



# BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY



## THE REAL CITY.

THE story is told in Toronto that a Cockney laborer was in the habit of annoying his fellow-workmen by informing them constantly that this sort of work is better done in London. Whenever he made this remark, the others would slyly ask:

"London, Ontario?"

One day a new workman joined the gang and the Cockney workman proceeded to say:

"This ain't like London."

In utter innocence the newcomer asked:

"London, Ontario?"

This was more than the man from Great Britain could endure. Raising his voice and throwing aside his pick, he replied:

"No—I mean London at 'ome wot 'arf the world comes from."

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IN 1910.

Father's in his airship  
Gone to spend the day,  
Looking after loans and bonds  
In Europe, o'er the way.  
Mother, who likes comfort,  
And does not care to roam,  
Is shopping via wireless,  
In Paris, at her home.

Brother, who in deep seas  
Has a coral grove,  
Is going in his submarine  
Among his crops to rove.  
Uncle, in the navy,  
Who's left his ship a span,  
Is shooting through pneumatic tubes  
To join her in Japan.

Sister, who's a suffragette,  
Has worked reforms so rare  
That even the ward meetings  
They open now with prayer;  
And when, tired by their labors,  
She'd body rest and soul,  
She goes to spend for pleasure  
A week-end at the pole.

—Detroit Free Press.

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## WHAT HE THOUGHT.

IT was easy enough to see that the man in the centre of the trolley car with a scowl between his eyes was bored to death with the subject, and it was easy enough to see that the little man opposite was determined to make him more trouble. Therefore, no one was surprised to hear the query:

"Sir, you probably read the papers, and I should like to ask you if you think Doctor—?"

"I won't answer you!" snarled the other.

"Sorry you won't, but you look like a man who thinks deeply on such questions, and I wanted to ask—"

"Ask me nothing!"

"It's too bad you feel that way about it," continued the little man. "I am bored myself, but still feel a duty to express an opinion when asked to. Let me ask, sir, if you think that Commander—?"

"Didn't I say I wouldn't answer!" shouted the man with the scowl.

"You did, but I was in hopes you would change your mind. You look like a man capable of giving an unbiased opinion and while I don't want to annoy you I would like to ask what you think of the statement that—?"

"I don't think! I won't think! You are annoying me, sir, and there

are limits beyond which you must not go."

"Sorry—very sorry. I would not willingly annoy anyone, but I thought I might perhaps ask you whether you thought Dr. Cook or Commander Peary took—?"

"Stop, sir!"

"Took a spare white shirt along with them to put on when they discovered the Pole!"

"No! Never!" shouted the man with the scowl; and he got up and left the car.

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PLAYING HEARTS

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## WHEN THEY KICK.

IT is said that among Billy Sunday's converts in an Eastern city was a stripling of a horse jockey, a rider in the running races. At the close of the revival a conference was held, in which all was not harmony. Several speeches were made, pro and con, and the spirit of some of the participants was heated. Finally, the little jockey was asked to express himself. He said: "Well, friends, I don't know much about religion, for I ain't had it long; but I know something about horses, and I've allers noticed that when they're kickin' they ain't pullin'."

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## AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

LITTLE Robert and "Jim," the grocer's delivery man were great friends; and on the momentous day of Robert's promotion from dresses to knickerbockers he waited eagerly in front of the house for "Jim's" coming. But the delivery man, when he came, busied himself about his wagon, without seeming to see anything unusual in his small chum's appearance. Robert stood around hopefully in various conscious positions until he could stand it no longer. "Jim," he burst out at last, "is your horses 'fraid of pants?"

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## NO ASSISTANCE NEEDED.

LUCINDA stood in the presence of two famous surgeons who had just assured her that her present condition demanded an operation and that unless it was performed within a short time she would in all probability die.

Lucinda listened respectfully.

"I'm jes as much obliged to you gen'mans as I can be," she assured them, "but ef de deah Lord has done made up his min' to call me home, I thinks he kin translate me widout no assistance."

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## WITHOUT HIS HOST.

WHEN the new boarder went into the dining-room and sat down, there was only one other person at the table. The new boarder had a

kind heart and thought he would be affable.

"I s'pose you've boarded here for some time?" he said to the other man.

"Yes; quite a while."

"How is it? Any good?"

"Yes, pretty fair. I have no complaint to make."

"Landlady treat you decent?"

"Well, perhaps I ought to"—and then he hesitated.

"Oh, never mind, old man," said the new boarder. "That's all right. I'm on. But, say, mebbe you never tried chucking her under the chin once in a while. That's the way to get on with 'em. I never had a landlady that didn't treat me At yet. It's all in the way you handle 'em. See! I'll bet I can live here for a month on end without being asked for a shilling. Watch me banter her when she comes in. Before this time to-morrow she'll be telling me her family history. Poor old girl! She looks as if she'd had her troubles. Probably got tied up to some John Henry, who was about man enough to shoo chickens out of the yard, and that's all. My name's Smith. Let's see, I haven't heard yours, have I?"

"No—no, I believe not. But it doesn't matter. I'm just the landlady's husband."

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## WOMAN'S WORK.

"IT'S a perfect shame!" A fair feminine face looked up petulantly from the work upon which its owner was engaged. It was an old coat, minus the buttons.

"Well, my dear," replied the husband, "you shouldn't complain. You know, it is said that as a man sows, so shall the woman reap. Well, similarly, as the man sows, so shall the woman sew."

"You don't understand!" retorted his young wife. "I don't complain of doing the work, but I do complain of the careless way the tailor sewed that button on. This is the fifth time I've had to sew it on again for you."

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APRIL AND DECEMBER—LIFE

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## MARRYING IN HASTE.

AN English lady who visited Chicago relates how her maid, who accompanied her, quickly became imbued with the desire to become Mrs. Somebody. One morning she appeared before her mistress and, with glowing eyes, announced that she had named the day and would become a wife at the end of the week.

"Are you going back home, then?" the lady asked.

"Oh, no, ma'am; it's an American gentleman," replied the maid.

"But," remonstrated her mistress,

"we've only been here a fortnight."

"That's no matter. He wants the wedding to be on Saturday."

"Well, can't you get him to postpone the marriage just a little till I can get another maid?"

"Well, ma'am, I'd like to oblige you, but, ye see, I don't feel well enough acquainted to ask him to do that."

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## TOOLY LURAL!

"HOW far is it between these two towns?" asked the lawyer.

"About four miles as the flow cries," replied the witness.

"You mean as the cry flows?"

"No," put in the Judge, "he means as the fly crows."

And they all looked at each other, feeling that something was wrong.—*Everybody's Magazine.*

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## WHEREABOUTS OF HONEY.

LUTHER M. BURBANK, the plant wizard of California, said of honey, apropos of a flower that bees love:

"This flower grows abundantly near Santa Barbara, and there was once a young Californian who often visited a leading Santa Barbara hotel because they have such excellent honey there—a honey that bees make from this flower.

"Well, the young man got married in due course, and the wedding trip itinerary must include Santa Barbara, so that the bride might taste this superb honey.

"But the first morning at the Santa Barbara hotel there was no honey on the breakfast table. The bridegroom frowned. He called the old familiar waiter over to him.

"Where's my honey?" he demanded.

"The waiter hesitated, looked awkwardly at the bride, then bent toward the young man's ear and in a stage whisper stammered:

"Er—Mamie don't work here no more, sir."

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## THE TALE THAT TAFT TOLD.

WHILE spending the winter in Georgia, before his inauguration as President, Mr. Taft went to the city of Athens to deliver an address to the students of the University of Georgia. He met a member of the faculty—a staunch Democrat—who said:

"Judge, I voted the Democratic ticket, but wanted to see you win."

Judge Taft replied:

"You remind me of the story of Brer Jasper and Brer Johnson, who were both deacons in the Shilo Baptist Church, although avowed enemies.

"Brer Jasper died and the other deacons told Brer Johnson he must say something good about the deceased on Sunday night. At first he declined, but finally consented.

"Sunday night, when time for the eulogy arrived, he arose slowly and said: 'Brederen and Sisteren, I promised ter say sump'n good 'bout Deacon Jasper to-night, an' I will say we all hopes he's gone whar we knows he ain't.'—*Uncle Remus' Magazine.*

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## A WOMAN'S DIPLOMACY.

IT was the Chicago man's turn, and he told this one:

"Diplomacy, you know, is a remarkable agent. The other day a lady said to her husband:

"James, I have decided to do without a new fall dress, and with the money it would cost I shall have mother here for a nice long visit."

"James turned on her excitedly. 'What, wear that old brown cloth thing another season? I guess not!' he exclaimed vehemently. 'You go right down to your tailor's to-day and order something handsome. Remember, please, that as my wife you have a certain position to maintain!'

"The wife bowed her head in submission. On her lips played a peculiar smile."