



## In Lighter Vein

"God Save the King."—An English professor, who had been

professor, who had been a fellowstudent and friend of Edward VII.
when he was the Prince of Wales,
was appointed honorary physician
to His Majesty shortly after he became King.

The professor was very proud of
this, and wished his students to know
of the honour conferred upon him.
So he wrote upon the blackboard in
his class-room: "Professor Baker is
pleased to inform his students that
he has been appointed honorary phy-

pleased to inform his students that he has been appointed honorary physician to His Majesty King Edward."

The professor shortly left the room, and when he returned to meet another class he could not understand why they should be so much amused at what he had written. Later, however, he discovered that someone had carefully added to his announcement the following:

"God save the King."

In After Years.—Crawford (in fashionable restaurant)—"Don't order anything for me. I'm not hungry."
Crabshaw—"But you will be by the time the waiter brings it."—Life.

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Passing It On.—A Sunday school teacher, after conducting a lesson on the story of "Jacob's Ladder," concluded by saying: "Now is there any little girl or boy who would like to ask a question about the lesson?"

ask a question about the lesson?"

Little Susie looked puzzled for a moment, and then raised her hand.
"A question, Susie?" asked the

teacher.

"I would like to know," said Susie,
"if the angels have wings, why did
they have to climb up the ladder?"
The teacher thought for some mo-

ments, and then, looking about the class, asked: "Is there any little boy who would like to answer Susie's question?"—Everybody's Magazine.

Bound to be Seen .- Little Mr. Einstein, a travelling salesman, on Thanksgiving Day found himself far away from home, and naturally very lonesome. He knew not a soul in the hotel at which he was staying, and he decided that he must attract some

attention at any cost.

Preser ly a bell-hop came through the lobby paging a Mr. Murphy. "Mr. Murphy! Mr. Murphy!" he shouted. At this point Mr. Einstein jumped up and hollered: "Say, boy, vat initials?"—Everybody's.

Too Big.—Montague Glass was lunching with two of his cloak and suit merchant friends recently. The subject had turned to real estate, and one of the cloak and suit merchants was telling of a house he had recently bought.

"And the dining room," he explained

"And the dining-room," he explained, helping himself to more salad, "is so big it shall seat twenty peoples—God forbid!"—Everybody's Magazine.

A Longer and Less Ugly Word.— Lew Dockstader, the well-known minstrel, was introduced recently to a man who owned a place in New

a man who owned a place in New Hampshire.

"Lots of good fishing up your way?" asked Dockstader. "I hear you own a farm up the White Mountain way." "Good fishing!" cried the other, enthusiastically. "Well, Mr. Dockstader, I went out one morning recently, and brought back seventeen trout for breakfast. Got em in a half-hour's time, too. We had guests at the cottage and they thought that quite remarkable."

"Glad I met you, sir," said Dockstader, holding out his hand with a look of admiration, "I'm a professional myself."

al myself."

"A professional!" exclaimed the other. "What, fisherman?"

"No," was the answer, "no—ernarrator."—The Green Book.



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TO HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V.



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