

SMILES



WOULD HOLD OFF.



"Would you marry a man to reform him?"

"Not before I was at least thirty-five years old."

The Simple Life.

If you are drawing nine per week, it is up to you to scrimp; but you can live the simple life, because your pay is simple.

Handing Down a Feud. "Son," said the father of a husky sophomore.

"Yes, dad."

"Isn't old Dan Bresher's boy a freshman at Gadkins this year?"

"Sure he is. I've walloped him dozens of times."

"Keep it up, son; old Dan Bresher made things pretty warm for me when I was a freshman at Gadkins."

Extra Precautions.

The Debutante—A young man wants me to send him my picture. Would that be proper?

The Older One—Why not?

The Debutante—Perhaps, to be on the safe side, I'd better inclose one of my chaperons as well.—Puck.

Their Way.

"In the West formerly they had quite a telephonic way of handling men who dealt in stolen horses."

"How was it telephonic?"

"They hung up the receiver."

Not the Same.

"Are you going to have any escapist entertainment at the party?"

"Oh, nothin' so grand as all that. Just a few old-fashioned kissing games."

Sure Thing.

"I am going to name my yacht Ru-mor."

"Why?"

"Because if there's anything in a name she's sure to keep afloat."

Love's Progress.

Knicker—How can you tell how long they have been married?

Bocker—By whether she wants him to stop smoking to save his health, his money or the curtains.

A Living.

Smythe—He made a living by going from bad to worse.

Smithie—How could he do that?

Smythe—He was a doctor.—Gargoyle.

His Reproval.

Doctor—Why have you deducted a quarter from my bill?

Patient—That is for the six cigars you broke when you thumped my chest.

OVERLOOKED.



"Wot you readin', Willy?"

"The sassiest news; an' dere ain't a word about my engagement yet!"

Yea, Verily!

"Men and measures," is a term that drops from many a lip; but the wily walter measures a man from tip to toe.

Spoke Too Plainly.

Ned—Do you believe in the language of flowers?

Ted—To be sure. The last ones I sent Miss Charmer tell me I'll have to do without smoking for a month.—Town Topics.

He Had No More to Say.

Griggs—That new neighbor of ours must be a very happy woman. She goes about the house singing all day long.

Mrs. Griggs—Well, why shouldn't she be happy? She's a widow.

VERY CAREFUL.

"Did you break anything today, Norah?" asked the lady of the house. "No, ma'am," was the reply. "Nothing?" "No, ma'am." "Are you sure you didn't break a single thing?" "Yes, ma'am." "Not even one of the commandments, Norah?" "Oh, well, ma'am, I wouldn't be wicked enough to call a commandment a thing, ma'am."

Lost by Winning.

"I made the mistake of my life when I married for money," admitted the sad-eyed man, as he let out a deep sigh.

"But you knew there was a woman attached to the coin before you faced the parson," protested the cynical bachelor.

"Yes," admitted the party of the prelude, "but I had no idea she was so firmly attached to it that she wouldn't let go of a cent."

Proof Positive.

The liquor dealer had just filed a bill against the estate.

"What is it for?" asked the executor.

"For whisky furnished the deceased," replied the dealer. "Will it be necessary for me to swear to the account?"

"Oh, no," answered the executor. "The fact that he is dead is sufficient proof that he got the whisky all right."

SECOND-STORY MAN.



Scribbler—Why, that novelist makes a habit of rewriting stories and passing them off as his own. He's a literary crook.

Quibbler—A sort of "second-story man," eh?

More Truth Comes Out.

Now here's another mighty truth—Though it's a shame to say it; Your temper you must lose, forsooth, Before you can display it.

Letting in Flies.

"Your husband is rather stout." "Weighs over 300 pounds. He's a pest in summertime."

"How so?"

"Takes him too long to get through a screen door."

Quintessence of Self-Adoration.

"She is terribly conceited."

"How so?"

"Why she believes what her press agent says of her."

Not a Bit Artificial at That.

The Girl—Oh, I do love nature so!

The Farmer—Yes, miss; she's just as natural around here as any place I know of.

Only Fair.

"Do I understand you to say," asked the judge, "that his remarks were acrimonious?"

"No, judge, your honor, I didn't say that. I said he just swore at me. I ain't goin' to claim that he done what he didn't do."

Wail of a Dyspeptic.

"I used to think how I'd wine and dine to my heart's content when I got rich."

"And do you, now that you are rich?"

"Alas, no! I can only dine and wine."

Of Course Paw Knew.

Little Lemuel—Say, paw, why does the camel have a hump?

Paw—The camel has a hump, son, so he—er—won't be mistaken for a mule.

In the Hospital.

"That policeman who has just come in has a professional affliction."

"What might it be?"

"He has a couple of felonies on his hands."

In the Early Morn.

Singleton—That baby of yours is getting to be quite a big chap.

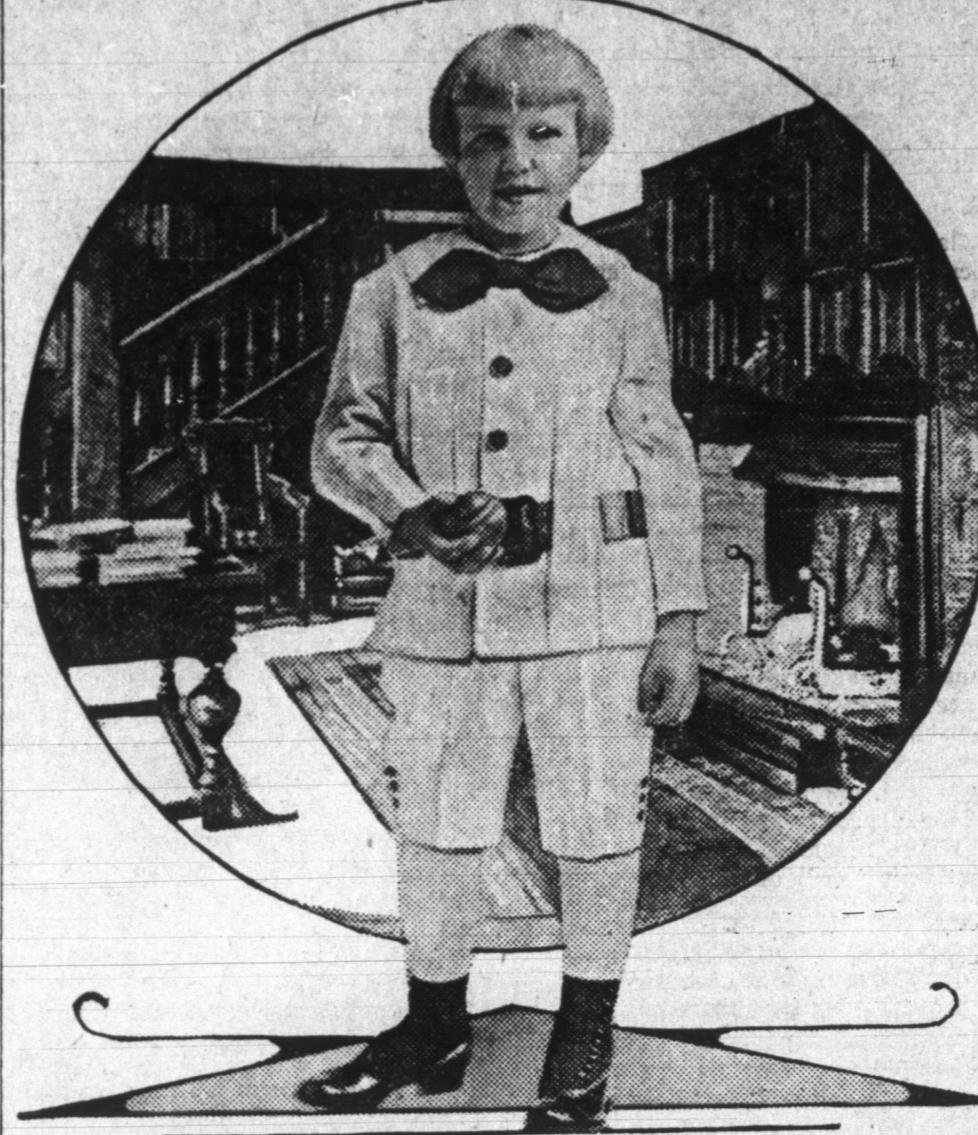
Wederly—Well, I guess yes. When I have to walk the floor with him nights he gains about two pounds a minute.

The Ninety and Nine Per Cent.

"You used to refer to your wife as your better half."

"I have revised my fractions," replied Mr. Meekton. "I don't feel as if I represented more than one per cent of the combination."

Good Designs in Small Boys' Clothes



INTERESTING ITEMS FROM THE CITIES

Grand Rapids Man Studies Fishing in Parlor

GRAND RAPIDS.—Several years ago, when the outcome of a fishing trip to him was entirely a matter of conjecture, Leo F. Troy, better known among his piscatorial associates as "Hard Luck" Troy, because of the frequency with which he returned from angling excursions without results, conceived an idea which has since made him quite famous.

In the parlor of his residence he installed a glass tank 2 by 2 by 5 feet. The installation was made in the fall of the year. In the tank he placed several large and small mouth bass of medium size and members of other fish families common in the north temperate zone. All winter long during the day and at night he cultivated the acquaintance of the fish. Once firmly established in their good graces, Troy took steps to solve a problem which had perplexed him for years and which is the cause of disappointment for the average unsuccessful angler. He wanted to know the most expeditious way to bait a hook with a minnow in order to catch bass. With this idea in mind he dropped several chub minnows in the tank.

In a moment they had disappeared. Several more were dropped, and Troy was surprised a moment later to see one of the number, minus its tail and badly cut, belly up toward the surface. A second later it disappeared in the maw of one of the bass.

Observations were continued, and Troy eventually learned that the bass would never take the minnow tail first. So on his next excursion, instead of thrusting his barb through the head or nose of the minnow, he caught it about the middle and just under the back fin, thus giving a bass a chance at the head. The difference in hooking soon showed results, and when Troy finished the trip he had succeeded in catching more and better bass than he had on any other trip of his career.

Wonder of Golden West Is Found in Los Angeles

LOS ANGELES.—One wonder of the Golden West was discovered in Los Angeles one morning recently by Arthur J. Reed, a tripper from Denver, as he was enjoying his first night's sleep in California. Reed went to a movie show on Sunday night. He saw a jungle film. Giraffes, tigers, lions and elephants frisked across the screen, charged, slew and gobbled their prey. His back hair bristled as he later pulled the covers up to his nose and sank back into his pillow.

Horrible dreams outdid the movie's flickering films. Reed was being pursued by countless "denizens of the impenetrable jungle fastnesses." The climax came at last. A huge African elephant cornered Reed. On one side was a cliff a mile high, on the other a bottomless cave. The G. O. P. trade-mark came steaming up to Reed. He felt its hot breath as its prehensile proboscis probed his person. The elephant stepped in and fastened its trunk to Reed's guard and, leaning over,

Bit him on the left shoulder! ! ! !

In frightful agony Reed woke, threw on his clothes and charged out onto Main street. There was a policeman, so he felt sure of protection.

"Where's the nearest hospital?" begged Reed. "I've just been bitten on the shoulder by an elephant."

At the receiving hospital Dr. Louis M. Kane heard Reed's story in all its awing details. On Reed's left shoulder was a red spot the size of a jitney bus fare.

"Are you a stranger here?" asked the surgeon.

"Yessir," moaned Reed.

"That explains it," concluded the doctor. "You were bitten not by an elephant, but—

"By a ferocious flea!"

Kansas City Goat Proves to Be Good Farm Hand

KANSAS CITY.—The business ability of Oliver Hopps was in question. Oliver, eight years old, traded his bicycle, which was known to have a cash value of \$12, for a goat, harness and wagon of unknown worth. Crosby Hopps, who had just motored home to the summer place of the Hopps family, at Seventy-fifth street and Santa Fe avenue, looked askance at his son's bargain.

But a trade is a trade, and there was the goat, and a nice new tan harness. Also there was the lawn mower and a good start of grass waiting his immediate attention. He declared now that it was an inspiration which prompted him to put them together. The trial was more than successful. William, though just a plain scrub goat, is of stock design, and it was fun for him to drag the lawn mower along, and a large area of their five-acre tract that is in grass ceased to be a cause of dread.

The garden cultivator?

Why not?

Here again William loomed more important as an investment. A hand cultivator is hard for a person to push, but for the goat it was easy to pull, and one and one-fourth acres of garden are kept in splendid shape, through the efforts of Mr. Hopps and the goat after business hours.

It is fun for Oliver to drive the goat, but Mr. Hopps can manage him alone if Oliver is not available, and the goat walks along about as fast as is essential to careful cultivation, and he never balks nor stalls unless a solid obstruction is encountered by the cultivator.

"William is becoming too fat; he does not have enough to do," observed Mr. Hopps, letting his eye rove over the little farm. "Next year I will have to plan a little more garden for his benefit."

Now You Can Pawn Your Pet Animals in New York

NEW YORK.—Among the curious industries or sources of livelihood in New York city is an animal pawnshop. As you take a walk to an ordinary pawnshop to raise money on it, so you may take a watchdog to the animal pawnshop. Recently a man did this, getting \$20 on a dog that was easily worth \$50, the pawnbroker said.

But he was a trick dog which had been taught to open doors. So in due time he opened a door and let himself out while letting the pawnbroker in. D. Potter, who is the trainer for the New York Hippodrome, owns the shop. He takes canaries, lions, elephants, any animals. There are no charges for interest on the loan, the only charge being for the keep of the animals, among which at almost any time are dogs, monkeys, bears, goats, cats, coons, foxes, parrots, canaries. At one time he had 40 trick donkeys in pawn. The profits arising from the charges for feed and care are enough to make the institution pay. Once he had a lion in pawn which broke his chain in the stable and went roaring around trying to get out. The employees were nearly scared to death, and it was only after heroic efforts that they mustered courage to capture him. As a matter of fact, the animal was a decrepit beast that had served his time in side shows and was anxious to get away from them. The proprietor trains animals of all kinds and deals in them, so his line of pawnshop for them is a part of his other business, and he has thus come to have the only pawnshop of the kind in the world.

