



### Back to the Bench

"Mr. Spooner, isn't this the third time you have asked me to be your wife?"

"I—I believe it is, Miss Jennie."

"Well, you've fanned the air three times. You're out on strikes."—Chicago Tribune.

### A Happy Outlook

In Detroit they tell of a young man who, although he made a great deal of money, was always in debt because of his extravagance. Not long ago, however, he wooed and won a young woman of great wealth, and immediately things took on a roseate hue.

During the honeymoon the bride ventured to ask hubby whether the fact that she had money made any difference to him.

"To be sure it does, my love," was the unexpected response.

Whereupon wifey was a bit alarmed. "What difference?" she asked.

"Why, darling," continued the husband, "it is such a comfort to know that if I should die you'd be provided for."

"And if I should die?" added the bride.

"Then, darling," was the reply, "I'd be provided for."—Lippincott's.

### Feared Music Disturbed Him

It happened the other evening, and now a certain clubman is trying to figure out how he will square things with his wife the next time he is "detained" downtown. He was not going home for dinner, and when his wife answered the telephone he said:

"Don't wait for me at dinner this evening, dear. I shall be detained on business."

"Very well," she replied. "I'm sorry you can't come home; but business is business, I suppose. Where are you now?"

"Where am I? In my office, of course. I have had a very busy day."

"It's too bad you have to work so hard, George. But tell me something."

"Yes dear. What is it?"

"How can you keep your mind on business with the orchestra playing 'Every Little Movement'?"—Kansas City Star.

### Proved

"Do you believe in luck?"

"Yes, sir. How else could I account for the success of my neighbors?"—Detroit Free Press.

### Modern Morals

"This latter-day or new morality is too lax for me."

The speaker was Jerome S. McWade, the Duluth millionaire. He continued:

"This new morality, which seems in its tolerance rather to encourage than to oppose wickedness, reminds me of a lad in my Sunday-school class.

"Now, Tommy," I said to this lad one Sunday, "now, Tommy, what must we do before our sins can be forgiven?"

"We must sin," Tommy replied."—New York Tribune.

### Diplomacy in Embryo

The little maid gazed thoughtfully at her father. "Papa," she said, "do you know what I'm going to give you for your birthday?"

"No, dear," he answered. "Tell me."

"A nice new china shaving-mug, with gold flowers all around," said the little maid.

"But, my dear," explained her mother, "papa has a nice one, just like that, already."

"No, he hasn't," the little daughter answered thoughtfully, "'cos—'cos—I've just dropped it!"—Newark Star.

### Simple

"My wife," said Mr. Clarke, "sent two dollars in answer to an advertisement of a sure method of getting rid of superfluous fat."

"And what did she get for the money? Was the information what she wanted?" asked Mr. Simmons.

"Well, she got a reply telling her to sell it to the soap man."—Harper's Magazine.

### Just What She Wanted

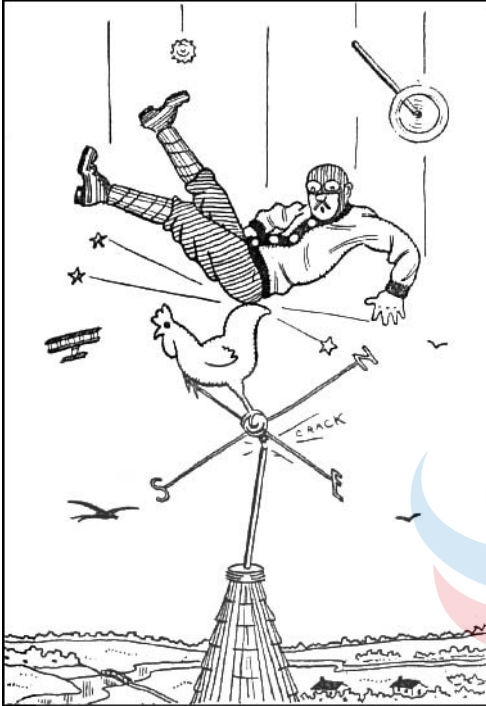
HOSTESS (after presenting fan to prize-winner at whist drive)—Really, I'm afraid it's hardly worth accepting!

WINNER (appraising its worth)—Oh, thank you so much; it's just the kind of fan I wanted—one that I shouldn't mind losing.—Punch.

### Zangwill's Name

Israel Zangwill, the well-known writer, signs himself I. Zangwill. He was once approached at a reception by a fussy old lady, who demanded, "Oh, Mr. Zangwill, what is your Christian name?"

"Madam, I have none," he gravely assured her.—Lippincott's.



He Hit a High Foul

#### An Authority

TOMMY—Say, dad, who was Shylock?

DAD—What! Don't know who Shylock was? What do I send you to Sunday-school for? Go and read your Bible.—Sydney Bulletin.

#### Lacking in Poetry

W. D. Howells, at a luncheon at Kittery Point, said of a certain popular novelist:

"There is about as much poetry in him as there is in McMasters.

"McMasters, you know, was walking with a beautiful girl in a wild New England wood. "What is your favorite flower, Mr. McMasters?" the girl asked softly.

"McMasters thought a moment, then cleared his throat and answered:

"Well, I believe I like the whole wheat best."—Exchange.

#### Might Have Been a Hint

AMATEUR PALMIST—I think you are going to be married twice.

YOUNG LADY—You think! Well, I'd rather you were sure I was going to be married once.—Boston Transcript.

#### All Mabel Knows

"Mabel is engaged."

"Whom to?"

"She doesn't say in her letter. All that she knows so far is that his first name is Frank."—Detroit Free Press.

#### Planning a Home

"I want you to build me a fashionable home."

"Have you any special ideas as to the style of house you want?" asked the architect.

"Not exactly. I want one of those modern places. You know the kind I mean—one with a living-room too big to keep warm and a kitchen too small to cook in."—Detroit Free Press.

#### Ethel's Climax

Little Ethel had been brought up with a firm hand and was always taught to report misdeeds promptly. One afternoon she came sobbing penitently to her mother.

"Mother, I—I broke a brick in the fireplace."

"Well, it might be worse. But how on earth did you do it, Ethel?"

"I pounded it with your watch."—Harper's Bazar.

#### Subtraction

AUNT DOROTHY—How many commandments are there, Johnny

JOHNNY (glibly)—Ten.

AUNT DOROTHY—And now suppose you were to break one of them?

JOHNNY (tentatively)—Then there'd be nine.—Christian Register.

#### The Trouble

"Why were you absent from school yesterday, Grace?" asked the teacher.

"Please, teacher, muvver was sick."

The teacher, who is afraid of contagion, asked:

"What is the matter with her? What does the doctor say it is?"

"Please, teacher, he says it's a boy."—Harper's Magazine.

#### Three of a Kind.

"So they are married?"

"Yes; they were married last Friday in East Liverpool."

"He is a champion golfer. I understand."

"Yes, he's a champion golfer."

"And the girl?"

"Is a champion bridge player."

"Where do they propose to live?"

"With the bride's father. He's a champion bricklayer."—Pittsburgh Post.

#### Velocity

TEACHER—What is velocity, Johnny?

JOHNNY—Velocity is what a fellow lets go of a wasp with.—Pathfinder.

#### A Periodical Tippler

A doctor's patient in Excelsior Springs the other day was answering the usual list of queries prior to entering upon a course of treatment.

"Are you a steady or a periodical drinker?" asked the physician.

"Periodical," was the reply.

"How long between periods?"

The poor fellow studied a moment, that he might answer correctly, and replied:

"About twenty minutes."—Kansas City Star.