

1944-45

**His Roundabout Way**

A man was going home to his wife and family. It was growing dark. His road from the station was a lonely one, and he was getting along as fast as he could, when he was suddenly suspected that a man behind him was following him purposely. The faster he went, the faster the man went, until they came to a graveyard.

"Now," he said to himself, "I'll find it is my wife's after me," and he entered the churchyard.

The man followed him. Vague visions of his wife and children came before him. His revolver and garters gave him aid. He made a detour of a splendid mausoleum, and behind the man was after him, round and round.

At last he turned and asked the fellow to stop. "What the dickens do you want following me?" he asked.

"What are you following me for?"

"Well, sir, do you always go home-like

this? I am going up to Mr. Brown's house with a parcel, and the porter at the station told me that if I'd follow you I should find

Here Ignorance Would be Bliss.

Speaking of cows—the man in the car the other day, he says to me:

"It will get so soon that we shan't be able to eat a god darned thing except grass and hard biled eggs. These fellers with the thick skull says we shan't be able to eat nothin' but grass and biled eggs."

I'd say: 'By gosh there's my old Jerusalem! I mean, these pork chops fellows are little peck classes are inducing more than I am in stuff that we eat than you can shake a stick at. I was reading the other day of tricot pork—good pig pork at that—is fall of tricot porkermoses, whatever they be. They've been finding something the matter with me about everything. I've been a sayin' to myself that when was comes to work there's one thing that I can fall back on.

cow. I guess them peck gals will find anything the matter with a good Jersey. But what do ye think—what do I think? Only last night I was readin' in the paper that Jersey cows have got more tucks 'n boobies in their milk than any other critter. Them fellers are fixin' it so that a man can take any comfort in anything."—*Leicester Journal.*

A young doctor who had recently commenced practice in a new neighborhood one day had brought to him an uncommonly unwashed infant in the arms of a mother equally unwashed. Looking down upon the child for a moment, he solemnly said: 'It seems to be suffering from hydrophobia.'

'Oh, doctor, is it as bad as that?' cried the mother. 'That's a big sickness for such a little one.'

—Even the latest inventions cannot

away with all time-honored methods. The farmer of the old school made this very plan the other day. His wife wanted some tea and he went into the village hardware store to buy a package. The storekeeper thought he saw a opportunity. "I'll tell you what you want," said he. "You want a bicycle to ride round your farm on. It'll save you time and money. They're cheap now, and cheap at thirty-five dollars." The farmer

scratched his chin. "I'd rather put money into a cow," he said. "Bat thin replied the storekeeper, jocosely, 'The how foolish you'd look riding round town a cow.'" "Well," said the famer, "I do know. Perhaps I shouldn't look so much more foolish than I should milkin' a bicyclo. And he bought the tacks.

—Two little folk went to church also

It was only around the corner from the home, and their mamma knew they would be safe. During the long sermon they were tired, and the older one supposing that the school rules held good in the church, led sister up in the front of the pulpit and said: 'Please may we go home?' Much surprised the clergyman, gazed at them over his spectacles and said: 'Certainly, my children. And the two toddled out while the congregation—

—Uncle (to nephew, aged seven, playing at war with a companion of his own age) 'If you take the fortress within ten minutes I'll give you sixpence.'

Youngster (a minute later)—'Uncle, the fortress is taken. Now give me the sixpence.'

Uncle—'How did you manage it so quickly?'—

Youngster—"I offered the besieged the pence, and he gave in at once."

—In a cemetery near Portland there are five tablets all alike, except the inscription which read: 'Anne, first wife of John Brown.'

'Mary, second wife of John Brown.'

'Jane' third wife of John Brown.

'Clara, fourth wife of John Brown..

—“Oh, Lord,” said a little Auburn sick with the German measles, as she knelt at prayer after having petitioned for all other members of the family. “Oh, Lord. Now, if you will excuse me, I want to say a few words on my account. I am all covered over with little red spots that keep me in the house. I want you to clear these up for me.”

The vicar of the church school having finished his scripture lesson congratulated top class on a coming holiday, and concluded with an expression of a hope that every boy would "return with clearer and better brains." He was somewhat taken aback with the universal response of "Same to you, sir!"

—Customer: 'Give me ten cents worth  
paregoric, please'  
Druggist: 'Yes, sir.'  
Customer (absent-mindedly): 'How much  
is it?'  
Druggist: 'A quarter.'

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—Doting Mamma—Rodney, dear, tomorrow is your birthday. What would you like best?

—Muggins. 'Topnotes sing with a great deal of expression.'

Collector: 'This is three times I have asked you to pay.'  
Betem: 'Your another of those 'Abbe Minded Beggar' elocutionists, are you?'

—'What is your idea of success in life said the inquisitive man.  
'Oh, I dunno,' answered Senator Sorghum reflectively. 'I should say anything of \$500,000.'

Do you hear the ocean moaning.

Ever moaning, soft and low?  
'Tis because that fat old bather  
Stepped upon its undertoe.—*Ex.*

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Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians

This micrograph shows a cross-section of a polymer matrix. A prominent, dark, irregularly shaped inclusion is visible in the center, which appears to be a void or a different phase of the material. The surrounding matrix has a fine, granular texture.