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**THE SPICE OF LIFE.**

A patronizing young lord was seated opposite the late James MacNeill Whistler at dinner one evening. During a lull in the conversation he adjusted his monocle and leaned forward toward the artist. "Aw, y' know, Mr. Whistler," he drawled, "I pahssed your house this mawning."

"Thank you," said Whistler, quietly. "Thank you very much."

**HIS WISH.**

Although there was no toy for which Harold had expressed a desire that was not in his possession, he still had longings. "I know what I wish I was, mother," he said one day, when his own big brother had gone away and the little boy across the street was ill.

"Yes, dear," said his mother. "Perhaps you can be it, Harold, mother will help you. Is it to play soldier?"

"No, indeed!" said Harold scornfully. "I just wish I was two little dogs, so I could play together."

**A PERILOUS PREDICAMENT.**

Robert Herrick, the brilliant realistic novelist, said at a recent luncheon at Chicago:

"There is a type of American wife who, in her greed for wealth and display, brings unhappiness on herself. She rather reminds me of the fat man and the table-d'hoite dinner."

"This man entered a restaurant that served a dinner at the fixed price of seventy-five cents. He knotted a napkin about his neck and fell to heavily. So heavily, in fact, that the waiter, after a whispered conversation with the proprietor, approached him and said:

"Beg pardon, sir, but I'll have to charge you a quarter extra; you eat so much."

"The fat man, red and short of breath from his excessive gorging, said earnestly:

"For goodness' sake, don't do that! I'm nearly dead now from eating seventy-five cents' worth. If you make me eat another quarter I'll bust!"

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WHEN WRITING ADVERTISERS, PLEASE MENTION "THE ADVOCATE."

**CORRECT.**

"What's the best thing to induce chest expansion?"  
"Medals."

Earnest Female—Professor, I hear you are a great ornithologist. Professor—I am an ornithologist, madam. Earnest Female—Then could you kindly tell me the botanical name for a whale?

**HOLDING BACK THE NEWS.**

"I suppose your wife was tickled to death at your raise in salary?"  
"She will be."  
"Haven't you told her yet?"  
"No; I thought I would enjoy myself for a couple of weeks first."—Nashville American.

**THE NEW RELIGION.**

When Bishop Phillips Brooks sailed from America on his last trip to Europe, a friend jokingly remarked, that while abroad he might discover some new religion to bring home with him. "But be careful of it, Bishop Brooks," remarked a listening friend; "it may be difficult to get your new religion through the Customs House."  
"I guess not," replied the Bishop, laughingly, "for we may take it for granted that any new religion popular enough to import, will have no duties attached to it."—Boston Herald.

Editors have their troubles. One of these men who presides over the destinies of a Western newspaper is mourning the loss of two subscribers. One wrote asking how to raise his twins safely, while the other wanted to know how he might rid his orchard of grasshoppers. The answers went forward by mail, but by accident the editor put them into the wrong envelopes, so that the man with the twins received the answer: "Cover them carefully with straw and set fire to it, and then the little pests, after jumping in the flames for a few minutes, will be speedily settled." And the man with the grasshoppers was told to "give castor oil and rub their gums with a bone."