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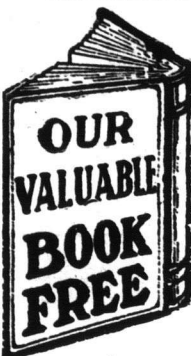
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In Lighter Vein

Francis Wilson's Idea of a Play

"What I want," said Francis Wilson to an amateur dramatist, "is a bright, short play."

"How do you mean—a short, bright drama?" asked the author. "Can you give me an idea?"

"Oh, yes," said Wilson; "here's one. It's direct and leaves much to the imagination."

"It is in one act."

"When the curtain goes up two persons are discovered on a sofa, one a pretty young woman, the other a nice-looking young fellow. They embrace; neither of them says a word. Then a door opens at the back and a commercial traveler enters. He wears an overcoat and carries an umbrella. You can tell at once by his manner that he is the husband of the young woman. At least, that would be the inference of every intelligent playgoer."

"The husband takes off his coat, draws from his pocket a heavy Colt's revolver, and in the midst of the silent embrace of hero and heroine fires."

"The young woman falls dead."

"He fires again and the young man is similarly disposed of. Then the murderer comes forward, puts on a pair of eyeglasses and proceeds to contemplate his sanguinary work. 'Great heavens!' he exclaims, 'I am on the wrong floor.'"

Something Had to be Done

The visiting minister was walking along the shady country road to a church, where he was to preach that day, when he saw a little boy digging vigorously into the bank by the roadside. He stopped and asked the boy why he worked so hard on Sunday.

"I'm digging for a woodchuck, sir," replied the boy.

"Well, my son, don't you know it is wrong to do that on Sunday, and you won't get him?"

"Not get him!" exclaimed the boy; "why, I've got to get him. The minister's coming to our house to dinner today and we ain't got any meat."

Really Amazing

An American tourist on the summit of Vesuvius was appalled at the grandeur of the sight.

"Great snakes!" he exclaimed; "it reminds me of Hades."

"Gad, how you Americans do travel!" replied his English friend, who stood near by.

Stern Facts

A man of wealth, who hates the sight of an automobile, bought, the other day, a handsome brown mare to match up a pair. A day or two later he asked his groom what he thought of the new arrival.

"She's certainly a fine-lookin' o'ss, sir," was the reply, "but I'm afraid her temper's a bit too touchy."

"What makes you think so?" asked the owner.

"She don't appear to take kindly to nobody, sir; she don't like me to go into the box to feed her."

"Oh, she'll settle down in a day or two. I don't think there is anything wrong with her temper."

"I didn't at first, sir," said the groom, "but you see she kicked me out o' the box twice, and, when you comes to think about it, that's sort o' convincin'."

Cutting Both Ways

A company promoter who advertised for an office boy received a hundred replies. Out of the hundred he selected ten, who were asked to call at the office for a personal interview. His final choice fell upon a bright-looking youth. "My boy," said the promoter, "I like your appearance

and your manner very much. I think you may do for the place. Did you bring a character?"

"No, sir," replied the boy; "I can go home and get it."

"Very well; come back tomorrow morning with it, and if it is satisfactory I dare say I shall engage you."

Late that same afternoon the financier was surprised by the return of the candidate. "Well," he said cheerily, "have you got your character?"

"No," answered the boy, "but I've got yours—an' I ain't coming!"

One of Lincoln's Little Notes

President Lincoln once wrote to General McClellan, when the latter was in command of the army. General McClellan, as is well known, conducted a waiting campaign, being so careful not to make any mistakes that he made very little headway. President Lincoln sent this brief but exceedingly pertinent letter:

"My Dear McClellan: If you don't want to use the army I should like to borrow it for a while."

"Yours respectfully,
"A. Lincoln."

What the "Grip" Is

Asked what made him look so ill, an Irishman replied, "Faith, I had the grip last winter." To draw him out the questioner asked, "What is the grip, Patrick?"

"The grip!" he says. "Don't you know what the grip is? It's a disease that makes you sick six months after you get well."

Got Out of That, All Right

"My dear," said a wife to her husband, "do you realize that you have forgotten that this is my birthday?"

"Yes, dearie, I did forget it," replied the husband. "Isn't it natural that I should? There isn't really anything about you to remind me that you are a day older than you were a year ago."

And This in Boston!

A man who has just returned from Boston is "chortling" over a good joke on that correct and literary city. He says that in the reading room of one of the most exclusive clubs in the Hub there is a sign that reads:

"Only Low Conversation Permitted Here."

What Surprised Him

Two Irishmen were crossing the ocean on the way to this country. On the way over Patrick died. Preparations were made for the burial at sea, but the lead weights customarily used in such cases were lost. Chunks of coal were substituted. Everything was finally ready for the last rites, and long and earnestly did Michael look at his friend. Finally he blurted out sorrowfully:

"Well, Pat, I always knew ye were goin' there, but I'm hanged if I thought they'd make ye bring yer own coal."

What He Used the Milk For

A clergyman had been for some time displeased with the quality of milk served him. At length he determined to reconstitute with his milkman for supplying such weak stuff. He began mildly:

"I've been wanting to see you in regard to the quality of milk with which you are serving me."

"Yes, sir," uneasily answered the tradesman.

"I only wanted to say," continued the minister, "that I use the milk for drinking purposes exclusively, and not for christening."