Hubby is Doing His Best

"Any news of yer 'usband, Mrs. Patterson?" "Yes, my dear, 'e's got six months off 'is sentence fer good behaviour." "Well, now! Don't 'e do yer credit?"—The Passing Show.

The Death Rays for Every Home

[Special Despatch to The Daily Gleaner from Dominion News Service.]

London, June 27.—If passing any suburban home at midnight you observe chinks of light coming from the garage, you may be quite certain that it signifies a worthy citizen engaged on inventing and perfecting a death ray.

Until recently no one had heard of this interesting development. Now every post brings in news of a new one.

Before long we shall have a Death Ray Society. Members will meet and discuss these things, just as wireless experts do. It is exactly like the birth of broadcasting. For a few weeks it was a miracle, and then in a week or two every schoolboy performed miracles in his bedroom.

So it will be with the latest marvel. Friends will tickle each other up with their respective death rays. Townlet will call to townlet and vice versa. Jones, feeling a sudden attack of pins and needles at three in the morning, will realize that Brown is having a little joke. Rising hastily, he will retaliate—perhaps with just a shade more "juice." Of course, there will be accidents, but that is to be expected in the name of science.

Nowadays if any wife of a man of this highly practical variety sees her husband more than usually preoccupied she may take it for granted that he has found out the way to stop a Zeppelin. She castigate safely banish the idea that there is "another woman" in it. Handy men about the house never bother about that sort of-thing.

He will come into the dining-room some evening from the hut in the garden with his face aglow:

"My dear, you remember how we used to say that the face of Aunt Jane was enough to stop a clock. I've found out another way of doing it, and it's much pleasanter to have about the house."

From the parent to the schoolboy stage is but a step. Those amazing youths who at present terrify one with their profound knowledge of wireless mysteries will be playing with the new toy. The usual things will happen.

"I say, Dad, are you really keen on Hercules?"

"Keen on Hercules? What do you mean? He's the best Pom in the town."

"Awfully sorry, Dad, but I put my ray on him, and there's been an accident. You see, I thought I was only trained in for mice, and mother said she didn't mind that."

In such cases the only thing father will have to be pleased about is that the experiment wasn't tried on the baby.

With things becoming really complicated the post office will have to step in again and issue licenses. There will be, without a death ray laid-on will be mid-Victorian, and power will be distributed only from the central station, 'O Hell 0!'

"O Hell O calling. To-night the rrat and mice ray will be running from five to seven. In view of the season, cat power will be switched on at midnight for three hours."

Then, when peace has been secured in every suburban garden, the word will come 'O Hell O' closing down. Please gather up all bodies and arrange for dustmen to collect."

GERMAN DIVORCES.

Potsdam, Germany, June 27.—An epidemic of divorces has broken out in Potsdam, once the home of German royalty and still the place of residence of several of the former Kaiser's sons and other members of the nobility. In one day recently 87 divorces were granted by Potsdam courts, a number, it is said, that marks a precedent for all Germany.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF LIFE

Insulted.

A Dublin car driver was stopped for careless driving by a zealous constable. He refused to give his name.

"You'll get yourself into trouble if you don't give me your name."

Still the driver refused.

"Now, then, what is it?" persisted the constable.

"Better find out," retorted the driver.

"Sure and I will," said the constable, going around to the side of the car where the name should have been, only to find it rubbed off.

"A-ha," said the constable, "now you'll get yourself into worse disgrace, for your name is obliterated."

"You're wrong," roared the driver. "'Tis O'Brien."

Easy.

"Fel-low ci-ti-zens," sonorously demanded Congressman Windbagger, "what 'is it that this country needs more than anything else—I repeat it, what is it?"

"Shorter sessions of Congress and fewer of them," replied a hoarse voice at the back of the hall.

A Masher Mashed.

"I beg your pardon, but you look just like a girl I know."

She surveyed him coldly from head to foot and refused to thaw.

"Well, you look just like a man I don't want to know!" she retorted.

He Didn't Propose.

"What will your father settle on the man who marries you?"

"All the rest of the family, probably."

Overcrowded Business.

We are to have another filling station in town, and just how many does this make to a car?

When to Draw Color Line.

Red is not objectionable as a color for woman's hair provided it doesn't turn into her temperament.

Mind unemployed is mind unenjoyed.