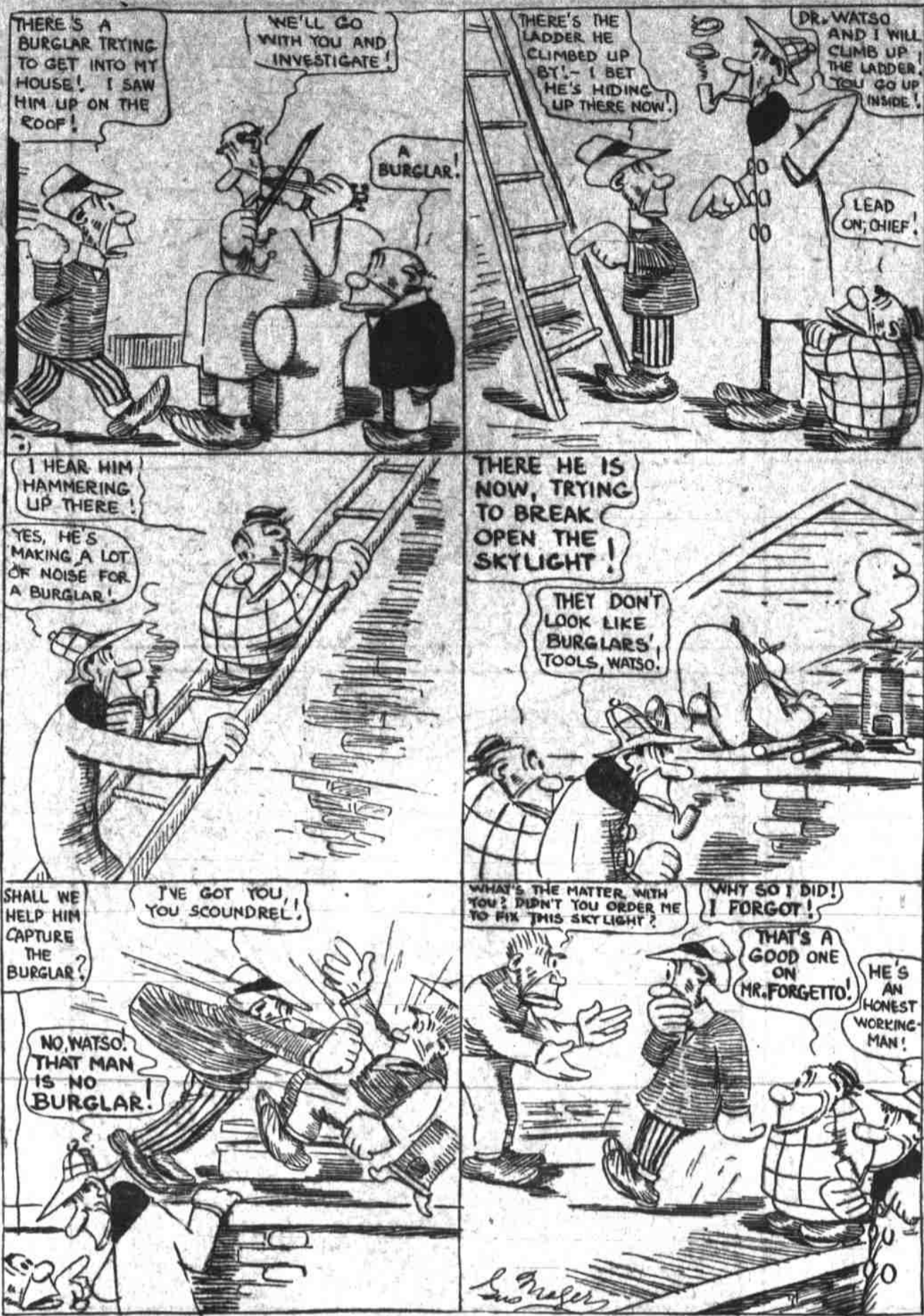


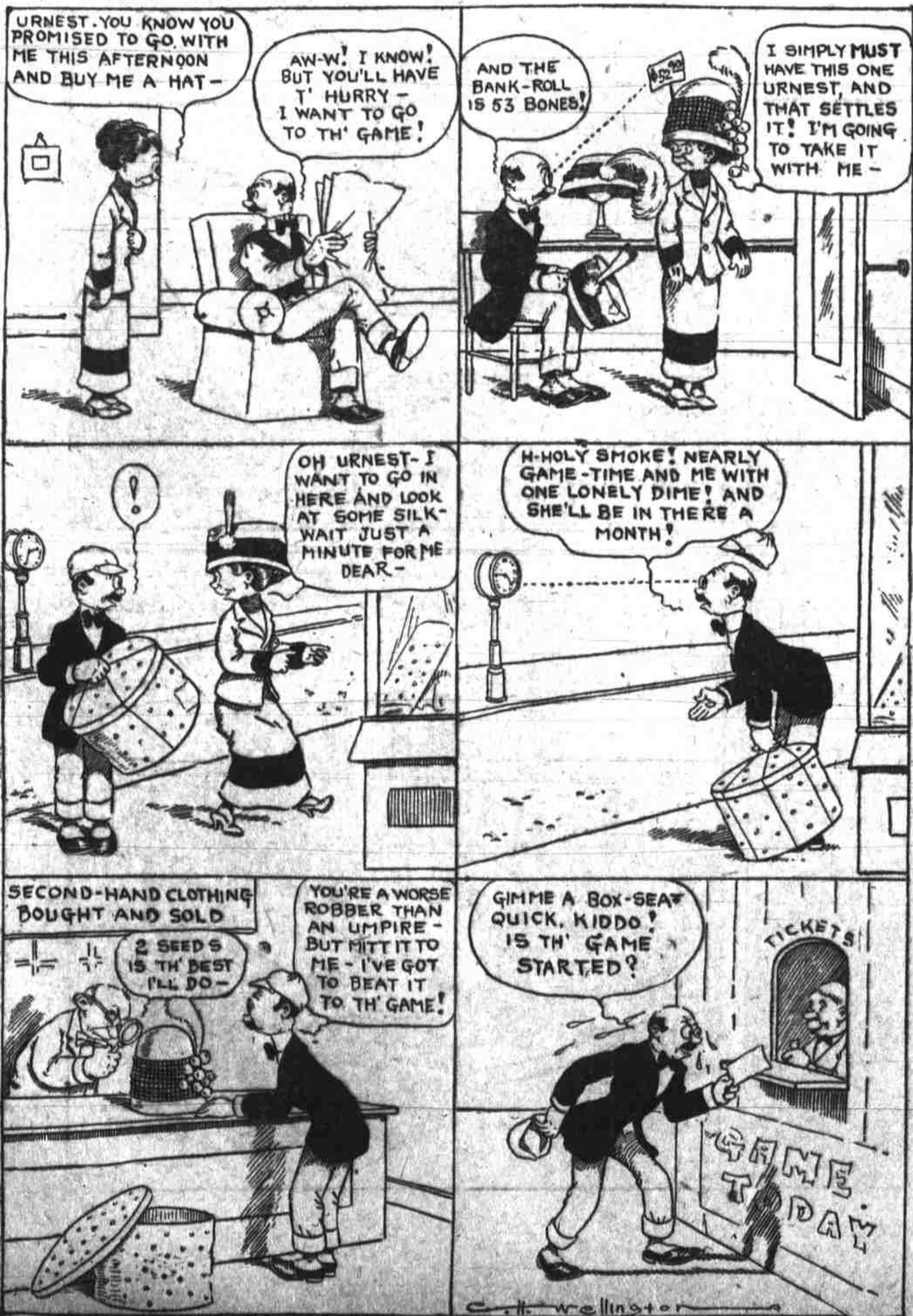
# Sherlocko the Monk

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# Mr. O. U. Phan.

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# A Spring Song

SEE, daffodils in dancing time,  
Green garden closes, heart-  
rhythmic.  
With honey-sweet of violets blue,  
Each one astrig with love for you.  
Come out, beloved, the morn is fair,  
Spring sunshine lingers everywhere.  
The daffodils in dancing time  
Wait here for you, O Maid of Mine.

Sing-song in the green garden boughs,  
Whilst light in languid, world adobe:  
The thrushes call to springing lark,  
The Spring makes honey of the dark.  
Marsh marigolds their knots unrolled,  
Light meadows gray with stars of gold;  
Sing-song, O world so fair to see,  
'Tis Springtime, ring-time, time of glee.

In ferny woods beneath the stars,  
Where moonbeams twist their silver  
bars,  
The primrose pale is sleeping through,  
By leafless thorn I wait for you.  
The purple violet bends her head,  
I wait, and listen for your tread;  
Ah, haste, dear love, for you I wait  
In ferny woods, by Lover's Gate.

# Clever Deduction

When Congressman J. Hampton Moore was a reporter in Philadelphia he was assigned one night to go out and get a human interest story about a woman who had died at the age of eighty-eight, leaving a twin sister, with whom she had lived for fifty years, as sole survivor of an old family.

The house stood opposite a cemetery at the outskirts of town, and Moore wished, as he pulled aside the crape to ring the bell, that his city editor wouldn't be so fertile with his ideas of human interest stories. A woman friend of the aged sisters opened the door and ushered J. Hampton into the parlor, over in one corner of which rested the dead sister in her coffin.

The neighbor seemed to feel it was up to her to entertain the reporter while he was waiting for the other sister to drag herself in for the interview. By way of small talk, the woman motioned with her thumb in the direction of the coffin and remarked: "That's the lady that died."

"I suspected as much," replied Moore.

# No Wonder

"ABSENT-MINDEDNESS is a dreadful drawback to success," said Mayor Whitlock at a banquet in Toledo.

"I know a very absent-minded lawyer the other day it was raining and blowing and he engaged a taxicab. On the way to court he overtook the judge, plodding along on foot through rain and wind and mud, and he halted the taxicab and invited his honor to ride with him."

"The judge accepted this invitation, the taxicab duly halted at the court house and the absent-minded lawyer hopped out and ran upstairs to get ready the papers for a petition he was to present."

"But when court opened and the petition was presented, the judge, who had been so courteous in the cab a few minutes before, now repulsed the lawyer coldly and contemptuously."

"As the poor fellow stood stupefied, a crier whispered to him: "Do you know what you did? You ran in and left his honor to pay for the taxicab."

# Percy's Advice

"ANNA!" Father's voice rolled down the stairs and into the dim and silent parlor.  
"Yes, father, dear!"  
"Ask that young man if he has the time."

A moment of silence.  
"Yes, Percy has his watch with him."  
"Then ask him what is the time."  
"He says it is 11:48, papa."  
"Then ask him if he doesn't think it about bedtime."

Another moment of silence.  
"He says, papa," the silvery voice announced, impersonally, "he says that he rarely goes to bed before 1, but it seems to him that it is a matter of personal preference merely, and that if he were in your place he would go now if he felt sleepy."

# A Great Lawyer

There was a prosecuting attorney in Texas whose methods were so dramatic and uniformly successful that he not only became the terror of evil-doers, but an object of admiration, especially among the negroes.

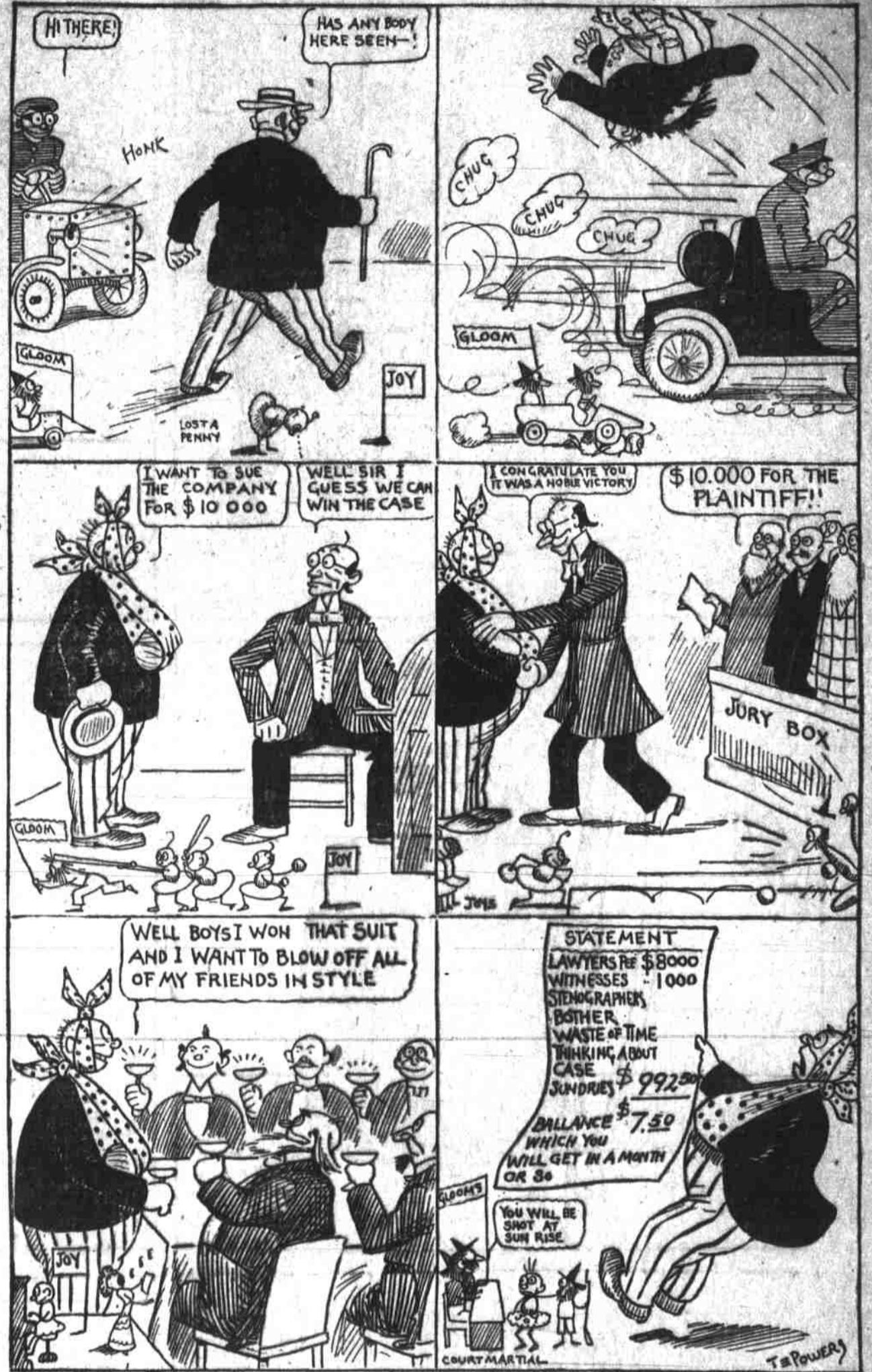
Upon retirement from office he was at once sought after by those charged with crime. The first two cases which he defended resulted in conviction, much to his chagrin.

An old negro who had watched his prosecution in admiring wonder and looked on with equal interest when he conducted the defense, accosted him just after his defeat and said: "Mars Esau, you sho is a wonder. No matter which side you's on they go to the pen just the same."

**AWFUL WESTERN ROADS.**  
Elbert Hubbard at the Portland Press Club's reception in his honor last month advocated good roads wittily.  
"In France," he said, "the remotest mountain villages are connected with Paris by white, firm roads equal to those of our parks and race courses. But here—especially here in Oregon!  
"I motored from Portland to Estacada and Molalla, returning by way of Clackamas. The roads were awful."  
"What awful roads you've got here," I said to a Molalla farmer.  
"Well, yes," the farmer agreed. "A mule was drowned yesterday in the road by my orchard."

# It Might Have Been Worse

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# The Hall Room Boys

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