show, "My coin so white I will employ," Quoth he, "'mid pleasures there, Like silver bullets to destroy The imps and elves of care."

A bold and sturdy man was he,

He ate and drank what he should not, He rode on monsters strange. Baseballs he threw. He took a shot At everything in range. His hair hung dankly on his brow,

His burning breath was short.
And still he strove, exclaiming, "Wow! Am I a real sport?" He's homeward bound. The day is o'er. But why extend the song?

Back up the ambulance once more, He'll be all right ere long. —Washington Star.

QUITE DIFFERENT. Oh, he preached it from the housetops,

and he whispered it by stealth; He wrote whole miles of stuff against the awful curse of wealth. He shouted for the poor man, and he "ran" the rich man down; And also every King and Queen who dared to wear a crown.

He halloaed for rebellion, and he said he'd head a band To exterminate the millionaires, to sweep them from the land. He yelled against monopolies, shots at every trust.

And he swore he'd be an anarchist, to grind them in the dust.

He stormed, he fumed, and ranted, till he made the rich man wince; But—an uncle left him money, and he hasn't shouted since. -Tit-Bits.

ELECTRIC LUNCHEON.

First a currant, then a fly.

-Chicago Tribune.

Alternating current pie;

foolish?"

O this is the wonderful garden Syou wanted me to stay home and work in this afternoon?" "Yes, Jimmy."

I ever happen to promise anything so

"Because every evening when I asked you to help me, you sald you would rather wait till Saturday afterneon, and do it all at one stretch." "Gad! I'm all right on the stretch,"

with a mighty yawn. "Get my pipe, won't you, little one?" "Now Jimmy, if you get to smoking you'll do nothing else all afternoon!"

"Run along like a goor girl now, and get some matches too. Smoking's good for plants." "Will you help me then?".
"Sure! Sure! By the way, what is this, a-a vegetable garden, or a flow-er garden?"
"Why, Jimmy! Didn't we have let-tuce out of it last night? Can't you

tell flowers, Jimmy?"
"Yes, yes, I can tell flowers-whether they're on your hat or in the florist's window-that they cost a ripping lot too much, but there's nothing in this back yard but a few straggling,

sickly-looking-"
"Jimmy!!"
"Chunks of green that may turn out to be most anything when they arrive at voting age! I really thought it was a weed factory, but felt afraid I might hurr your feelings if I called it that." "Jimmy, there's not one weed there!"

"Things are going to the bow-wows if we can't even raise weeds." 'And my cranberries won't come un and they've been planted ever so long "Haven't you investigated, turned up the ground, so to speak?"
"Yes, I-I've looked down under-neath just a little tiny way, but I can't

see anything. They must need more "The quickest way to get things up. much better than the sun—"
"What Jimmy, fertilizer?"
"No, let the neighbor's chickens in!
Then you can study the structure of
your plants from the ground floor up."
"Then you're nerfectly hor-

Jimmy, I think you're perfectly hor-Well, I got the idea from your catalogue here. Explain why catalogues al-ways have a picture in the back of a strong, yellow-legged chicken?" "I-I don't know."

sales! Might as well run in a few pictures of snails, bugs, grasshoppers, and small boys running off with watermeloos under their arms." "Well, I'm certainly easy. How'd ence between a snall and a slug? One

of them is eating up my lettuce."

"Well, a slug's a slug, a snail is sluggish, and the Beavers are sluggers! Anything more you want to know." "I wish you'd be serious for a whill . and help me with things."
"What's the trouble anyway? Won't

the Brussels sprouts sprout, or the broccoll lie where you put it?"
"Oh, I haven't planted any broccoll, I forgot about that, but there's simply everything to do!"
. "Watch me make the fast get-away, then.

out of our furnace. Katle said the gar-bage man said that ashes made a good

fertilizer, so---"So you've been emptying the fur-nace for him! Very obliging of you. "Now Jimmy, you said yourself last and if you were only thoughtful enough night, that you never wanted to see

flapping on the clothesline, six windows with kitchen mechanics peeking out at me, garbage cans, tomato cans—"

"That reminds me, please come and help with these tomato plants. You've smoked long enough, and the after—"What do you mean?"."



"MELL, A SLUGS A SLUG, ASSAUL IS SLUGSIE, AND THE SLATTES ARE SLUGSIES."

noon'll simply be all gone before we know it." "By George, what am I here for, anyway. I'd like to know! Why didn't I go to the ball game?"

and if you were only thoughtful enough to get the ashes out while they were good and hot it must have been a comfort to the little plants to nestle their heads against something warm and cold, bleak world."

"Oh, do you think—oughtn't the ashes to be warm? I thought—I supposed they would help out during those dreadfully cloudy days."

"I see! Great view you have back here! No wonder those chaps are always writing poetry on gardens! Towels flapping on the clothesline, six windows"

night, that you never wanted to see our team play again because—"
"That's right, the muckers! They've is every game this week—just given it away like samples at a pure food show! Gad, they fumbled the ball and doged it, and shuffled around the bases like a lot of old women! It makes me hot! I kept thinking every day they'd tighten up, but—""
"Jimmy, dear, do put your mind on those tomato plants, they're such perfectly fragile little things, don't you know?"

"Ding 'em, what variety are they?"

"Ding 'em, what variety are they?"
"Variety? Why, I don't know "Variety? Why, I don't know, never asked the man," "Well, are they to-may-toes, to-mat-

'I want to find out just what I'm handling here, because I'm blimmed if I know what to call them when I'm invited out to dinner anywhere and want the catsup!" "Don't be so silly. You oughtn't to

eat chutney, and things like that, any-way; they spoil your digestion." Well, if these are to-mah-toes, the whole proposition goes over the fence. I'm not going to have anything with a flossy name like that in my back "Jimmy, Jimmy, look out! Oh, you're stepping all over my young carrots!
Oh, you've spoiled that whole row there."

ash to me."
"Well, there were so many bugs I

"How could I tell there was anything

there? It looks like a streak of white-

to swab out the ears of corn as soon as they show up."
"I think you're real mean to make

"I think you're real mean to make fun of me that way. You don't know any more about it yourself! You never planted a garden before."

"Gad. this garden's behind. Ethel. can't you see that? I don't believe all the salt of the ocean infused into it could give it a spurt or prevent it's being a tail-ender."

"Well. I'm sure we're going to have some peas, anyway."

"Peas, did you say? Don't be so

"Peas, did you say? Don't be so careless in your way of expressing yourself, Ethel. Use the definite article. Say 'a pea.' Yes, I think myself, we may raise a pea."
"Please don't try to be funny."
"Yes, I noticed one of those pods
down there that seemed to have the udiments of a pea in it, so let's de-ide who we shall ask to dinner to help

"I hope that reciprocity bill with Canada doesn't go through before our pea gets ripe. I'd hate to have some husky, gluttonous old Canadian farmer get my pea away from me!"

"Then tell me what to do to make things grow,"

us eat our pea!"



"Mulch! That's the password. Mulch! Have you mulched?" "I don't know what that is."

"I don't either, but it's a peach of a

good world. Every article on farming

swarms with it. Let's mulch." "No, come, Jimmy, we've got to plant some more lettuce seed-"Ow! Ow! What's all that cheering about? That must be out at the twice?

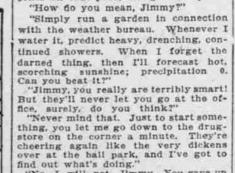
all brounds."
"Yes, I'm going-I mean, you're going to string up the onions, and maybe you'll just hoe-"
"What the deuce are they yelling like "What he deuce as they yelling like that for? Beavers must have swatted one over the fence. Gee, they're still going it!"
"Never mind, dear, we must get these

ball brounds.'

going it!"

"Never mind, dear, we must get these seeds in the ground. I'm sure it's going to rain tonight."

"Don't you ever think it! Since we've started this garden, I've got next to old Jupiter Pluvius! Whenever I lose my job at the office, I've got a dead sure thing as weather man—no more



the ball game yourself and promised to help me, and I should think you'd

"No, I will not, Jimmy. You gave up

spray these melon vines before the seeds were planted." "Say! That bully old outfielder, Omar Khayyam, had never heard of you when he lined out that limerick about wanting to sit in the garden under a bough with somebody or other!"
"That was in the wilderness, Jimmy.

"I was thinking you really ought to

and nothing at all about a garden."
"Don't care a rap! You'd have had him grading down the came's humps or something. What the mischief are you going to do with that big ball of

the asparagus, too.'

dication that they'll ever have strength enough to get away from us-and what "Simply run a garden in connection | would we lose if they did?" "Oh, I'm sure they'll soon begin grow-

"By George, It's an insult to line 'em

of the Newlyweds

up with anything so strong and self-respecting as a string. 'Ow-ow-ow-w-w w! There the bleachers go again! Can't I even see the cars go by when the game "Oh, please, please get to work, Jimmy. "Well, if I was Mayor of-"
"Were, Jimmy."
"Huh?"

"I didn't say if you were; I said if I "Yes, but that-that isn't correct, it ounds-er-er-crude."
"Hm! Crude and rude, that sizes "p

"Were. You said if you was Mayor of

Portland, and you ought to say if you

"By George, yes. Then when you'd see a string of cars coming down the street, you'd know just how the game went. Say, when you going to let me off? I'd like to go around in the hammock and

"Oh, no, no!"
"Comer let me off! I'm the sleeping partner in this concern, anyway."
"Oh. no, you must water the onlons, and we must think how to get more beds for seeds, and—"
"This back yard is so small, why don't

you have folding beds? Then I wouldn't have to go to the hammock for my "Now, Jimmy, come back; there's so much to do.

much to do."
"Say, Ethel, I've a bully scheme for this garden! Why didn't I think of it sooner?"
"You're always so good, Jimmy, What is it dear?"
"Great stunt, all right! Now things will go with a snap!" "What is it?" "It's a winner, believe me."

"Oh. Jimmy, tell me! What is your "Let George do it!"

take a nap.

had to sprinkle powder on them. The catalogue says in such cases to sprinkle freely, and it took three or four boxes." "Boxes? What did—I'll bet a month's salary you used talcum powder."
"Of course I did! You don't think they could have meant gunpowder, do be terribly ashamed to want to back out."
"Confound it, where are your old seeds? Hand 'em over! Cloudy today. "No, no, it's all easy for a man. Just to water everything, and we have some more seeds to plant, and lots of things this family all right!"
"Jimmy!"
"We're not diagraming sentences to string up, and the ground to hoe, and I want—"The earth! Stop right where you are, too. Fielders can't judge ball-just my luck to have them run up a big scorewe're just talking plain English! If I was Mayor of this burs. I'd compel every streetcar coming away from the ball they could have meant gunpowder, do "The earth! Stop right where you are, if you expect any work from me."

"Well, the latest style in gardens is to keep on setting out new plants, so things will be fresh and tender all Summer long, and you just needn't blame me, Jimmy."

"Not if it's anything about style! What's this hard formation you've installed along each row? Are you in on some of these paving deals the papers talk about, or silent partner in some reinforced concrete company?"

"Well, that's nothing but some ashes out of our furnace. Katle said the garhang this garden, I knew those fenceyou, Jimmy?"
"No, no, little one, nor flea powder either! How many boits of baby ribbon have you bought to tie up the necks of the squashes? Be sure you have enough absorbent cotton on hand busters of ours could trim that whole "Jimmy, are you talking to me?" "Not at all, Ethele Just a little wire-less conversation with—with the Em-peror of Japan. 'Hope you don't ob-