

# The Greater Gain

By FRANK LILLIE POLLOCK

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THE fortnight following his wife's death passed very slowly to Walter Lindsay, professor of English literature and language at the college of Amesbury City. He did not lecture—indeed, he was about to resign his chair—and he dragged out the twenty-one empty days in the falsest of false positions. He had to receive the condolences of his friends and pretend that the woman's death meant something besides emancipation. He was ashamed to catch himself even thinking of it as such. He rejoiced, but in mental stealth, and in the midst of these emotions he was surprised by the strong and sharp sense of physical bereavement—the sudden removal of what had so long been a part of life to be endured.

His literary ambitions had never deserted him, though for the last decade he had had little time and less heart for actual work. But he had always tried to keep the flame alight. He remembered the time when his friends had thought the highest prizes not beyond his reach. He was only forty-one even now—a man's best age. Under the stimulus of anticipation he got out his old manuscripts and tried to start something new, but he could settle his mind to no sustained effort. He postponed beginning work till he should be well settled in New York, and he telegraphed his friend Russell to meet him at the ferry on Thursday.

"Why, he's an old man?" was Russell's first horrified mental exclamation as he caught sight of the lean, stooping figure in the black coat and baggy trousers, the rather sunken eyes and the wisps of faded hair on the temples. He had seen his old classmate only once since Lindsay had gone to Indiana, and his memory had always been of the brilliant youth whose insatiable intellectual curiosity and range of thought had seemed to mark him infallibly for distinction.

"I feel certain that I can do better work here than I have ever done. There is something stimulating, exciting, about a great city. Don't you find it so?" said Lindsay.

"I might if one didn't have to keep up with the race," said Russell dryly. "Have you brought any manuscripts with you?"

"A few, mostly old ones. You know I have not had much time for writing during the last few years. Of course," he went on, hesitating a little, "you know how it has been, and I may say that I do not feel that I have lost anything by it, and I would do it all over again under the same circumstances. There may have been some loss of time, but I feel sure there has been a greater gain. It's been good for me; I'm full of ideas, and a man needs mellowing a little before he can do his best work. Don't you think so? But how have you been getting on? You never wrote me much about yourself."

"Oh, fairly enough in my small way," he said, fumbling for his latchkey. "As thy strength so shall thy day be here! Here, you know, I've lost a good many illusions about my own genius, and I've come to have more respect for

smaller room on the same floor of the house, where he could have the benefit of his friend's counsel and the use of his typewriter, and he spent the rest of the afternoon in unpacking and settling himself. Russell was writing hard and made no appearance till evening, when he came in to take Lindsay out to dinner.

"We'll go to Zinfandel's place," he said. "It's cheap; it's got as much Bohemian color as anywhere, and you'll probably see some men there whom it will be useful to know."

The big basement restaurant was full of men when they arrived, the cigarette smoke was already curling up, and there was a rattle of dishes and conversation.

"Ah, there's McGann!" exclaimed Russell, gesticulating to a late comer, who nodded over the intervening heads and made his way to a seat at their table. Lindsay had heard of him as the editor of the Gray Leaf, the apostle of symbolism in unsymbolic New York.

Lindsay felt a little shy about joining in the conversation that followed, most of which was upon men and local literary matters beyond his knowledge. Anxious to say something, he caught at the first name he recognized.

"Isn't that the man who has just come out with a new version of Omar, in hendecasyllables or something?"

"Ah, yes," said Russell. "The wild ass stamps o'er his head, but he can do bully translation sometimes. Did you see his version of 'La Citta Morta'?"

"D'Annunzio's, isn't it? No. I don't read D'Annunzio. I am unable to see why moral and physical perversion and disease should pose as literature, even."

"Sh!" interrupted Russell. "You must not say those things to McGann. He won't let you contribute to his magazine."

"It's the old question—art and ethics," McGann observed wearily.

But that was no merely abstract question to Lindsay. He had thought upon it to exhaustion. The justification of his whole conduct of life hung upon its answer, and he entered upon a statement of the necessary and essential morality of art and, as a corollary, of the artist. It was not particularly original, and it was colored with the peculiar crudity of the man who believed in all his convictions.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### OLD TIME DENTISTRY.

Queer Instruments in Harvard Dental School's Collection.

Like many other of the "new" professions, dentistry is a very old one. It is known that 400 years before the beginning of the Christian era Egyptian dentists filled teeth with gold, but no trace of their methods of doing their work has ever been found. Aesculap, the patron of physicians, was the first famous dentist in Roman history, and the old Romans used a toothpick very much like the little wooden one that is made today. The Arabians ages ago produced a dentifrice, but it soon seemed to be very generally used.

The story of dentistry is told in the instruments it has employed. As they are known today they had their beginning in the sixteenth century, but their evolution has been slow. In the Harvard Dental school in Boston there is a collection of instruments used by dentists in the first half of the last century. One of the formidable tools it includes is what was called a key, doubtless from its peculiar shape which was used for extracting teeth, the process being to slowly and painfully twist and pry the offending molar out of its place. In order that no mistake should be made the dentist began operations by hammering and prodding one tooth after another with a sort of bludgeon until he had satisfied himself—not to mention the tortured patient—that he had found the most sensitive one and therefore the most likely candidate for extraction.

The grandfathers of the delicate steel tools that lie in rows on the modern dentist's table were small in number, but large in awfulness. There are in the Harvard collection chisels and mallets, rude forceps for removing the teeth, miniature crowbars used to rearrange cavities for filling, files for sharpening the cutting and grinding surfaces of teeth, and one particularly horrid instrument, known as the pelican, with which teeth were "lifted."

How rapidly and recently dentistry has become one of the important sciences appears in the fact that in the middle of the last century blacksmiths were doing their best—or worst—to relieve the victims of the toothache, while today institutions like the Harvard Dental school attract students from all over the world. Besides, while it was sure torture to go to the dentist in the so-called "good old days," such a visit now is comparatively comfortable, so far as the profession goes in the direction of performing its operations without causing pain.

### A Quaint Inscription.

An old churchyard near London is famous for the inscriptions on its tombstones. There is one on the memorial of Susannah Barford, died 1652, at 10 years and 13 weeks. The concluding lines beneath the skull and crossbones on her monument are:

Her stage was short, her thread was quickly spun,  
Drawn out and cut, got heaven, her works were done.  
This world to her was but a traged play,  
She came and saw't, didn't and passed away.

### Insurance and Assurance.

"Pa," asked Tommy, "what's the difference between 'assurance' and 'insurance'?"

"Well, my son, one is what the agent has, and the other is what he persists in trying to sell you."—Catholic Standard and Times.

### We Eat Too Fast.

"The trouble is that we eat too fast," said the man who worries about health.

"That's right," answered the man who worries about money. "Some of us eat so fast that our incomes can't keep up with our grocery bills."—Washington Star.

He who comes up to his own idea of greatness must always have had a very low standard of it in his mind.—Hazlett.



"I SUPPOSE THIS IS BOHEMIA."

a potboiler than I once had. I never would have believed it once, but I really don't suppose I ever had it in me to write a Hamlet. You were always the man with the sacred fire. Come along this way."

The tall building consisted mostly of studios, and Russell occupied a much windowed room at the bitter end of a narrow staircase of many flights. Books and sheets of manuscripts were shuffled about everywhere; there were tropical posters on the walls, mixed with scraps of sketches and photographs, and a diffused suggestion of tobacco made a warm, hospitable odor of habitation. The bapting disorder jured on Lindsay's habits of precision, but it respected it for that. Only he said as he washed off the coal dust of the train, "I suppose this is Bohemia."

Russell looked at the end of the cigarette he had mechanically lighted as if it disagreed with him.

"Oh, yes, this is Bohemia," he answered. "But Bohemia, to be any good, has got to be within you, like the kingdom of heaven. And it's a young man's country, Lindsay. We've got no business in it. To a man of forty Bohemia simply means poverty."

"It's because he's made a financial failure," Lindsay began this way because I liked it, and now I can't get away."

Lindsay established himself in a

## NEW SHORT STORIES

### Tom Reed Got His Train.

Not long before his death Thomas B. Reed visited some friends at their summer residence at Watch Hill, R. I. Late in the afternoon he was driven up to Westery to take the 7 o'clock train for Boston. It was a warm evening, the horses lagged and he missed the train, the last Boston bound train stopping at Westery that night.

As Mr. Reed had an important engagement in Boston early the next day, he seemed worried until he learned



"WHERE IS THAT LARGE PARTY?"

ed that there was a Boston express which passed through Westery at 9 o'clock. Then he smiled.

Going to the telegraph office, he directed a telegram to the superintendent of the road in Boston and sent the following message: "Will you stop the 9 o'clock express at Westery tonight for a large party for Boston?"

The answer came: "Yes. Will stop train."

Mr. Reed read the message and smiled. When the train pulled in Mr. Reed quietly started to board it, when the conductor said, "Where is that large party we were to stop for?"

"I am the large party," replied Mr. Reed, and he boarded the train.—The Real News-Tribune.

### The Description Was Vague.

Assistant Attorney General Charles H. Robb, who became famous by his work in running down the postal graters a couple of years ago, began the practice of law in a small village in Vermont, says the Brooklyn Eagle. He knew all the people of the town, as well as many of the farmers in the surrounding country.

"One day," said Mr. Robb, "a tall, lank Yankee, a veritable David Harum, came into my office. It seems that he had got into trouble as a result of trading a cow. He had succeeded in palming off an unsuspecting neighbor upon an uncertain-looking animal which proved to be stone blind. In addition, it was lean and run down generally. On finding that the cow couldn't see, the farmer who had been imposed upon brought suit against my client. I questioned the man.

"Did you tell this farmer that the cow was blind?"

"Indeed I did," protested my client, with a sheepish look. "I told him that she didn't look well."

### Those Uninteresting Husbands.

The late Major Livermore liked to tell a story of a young friend of hers in Melrose, for she believed that in this story lay a lesson for husbands.

Mrs. Livermore's friend was passing a month alone, her mate having been summoned to Europe on a business matter.

"And you are very lonely without your husband now?" the older said to the younger woman one morning.

"A little lonely," was the qualified answer.

"But surely," said Mrs. Livermore, "you miss your husband very much now he is away?"

The other laughed rather bitterly.

"Oh, no," she said. "At breakfast I just stand his newspaper up in front of his plate, and half the time I forget he isn't there."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### Balked on Cider.

Alie Gruber tells the story of a southern friend who was visiting him. Mr. Gruber, wishing to be hospitable, brought forth a whisky bottle and placed it on the dining room table. He then went to the china closet to get some whisky glasses. On his return he was surprised to see that his friend had filled up an ordinary water glass to the brim and was about to drink it.

"Stay," said Mr. Gruber, "what are you doing? You drink that as if you were elder."

"Cider?" said the southerner, draining his glass. "Do you think I'd take that much elder?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

### The Ignorant Repeater.

In discussing at a dinner the voting frauds of Philadelphia, J. G. Gordon, the mayor's counsel, told a story of a repeater.

"He was an ignorant chap, this repeater," said Judge Gordon. "He had the stolid and unmoved look of an animal."

"When they arrested him he asked what crime lay at his door."

"You are charged," said the policeman, "with having voted twice."

"Charged, an' I?" muttered the prisoner.

"That's odd. I expected to be paid for it."—New York Tribune.

### Carefully Led Up To.

"Yonder," said the party of the first part, "is the house in which I was born. We lived on the first floor. McElsooth Rantington, the great tragedian, occupied the upper apartments. He was not only a famous actor, but a singularly fortunate man."

"Then," responded the party of the second part, "you were born under a lucky star, eh?"

N. B.—The management begs to state that it considers this one of the most elaborately worked out jokes we have produced this season.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## CHOICE MISCELLANY

### Rattles in Stamps.

The stamp was found. It bore the plain inscription, "British Guiana, 2 cents." There was no ornamentation on it of any kind.

"A thousand dollars," said the dealer. "The last one I sold brought twenty more than that. If you want it you can have it for a thousand. A bargain."

"Thanks," said the collector. "I'm not looking for bargains today."

The dealer produced another stamp. "Hawaiian postage. Two cents," it said, and in the middle in a scrollwork square the figure "2" appeared.

"I can put no value on this stamp," the dealer said. "Only four copies of it are known to be in existence. To say it is worth its weight in gold would be nonsense. It would be nonsense to say it is worth its weight in diamonds. Nonsense even to say it is worth its weight in radium. It is probably the most valuable stamp in the world."

He took down a New Haven stamp, attached to its original envelope.

"These New Havens," he said, "issued by the New Haven postmaster before the government began to issue postal stationery, are very rare. I sold a New Haven last year for \$1,300. Will you have this at the same figure?"

"Not today," said the collector.

"Perhaps you'd like these two Mauritius, the 'postoffice pair,' the penny and the two penny stamp? No collection is complete without the Mauritius 'postoffice pair.' Their market price is \$3,000."

The collector shook his head.

"Then you'll excuse me, won't you?" said the dealer. "A red half anna has just arrived from India, and an insurance agent is waiting in my office to insure it. He insures all my stamps."

### The Heart's Behavior.

A recent publication of Ann Arbor university describes an instrument for securing a continuous graphic record of the pulse rate in man which affords valuable indications of the heart's work. The records showed that the commencement of muscular work is followed almost simultaneously by a marked acceleration of the pulse. In fact, this modification of the pulse rate is observed in the next heart cycle after the work begins. In typical cases there are three well marked stages—a primary rise, a period of sustained acceleration and a secondary rise. Similar stages of decrease in rate occur after the work stops. The rapidity of the pulse during work depends not upon the amount of work done, but much more upon the manner in which it is done. Speed and resistance are factors requiring separate consideration, and of these two speed has the greater influence. These records show that while muscular work may not appreciably require the expenditure of bodily forces it immediately reacts upon the heart, and that, conversely, cessation of muscular exertion is an immediate relief to the heart.—Philadelphia Record.

### The Silent Drums in France.

The French minister of war proposes to abolish the drum. This was done by one of his predecessors a quarter of a century ago, but an incident in a theater compelled him to cancel the order. The curtain went up on one of those pieces of fun the French call "vaudeville." A scene described as the "march of the drums" was enacted. Several men in dark military cloaks, carrying mysterious packages and generally comporting themselves like conspirators. The packages are opened and there emerge—drums! The conspirators are drummers who have descended into the bowels of the earth to enjoy a gentle tattoo on their beloved but forbidden instruments. When the drums broke into a joyous roll, as of captives released, there was a peal of laughter from the audience, and every man in the house of drums was saved. That is how they correct the war office in France. Perhaps M. Berteaux will have better luck.—London Chronicle.

### Forests of Liberia.

Liberia's forestry resources offer an inviting field for a lucrative business in hard woods. The virgin forests consist of woods of great commercial value, and there are ample water facilities for sawmills. There are two varieties of mahogany, red and gray; four varieties of oak, red, streaked, white and whitestone; cedar, rosewood, naugrove, burrwood, white and black gum, mulberry, brimstone wood, red peach, pepper wood, white mangrove, persimmon, ironwood, gresny peach, poplar, cherry, hickory, saffron, ebony and many other woods common to the tropics. Some of these possess singular qualities. The gresny peach lasts indefinitely and is proof against insect attacks.

### Electric Fan For Sore Throat.

The reason the "electric fan cold" is so often accompanied by sore throat is, according to a doctor whose downtown location brings him many such cases, that the draft made by the fan carries so much dust with it. "The fact is," says this authority, "that the air stirred by the fan is not fresh air, unless the fan is backed up against an open window. When operating in an inside room or in similar places where it is most appreciated the fan uses the same air over and over, and this air gathers up and keeps in motion all the available dust."—Philadelphia Record.

### Energy of Radium.

The quantity of energy put forth by radium is very large. Expressed as heat, it is sufficient to raise its weight of water to boiling point in an hour. Expressed as power, the energy of a saltpoutrium would lift 500 tons a mile high—power 30,000 to 1,000,000 times as great as that developed by the most powerful chemical energy hitherto known.

### Cramp in the Legs.

People who are subject to cramp in the legs should always be provided with a good strong piece of cord, especially in their bedrooms. When the cramp comes on take the cord, wind it round the leg over the place where it is cramped, take an end in each hand and give it a sharp pull, one that will hurt a little, and the cramp will cease instantly. People much subject to cramp in bed have found great relief from wearing on each leg a garter of wide tape which has several thin slices of cork stitched on to it.

### Depends.

"Do you believe the old saying, 'There's no place like home?'"

"That depends."

"Depends upon what?"

"Upon whose home you are referring to."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### The Separation.

Mrs. Grogan-Keegan an' his wife had a fierce scrap. Mrs. Hogan-An' did they separate? Mrs. Grogan-They did, but Keegan was most dead before th' cops could get th' twisters on Mrs. Keegan an' separate thim!—Puck.

## WOMAN AND FASHION

### An Effective Design.

Suspender waists continue to be a conspicuous feature of the wardrobe, and the addition of a prettily shaped yoke adds a touch of newness. Fine



SUSPENDER BLOUSE.

ticks in the upper part of the front give fullness below the yoke. The use of the yoke in the back is optional, as the design will be equally as effective without it. The fullness in the lower part of the sleeves is taken up in tucks. Mohair, voile, madras, linen and plume will develop this most well. The medium size will require two and five-eighths yards of thirty-six inch material.

### Hats For Little Folks.

There is an endless variety of washable hats for little folks. There are floppy little hats of scalloped plume, of which the inside of the brims are faced with tiny lace frills, and the tan of shantung crowns encircled by a bow of ribbon. The lingerie and embroidered hats are still quite the rage for dress wear, some of them being made of delicate fluted muslin. Sunbonnets and sunbows are made of embroidery and plume, and there are also tuscany sailors, which are wide brimmed and which are trimmed for little folks with garlands of tiny flowers and a knot of two of ribbon.

### Midsummer Skirts and Coats.

Skirts are of all lengths, from the extremely and ridiculously short to those that all but touch, for street and common wear, while for evening the round lengths just escaping the floor and the trailing gowns are both worn.

In coats both long and short are seen, the three-quarter length leading in evening coats. Etons, boleros, redingotes and long plain coats are all in evidence, and no matter what one's figure it may be suitably skirted and coated.

### Japanese Fans.

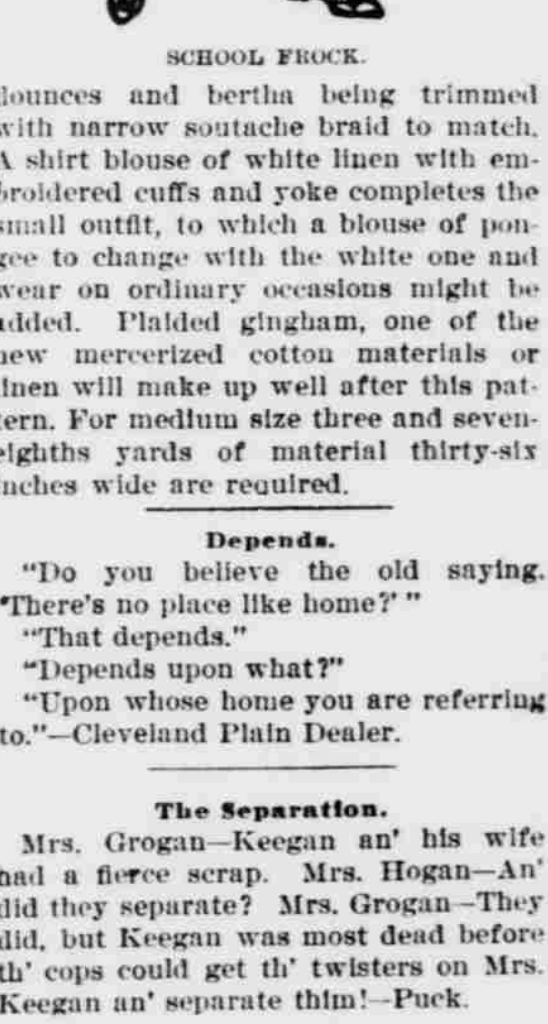
The most fascinating of the season's fans are marvels of oriental workmanship. Old world colorings run riot in the quaint picturing of the home and social life of the new world power. Delicately carved, fragile teakwood frames in myrtle leaf and painted-lake shapes hold blotted cloth or silk, and are embroidered with the exquisite perfection of those ancient masters in fine art.

### The Hatpin.

To be quite a la mode one must have now a set of hatpins that belong together (five is the accepted number) in place of the hedgepodge of pins that has been used so long.

### For the Schoolgirl.

How to provide a suitable number of frocks for the small daughter and how to have them effective, becoming and simple is a problem which confronts many. Blue serge was used for this particular dress with charming results.



SCHOOL FROCK.

flounces and bertha being trimmed with narrow soutache braid to match. A shirt blouse of white linen with embroidered cuffs and yoke completes the small outfit, to which a blouse of pongee to change with the white one and wear on ordinary occasions might be added. Plaided gingham, one of the new mercerized cotton materials or then will make up well after this pattern. For medium size three and seven-eighths yards of material thirty-six inches wide are required.

## WASHINGTON LETTER

(Special Correspondence.)

The casual reports, published by the bureau of manufactures of the department of commerce and labor, have developed into a regular trade magazine. There are now 5,000 subscribers to this publication, and the subscription list is constantly growing. Nearly all the subscribers are business men. Though the reports originally were published for newspaper use.

Major John M. Carson, chief of the bureau, who formerly was a newspaper man, has turned the old "advance sheets," as they were called, into magazine form. The scope has been broadened, and the publication is no longer confined to consular reports.

The magazine is entitled, by Secretary Metcalf's order, "Daily Consular and Trade Reports" and is to be a magazine of commercial information derived from all sources. The first number contains in addition to consular reports information from special agents of the department, private investigators and newspaper writers.

### A Fly by Mail.

A common house fly arrived at the library of congress the other day from Chicago. He came by mail, entirely sealed up in a big envelope containing an application for copyright. When the mail clerk in the copyright office opened the envelope the Chicago fly hopped out, stood on the table a moment, stretched himself, shook his wings and flew away to make the acquaintance of Washington flies.

There is an average of 150,000 pieces of mail received in the copyright office every year, but this is the first time that such an incident has happened. The clerks are wondering how this fly escaped death by mashing in the stamp cancelling machines.

### New Name of the Bureau of Forestry.

Dating from July 1 the bureau of forestry became officially known as the forest service. The change was made by congress last winter when it provided for the government work in forestry during the coming year and signified an important advance in the scope of that work. The actual control and administration of the national forest reserves, formerly under the charge of the land office department of the interior, is now in the hands of the forest service. Control of the reserves was turned over to the bureau of forestry last February, and the necessary reorganization is now well advanced. In taking up its new work, however, the forestry service will not abandon any part of the old field of the bureau.

### Cartoons of Paul Jones.

In the reception room of the secretary of the navy a collection of steel engravings of John Paul Jones is on exhibition. Most of them are more than a hundred years old. Several of them are caricatures. They were mostly made in England at the time Jones' raids on the English coast had created so much fear and anger.

Generally he is represented in these cartoons as a pirate. In one he is the typical buccaner of the Spanish main, with long black hair and beard streaming in the breeze. He carries a cutlass in one hand and a big pistol in the other and several pistols in his belt. He wears a leather apron on which is a skull and crossbones.

### Mrs. Root's High Post.

Mrs. Elinor Root, wife of the new secretary of state, will hold an entirely different position in Washington society from that which she held when her husband was merely the secretary of war. Now it will be her duty to set the pace for all the other women in the cabinet not only in their diplomatic code, but in every other branch of social studies. She must stand next to Mrs. Roosevelt on all occasions of ceremony and perhaps be called upon to represent that lady in more ways than one. But Mrs. Root is not likely to even offer suggestions remotely hinting at innovation. It is well known that she does not like official life and that her simpler duties when before a cabinet lady were distasteful to her.

### Roadway of Stone.

In the construction of the road the same general plans will be followed as was done when the driveway on the north side of the tidal basin was constructed. The ground will first be dug out to a depth of about two feet, then a layer of rubble stone, broken granite about six inches square, will be laid, and on top of this smaller stone will be placed to fill the crevices below the large stone. A third layer of stone about the size of grape will next be put down, and on the top of all will be a dressing of stone ground into small pieces that will run through the entire mass and solidify it, making a roadway of stone two feet thick.

### A Queer Thing About July.

How we came to pronounce July as we do now with the accent on the second syllable is one of the unsolved mysteries of speech. Named, of course, after Julius Caesar, it should really be pronounced to rhyme with "duly," and so our forefathers actually did pronounce it. Spenser, for instance, has the line: "Then came hot July boyling like to fire," and even so late as Johnson's time the accent was still on the "Ju." It is one of many words which would startle those ancestors of ours, spoken as we speak them now.—London Chronicle.

### An Interesting Experiment.

A vessel containing a certain white powder is placed upon the table, when the operator advances, waving his hand and uttering some magic words coined by himself, when, lo, of a sudden the room is lighted up with a brilliant light, so effulgent that it dims the eyes of the spectators. The secret is this: The powder is composed of equal weights of loaf sugar and chloride of potash, separately reduced to fine powder and then well mixed together. This is placed in a cup, and when the powder is touched with the least drop of sulphuric acid it will instantly burst into a flame. The end of the glass rod should be dipped in the acid immediately before use.

### The Earth of the World.

That the earth will eventually dry up and all living things will die of thirst is the theory of a scientific writer. He says that in both Africa and Asia, and indeed in all the great levels of the world, the water beds are drying up. Many lakes well known during the historical period have entirely disappeared, while others are shrinking rapidly. "Explorations in central Asia have proved that for centuries a zone stretching from the east to the southeast of this part of the earth's dominion has been drying up. Deserts are gradually spreading, and reports show that it is only in the neighborhood of mountains, round whose brows vapors condense and fall, that irrigation can be carried on or life itself can be preserved."

## HUMOR OF THE HOUR

### Willie's Essay on Essays.

There are many kinds of essays, such as the maggiezeen essay, the religious essay, the literary essay, the school essay and so forth, but the funniest essay is the small boys essay. The small boys essay is written by a boy after he groze up. At the time he gets baldheaded and is so old that he wears shoes that are not too small for his feet he begins to write boys essays and sell them to the palpers. Reed boys rite essays on trees and home and hope and why we should ever strive to be good and true, but when bald-headed men rite boys essays they rite about wimmen and stiles and howse cleaning and so fourth. The funniest thing about boys essays that baldheaded men rite is that everybody sez ant that just like a boy.—Chicago Tribune.

### A Kind Deception.

"She is always thinking of her husband's comfort and peace of mind," said one woman.

"Yes," answered the other. "Every evening just before he comes home she puts the thermometer in the ice chest for a few minutes."—Washington Star.

### A Matter of Course.

"Do you know anything about serving dinners?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, what follows Welsh rabbit?"

"A bad dream."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### The Reason.

"Now, why is it," asked the father, "that we celebrate your birthday, Willie?"

"Because I wasn't twins, I guess," replied the penetrating youngster.—Puck.

### Good Security, Anyhow.

"Why do you think your son-in-law has natural ability as a financier?"

"He induced me to lend him the money to buy my daughter's engagement ring."—Chicago Record-Herald.

### His Small Pressing.

"How are you progressing in a literary way?"

"Fine! All I need for my new novel is a name, a publisher and enough to live on till it's published."—Atlanta Constitution.

### He Stood Corrected.

"Hush, Harold! It's wrong to say any one is going straight to the Old Boy."

"That's so. You have to be crooked to go there."

### To Be Considered.

Papa—I don't know why anybody ever thought of giving babies rattles to help them make noise.

Mamma—But think of the noise they would make if they didn't have them.—Brooklyn Life.

### True.

"If you go any deeper," said the patient baldheaded man to the mosquito, "I'll smash you."

"If you do," sang the tormentor warningly, "my blood will be on your head."—Smart Set.

### Queer.

Towne—My wife never likes me to refer to her age.

Browne—My wife's funny that way too. She doesn't want me to remind her her age, and yet she gets mad if I forget her birthday.—Philadelphia Press.

### Flavor as Well as Odor.

Barber—I am trying a new kind of imported soap. Don't you think the odor is excellent?

Customer—Fine! The flavor is good too!—Milwaukee Sentinel.

### Deserving.

"She has worked hard for her social position, hasn't she?"

"Indeed, yes. Why, I understand that she is the heroine of three scandals."—Life.

### If the Japs Are Like Us.

It's Togo this  
And Togo that.  
The Togo shoe  
And Togo hat.  
The Togo waist  
And Togo skirt.  
The Togo tie  
And Togo shirt.  
If Japanese are like Americans.  
It's Togo songs  
And Togo plays.  
And Togo jokes.  
And Togo staves.  
And Togo drinks.  
Then, like as not,  
In one short year  
The man's forgot  
If Japanese are like Americans.  
—Chicago Chronicle.