That Real Estate Agent.

House-hunter—Seems to me this house isn't very well built. The floor shakes when we walk.

Agent—Um—y-e-s; that's the new kind of spring floor for dancing, you know.

Househunter — And these stairs creak terribly.

Agent—Y-e-s; we furnish this new paent burglar alarm staircase without extra charge.—Leslie's Weekly.

No Chance for an Argument.

"If you had any life in you, Henry," she snapped,
"You'd go out there and fire the cook!"
"But I haven't, you see, Flo," he placidly yapped;
And he buried himself in a book.
—Chicago Tribune.

Troubles of the Ancients.

Penelope was bewailing the protracted absence of Ulysses.

"I might as well be the wife of a commercial traveler," she said, "and be done with it!"

Scorning to avail herself of an easy divorce, she plunged deeper than ever into the pages of the Ladies' Home Journal for consolation.

A Real Danger.

"Gentlemen," said the president of the public service corporation, in his address to the stockholders, "it is my duty and pleasure to inform you that our balance sheet for the year now closing will show a highly satisfactory condition of affairs. We have added materially to our assets, and our profits have been such that we shall be able to declare a very handsome dividend. In fact, gentlemen," he added, lowering his voice, "our prosperity gives me some uneasiness. I cannot disguise or conceal from you an apprehension that J. Pierpont Morgan may have found it out and may be even now preparing to open his jaws and engulf this corporation in his capacious and insatiable maw!"

A dense silence ensued, and a thrill of horror ran through the assembly.

Well may we ask, "Who is safe these days?"—Chicago Tribune.

Maori Suffragettes.

Women of the Maori tribe of New Zealand are now appearing as features of the show at the Hippodrome in New York City, and as they are educated and cultivated persons, and have the right to full suffrage in their native land, they chose three delegates to represent them at Mrs. Pankhurst's lecture in Carnegie hall recently. They were Kiri Matao, widow of an old Maori chief; Waapi, a young political leader and a prohibitionist, and Drana, who is 21, and cast her vote for the Conservatives at the last election. Englishmen in New Zealand have extended to women all the rights they themselves have, and that Mrs. Pankhurst and the English suffragettes of all sorts ask for.—Springfield Republican.

No Misrepresentation.

Boarder (at summer resort)—Didn't your booklet say there were no mosquitoes here?

Proprietor—It did, sir, and it told the exact truth. We had the booklet printed in February, and I am prepared to prove that there wasn't a blamed (slap) mosquito within 500 miles of here at that time.—Chicago Tribune.

Slot Machine for Suicide.

Washington.—"Drop a penny in the slot and get a ticket to the other world" might be the inscription on a machine that is suggested by Rev. Dr. Donald Guthrie, of Baltimore. Dr. Guthrie was talking on "Calvinism" at the closing session of the synod of Baltimore at the Metropolitan Presbyterian Church here. At the close of a plea for a wholesome, enthusiastic interest in life, he said: "Life has become so meaningless and so useless to some that I advocate the setting up of a suicide machine where one can deposit a cent and be killed easily and respectably."

The Missing Part.

Landlady—You say the chicken soup isn't good? Why, I told the cook how to make it. Perhaps she didn't catch the idea. Boarder—No; I think it was the chicken she didn't catch.

Visitor—What have you in arctic literature? Librarian—Cook books and Pearyodicals.—Brooklyn Life.

"I want one of the new spotted face veils, please." "Yes, madam. Specked, spattered, or splotched?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Wife (reminiscing)—Well, I very nearly didn't marry you, John. John (absent-mindedly)—I know—but who told you?—The Sketch.

"If m'wife's awake, I'll shay: 'M'dear, brought y' some c'sath'mums—chrysthmus—chrasythums'—hang it! Wish I'd got roses."—Life.

Borrowell—I have no use for that fellow Bjones. Wigwag—Yes, Bjones is one of those fellows who object to being used.—Philadelphia Record.

"What do they mean by an 'endurance test'?" "Two chaps bragging about their respective makes of automobiles."—Springfield Republican.

"Well, Tommy, what part of the chicken will you have?" "Why, paw, you know I always take the back when there's company."—St. Louis Republic.

"I've just figured out how the Venus de Milo came to lose her arms." "How?" "She broke them off trying to button her shirtwaist up the back."—The Jewish Ledger.

"The audience is calling you," the playwright was informed. "I hear them," he answered. "Show me the quickest way to get out of here."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

"New-mown hay is a delightful perfume; we sell lots of it." "Haven't you something with a gasoline odor? I want people to think I own a motor car, not a horse."—Life.

Mrs. Newbride — Boohoo! Henry threw a biscuit at me. One that I made myself, too! Mother—The monster! He might have killed you!—The United Presbyterian.

Hoax—Out in Arizona he is known as a bad man. Joax—Is that so? Did he ever kill any one? Hoax—Oh, yes. Joax—What make of car does he drive?—Philadelphia Record.

Visitor—Can you read the past? Fortune Teller—Certainly. That's my business. Visitor—Then I wish you'd tell me what it was my wife told me to get for her!—Boston Globe.

"Do you want employment?" asked the sympathetic woman. "I dunno wot dat is, ma'am," replied the husky hobo, "but ef it's ennything ter eat, youse may gimme a few."—Chicago Daily News.

Judge—I'll have to fine ye fifty dollars for exceeding the speed limit. Jack Scorcher—Look here, judge, this young lady and I want to get married. Remit the fine and you get the job.—Brooklyn Life.

Whale—What are you going to tell your wife when you get home? Jonah—I don't know; I don't suppose she would believe me if I should tell her that I had been to a fish dinner.—The Bohemian.

"You don't know what that's a picture of, Johnny?" said Mrs. Lapsling, in a tone of reproof. "You ought to read your ancient history more. That is the temple of Dinah at Emphasis."—Chicago Tribune.

Cynicus—It is impossible for a woman to keep a secret. Henpeckke—I don't know about that; my wife and I were engaged for several weeks before she said anything to me about it."—Philadelphia Record.

"Are you in favor of votes for women?" "Yes. Perhaps if we can get them to think more about votes they will think less about clothes. I have four daughters who are growing up."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Speaking of joy rides, did you ever have a real one?" "No." "Never go out in a buggy along a shady lane, with a plug of a horse and the only girl in the world? Say, you don't know what life it."—Public Ledger.

A traveler stopped at a hotel in Greenland, where the nights are six months long, and, as he registered, asked a question of the clerk. "What time do you have breakfast?" "From half-past March to a quarter to May."

Reporter—Mr. Cummin, have you the manuscript of the after-dinner speech you delivered at that banquet last night? Ketchum A. Cummin (with a gasp)—Did I deliver a speech there, young man? Whose?—Chicago Tribune.

"The starvation experiences of those English suffragettes were trying." "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne; "it's pretty hard to be obliged to stop criticizing the public policies of a great government in order to find fault with its cooking."—Washington Star.

Husband—You must marry again, dearest, when I am gone, and that will be very soon. Wife—No, Edward, no one will marry an old woman like me. You ought to have died ten years ago for that.—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

"Over here," said the Arab guide, "we have another mummy. From the cooking utensils found near her, she is supposed to have been a cook. For 2,000 years she has remained just where she was found." "Bosh!" scoffed the American tourist, "that's no cook." "Why not?" "Who ever heard of a cook remaining in one place that long?"—Chicago Daily News.

A PRECOCIOUS DOG.

The Wonderful Feats He Performed For Joseph Jefferson.

There is a story that is told of Joseph Jefferson and the boys that had to do with the training of dogs. It appears that there was a gentleman in New Iberia who owned a very intelligent animal, and he was most anxious for Mr. Jefferson to see an example of his prowess. Accordingly he brought him to the island one day and put him through his various tricks, which were remarkably clever.

When the performance was over Mr. Jefferson expressed his appreciation and wonder at what the dog had done, but added that he had an animal that was even more remarkable. As the gentleman seemed to be in some doubt as to the truth of this statement the dog, a dejected, stupid looking beast, was produced, and Mr. Jefferson ordered him to go into his room and bring him a shoe.

Obediently the dog trotted into the house to presently appear with the shoe in his mouth. Taking it from him, Mr. Jefferson patted him upon the head and told him to return to his room and bring him the slipper for his left foot.

"And, mind you, bring the left one," he cautioned as the animal trotted away.

When he returned in a moment with the left slipper the gentleman could hardly express his astonishment, but Mr. Jefferson waved the matter indifferently aside.

"It is nothing,' he said. "However, we will now try something a little more difficult." Then, turning to the dog, he spoke to him very slowly and carefully. "Now go into the library," said he, "look upon the bottom shelf on the right hand side of the room and you will see a set of Dickens. Bring me the second volume. Remember, now, the second volume; not the first or the third, but the second."

When the dog returned in a few moments with the second volume in his mouth the gentleman retired in the utmost confusion, declaring that in comparison with such a prodigy his own much vaunted animal was little better than an imbecile.

And I may add that Mr. Jefferson enjoyed the joke fully as much as did the boys, who, according to a prearranged plan, had placed each successive article in the prodigy's mouth. As to the prodigy, his one accomplishment consisted of trotting into the house and trotting out of it again.—Nevil G. Henshaw in Bohemian.

BECAUSE HE LOVES HER.

Reason Why a Man Marries a Girl and Makes Her a Slave.

A young man not many years ago began going to see a girl; he kept her out on the front porch and hanging on the front gate late at night, and finally he married her.

The girl's father is in good circumstances, but the young man is poor, so for the first time in her life she began to know privation and want, the Memphis News-Scimitar says.

She cooks for him, cleans, sews, mends and slaves for him.

Why has this man put this woman in a position where she must experience hardships in addition to his tyranny?

Because he loves her.

This is the common interpretation of love, the sweetest word in the language.

Because he loves her, many a man has brought many a woman down to a hell, which she has loyally striven to turn into a heaven.

Woman is so constituted that so long as she believes herself loved and appreciated she can forgive anything and endure anything and still be happy.

A wife is the only laborer on earth who works for her board and clothes and is expected to be grateful for the privilege.

The husband who doesn't economize on expressions of affection or stint his wife on praise may do as he will without friction or argument.

So long as he does not sink the lover in the household he need fear no rival. He may forget every other rule, but if he remembers this all will be well.

Every woman is an idealist, and she will break her neck trying to live up to what she thinks a loving husband expects of her.

But even she appreciates a day off now and then.

Sitting alone at night waiting for a husband to come home doesn't thrill a woman with delight a bit more than it would a man.

Table Mountain.

At Capetown, in South Africa, where the traveler usually has the first glimpse of the continent, is Table Mountain, a magnificent natural curiosity which rises behind the city to the height of almost 4,000 feet and has a level top about three square miles in area. Its resemblance to a huge table is so marked that the dense clouds which collect at times around the summit are referred to as the tablecloth. A pretty little flower which is found nowhere else on earth grows on top, while on the northern side of its base is a similarly rare tree, popularly called the silver leaf tree.

Upon This Hint.

Priscilla asked John Alden why he did not speak for himself.

"You won't get a chance later," she warned.

Nothing daunted, he forthwith popped.—New York Sun.

It's easy for a woman to paint a pretty face—if she has one.

The Label Language.

"There's a language in hotel labels, the same as in stamps or flowers," said a courier. "All over Europe the hotel porters paste the hotel labels on your trunks in such a way that the porters in future towns will know what sort of a tipper you are.

"Up at the top of the trunk the label means you are generous. In the middle it means you're a middling sort. Down very low it means you are no good."

The Nature Place.

He—What is the latest topic of household interest, my dear?

She—Oh, the fall housecleaning just now is on the carpet.—Baltimore American.

Here and There.

A man was waiting patiently for a street car the other day at a transfer station, says the Boston Record, when a woman, highly excited, rushed up to him, and cried, "Are you the man here?"

"I don't understand," he said.

"Are you the man here?" she repeated.

"No, madam," he said, concealing a smile. "The man here is that man over there."

No Trouble Otherwise.

Professor (of English literature)—At times you find it difficult, I dare say, to comprehend the involved style of Mr. James.

Miss de Muir—O, no, professor; I never have any difficulty in understanding him. The only trouble I have is to find out what he is driving at.

P N U No. 3—'10