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Screenings

A poultry fancier was showing her seighbor about her chicken pens and the conversation was about pure-breds, fancy strains and kindred subjects. After listening with kondly enthusiasm to her friend's glowing accounts, the visitor said, "Well, we're thinking seriodsly of trying some blooded stock and we've about decided to get some Blue Antidiluvians."

Little Mary Lou was eager to get back to her new doll and didn't know there was going to be any dessert. She slipped quietly from her chair, hoping she would not be observed. Out in the hall she met the cook with

Out in the hall she met the cook with the ice cream, and as quietly as she had left it she slipped back to her accustomed place at the table.

"Mary Lou," said her mother reprovingly, "I thought you had finished your dinner. It isn't polite to come back."

"But I didn't excuse myself, mother," the little girl said quickly.—New York Post.

"It was too hot to go to church yes-terday," said a neighbor.
"Too hot to go to church?" echoed Gap Johnson, of Arkansas. "By erim-iny, it was mighty nigh too hot to go fishin"!"

Sergeant (drilling awkward squad)—
"Company, Attention! Company, lift up
your left leg and hold it straight out in
front of you."

One of the squad held up his right
leg by mistake. This brought his
right-hand companion's left leg and his
own right leg close together. The officer, seeing this, exclaimed angrily:
"And who is that blooming galoot
over there holding up both legs!"

"Much bothered with tramps out your

way!"
"I was until I tacked up a sign on

my gate."
"Ah! 'Beware of the dog,' I sup-

pose." Oh. "Oh, no. Simply 'Farm wanted.' "-Boston Transcript. help

"You're looking blue, Doc. What's the matter?"
"Well, I'll tell you. A patient I began to treat died this morning."
"Ah, cheer up. He might have died even if you hadn't been called."

Diner—''Look here! Isn't that a hair in the butter?''
Waiter—Yes, sir, a cow's hair. We always serve one with the butter to show that it isn't oleomargarine.''—
Buffalo Commercial.

Bride: "That flour you sold me was tough."
Grocer: "Tough, ma'am?"
Bride: "Yes, tough. I made a pie with it, and my husband could hardly cut it."

The baby girl was sitting on her feet and the circulation stopped. Mamma taking her up asked her if her feet were cold. "No," she answered, "But, I have wheat in my shoes."

A busy mother referred her little girl to her papa's lap. "No" she pleaded, "Papa's lap is broke."—T.B.T., Minn.

Sam was reading the paper, when suddenly he snorted, and addressed Mrs.

suddenly he snorted, and addressed Mrs. Sam:—

"What tomfoolery, Maria! It says here that some idiot has actually paid a thousand guineas for a dog!"

"Well, my dear, those well-bred dogs are worth a lot of money, you know," answered his wife.

"Yes, of course, I know that. But a thousand guineas! Why, it's a good deal more than I'm worth myself."

"Ah, yes, Sam, but then some dogs are worth more than others, you see."

Pat and Mike were in a front-line trench which had been under continuous bombardment 15 hours. Suddenly Mike jumped up, grabbed Pat and shouted above the shriek of the bursting shells:

"For heaven's sake, Pat, scare me! I've got the hiccoughs."—New York Evening World.



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