

"That's no excuse," said the irate professor. "Hereafter your work and your book are to be here. Any man who fails to bring them will be marked zero. No excuse of any kind will be taken."

The professor's son was a member of this class and was the first one to be called up at the next recitation.

"Adams problem fourteen at the board," called the professor.

"Pardon me, professor," said his son; "but I haven't my book."

"Haven't your book?" roared the professor. He was doubly angry because his own son was the first offender. "Didn't you hear what I said yesterday?"

"Yes, professor; but my father borrowed my book last night and he didn't bring it back."

Definite Information Wanted.

"During one of my visits through the country districts," said the professor, "I happened to reach a small village where they were to have a flag-raising at the schoolhouse."

"After the banner had been 'flung to the breeze' there was an exhibition of drawings which the pupils had made and of the work they had done during the year."

"The teacher recited to them the landing of the Pilgrims, and after she had finished she requested each pupil to try and draw from his or her imagination a picture of Plymouth Rock. Most of them went to work at once, but one little fellow hesitated, and at length raised his hand."

"Well, Willie, what is it?" asked the teacher. "Please, ma'am, do you want us to draw a hen or a rooster?"

Mr Morgan's Complaint.

J. Pierpont Morgan was standing before a picture in a New York gallery when a handsomely dressed woman asked him a question bearing on the painting.

Mr. Morgan, delighted to discuss such a subject, chatted freely about art matters and then bowed himself out. The woman said to the proprietor:

"The man was an art critic, I guess. He seems to know all about pictures. If you know his address, I wish you would send him this check, for I'm sure I appreciate his kindness very much."

The dealer gasped: "Why, madam, that was J. Pierpont Morgan." Later he told the millionaire what had occurred.

"You might have let her send the check," grunted Mr Morgan. "It would have been the first money I ever made out of my hobby."

Couldn't Remember.

The following is reported to have occurred in an Indian country school, where there was but one colored scholar in attendance.

The teacher had placed a list of words upon the blackboard for the pupils to learn. The colored child could learn all of them except "and."

After several days the teacher, on her again failing to recognize the word, said to her:

"Now, Lina, you ought to know that word; you have been told several times what it is."

Rolling her eyes up, Lina exclaimed, "Laws a mussy, teacher, I don't know that: I couldn't tell 'and' when I saw it!"

'Twixt Love and Duty.

"Miss Florrie," said the good-looking commercial traveler, as he leaned gracefully over her counter, "now that old Hunks has gone into the window to put things straight, I may tell you that ever since I was here last I have been longing for the time to come when I might see you again, and hear from your own dear lips that you have not forgotten me. While I have been on my lonely rounds from town to town, or passing leaden hours waiting for trains, the thought of your lovely face has thrilled me. You have been to me the beacon-light of hope, the inspiration and every striped article like that, Miss Baxter, are well worth \$6.25 a dozen. We can't do them at a penny less," he finished, in hard business-like tones.

Old Hunks had returned to the back of the shop.

In the Political Parade.

The experiences of Postmaster-General Cortelyou, chairman of the Republican National Committee during the last campaign, were many and varied. With keen relish he tells of one that came under his notice.

A country club, about to give a parade, was debating as to the number of transparencies to be had in line.

It was about settled that twelve would be the proper number, when an old fellow with his trousers tucked in his boots arose, and said:

"I guess two will be about right. 'Taint at all likely more'n two will know how to play on 'em."

Webster's Bill That Grew.

Daniel Webster was never noted for attention to detail in business matters. His well known failings were often taken advantage of by unscrupulous creditors, who gave no receipts for paid bills, simply because they were not demanded. Webster was well aware of this, but it seemed to trouble him very little.

On one occasion a creditor presented a bill which seemed familiar, and Webster asked: "Isn't this bill pretty large?"

"I think not," replied the maker of it, confidently.

"Well," said Webster, handing over the money, "every time I have paid that bill it has seemed to me a trifle larger."

Wasted Energy.

So many people needlessly and recklessly waste their nerve energy. They drum the chair or the desk with their fingers or tap the floor with their toes. They hold their hands. They sit in a rocking-chair and rock for dear life. If they write or sew they get down to it with a vengeance and contract their brows and wrinkle their foreheads and grind their teeth.

If they have an unusual task to do they contract and contort every muscle of the body, making themselves tense and rigid all over, when the work perhaps required but one set of muscles or perhaps the mind only, as the case may be.

Wanted a Quiet Place.

This story is illustrative of the absolute silence and loneliness of the typical Australian bush camp.

Two men were camping together, but they rarely exchanged a word.

One morning one of the men remarked at breakfast: "Heard a cow bellow in the swamp just now."

Nothing further was said, and they went about their business for the rest of the day. Twenty-four hours later, once more at breakfast the second man said: "How do you know it wasn't a bull?"

Again no comment. Again a pause of twenty-four hours. Next morning the first man began to pack up his "billy" and "swag."

"You going?" inquired the other.

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because," said his friend, "there's too much argument in this camp."

Where the Joke Came In.

One day last week the editor of this paper hung his coat up in the office while he went out to look after some business at the quarry. In our coat pocket we left our pocketbook. When we returned, the pocketbook was gone, and the sinner who stole it has not repented sufficiently to return it and apologize. The pocketbook contained some railroad transportation, a \$10 promissory note that was past due and a notice of our overdraft at the bank, but not one cent of the current coin of the realm. We have no fear of the fellow using the transportation, because we are too well known along the line to be impersonated by a petit larceny thief. If he can collect that \$10 note he is welcome to it, and if he will settle the overdraft at the bank in accordance with the notice we will forgive him for stealing the pocketbook. He is evidently an amateur at the business or he would have known better than to have put himself to the trouble of stealing an editor's pocketbook. In our humble opinion the joke is on the thief.—Marble City, (I. T.) Enterprise.



MONUMENTS, TOMBSTONES, HEADSTONES

We are manufacturers of the finest and most artistic Monuments, Headstones, etc., and our work is guaranteed to stand the frost and the test of time.

Write for New Illustrated Catalogue and Prices

DRYSDALE & Co.,
COR. SIXTH and PRINCESS STREETS,
BRANDON, MANITOBA.

P.S.—Parties desiring to purchase Curling Stones should get our prices. Curling Stones Dressed.

AN EXTRAORDINARY OFFER

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY
THE BUSINESS MAN'S MAGAZINE
BUSINESS SHORT CUTS

\$1.00
—

ALL THREE FOR

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

illustrated throughout with fine half-tone engravings, containing a wealth of bright-entertaining stories, Editorials, Patterns, Household suggestions, Special Articles of an educational nature on matters of general interest, Interesting talks to women, etc., etc. It is the best Magazine for the price printed in America.

THE BUSINESS MAN'S MAGAZINE

The Business Man's Magazine is all that its name implies—strictly business and nothing else. Accounting methods—selling plans—advertising plans and methods—salesmanship—business management—insurance—all these have special departments devoted to them. The best men in special lines are contributors. There is a dollar's worth of ideas in every issue.

BUSINESS SHORT CUTS

One hundred and sixty pages of the newest and best time saving ideas from the actual every-day experience of successful business men. Not a word of old, obsolete or useless matter in it. Not a word in it which will not be actually worth money to you. **All three for \$1.00.**

Every student or farmer who has any desire to acquaint himself with the most modern methods in the business world should take advantage of this offer.

Cut out this Coupon and remit to-day.

Enclosed find \$1 to pay for Subscription to THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, THE BUSINESS MAN'S MAGAZINE, and BUSINESS SHORT CUTS. Please Mail same to my address.

Date..... Write name in full.....
Post office address in full.....