

Nuts to Crack.

These conundrums may be put in gilded walnut shells, the halves glued together, and passed with the fruit at dessert.

1. What is the most expensive part of a box of strawberries? The bottom; it comes so high.
2. Who is the man who invariably finds things dull? The scissors grinder.
3. Why is a tailor likely to be a successful lover? Because he is good at pressing a suit.
4. For what profession are the members of a college boat crew best fitted? For dentistry, because they have a good pull.
5. Why is "K" like a pig's tail? Because it is at the end of pork.
6. What asks no questions, yet receives many answers? A door-bell.
7. What was the longest day of Adam's life? The day on which there was no Eve.
8. Why is Ireland like a bottle of wine. Because it has a cork in it.
9. When is a boat like a heap of snow? When it is adrift.
10. When is a doctor most annoyed? When he is out of patients.
11. Why is grass like a mouse? Because the cat'll eat it (cattle eat it.)
12. Why does a horse never pay toll? Because his master pays it for him.
13. How was Admiral Dewey's naval rank reduced when he was married? He became Mrs. Dewey's second mate.
14. Why is the first chicken of a brood like the mainmast of a ship? Because it's a little ahead of the main hatch.
15. What is the difference between a milk-maid and a swallow? The milk-maid skims the milk, and the swallow skims the water.
16. Why are the laws like the ocean? The most trouble is caused by the breakers.
17. What is the difference between an organist and a huckster? None; they both pedal.
18. Why must your nose be in the middle of your face? Because it is scenter.
19. What is the best way to remove paint? Sit down on it before it is dry.
20. Which travels at the greater speed, heat or cold? Heat, because you can easily catch cold.
21. What is the best material for kites? Fly-paper.
22. How do locomotives hear? Through their engine-eers.

Smelled His Way Home.

Even a foxhound, whose business is to earn his living by his nose, must have remarkable powers of smell to find his way five miles through the woods when his head is stuck in a tin can. At least, that is the way Bert Whitman, of Los Angeles, looks at it, and he is proud of his dog, Spark.

Spark went hunting recently with his master, and when it became dark he was still running a crafty old fox up on the side of Pico Mountain.

Different Out There.

The owner of a ranch in one of the arid regions of the great West was entertaining an eastern relative. He showed him over his broad acres, spoke of the difficulties that had been overcome in making the desert blossom as the rose, and outlined his plans for the future.

"But is it possible," asked the visitor, "to make more than a bare living on such land and in such a climate as this?"

"It is. I have made considerably more than a bare living on this land."

"I am glad to hear it, Cyrus. Then you have something laid by for a rainy day, have you?"

"Not exactly," rejoined the host, with a laugh. "On the contrary, with the help of an occasional rainy day I have managed to lay something by for the dry days."

A Prince In London.

Writing as "A Wanderer in London," Mr. E. V. Lucas describes many persons of note whom he met in the capital. Among the personages of distinction was one whose claims upon the attention of the man of leisure were slight indeed. He was a bootblack in one of the poorer quarters of the city. The employment would prove an effective disguise for a

prince almost anywhere, and in London it was complete.

The oddest alien I ever saw in Bloomsbury was in the area of the house of a medical friend in Woburn Square. While waiting on the steps for the bell to be answered I heard the sound of brushing, and looking down, I saw a small negro boy busily brushing a boot. He glanced up with a friendly smile, his eyes and teeth gleaming, and I noticed that on his right wrist was a broad ivory ring.

"So you are no longer an abolitionist!" I said to the doctor, when I at last gained his room.

"No," he answered, "at least my sister is not. That is a boy whom my brother-in-law has just brought from West Africa. He did not exactly want him, but the boy was wild to see England, and at the last minute he jumped on board."

"And what does the ring on his arm mean?" I asked.

"Oh, he is a king's son out there. That is a symbol of authority. At home he has the power of life and death over fifty slaves."

When I came away the boy was still busily at work, but he had changed the boots for knife-cleaning. He cast a merry smile up to me as I descended the steps—the king's son with the power of life and death over fifty slaves.

Topsy-Turvy Turkey.

China has often been termed the land of topsy-turvydom; but Turkey, the land of young rebels, has surely an equal claim to this title.

The Turk nods his head when he means "No," and shakes it when he means "Yes." He takes off his shoes, but never his fez, when he enters a mosque or a home. When he rides on a tramcar his ticket is punched at the place he gets on, instead of the place he must get off. In order to cut a piece of wood, instead of rubbing a saw against it, he rubs it against the saw, which he holds between his legs.

Until recently, salt, firearms, and education were all taboo in his country. Steam machinery and electrical appliances were forbidden—the first for no given reason, the second because the word "dynamo" too closely resembled the word "dynamite." Dictionaries, too, containing the words "elder" and "brother" were self-consciously censored, because Abdul Hamid usurped the throne from his elder brother.

An Interrupted Song.

John F. Keane, in "Three Years of a Wanderer's Life," tells an unusual snake story. He was visiting at a friend's house in Bengal, and was just finishing a solitary dinner when a little mouse ran along the table and perched itself on the top of a bowl which had a sort of basket-work cover on it.

The little fellow rose on his hind legs with his "hands" before him, and began to entertain men with the funniest little mouse song ever heard.

"Chit-chit-cheep-cheep-chit!" he whistled, and kept it up in the most unembarrassed and self-possessed way. I leaned back in my chair and shook with laughter.

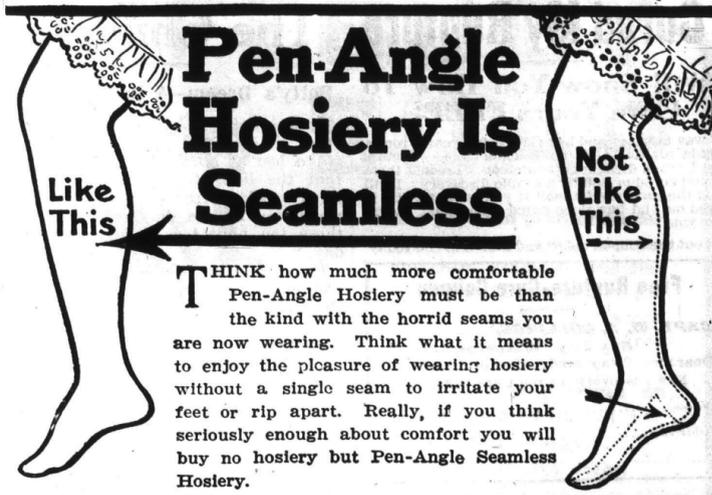
As I looked at the small performer I became aware of the shadow of something strange gliding out from behind a dish toward the mouse. Silently and slowly it neared, and in another moment a beady snake's eye glittered in the lamplight.

My hand crept softly toward the carving knife. The snake reared his head on a level with the mouse. The poor little fellow's song, which had never ceased, became piercingly shrill, although he sat rigidly erect and motionless.

The snake's head drew back to strike; out flashed the carving knife. The spell was broken and the mouse dropped and disappeared.

The snake was wounded, for some spots of blood showed on the table cloth. The creature writhed about the plates and dishes, and I could not make a bold stroke without breaking crockery. I would not have believed how much of itself a snake could stow away under a plate.

At last a length of tail projected from beneath the edge of a dish. I quickly grabbed it with the left hand, rapidly drew it out until I judged the middle was reached, and then cut it in two.



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We guarantee the following lines of Pen-Angle Hosiery to fit you perfectly, not to shrink or stretch and the dyes to be absolutely fast. We guarantee them to wear longer than any other cashmere or cotton hosiery sold at the same prices. If, after wearing Pen-Angle Guaranteed Hosiery any length of time, you should ever find a pair that fails to fulfill this guarantee in any particular, return the same to us and we will replace them with TWO new pairs free of charge.

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For Ladies

No. 1780.—"Lady Fair" Black Cashmere hose. Medium weight. Made of fine, soft cashmere yarns. 2-ply leg, 5-ply foot, heel, toe and high splice, giving them strength where strength is needed. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1020.—Same quality as 1780, but heavier weight. Black only. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1150.—Very fine Cashmere hose. Medium weight. 2-ply leg.

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No. 1175.—Mercerized. Same colors as 1720. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

For Men

No. 2404.—Medium weight Cashmere half-hose. Made of 2-ply Botany yarn with our special "Everlast" heels and toes, which add to its wearing qualities, while the hosiery still remains soft and comfortable. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, navy, myrtle, pearl gray, slate, oxblood, helle, cadet blue and bisque. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 500.—"Black Knight." Winter weight black Cashmere half-hose. 6-ply body, spun from pure Australian wool. 8-ply silk splicing in heels and toes. Soft, comfortable, and a wonder to resist wear. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

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No. 330.—"Everlast" Cotton Socks. Medium weight. Made from four-ply long staple combed Egyptian cotton yarn, with six-ply heels and toes. Soft in finish and very comfortable to the feet. A winner. Black, light and dark tan. Put up in boxes. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

Instructions

If your dealer cannot supply you, state number, size and color of hosiery desired, and enclose price, and we will fill your order post-paid. If not sure of size of hosiery, send size of shoe worn. Remember, we will fill no order for less than one box and only one size in a box.

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